Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

That excellent serial publication of to part 20, leaving only ten numbers contain interesting biographical sketches and critical estimates of Claudio Monteverde and Alessandro Scar-latti, by W. S. B. Mathews; Giovanni Pergolese, Vincenzo Bellini and Gaetano Donizetti, by H. M. Ticknor; Luigi Cherubini, by Philipp Spitta; Glovanni Sgamban by Arthur Foote; Gluseppe Verdi, by B. E. Woolf; Jean Baptiste Lully, Jean Philippe Rameau and Andre Ernest Modeste Gretry, by Os-car Comettant, the celebrated French critic; and Francois Adrian Boleldieu, by Louis C. Elson; in addition to which Martin Roeder contributes a very satisfactory essay briefly reviewing the history of music in Italy. In these five parts appear many admirable illustrations, those adorning the sketch of Rossini being particularly noteworthy. We purpose in the following notice to glance for a moment at M. Comettant's sketch of Rameau, at Mr. Spitta's study of Cherubini, at M. Pougin's appreclative review of Rossini's works and at Mr. Woolf's article on Verdi.

Jean Philippe Rameau was born at Dijon, in France, on Sept. 25, 1680, of parents who were fond of, but not proficient in, music. At the age of 7, the boy could at sight execute on the harpsi chord any musical score that was placed before him. His parents seem, however, to have had a nineteenth century horror of music as a profession, for they tried every means in their power to have their son master the law. They sent him to a Jesuit school, but all he would do there was to pencil scores and fragments of music on his books. He failed signally to make any progress in book-learning, and was sent home. Here he resumed his musical studies, and mastered the harpsichord, organ and violin. At 18, he fell so deeply in love with a widow of Dijon that, to break off the liaison, his parents had to resort to the old trick of boxing the lad's ears and sending him forth to travel. He passed some time in Milan, but, longing for home, hired out as a violinist to the manager of a traveling orchestra, and after several years passed in travel and in study, went, in 1717, to Paris.

Having never had opportunity study counterpoint, Rameau sought the And here we come to an episode which and envy. The post of organist at the Church of St. Paul, becoming vacant, was submitted to public competition. Rameau was poor, and hence entered Daquin, an exceedingly inferior per-Marchand was judge. He Rameau by deciding in favor of Daquin, and Rameau, for a time, was by poverty forced to leave Paris.

it for a period of years. Clermont was a quiet little town, up amidst the Auvergne mountains, and while Rameau passed several years here in pleasant study, he longed for a more active Several times he applied for a cancelling of his contract. The cathedral officials refused. At last an idea seized him. His playing had been inexpressibly sweet and tender. He abruptly made it harsh and discordant. The people of Clermont protested, but the more they protested the worse he He told them-thus long anticipating the immortal Wagner-that the change was an inspiration which had come to him in a dream, and that it would yet be the means of reforming the tastes of all true lovers of music. They stood Rameau's "music of the future" as long as they could, and then tore up his contract. Freed at last, he celebrated his farewell by playing as of yore, with a feeling and tenderness

that took the congregation by surprise, It was during Rameau's sojourn at Clermont that, unaided, he worked out the basis of his writings on harmony, which have ever since been the recog nized standards on this subject. From Clermont, Rameau returned to Paris, in which city he resided until his death, Sept. 12, 1764. The first thing he did was to publish his books on harmony, which, not being understood, were brutally criticized and ridiculed. Then he wrote almost innumerable pieces for the harpsichord, which, becoming popular, brought him money and fame. Finally, ambitious to become a comof grand opera, Rameau collaborated with the illustrious Voltaire, on an opera, "Samson;" but the director of the Academie de Musique refused to sanction its production. Nothing daunted, Rameau wrote the music for another opera, "Hippolyte et Aricie," which was more fortunate; and from fifty to seventy-seven, our composer produced works with unflagging regularity and success, reaching the climax of his powers in "Castor et Pollux." That he made many mistakes in musi cal grammar will be admitted; but to Rameau the world owes both the discovery of the natural formation of chords, from which we date the science of harmony, and the development of grand opera to a point almost equal to that which was in vogue at the time of Richard Wagner.

