Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

RECENT FICTION.

Of the writers who have possessed sufficient vitality to form the basis of a school or "cult," the German, Hermann Sudermann, ranks among the first. He is a masterly realist, who utilizes his powers of analysis, not, as do Howells and James, in photographing the commonplace, but in depicting the fundamental human passions, from the standpoint of the surgeon who enjoys seeing his patient writhe and rave. Mr. Howells shuns a strong emotion as he would shun strong liquor or a pestilence, Sudermann, on the contrary, is never at his happiest until he is inserting his keen and glittering scalpel into the very heart of his characters, and laying bare, in their elemental strength, the cardinal motives of human conduct. It matters little that most persons do not care to be forever transfixed in fascination at the awful inner tragedies of life. Sudermann transfixes them, just the same. It is his business, his profession. Those who do not care to shudder need not buy his books.

Perhaps one of the most powerful of Sudermann's shorter tales is his novel, "The Wish," an excellent translation of which has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. The theme of it is easily recapitulated. Olga manages things so that her sister Martha shall marry Robert Hellinger. Then she discovers that she loves Robert herself. Olga is not a wanton, but a pure-minded, resolute woman, with perhaps an overplus of nerves. She strives to stifle her impossible passion, and, sister-like, with all tenderness nurses Martha during an illness following the birth of Martha's child. But while Olga is at the bedside of her dying sister, Robert, wearied with a long vigil, falls asleep and his head drops upon Olga's shoulder. The magnetic force of this physical contact so far gets the better of Olga's conscience that she finds herself, in spite of herself, wishing that her sister might die. It transpires that Martha does die; and that after her death Robert, awakening to the fact of Olga's love, seeks to marry her. She consents; the day is fixed; but alone with her conscience Olga meets her Nemesis, and feeling herself guilty as if she had been literally her sister's murderer, she puts an end to her life.

The strength of Sudermann's writing lies not in details of plot, which look tame enough when articulated skeletonwise; it is to be found in the electric force of his descriptions, in the hysteria of his all-searching scrutinies of the human soul. His characters do not live and breathe and have their being like rational beings should; they resemble rather the inmates of an insane asylum suddenly bereft of keepers and turned loose into the corridors, to form their own desired degree of bedlam. To depict the vagaries of minds diseased is no light task. It calls for the nicest skill, lest a shade too little or a daub too much turn all into ridicule. Sudermann is genius enough to work seriously and effectively. While the book is before you, you are bound to bow down to its potent spell. But when you lay it aside, and try to look at the characters in it as becomes a well-regulated citizen with at least an average Nineteenth-century intellect, the conviction dawns upon you that the company of monomaniacs is not a thing to be wished for as a daily circumstance.

* * *

To the average mind there does not appear to be a sufficient reason for the existence of the book "Melting Snows," by Prince Schoenaich-Carolath, the English edition of which, by Margaret Symonds, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, and is for sale by M. Norton, Scranton. The title is infelicitous; the theme commonplace and the treatment mediocre. Bent Sorenson, son of a rigid Lutheran pastor, falls in love with Giacinta Galleri, the niece of an Italian singer; Giacinta in time develops a wonderful voice and under the patronage of the hofrath makes her first public appearance, singing the part of Undine. Bent worships her at a distance, fights a duel with a soldier who spoke lightly of his adored, is seriously wounded, and when he emerges from a long idleness finds that Giacinta has in the interim wedded the hofrath. Thereupon our hero takes his leave of us, the author assuring us that, having been an indifferent civil engineer, the lad would now become an indifferent poet. Upon such a skeleton it is obviously out of the question to hang an acceptable story.

* * *

In "The Impregnable City," published by the same firm, Max Pemberton has written a clever satire upon anarchy. The Count Andrea Jovanowitz, a disciple of Tolstoi, having been induced to favor a general overturning of the existing order of things because of the rigorous punishment meted out by the Russian government to his brother, discovers in the South sea a magic island, with a submarine entrance gate, invaluable gold deposits, caves, tunnels, springs of fire and other wonderful qualities. In this island he establishes a colony of refuge for miscellaneous criminals. Things progress admirably until one of the criminals betrays the island's location; it is attacked by French warships; and when this seige is lifted an uprising of the vicious element puts an end to the "impregnable city" and to the count's dreams of revolutionizing mankind's idea of government. The novel is full of incident, has many deft touches, and is sufficiently out of the beaten path to appeal to all who can appreciate novelty in fiction.

