

a perfect blend of Apollo and Hercules. When he appears upon the stage we immediately sit up and begin to notice things. "Here," we say, "is a most proper villain; as proper a villain as we have met in a sabbath day's journey. Now the plot will surely thicken, and our gentlemanly hero will have a run for his money." But again we are doomed to disappointment. This disappointing villain, this villain of the deepest dye, is not dyed with fast color. He runs. He metaphorically slaps the beautiful heroine upon the wrist, becomes frightened at his temerity, goes into a blue funk when she returns his letter unopened, takes the first train for New York, escapes on a tramp steamer which is going to Mexico, is shipwrecked in the gulf, rescued and brought to New Orleans, is there recognized by the hero and handed over to justice, is thrust into a noisome cell where he rips open the hem of his left trouser's leg, extracts three pills therefrom, swallows them and is soon stiff and cold in death. Thus is the slap on the wrist avenged. What a terrible instance of Nemesis dogging the footsteps of a sinner, following him like a sleuth-hound until at last he is brought low! Let all cowardly villains whose dyes are not fast, take warning by his fate!

The Wood Fire in No. 3.

"The Wood Fire in No. 3," by F. Hopkinson Smith (Charles Scribner Sons.)

"What would I want? Why just what I've got. An easy chair, a pipe, a dog once in a while, some books, a wood fire, and you on the other side, old man." This sums up the philosophy of life of the characters in Hopkinson Smith's collection of stories. They are a group of artists, sculptors, architects and newspaper men, of the class that we delight to call Bohemian, and they gather around the great open fire in MacWhirter's studio during the long winter evenings. The time goes only too swiftly with their stories, some humorous, some melodramatic, some with a vein of pathos that brings the moisture to the eye of the reader.

Does their philosophy remind one of the good Omar? Perhaps it is a little strange in a land where everything is measured by the dollar standard, to hear sentiments totally at variance with such a measure, but it is certainly refreshing. When one of these artists says "It's all a pretence and a sham. Nothing counts now but a bank account. Pretty soon we will have a clearing house of titles, based on incomes. When the cashier certifies to the amount, the title is conferred. The man of one million will become a lord; the man with two millions a count; three millions a duke, and so on. To me all this climbing is idiotic," he seems to have drawn an indictment against our present society. The whole atmosphere of the book is refreshing, and one reaches the end with a feeling of homesickness for a chair in the genial glow of the Wood Fire in No. 3.

Animal Heroes.

"Animal Heroes" by Ernest Thompson Seton, (Charles Scribner Sons) is, of course, interesting and very well written,

as are all of his animal stories. Perhaps these animals are more or less men in disguise; it may seem to the reader that "there wasn't never no sich things" as these remarkably intelligent creatures, who while they do not talk as do Kipling's animals in the jungles, nevertheless, have no difficulty in communicating very useful and extended information to each other.

If we find it difficult to believe that they are anything but heroes of fiction, we shall be constrained to adopt the ruling of a learned judge, when an objection was made to the admission of some evidence upon a trial. "Yes," said he, "I know it's immaterial and irrelevant, but it's interesting, so I'll admit it." And our author is always interesting.

The book is a collection of short stories about all sorts of animals, wild, semi-wild and tame, which appeals to all classes of readers, young and old, learned and unlearned. It is handsomely printed and bound, and excellently illustrated.

Deerfoot's Boys Books.

All healthy boys and some girls, will enjoy the two volumes "Deerfoot on the Prairies" and "Deerfoot in the Mountains," by Edward S. Ellis (The John C. Winston Co.) The first named tells the story of the journey on horseback, across the plains to the Pacific coast, by two boys, Victor and George Shelton, under the guidance of Deerfoot, the Shawonoe. The second gives the account of their return.

As the date of the story is early in the last century the journey was, necessarily, one of great danger and, often of privation. Herds of buffaloes roamed over the prairies, droves of wild horses galloped across the travellers' path, bands of hostile Indians waylaid them; but through all adventures, they come safely by aid of Deerfoot, the most remarkable of Indians.

There are some thrilling incidents, such as Deerfoot's capture of the beautiful black horse, Whirlwind, and his duel with the chief Taggarak, but the author contrives in the midst of all to clearly picture the condition of the Great West, a century ago, when Daniel Boone was still alive and Lewis and Clark had just started out on their famous expedition.

Beautiful Color Calendars.

The Youths Companion's Color Calendar for 1906, is not only one of the most attractive things of its sort ever issued by The Perry Mason Company, but one of the handsomest ever published, as well. There are three panels, depicting a company of Revolutionary soldiers marching along a populace lined road; the whole charming in sentiment and reproduced as only modern color work can be executed.

Among other attractive color calendars for the New Year are the publications issued of the Dupont, Peters and Lafin & Rand Powder companies.

Any of these sporting calendars may be secured by sending ten cents in stamps.

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