Of the Florentine composer, Cherubini, Mr. Spitta presents a distinct and well-rounded sketch. Its interest for us lies in its episodes, the first of which occurred during the terrors of the French Revolution in 1792 when Cherubini, having four years earlier accepted the directorship of court operas in Paris, was one day pounced upon by a troop of sansculottes which marche roaring through the streets looking for musicians to accompany their songs. Upon recognizing that he was an atache of the hated court, the crowd grew threatening, whereupon a friend pressed a violin into Cherubini's hand and told him to play for dear life. This he did; and so well, indeed, that the rabble kept him at it until long after nightfall. They stood him upon an upturned wine-cask, and there he fid-dled, hour after hour, like the man in

posed one of his greatest works, "Lodo-

At another time, in the presence of the J. B. Millet company, Boston, Napoleon, Cherubini resented an ig-"Famous Composers," has progressed norant critism passed by the Corsican upon his music, saying sharply: "You yet to appear. The five latest parts love the music which does not prevent biographical you from thinking of the affairs of state." The rebuke nettled Napoleon, and he never forgave it. Upon another occasion, the emperor, who had recently returned from the wars, asked Cherubini what he thought of the opera "Faniska," which had been produced during Napoleon's absence. "It will not please you, sire," Cheru-

bini replied. "Why not?" "It is too good," was the curt re sponse. And to Napoleon, who prided himself upon his ear for music, this second thrust was an insult superadded

III. M. Pougin, who has been selected as

the biographer of Rossini, is overmuch given to superlatives, and has no time ist, whose name should be written on other composers are of minor consequence. Notwithstanding these outcroppings of M. Pougin's preferences, his summary of the main incidents in the composer's eventful and highly dramatic career is accurate and impartial. We shall not repeat those biogra-phical details—they should be familiar to all who take genuind interest in music. We mention only one incident before passing to a consideration of Rossini's rank as a composer. When that most successful of Rossini's compositions, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," received its first production at Rome, it encountered violent opposition. A reigning favorite, Paisiello, had treated the same subject in a different manner, and al-though Rossini publicly paid tribute to Paisiello's genius and disclaimed any wish to interfere with his laurels, the Roman people refused to be appeared. Zanolini thus graphicaly pictures the

"The Romans went to the theater, persuaded that they were going to hear detestable music, and disposed to punish an ignorant upstart. The overture was executed in the midst of a confused hub-bub, the precursor of the tempest. Garcia attempted to accompany with his guitar the first air of the count Almaviva; all the strings broke at once, and then began the laughs, jeers and hisses. A little while after, Don Basgreat Parisian organist, Marchand, ilio, an old singer of the Sistine chapel, stumbled, on entering the stage, and shows that human nature is much the fell and bumped his nose. This was same in all lands and ages. Marchand enough; laughs and hisses burst from immediately detected the latent genius all sides, and people would not and of his pupil, and was filled with fear could not listen any longer. One person applauded, one only, and that was the composer; and the more he clapped the louder grew the hisses, until, when the fury of the crowd had reached its the lists, his leading rival being one climax, he mounted upon his chair, so that he could be seen by all, and with head hands and voice testified to the seized the opportunity to humiliate actors his approbation. He remained intrepid until the orchestra had all left, walting to receive the last insult. During the second evening, Rossini was He first went to Lille, but later was conversing at home with some friends. selected as organist at the Clermont when cries were heard in the street, cathedral. He took this position under in front of his house, and the lights of many torches were seen through the

window. The guests at first were alarmed; but soon distinguishing in the confusion the voices of friends, they opened the doors, and in an instant Rossinl was seized and carried by main force on the shoulders of the mob to the theater, where the whole audience cheered and roared its message of surrender." The fickle public had changed its tune, and ever since that second night the "Barbiere" has been recognized throughout the world as the supreme achievement in opera bouffe. Our blographer, in his estimate o