* * *

Lillian Bell's "Little Sister to the Wilderness" (exquisitely printed and bound by Stone & Kimball, Chicago) takes us into a picturesque district in the western Tennessee, at once challenging comparison with Miss Murfree's admirable creations. But the challenge is well sustained. The "little sister" is a rough jewel of a girl named Mag, the daughter of an ignorant, drink-loving mountaineer,—one of those triumphs of Divinity over adverse environment which are occasionally to be met in unlikely places; a woman whose dress and speech and daily circumstance are hard and poor, yet whose soul is a miracle of faith and purity. Mag is introduced to us through her performance of an act of bravery. A stranger's horse had run away. The road was narrow and the ledge grim and threatening. With a bound, Mag, at peril to herself, had seized the bridle rein and brought the steed to a standstill. The stranger's name is Camden. He is a circuit-riding preacher, whose portrait is at first drawn somewhat harshly, but who afterward finds light. He holds a great revival in the vicinity of Mag's home, is the instrument of the girl's conversion; unravels a number of domestic tangles; witnesses Mag's wonderful heroism during an epidemic of yellow fever which robs her of both parents and in the concluding chapter declares his love for her and is accepted, having first through her clear intuitive faith been guided into a more perfect understanding of his own mission as a minister. The unfolding of Mag's character under the combined influence of love, religion and awakening womanhood, makes in this novel a pleasant contrast with the author's searching dissection of Camden's mental and psychical processes. And the sketching of the foreground, with its quaint, half-civilized "trash whites," is deft and skilful. Upon the whole, the "Little Sister" impresses one as being a book fit to be admitted to the goodly company of kindred creations which owe parentage to Charles Egbert Craddock, which is praise ample. L. S. R.

* * *

Two numbers in the tastily printed Twentieth Century series of the Frederick A. Stokes Co. have been received through M. Norton, Scranton. The first is a collection of stirring sea tales by that master pen-artist of the sea, W. Clark Russell, entitled "The Phantom Death and Other Stories," and the second is a virile and wholesome story of the Canadian Northwest by John Mackie, entitled "The Devil's Playground." The beauty of this series of copyrighted novels, apart from the meritorious character of the fiction included in it, is that the volumes are small, convenient to be held, daintily bound in silver-stamped buckram covers, and well illustrated. They are just the books to take with one on one's summer vacation.

* * *

From the same source is received Margaret Harriet Matthews' "Dame Prism," a story for girls which fulfills all the requisite of that difficult and often-abused type of literature. "Dame Prism" pictures a number of very interesting people, both young and old, in distinctly human colors; is cheerful in tone, effervescent with good humor and wholesome animal spirits, but does not neglect, in an unobtrusive fashion, to teach a lesson now and then. The charm of the book is emphasized by sixteen full-page illustrations by Elizabeth S. Tucker, which will aid the younger readers to fix the book's characters in their memories.

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AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Archdeacon Farrar is now Dean of Canterbury.

Balzac's letters to Mme. Hanska are to be published soon in book form.

Still another Napoleonic story is announced (Merriam)—"The Romance of the Sword," by George Duval.

Poet John Vance Cheney has composed a short play in blank verse bearing on the adventures of Helen of Troy.

Henry James has nearly ready for publication a new volume of short stories, to be published by Macmillan & Co.

Count Tolstoi has just finished another work, which is called "Priceless Wealth and All the Trouble Attached to It."

M. Korolenko, the Russian novelist, who visited America in 1893, is about to publish a volume of his impressions of travel.

A translation of Madame Blanc's notes on "The Condition of Women in the United States" will soon be published by Roberts Bros.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, will have ready for early in April his work, "Social Theology," to be published by Macmillan & Co.

"The Way of a Maid" is the attractive title of Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's first novel, which will be published this spring.

A new edition of Professor Goldwin Smith's "Oxford and Her Colleges" will be illustrated with photographs of the various buildings.

Mr. Balfour's book, "The Foundations of Belief," published by Longmans, Green & Co., is already in its second edition. The first edition comprised 3,000 copies.

Alphonse Daudet will be chaperoned throughout his London visit by Novelist Henry James. Daudet intends to study London as the scene, in part, of his next story, "Soutien de Famille."

M. Jose-Maria de Heredia, who is to be formally received into the French Academy on May 30 next, was born 52 years ago on the Island of Cuba. He was one of the old group of "Parnassiens," and is a Creole sonneteer. He succeeds M. de Mazade. M. Paul Bourget will take his seat in the academy on June 13 next. M. Gaston Boissier, the Latinist, will probably succeed the late M. Cammille Doucet as perpetual secretary.

