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On a certain hot day in August, 18-- the time ball on the Western Union Telegraph building, in the city of New York, dropped precisely at noon. Instantly thereafter there was a chorus of steam whistles, and then silence. The whistles attracted no particular attention; the silence did. People gradually became conscious of it. They missed something. They stopped and thought about it, and looked at one another inquiringly, and, presently, the great life of humanity which is always moving in one way or the other on Broadway ceased its flow; little groups gathered on the street corners and invaded the roadway, just as if some procession were expected to pass.



We Want No Misunderstanding About This.

between stations were alighting and walking along the structure or clambering down from it on ladders. On the river fronts the ferryboats remained in their slips; the busy tugs were moored to their piers. Only a few sailing craft drifted lazily about the harbor.

The silence continued perhaps for half an hour. Then there came a dull roar; not the muffled din always arising from the streets, but that of an escaping steam, great clouds of which could be seen rising over the city. In fact, every boiler was blowing off; for, as if by common consent, every escape valve had been lifted, and every fire had been hauled. At the gas works the furnace door stood open, and the steam rose and billowed in the air.

Michael McCarthy, vendor of "growing shamrock plants, bog oak ornaments, and shillshells, in Queenstown Harbor, having engaged in too prolonged chattering on board the Teutonic, suddenly discovered, at the close of his haranguing, that the green hills of his native land were fading in the dim distance at the rate of twenty knots per hour. He arrived in New York, on the eve of a close election, and, without knowing exactly why, he was conveyed from Ellis Island to a naturalization bureau, and there put in a fair way to aid us in settling our tariff and other questions, before the Emerald soil had left his brogan.

to retain this valuable assistance work was found for Michael as a cobler--a trade he had once followed in the old country--in the establishment of Mrs. Heinrich Shoefel, in Avenue A; and there he was manfully stitching and hammering away when a visitor entering the shop, announced himself as a "walking delegate." This information imparted to Mrs. Shoefel, was not disagreeable, inasmuch as it suggested extensive need of shoe leather; but when she discovered that the visitor said nothing about the purchase of boots, but simply demanded the out-casting of Michael McCarthy for failure to join United Cobblers' Union No. 64, she placidly resumed her interrupted occupation of binding one of those colossal carpets, slipper and put in a fair way to aid us in settling our tariff and other questions, before the Emerald soil had left his brogan.

King Christian OF DENMARK, WROTE: I HAVE noticed the beneficial action of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract on myself, as well as on others, and am pleased to acknowledge this.

industries and the conveyances of the metropolis were brought to a standstill. Now, the most singular thing about this strike was its remarkably orderly character. There were no indignation meetings, no denunciations of "capital," no breaches of the peace; no mobs; but in place of these accompaniments of the old-fashioned struggle there was simple stagnation. Labor, as such, ceased itself. It announced no new doctrine that its natural antagonistic was not "capital," but idleness. It would enforce its just demands, not by warfare or capital, but by stopping work. Society might try how it liked being made up entirely of leisure classes.

And society did not like it. Matters were, indeed, bad when the Harlem paterfamilias had to walk to his Wall Street office, but when it came to sending the whole household scurrying about after milk and meat, and tea, when he himself had to play chariot to the coal cart--things were clearly getting serious.

The city of New York confronted a great public benefactor. But the man to deal with it was at hand. And the evening of the fourth day after the general stoppage began found him calmly smoking a cigarette upon one of the benches in Bryant square. "I tell you, Smith," remarked this man of destiny to his companion, who had been lately starting up at the stars, "there is only one way out of this trouble. Something has got to happen in this town which will interest everybody so tremendously--which must grip everybody's attention as closely as that when it happens this strike business will be suddenly forgotten."

"The person addressed yawned carelessly. In fact, he did not seem particularly impressed by the idea suggested to him, for his answer was irrelevant. "Say, Julius, what are you striking for, anyhow?" "Me? I'm not."