Rossini's genius and rank, takes it with iil grace that "for years past Rossini has been spoken of slightingly, his genius misunderstood, his worth nied. Certain adepts of a new school. who affect to disparage all that was done before them, are ready to drag him to the gibbet without even giving him credit for what they owe him-directly or indirectly. They do not seem to have the least idea that it is Rossini who has emancipated musical art as applied to the theater: who has given freedom to melodic form; who has substituted for the majectic and uniform solemnity of the ancient lyric declamation, a rational diction, with an expression more vivacious, more intense and more vigorous; who, by the movement and variety communicated to the rhythm, has given to the musical phrase the natural sentiment and

warmth of action which it too often lacked; and to whom we owe the richness and the splendors of the modern dramatic orchestra." "Who knows," he swallowing compromising papers. asks, in a final burst of scorn, "if that admirable orchestra of Wagner, to which unhappily everything is sacrificed, would exist today had it not been

M. Pougin tries not to be wholly an eulogist. He admits that there are grave faults to be found in Rossini's serious operas; "in the first place a lack of unity, and also certain weaknesses which by their proximity milltate against some really admirable pages; then the abuse of vocalization and of the ornate style, absolutely incompatible with the purely dramatic element; finally, the occasional lack of real emotion and the frequent absence of pathos, an absence so complete that It may justly be said of Rossini that he never knew how to sing of love." Yet these same operas, he maintains, have "qualities so grand, an inspiration so rich, a style so noble, a phrase o elegant, an orchestra so vigorous and always so full of interest that the works, although imperfect in their ensemble, have been able through certain sublime portions to win very grea success;" while as for the qualities of Rossini's lighter music, we are assure that in the wonderful imagination which it discloses, in galety carried sometimes to the point of folly, in ar ardor and quickness of inspiration that was simply prodigious, and in an in-

IV. Verdi, the last representative of the composer, was born Oct. 10, 1813, in the

strumentation always new, always

piquant, always of extreme elegance,

his music is still as young and fresh

as when it first appeared, eighty years

is no record in his case of extraordinary juvenile precocity. At the age of 7, his parents managed to get him a spinnet; and when little Giuseppe one day got vexed at his own inability to play this intrument as he wished, and proceeded to smash it to pieces with a hammer, it is on record that he re-ceived a highly exemplary parental thwack on the ear. At 10, he was em-ployed as organist of the village church at an annual salary of \$7.20 and perquisites. Six years later, having in the interval studied to the best of his limited opportunities, Verdi set out for Milan, hoping to enter the conservatory there. He was refused admission, on the ground of incapacity, but found a sympathetic instructor in the then celebrated composer, Lavigna.

An interval of eight years, marked chiefly by his marriage to the daughter of his patron, Barezzi, followed, and was broken by the production, at Milan, of his first opera, "Oberto," which, being received with moderate favor, decided him to be a professional composer. The rest is familiar history. The second opera, contracted for by Merelli, a Milanese manager of note, was to be a comic one. While he was writing it, his two children and his relief from his sadness, was instan-taneously successful; and from that time-Verdi was then 29 years old-to the present operas have flown from his pen with amazing ease and versatility. The failures have been many and dire; for Wagner. To him, Rossini is the but the successes have been even more adorable master, the incomparable art- emphatic. The latter brought wealth, fame and honors innumerable, against the annals of art in letters of gold. All which the former make apparently no impression. Of Verdi, the man, we take leave by copying from Mr. Woolf's readable sketch the following description of how the great composer passes his final years:

"He resides on his handsome estate near Busseto, except during the winter months, which he passes in Genoa. He has a beautiful garden and a large farm, to whose cultivation he devotes himself with enthusiasm. He is very fond of his animals, especially his horses. To young musicians he is es- 1879. pecially kind. His modesty is excessive, and he objects strongly to talk of himself and his art triumphs. He lives quietly the life of a well-to-do country gentleman, and is delighted to see his friends, if they are not over-prone to discuss music. His disposition is charitable, and he gives freely but unostentatiously to the needy. Some of the spienders of his garden, which appear to be the mere caprices of a rich man with a taste for the luxuries of life, were conceived and carried out for the purpose of giving to poor working people out of employment the means of earning a livelihood. He gave ten thousand francs toward building a theater at Busseto, because the inhabitants desired one. It is a small but handsome and elegant building, on the front of which is inscribed, in letter of gold, the name of the great master who, years before, when a poor boy, played the organ in the church of the neigh boring village of Roncole for the year-

ly pay of \$7.20." It is our blographer's judgment, in which most persons will cordially agree, that while Verdi is undoubtedly one of the most popular opera com posers of his time, perhaps the most popular one, it is not at all clear that he can be ranked as a great musician in any exacting sense of the word. He has followed gracefully in the beaten path, and has been in no sense an innovator. "Gifted with an inexhaustive fund of melody, and a strong feeling to any philosophic principle on which operas should be composed; and has appealed to the nerves and the ephemeral emotions of his public, rather than to its heart or its intelligence." In short, successful tune-maker, to whom ap plause is everything and futurity nothing. But all men cannot be giants; and the mass of music-lovers, while lovally revering the mastadon maestros, will no doubt long continue to be grateful to Verdi for the simple, sensuous pleas ure which he has so lavishly afforded them.

AMONG AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS Hezekiah Butterworth purposes making journey to Spain. It has been announced that Mr. Du Mau

rier's new story is a very long one. Anthony Hope has written a series of four story-telling dialogues which he calls "Bad Matches." They are said to be particularly witty.

W. D. Howells has written an introduction to the English version of Tolstol's new story, "Master and Man." The Appletons are bringing out the book

Robert Bridges ("Droch" of Life") is about to publish another book, entitle ed Chapters," containing criticism and satire upon popular writers. "Celibates," George Moore's new novel

is to be published here immediately by Macmillan. "Dr. Gray's Quest," the late Francis Underwood's novel, has just been brought out in London. Grant Allen's new novel, "Under Seales deserts the "martyred woman," as he calls her. This story deals with

"martyred Russia." The Nihilistic plot includes the time-honored expedient of The value of the forthcoming "Amer lean Congress," a history of natio slation and political events, 1774-1895, by Joseph West Moore (Harper), is enhance by the fact that no other student of Amer

ican history has entered and occupied the

Twenty-four persons have united in "novel novel" announced by the Hobar Publishing company (Chicago). Its pecu-



Where Science ends and Common sense should rule. Persons of sedentary habits are liable to indigestion or dyspepsia. These, in turn, will bring on nervous disorders, kidney complaints, constipation, etc. This is especially the case with merchants, students and scientists. They will give you the exact dimensions of Jupiter, the distance from Saturn to the sun, to a foot, but they cannot or will not tell themselves what will care this train of disorders.

For ailments resulting from sedendentary habits---inactivity of the liver, habitual constipation, etc .-- the entire medical fraternity of Europe and America almost unanimously recommend Italian opera composers of the old the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt and school, and the most popular living the Waters of Carlsbad. the Waters of Carlsbad.

wolves at bay. Yet it was during these little village of Rohcole, of parents Elsner & Mendelson Co., troublous times that Cherubini com- who kept a small tobacco shop. There 152 Franklin Street, N. Y. Elsner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents,

ligrity lies in the fact that its twenty-four chapters are written each by a different person, who knew nothing of what any of the others was writing.