In his new work on "Helpful Science," St. George Mivart, who is distinguished by his recognition of a personal will and intelligence back of all the phenomena of the material world, enters the psychical field with a like insistance upon the reality of the human personality, upon the verity and trustworthiness of the representations in human consciousness, and upon the validity and authority of the human reason.

Major E. G. Ross, ex-governor of New Mexico and ex-senator from Kansas, is gathering material for a history of the "Impeachment Trial of President Johnson." The "Little Senator from Kansas" played a very important part in the trial, and it was really his vote that saved the president. In his history he will give special attention to the justification to the course of himself and those other Republicans who, as members of that impeachment court, saved President Johnson.

Lafcadio Hearn has unearthed a literary El Dorado in Japan, although his friends all thought he had buried himself when he pushed his rovings to the Orient and wedded a Japanese Yum-Yum. Instead of that, this queer genius has won more lustre from his peeps at unfamiliar Japan than from his glimpses—romantic and Provencal-colored—of Creole and West Indian life. He is said by a writer in the Philadelphia Record to be the son of an Irish father and a Greek mother, the former, a surgeon in the English army, having won in a romantic fashion a beautiful maiden in one of the Ionian Islands where he chanced to be stationed. Lafcadio was their second son, and when a lad was educated in Wales, with a view of entering the priesthood. Somebody has recognized him, however, as Pat O'Hearn, of the Emerald Isle, who was packed off to America to shift for himself. All the more credit to him, and all the more power! He is now at Kumamoto, in the southern island of Kyushu.

SELFISH TO THE CORE.

Eugene Field Tells a Curious Story About the Late A. T. Stewart.

From the Chicago Record.

A story is told illustrating the determination of the late A. T. Stewart not to allow any tender consideration or any systematic influence to interfere with the accomplishments of his ambition, which was to build up the greatest business house in America. Stewart was for many years the merchant prince of New York; he exerted an influence that was felt in every part of this country and was recognized abroad. What he achieved was not more by means of the genius of shrewdness than by means of the genius of pertinacity. Stewart cultivated the germ of selfishness that was in him; cultivated it calculatingly and determinedly, as we see by this little story that is told of him:

Upon entering his store one morning he sought out the man having the hiring and discharging of the cash boys.

"Mr. Libby," said he, "who is that handsome, bright-eyed little boy standing by the counter yonder?"

"His name is Mason, Charley Mason, sir," answered Mr. Libby. "He is indeed a handsome little fellow, and he is as bright and as well-mannered as he is handsome. He is the most attentive and most promising boy we have in our employ."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stewart, gruffly. "Discharge him at once."

"Why, Mr. Stewart!" exclaimed Libby, almost paralyzed with astonishment, "you surely cannot mean it!"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart, sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his beauty. I find myself thinking of him after I reach my desk and when I should be busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from business. Discharge that boy at once!"

Well, the little fellow had to go. Presumably he has now grown to the estate of manhood, fulfilled all the splendid promises which were indicated in his youth. We hope so. Perhaps this reminiscence of his old employer will fall under his eyes. For this is a small world in which we live.

And what of A. T. Stewart and his work? The canny old tradesman went to his grave, unloved and unwept. Then robbers came and made away with his dead body. The enormous business he builded up has gone to pieces and the vast fortune he acquired is scattered. His genius—once a mighty influence—is now simply a tradition and not wholly a savory one. By Jupiter! What fun old Father Time does have getting even with human greatness!

When Voltaire died the doctors took out his brain to measure and weigh it, for that brain had dictated thought and shaped philosophy for half a century. A servant found the brain lying upon a table. Faugh! It was an ugly sight. So the fellow wrapped the brain in a paper and cast it into a sewer and dogs came and devoured it.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Thackery adored the memory of his mother. He said: "Mother is the name of God on the lips of little children."

Van Dyke's mother was quite an art critic, with a very correct appreciation of excellence in drawing and painting.

The mother of the famous Constable Bourbon learned to fence in order to assist in the military training of her son.

The mother of Greene, the Revolutionary general, was a woman of great personal piety, very grave and sedate.

Tasso's mother was "peculiar." It is believed by some writers that the madness with which she was afflicted was inherited.