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Smith stretched himself, got upon his feet and walked on. The man called Julius sat thinking. Finally he rose, and both men strolled leisurely across the inclosure.

came to board in the house I lived in, who was the wisest sort of an inventor. One thing he tried to get up was a telegraph which would send smells, and either was an explosive safe, but he couldn't get any one to go into either, though he spent pretty much all his own money in trying experiments. Finally he braced up for one last great effort, and concocted a balloon which

was going to steer like a boat. Maybe he didn't work over it. Borrowed money from everybody he knew to buy silk and cords and things. But he didn't go up. In fact, he went down. They fished him out somewhere by Hell Gate. I took his traps for what he owed me."

Julius asked no further questions, and the two walked on in silence, until his companion stopped near the corner of Forty-fourth street and Third avenue.

"See here," he said, "are you walking in your sleep?" "No," said Julius, slowly. "I was just thinking. Do you know that I think I've got it?"

"What can end this strike business, and in the way I said, if I can have your balloon?" "If you can tell me where you live, I'll promise to take you there safely," said Smith, buttoning his coat.

"I'm in earnest," replied the other, soberly. "I should like to go with you to where that balloon is, and talk about it."

Smith looked at him, rather keenly this time--perhaps a little suspiciously--and then with a light laugh shrugged his shoulders and led the way to a shabby brick dwelling in East Forty-fourth street, the door of which he opened with his latchkey and motioned Julius to enter. The hall had that peculiar combined odor of cabbage and washing soda which characterizes a boarding house of the cheapest class.

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tered a hole drilled in the safe door, which was locked. On the wall above the safe was tacked the following notice:

To the Mayor: In this safe is a voltaic battery which sends a current of electricity along these wires to the balloon. The big pitcher is large enough to hold sufficient dynamite to throw down a block of buildings. The pitcher is supported by an electro-magnetic device, so that it will not drop as long as the strength of the electrical current remains the same. But if the current is weakened or stops, or the pitcher fastening is in any way tampered with, the pitcher will certainly fall. Clockwork in the safe will break the current in fifty-eight hours. The slightest attempt to open the door will blow up a torpedo within.

August 23, 3 o'clock p. m. This the superintendent of police read at just 10 a. m. on the 25. "Time's up at 1 o'clock tonight," he said quietly. The inmates of the house had already been placed under surveillance. He now gave orders for the arrest of all of them, and for the vacating of all houses endangered by the balloon.

(To be Continued.) CHAT ABOUT WRITERS. Whereabouts of the Janviers--Stevens' Haunting Thought.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, says a New York World writer, are appearing in the spring in the novel "In Providence--Mr. Janvier's favorite hunting ground when he is not writing up the history of old New York on the spot. I consider the Janviers a most-to-be-envied couple. They are in such a healthy and happy way as to do as they please. There is nothing to keep them in any one place, if they take a fancy for another. Their work is their pleasure, and they find material wherever they pitch their tent, whether in the wilds of Mexico, the coffee plantation of Narragansett Pier, the Bohemia of "Greenwich Village" or poetic Providence.

Mr. Andrew Lang received from R. L. Stevenson, a week before the novelist's death, a letter in which the latter showed for the first time a certain anxiety about himself, and that he was haunted by a dread of paralysis, of a lingering mental malady, of living on, no longer himself, like Swift. This unhappy fate for a man of genius, it is good to know that Stevenson, who was a healthy and cheerful man, had not been troubled by such a dread.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's maiden name was Fannie Vandegrift. On Dec. 23, 1857, she was married in Indianapolis, her father's home, to Samuel Osborne. Mrs. Osborne was a beautiful, high-spirited girl, bright and clever. Her husband was a dashing, well-bred fellow, of good family, and at the time the match was considered a happy one. But Osborne could not make a living for his family, even in California, whether he drilled, or mined, or wrote articles, which he did, and wrote articles, which he did, and wrote articles, which he did.