French Academy has been already long delayed, on account, it is said, of the fas-tidious care which he has been bestowing on his discourse, will not be receive till the fall, owing to the illness of Francois Coppee, who is to make the reply to his ad-

The emperor of Germany is said to b writing an elabarate bok on a military subject. It is to be published in the au-tumn, on the anniversary of Sedan. Report says also that the first volume of the Archduke Ferdinand's "Diary of My Voy-age Round the World" is to be published

writer of humorous paragraphs, and is now devoting himself almost entirely to writing serious verse, celebrated his 42d birthday anniversary last month, Mr. Munkittrick lives at Summit, N. J., not ifar from Hamilton Mable, Frank R. Stockton and A. B. Frost live but a short distance above him at Convent Station

Joseph O'Connor, editor of the Rochester Post-Express, it is rumored, has in preparation a volume of verse which has been written in the leisure hours of a busy life in journalism. The collection will include wife died. When produced, it failed lamentably, as was to be expected from these doleful circumstances. But a third opera, "Nabucco," written bition.

A new edition of Balzac is announce plete. Various translators are engaged upon the work, but they will all be under the supervision of George Saintsbury, wh will not only edit the volumes, but write a

volumes previously subscribed for will come to the Eastern states. The work will contain 160 poems, three pictures of Realf, and a sketch of the author's life. One knows little of Richard Realf except that he was a brave Union soldier, that he wrote in his poem "Indirection" one of the lovellest lyrics in our language, and that he committed suicide in San Francisco in

The prospectus of the English Dialect Dictionary to be edited by Prof. Joseph Wright, secretary and literary director of the English Dialect society, is now pub-lished. This great work will be issued by annual subscription—two parts—during 1896, and the remaining parts at half-yearly intervals. Eight years will be required for completion, and 1,000 subscribers are needed to launch the enterprise. The vo-cabulary will embrace all dialect words still in use or known to have been in use in the past 200 years in Great Britain and Ireland, together with all American diaect words still in use in the British Isles Geographical area, pronunciation, and immediate etymology will all be shown. Another firm has been founded for the

for dramatic effect, he has trusted to tion with its 'make up,' as the printers these gifts without paying especial heed say, is often beneath contempt. Title he has been the prolific, versatile and ed, not the bleatings of young versifier or the essaylets of jejune prosers.

ailroad across the island of Sweden.

Prince Tallyrand was startled out of asked him what it was all about. "May it please your highness, there was i ouse in your room, and, fearing it might disturb your rest. I shot it."

The beautiful sunbeams crept over the

One flowerladen morning in May, laughter of rills, Proclaimed the awakening of day.

o! Nature, exultant, diffuses her joy,

Ere he starts to the Cayuga mine O. little she knew what the day would un-

As she gazed on his beautiful face; That Death, cruel Death, with horrors un

The little one wends his lone way; He turns now and then to look back from afar, And motions a tender good-bye.

Down in the mines, gloomy and bare; Hark! to that cry; 'Help!' Men ruch, lamps glare-Oh! that deep sigh!

place— Oh! love—unfathomable pangs! Darkness around him, save the dim light That filckers weirdly, like the shade o

As on the robe of day it hangs. Homeward they brought him, all filled with alloy; And tenderly knocked at the doc of which, with a kiss, the dear little box Had left but an hour before

The school children gathered a beautiful wreath;

Resounded his praises on high. 'Llewellyn" was laid in the humblest of

Incarved is the stone and unwoven the tale— The tale of his death, grim and gory, But, alas! he was poor—a sure sign to His name from the temple of glory.

M. de Heredia, whose reception into th

R. K. Munkittrick, who began life as

by the Macmillans. It will be published in admirable crown octavo form, in about forty volumes, and will be absolutely comprefatory chapter for each one, besides contributing a general introduction of some length to the first volume.