Massillon, the great French preacher, had a singularly talented mother, whose influence over his life was unbounded.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was fond of talking about his mother, and often declared how much he owed to her care in training.

The mother of Peter the Great was a woman of intrepid courage and of great personal strength, both of body and mind.

Daniel Webster once said: "The man who would be disrespectful to his mother would spit on her grave when she is deod."

Beethoven's mother was a stout, brisk, hard-working housewife, who seemed not to have a thought above her daily duties.

The mother of Thiers, the French president, was a quiet, thoughtful woman, who encouraged the literary tendencies of her son.

The mother of Whitefield, the pulpit orator, was a woman of high character. He always bore tribute to her Christian virtues.

Daniel Boone's mother was a woman of rare good sense, sound practical judgment and exemplary character in every particular.

Rubens' mother was a plain, unassuming housekeeper, who neither knew anything of nor cared anything for art or music.

Machiavelli's mother gave him his first lesson in deceit, lessons that afterward bore fruit in the doctrines taught in "The Prince."

The mother of Alexander the Great was said to have been a woman of great natural abilities, strong willed and singularly impulsive.

Kant's mother was a woman of unusual strength of mind. He believed that he inherited from her his taste for metaphysical studies.

Lulli was fortunate in having a musical mother, who gave him a large amount of training before he was turned over to a music teacher.

Marlborough's mother wished him to be a soldier, and often narrated to him tales of military daring, in order to inspire him to emulate them.

Bulwer-Lytton almost adored his mother. In "What Will He Do With It?" he alludes to her as "nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother."

Tennyson's mother was always regarded by him as a model for all other mothers. He once said: "The training of a child is woman's wisdom."

Samuel Johnson was not always an exemplary son, and late in life spoke regretfully of one or two acts of disobedience of which he was guilty.

Garibaldi's mother was a tall, commanding woman, of grexat strength of character. It was she who first filled his mind with ideas of liberty.

The mother of the Gracchi made her sons the heroes they afterward became. Her training consisted of the heroic legends of her native country.

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine

—A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

HOW THE KING HELD THE BRIGADIER

By A. Conan Doyle

(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).

IV.

One lesson which I have learned in my roaming life, my friends, is never to call anything a misfortune until you have seen the end of it. Is not every hour a fresh point of view? In this case I soon perceived that accident had done for me as much as the most profound cunning. My guards naturally commenced their search from the place where I had taken Sir Charles Meredith's coat, and from my hiding place I could see them hurrying along the road to that point. Not one of them ever dreamed that I could have doubled back from there, and I lay quite undisturbed in the little bush-covered cup at the summit of my knoll. The prisoners had, of course, learned of my escape, and all day exultant yells like that which had aroused me in the morning resounded over the moor, bearing a welcome message of sympathy and companionship to my ears. How little did they dream that on the top

I Came Upon a Silver Flask Full of Excellent Brandy and Water.

of that very mound, which they could see from their windows, was lying the comrade whose escape they were celebrating. As for me—I could look down upon this poor herd of idle warriors, as they paced about the great exercise yard or gathered in little groups, gesticulating joyfully over my success. Once I heard a howl of execration, and I saw Beaumont, his head all covered with bandages, being led across the yard by two of the warders. I cannot tell you the pleasure which this sight gave me, for it proved that I had not killed him, and also that the others knew the true story of what had passed. They had all known me too well to think I could have abandoned him.

All that long day I lay behind my screen of bushes, listening to the bells which struck the hours below.

My pockets were filled with bread which I had saved out of my allowance, and on searching my borrowed overcoat I came upon a silver flask, full of excellent brandy and water, so that I was able to get through the day without hardship. The only other things in the pockets were a red silk handkerchief, a tortoise-shell snuff-box, and a blue envelope with a red seal, addressed to the governor of Dartmouth prison. As to the first two, I determined to send them back when I should return the coat itself. The letter caused me more perplexity, for the governor had always shown me every courtesy, and it offended my sense of honor that I should interfere with his correspondence. I had almost made up my mind to leave it under a stone upon the roadway within musket-shot of the gate. This would guide them in their search for me, however, and so, on the whole, I saw no better way than just to carry the letter with me, in the hope that I might find some means of sending it back to him. Meanwhile I packed it safely away in any innermost pocket.