According to the New York Tribune Mrs. R. U. Johnson is preparing for The Century a series of paraphrases on the verse of the Serbian poet, Zmajlovich Ivanovich. He is assisted by Nikola Tesla, the electrician, who furnishes the literal translations from his mother-tongue.

The author of "Idealia" and "The Heavenly Twins" is seriously ill--so ill that her doctors say that nothing but complete rest and change will do her good. She has been ordered to give up all work and to travel, and it is possible that she may turn in this direction.

Daudet's income from his writings, are to be told by his recent biographer, H. S. Sherard, was \$1,000 in 1872. Today it is \$20,000.

Expansive. From Atlanta Constitution. "And just to think," exclaimed the unsophisticated maiden from the Empire state, as she watched the Serpent on Coney Island, "that this ocean were lookin' at her ears clear to Georgia."

Ships that Never Come In. Oh, wondrously fair are the Islands of Rest-- Those islands we never have seen-- But we know they are smiling out there in the west. Their valleys are glowing in green. No cloud ever crosses this tropical sky. And there is no sorrow for us. And snug in their harbors all peacefully lie. Oh ships that never come in, There dwell the fair faces our fancy may see. With eyes of the tenderest blue, That come in our slumbers to you and to me. In dreams that never can come true. We joyfully greet them, nor wish they were here.

Mid all the danger and din; They are busily guarding the hopes we have here. Our ships that never come in, --Nixon Waterman.

Advertisement for Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'ABSOLUTELY PURE THE OLD RELIABLE SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE'.

WHAT TO DO FOR MICROBES.

A Texas Florist Discovered What Scientists Could Not.

DISEASE IS FERMENTATION.

Microbes the Cause, and to Cure All Diseases You Must Kill the Germs.

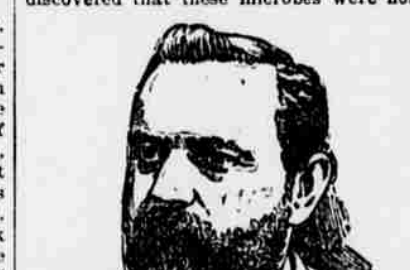
RADAM RIVALS PASTEUR.

An Antiseptic Life Harmless to Human Life, but Death to Microbes.

DISCOVERED AMID FLOWERS.

The Gas Saved the Life of the Inventor. Now It is Saving the Lives of Thousands.

Twenty-five years ago William Radam, a young man then twenty-five years old, landed in New York. He was a German and could not speak English. He had been a soldier in the German army and later had been in the employ of Emperor William in the Imperial Gardens, Bellevue. There he had learned, as only Germans can learn, how to care for flowers. He had been in America in the year 1870, when he should have been in the city of Austin, Texas, and in a few years became one of the leading florists and nurseries of the West. Wealth came to him but did not bring him happiness. His health failed. To the original complaint of malaria had been added rheumatism, then catarrh and finally consumption. After being treated by the most skillful physicians for several years, Mr. Radam found relief in the use of a certain vegetable, which he had found in the treatment of disease in plants to the treatment of human ailments. He had discovered that all the diseases of plants are caused by a sort of fermentation, and that when the fermentation is arrested there are also germs or microbes that these microbes were not



WM. RADAM.

only at the point of apparent disease, but had permeated the very heart of the plant and were in every drop of the sap. He had discovered a combination of antiseptic drugs that would kill the microbes and so bring the plants back to healthful growth. This point was reached after many experiments, during which Mr. Radam experienced a certain feeling of exhilaration. Later he found that after applying his remedy to his plants, he himself was in better health. As the plants gained in strength, so did he. It was not natural that this coincidence should cause him to turn his attention to the health of the plants to his own health. He found that the theory he knew to be correct in the case of the plants seemed to be equally reasonable when applied to himself. The result was more and more apparent. He had discovered the cause of the disease, the discovery or invention of his "Microbe Killer," which has since been given the name of "Microbe Killer." As soon as they are removed from the body, the disease is cured. The disease is cured. The disease is cured.