Richard Realf's poems are to be put lished in the early fall by a New York publisher. It will be a limited subscrip-tion edition, numbered, and only those

publication of well-made books, after the fashion set by Stone & Kimball. The name of the firm is Lamson, Wolffe & Co., and it is said that they will bring out chiefly books of poetry, essays and fiction Our New York namesake is moved to offer it some excellent advice. "The thing to be remembered," it observes, "is that while a few enthusiasts may for a time ouy those dainty editions of poetry and amateurish essays which look so attractive to the dilettante's eye, the serious buyer of books wants good reading as well as good print and binding, and he will not upport the shallow, affected ephemerae which a taste imitative of the worst Lor don faddists may chose to offer. Uncut edges, thick paper, fine type and 'adorable' covers will do nothing in the long run to preserve trash from oblivion and its publishers from a loss of prestige. The press work of these new houses is often beyond reproach. Its discrimination in the matter of the contents of a book and in connec pages go mad with affectation, you feel ted leggings. This done, he produced that everyone concerned in the printing of the book would kill an idea for the sake of tened by a broad, elastic band, and call out shut it off at once—see?" a colophon-and, in short, the impression given is of men playing at the production of literature. It is literature that is want

STORIES OF THE TIME.

M. De Lesseps and His Anglophobic Countryman. Great was the delight of M. de Les

seps when one day an old gentleman from the west of France climbed up to the third story of his lodgings, in the Rue Richelleu, and said: "I have come, monsieur, to subscribe to your "But, my good friend," said Lesseps, "It is not a railroad, it is a canal; it is not an island, it is an isthmus; it is not Sweden, it is Suez." "That's nothing to me," replied the visitor, "so long as it worries the English."

his sleep one night by a pistod shot, and seeing his man servant in the room

THE DEATH OF A DRIVERBOY.

Written for The Tribune.

And the sweet songs of birds and the

And lavishes pleasure divine; As a fond mother kisses her dear little

The sweet kiss of love would efface.

Blessed by his mother and guided by

Raise him gently, see the childish face, Robbed of the kiss-Death reigns in its

They sung "In the Sweet, By and By," And angels, exuiting triumphant o'er Death.

tombs, With only a miner to praise him; o costly sepulchre or monument looms, With goldheaded letters above him.

-George W. Bowen. Scranton, May 2, 1895.



(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities).

Plummer looked casually in the directurned his eyes in another direction. "I see her," he said, "she's just taking not to be neglected. Of course, the lier.

able to say where it is. And the women themselves must be watched, too. As a matter of fact, I had a notion that Laker wasn't alone in it. it's just possible, you know, that he has sent an accomplice off with his tourist just looking to see if the meters are ticket to lead us a dance while he looks | right. Where is it?" after himself in another direction. Have you done anything?"

"Well," Hewitt replied, with a faint which Plummer had met an inquiry of his earlier in the morning, "I've to the station here. And I've found Laker's umbrella in the lost property office.

"Oh! Then probably he has gone. I'll bear that in mind, and perhaps have a word with the lost property man.

Plummer made for the station and stairs and reached his door just as I once arrested Hewitt's attention myself, who had been disappointed in not finding him in, was leaving. I had called with the idea of taking Hewitt to lunch with me at my club, but he ner, and appeared to be the only thing to lunch with me at my club, but he declined lunch. "I have an important case in hand," he said. "Look here, Brett. See this scrap of paper. You know the types of the different papers

which is this?" He handed me a small piece of paper. It was part of a cutting containing ar advertisement, which had been torn in half. "I think," I said, "this is from the Daily Chronicle, judging by the paper. It is plainly from the 'agony column,' but all the papers use pretty much the same type for these adver tisements except the Times. If it were not torn I could tell you at once, be cause the Chronicle columns are rather narrow.'

The torn scrap read as follows:

roast. You ist. Then to-3rd L. No. 197, red bl.

time. "Never mind-I'll send for them all." Howitt Immediately Seized the Blue Cont Hewitt rang and sent for a copy of in the place that was not covered with each morning paper of the previous day. Then he took from a large wardrobe cupboard a decent but well-worn hat and coat, and then substituted an top. said, "Well, what do you think of this? tary inspector, or the gas or the water

supply? "Very well, indeed, I should say," I replied. "What's the case?" "Oh, I'll tell you all about it when it's over. Oh, here you are, Kerrett. By the bye, Kerrett, I'm going out presently by the back way. Wait for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after I have gone and then fust go across the road and speak to that lady in black with the vell, who is waiting in that little foot passage opposite. Say Mr. Martin Hewitt sends his compliments and he advises her not to wait, as he has already left his office by another door, and has been

raph, Chronicle-yes, here it is-in the Chronicle. The whole advertisement read thus: YOB-H. R. shop roast. Youlst. Then to straight mon. One time.

gone some little time. That's all: it

waiting all day for nothing. Now the

papers. Daily News, Standard, Tele-

would be a pity to keep the poor woman

"What's this," I asked, " a cryptogram?" "I'll see," Hewist answered. "But I

won't tell you anything about it till

afterward, so you get your lunch. Kerrett, bring the directory.' This was all I actualy saw of this case myself, and I have written the



Lady.

rest in its proper order from Hewitt's information, as I have written some other cases entirely. To resume at the point where, for th

time, I lost sight of the matter. Hewitt left by the back way, and stopped an ampty cab as it passed. "Abney Park Cemetery" was his directions to the driver. In little more than twenty minutes the cab was branching off down the Essex road, on its way to Stoke Newington, and in twenty minutes more Hewitt stopped it in street, Stoke Newington. He walked through a street or two, and then down another, the houses of which he scanned carefully as he passed. Oppocite one which stood by itself stopped, and, making a pretense of consulting and arranging his large pocketbook, he took a good look at the house. It was rather larger, neater and more pretentious than the others in the of the big board the name "Windsor &

street, and it had a natty little coach house just visible up the side entrance. tion indicated, and then immediately There were red blinds hung with heavy lace in the front windows, and behind one of these blinds Hewitt was able to a look around the corner. That's a thing catch the glint of a heavy gas chande-

Laker's house is being watched—we set | He stepped briskly up the front step a man on it at once yesterday. But and knocked sharply at the door. "Mr. I'll put one on now to watch Miss Merston?" he asked, pocketbookin hand, Shaw's place, too. I'll telephone when a neat parlor maid opened the through to Liddles—probably they'll be door.

"Yes." "Ah"-Hewitt stepped into the hall and pulled off his hat-"It's only the meter. There's been a deal of gas running away somewhere here, and I'm The girl hesitated, "I'll-I'll ask mas-

ter," she said-"Very well. I don't want o take it reproduction of the secretive smile with away, you know-only give it a tap

or two and so on." Hewitt followed the girl to the base ment, apparently looking straight before him, but in reality taking in every detail of the place. The gas meter was in a very large lumber cupboard, under the kitchen stairs. The girl opened the door and lit the candle. The meter stood on the floor, which was littered wih hampers and boxes and odd sheets Hewitt for his office. He mounted the of brown paper. But a thing that at



dust. Neventheless Hewitt took no apparent notice of it, but stooped down and rather roughened tall hat. Also a and solemnly tapped the meter three coat a little worn and shiny on the times with his pencil, and listened with collar. He exchanged these for his own great gravity, placing his ear on the Then he shook his head and old necktie for his own clean white tappped again. At length he said: "It's one, and incased his legs in mud-spot- a bit doubtful. I'll just get you to light

The girl turned and entered the Will it do for queen's taxes, or sani- kitchen, and Hewitt immediately seized the blue coat-for a coat it was. It had a dull red piping in the seams and was of the swallow-tall pattern-a livery coat, in fact. He held it a moment before him, examing its pattern and color, and then rolled it up and flung it again

into the corner. "Right!" he salled to the servant Shut off!" The girl emerged from the kitchen as

he left the cupboard. "Well," she asked, "are you satisfied now?" "Quite satisfied, thank you," Hewitt replied.