Microbes the Cause, and to Cure All Diseases You Must Kill the Germs. The disease is cured. The disease is cured. The disease is cured.

A SMART EMPLOYER. He Wouldn't Let the Tyrannical Office Boy Bulldoze Him.

It isn't every boy that tyrannizes over his employer. One of these despots at \$3 per week approached his boss the other day with a demand for more pay.

"What do you get?" asked the boss. "Twenty dollars per," answered the boy saucily.

"Well, isn't that enough for the work you do?" "No, it ain't. I have to be here from 6 in the morning till 6 at night. Twenty hours a day for \$3 a week ain't enough?"

"Ain't enough what? Work?" and the boss smiled grimly. "No, enough pay." "But you work only half the time." "Come off! I work all the time." "I guess not," smiled the boss again. "Aren't there twenty-four hours in a day?" and the boy saw that in the boss' eyes which made him pause ere he went too far.

A WOMAN HERMIT. Her Only Companions Are Five Dogs and a Cow.

One story told of her is that on one occasion, when one of the pups was ill, she managed to get a message to a physician living eighty miles away that he was wanted at once. He came post-haste, thinking that it was herself who was ill, and was so disgusted when he learned that he had been called to prescribe for the dog that he charged her \$200. For this act he never received her forgiveness, although she paid the bill.

About ten days ago Aunt Lib had an adventure which plainly demonstrated her ability to take care of herself, although about 75 years of age. The impression has prevailed that she has been hoarding money somewhere about her cabin. Two would-be handits endeavored to force the secret of her treasure from her about a week ago, and the result is that one was so badly wounded that it is a ten to one shot that he is now dead.

COOKS ARE CONSERVATIVE. Otherwise Edward Atkinson's Aladdin Oven Would Soon Prevail.

Edward Atkinson has for many years been combating the enormous waste of food which he claims is the result of our present methods of cooking. He has invented new methods which not only reduce the trouble and labor of cooking very largely, but which render palatable, tender and nourishing portions of meat which have heretofore been regarded as comparatively worthless. At the same time he effects a large saving in the cost of fuel. These improvements are all embodied in what he calls his Aladdin oven in which the principle of slow cooking with low and regular heat is carried out.

He gave a demonstration of its capabilities a few days ago by giving a dinner in Washington to a number of members of the cabinet. They had a plain dinner of seven courses, very palatable and most excellently cooked at a total cost of fifteen cents to each diner. The heat was furnished from an ordinary lamp. The cooking, however, instead of taking from half an hour to an hour, required four or five hours. Mr. Atkinson has demonstrated again and again the enormous saving that could be effected by his methods, but cooks are exceedingly conservative and it is probable that it will take a generation at least before the revolution he is trying to bring about takes place.

WONDERS OF THE SEA. The Black Sea has a depth of 600 fathoms. The Gorgonia, or fan corals, are found in every sea. The Atlantic ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

The water in the Strait of Gibraltar is 500 fathoms deep. The polar current contains less salt than those from the equator. The sea is estimated to contain 2,500,000,000 cubic feet of water.

One very common species of ocean infusoria is shaped like a bell. In a cubic meter of limestone Origny found 600,000 sea shells.

The Gulf Stream is 100 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep. An ichthyoid that inhabits the West Indian sea has over 10,000 arms.

Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 16,000 feet. The first author to attempt an explanation of ocean currents was Kepler.

The sea cucumber is nothing but a thin skin and a very capacious stomach. Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist on the earth.

The average depth of all oceans is supposed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms. The sea-nettle stings its prey to death by means of a poison secreted in its tentacles.

Naturalists are still in doubt as to whether the sponge is a plant or an animal. There are springs of fresh water in the Persian Gulf that furnish supplies to vessels.

For a long time the coral was supposed to be a plant. Even Remar treats it as a vegetable. The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-third of its weight.

When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about 70 degrees. No part of the Atlantic Ocean between Europe and Newfoundland exceeds 2,000 fathoms.