"Is it all right?" she continued, jerking her hand toward the cupboard. "Well, no, it isn't; there's something wrong there, and I'm glad I came. You can tell Mr. Merston, if you like, that expect his gas bill will be a good deal less next quarter." And there was a suspicion of chuckle in Hewitt's voice as he crossed the hall to leave. For a gas inspector is pleased when he finds

at length what he has been searching Things had fallen out better than Hewitt had dared to expect. He saw the key of the whole mystery in that blue coat; for it was the uniform coat of the hall porters at one of the banks that he had visited in the morning, though which one he could not for the moment remember. He entered the nearest postoffice and dispatched a telegram to Plummer; then he hailed the first available cab and hurried toward

the city. At Lombard street he alighted and looked in at the door of each bank till he came to Buller, Clayton, Ladds & Co.'s. This was the bank he wanted In the other banks the hall porters wore mulberry coats, brick-dust coats, brown coats and what not, but here, behind the ladders and scaffold poles which obscured the entrance, he could see a man in a blue coat with dull red piping and brass buttons. He sprang up the steps, pushed open the inner spring door and finally satisfied himself by a closer view of the coat, to the wearer's astonishment. Then he regained the pavement and walked the whole length of the bank premises infront, afterward turning up the paved passage at the side, deep in thought. The bank had no windows or doors on the side next the court, and the two adjoining houses were old and supported in places by wooden shores. Both were empty, and a great board announced that tenders vould be received for the purchase of the old materials of which they were constructed in a month's time; also that some part of the site would be let on a

long building lease. Hewitt looked up at the grimy fronts of the old buildings. The windows were crusted thick with dirt, all except the bottom window of the house nearer the bank, which was fairly clean and seemed to have been quite lately washed. The door, too, of this house was cleaner than that of the other, though the paint was worn. Hewitt reached and fingered a hook driven into the left-hand door post about six feet from the ground. It was new and not at all rusted; also, a tiny splinter had been displaced when the hook was driven in, and clean wood showed at

Having observed these things, Hewitt stepped back and read at the bottom

Weeks, Surveyors and Auctioneers, Abchurch Lane." Then he stepped into

Lombard street. Two hansoms pulled up near the postoffice, and out of the first stepped Inspector Plummer and another man. This man and the two who alighted from the second hansom were unmistakeably plain-clothes constables— their air, gait and boots proclaimed it. What's all this?" demanded Plummer

as Hewitt approached. "You'll soon see, I think. But first, have you put the watch on No. 197 Hackworth road?"

"Yes. Nobody will get away from there alone."

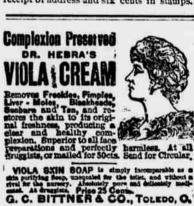
"Very good. I'm going into Ab-church lane for a few minutes. Leave your men out here, but just go round into the court by Buller, Clayton & Ladd's, and keep your eye on the first door on the left. I think we'll find something soon. Did you get rid of Miss Shaw?"

"No; she's behind now, and Mrs. Laker's with her. They met in the Strand, and came after us in another cab. Rare fun, eh? They think we're pretty green! It's quite handy, too. So long as they keep behind me it saves all trouble watching them!" And In-spector Plummer chuckled and winked. "Very good. You don't mind keeping your eye on that door, do you?.I'll be back very soon." And with that Hewitt turned off into Abchurch lane. [To Be Continued.]

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its vaults whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund—we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in wholesome flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia. germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced below a healthy standard. What is required is an increase in our germ-fighting strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that of per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the carly stages of the disease, be cused with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. All Dr. Pierce asks is that you make a thorough investigation and satisfy yourself of the truth of his assertion. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.







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