In a cubic foot of phosphoreous sea water there have been found 25,000 living creatures. The water of the Mediterranean contains a greater portion of salt than that of the ocean.

Advertisement for Radway's Ready Relief, featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'Radway's Ready Relief'.

His lifelong friend.

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma.

Used Internally as well as Externally. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists RADWAY & CO., New York.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete assimilation and healthful regularity.

E. Robinson's Sons' LAGER BEER BREWERY.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated PILSENER LAGER BEER. CAPACITY: 100,000 Barrels per Annum.

Advertisement for Revivo, featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY'.

THE GREAT 30th DAY. REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Mar. of Me.

French Injection Compound. Cures positively, quickly, (not merely checks.) Guaranteed or money refunded.

Advertisement for Cyphene Blood Poison, featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'CYPHENE BLOOD POISON'.

HE PRIZE of two thousand dollars offered by this and other newspapers for the best short detective story submitted before May 1, has brought thousands of manuscripts from all parts of the world.

The prize of \$500 are to be awarded, will appear in a remarkable series of short stories to run in the daily issues of this paper in instalments of about two thousand words per day, from the first of May to the first of October.

The most distinguished authors of the age will be represented in this series, such as: A. CONAN DOYLE, FRANK R. STOCKTON, BRET HARTE, ANNA KATHERINE GREEN, STANLEY J. WEYMAN, MARK TWAIN, THE DUCHESS, MARY E. WILKINS, BRANDER MATTHEWS, MARTIN HEWITT.

Advertisement for Dr. E. Grewer, featuring a portrait of a man and the text 'DR. E. GREWER'.

The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at Old Postoffice Building, Corner Penn

DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily started when suddenly spoken to, and all distressed mind, which unite them for performing the actual duties of life, making business impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing fits of heat, depression of spirits, morbidness, cowardice, fear, dizziness, melancholy, the easy of company, feeling as if tired in the morning, when actually rested, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, weakness of the limbs, etc., etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.

Lost Manhood Restored. Weakness of Young Men Cured. If you have given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined before the eyes, loss of memory, sexual Debility, Scrophulous Affections, Paralysis, Female Weakness, Affecting of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Dropsies, Tumors, Cancer and Cripples of every description. Consultations free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., Sunday 9 a. m. to 12 m. Enclose five 3-cent stamps for symptom blanks and my book called "New Life." Will pay one thousand dollars in gold to anyone whom I cannot cure of EPIDEMIC CONVULSION.

DR. E. GREWER, Old Post Office Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street, SCRANTON, PA.

Advertisement for Moosic Powder Co., featuring the text 'Moosic Powder Co., Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bldg., SCRANTON, PA.'.

MINING AND BLASTING POWDER. MADE AT MOOSIC AND RUSHDALE WORKS.

Orange Gun Powder. Electric Batteries, Fuse for Blasting, Safety Fuse and Repanno Chemical Co.'s High Explosives.

Advertisement for Dr. Rodriguez, featuring a portrait of a man and the text 'DR. RODRIGUEZ'.

DR. RODRIGUEZ'S SPECIAL TREATMENT. Guaranteed Cure for LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS, SCALDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN AND MUCOUS MEMBRANES. Also, a special treatment for the cure of the most obstinate cases of GONORRHOEA, LEUCORRHOEA, and ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT. For particulars, send for a free copy of the "GONORRHOEA TREATMENT" to DR. RODRIGUEZ, 1145 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Advertisement for Cyphene Blood Poison, featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'CYPHENE BLOOD POISON'.

Have you Bone Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored spots, Itch, Old Sores, Eczema in Mouth, Hair Falling, White Cook Remedy Co., 207 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Capital \$500,000. Patented under 1000 names. Cures today and well. 100-pg. book free.

Advertisement for The \$2000 Prize, featuring an illustration of a man and the text '\$2000 PRIZE'.

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