There was a warm sun to dry my clothes, and when night fell I was ready for my journey. I promise you that there were no mistakes this time. I took the stars for my guides, as every hussar should be taught to do, and I put eight good leagues between myself and the prison. My plan now was to obtain a complete suit of clothes from the first person whom I could waylay, and I should then find my way to the north coast, where there were many smugglers and fishermen who would be ready to earn the reward which was paid by the emperor to those who brought escaping prisoners across the Channel. I had taken the panache from my busby and had crushed it in, so that it might pass as a fur cap, but even with my fine overcoat I feared that sooner or later my uniform would betray me. My first care must be to provide myself with a complete disguise.

When day broke I saw a river upon my right and a small town upon my left—the blue smoke reeking above the moor. I should have liked well to have entered it, because it would have interested me to see something of the customs of the English, which differ very much from those of other nations. Much as I should have wished, however, to have seen them eat their raw meat and sell their wives, it would have been dangerous until I had got rid of my uniform. My cap, my mustache and my speech would all help to betray me. I continued to travel toward the north, but never catching a glimpse of my pursuers.

About midday I came to where, in a secluded valley, there stood a single small cottage, without any other building in sight. It was a neat little house, with a rustic porch and a small garden in front of it, with a swarm of cocks and hens. I lay down among the ferns and watched it, for it seemed to be exactly the kind of place where I might obtain what I wanted. My bread was finished and I was exceedingly hungry after my long journey. I determined, therefore, to make a short reconnaissance, and then to march up to this cottage, summon it to surrender, and help myself to all I needed. It could, at least, provide me with a chicken and with an omelette. My mouth watered at the thought.

As I lay there, wondering who could live in this lonely place, a brisk little fellow came out through the porch, accompanied by another older man, who carried two large clubs in his hands. These he handed to his young companion, who swung them up and down, and round and round, with extraordinary swiftness. The other, standing beside him, appeared to watch him with great attention, and occasionally to advise him. Finally he took a rope and began skipping like a girl, the other still gravely observing him. As you may think, I was utterly puzzled as to what these people could be, and could only surmise that one was a doctor and the other a patient, who had submitted himself to some singular method of treatment.

Well, as I lay watching and wondering, the older man brought out a great coat and held it while the other put it on and buttoned it to his chin. The day was a warmish one, so that this proceeding amazed me even more than the other. "At least," thought I, "it is evident that his exercise is over;" but, far from this being so, the man began to run, in spite of his heavy coat, and as it chanced, he came right over the moor in my direction. His companion had re-entered the house, so that this arrangement suited me admirably. I would take the small man's clothing and hurry on to some village where I could buy provisions. The chickens were certainly tempting, but still there were at least two men in the house, so perhaps it would be wiser for me, since I had no arms, to keep away from it.

I lay quietly then among the ferns. Presently I heard the steps of the runner, and there he was quite close to me, with his huge coat, and the perspiration running down his face. He seemed to be a very solid man—but small—so small that I feared that his clothes might be of little use to me. When I jumped out upon him he stopped running and looked at me in the greatest astonishment.

"Blow my dickey," said he, "give it a name, guv'nor! Is it a circus, or what?" That was how he talked, though I cannot pretend to tell you what he meant by it.

"You will excuse me, sir," said I, "but I am under the necessity of asking you to give me your clothes."

"Give you what?" he cried.

"Your clothes."

"Well, if this doesn't lick cockfighting!" said he. "What am I to give you my clothes for?"

"Because I need them."

"And suppose I won't?"

"Be jabers," said I, "I shall have no choice but to take them."

He stood with his hands in the pockets of his greatcoat, and a most amused smile upon his square-jawed, clean-shaven face.

"You'll take them, will you?" said he, "you're a very leery cove, by the look of you, but I can tell you that you've got the wrong sow by the ear this time. I know who you are. ou're a runaway Frenchy from the prison yonder, as any one could tell with half an eye. But you don't know who I am, else you wouldn't try such a plant as that. Why, man, I'm the Bristol Bustler, nine stone champion, and them's my training quarters down yonder."

He stared at me as if this announcement of his would have crushed me to the earth, but I smiled at him in my turn, and looked him up and down, with a twirl of my mustache.

"You may be a very brave man, sir," said I, "but when I tell you that you are opposed to Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans, you will see the necessity of giving up your clothes without further parley."

"Look here, Mounseer, drop it!" he cried; "this'll end by your getting pepper."

"You clothes, sir, this instant!" I shouted, advancing fiercely upon him.

For answer he threw off his heavy greatcoat, and stood in a singular attitude, with one arm out and the other across his chest, looking at me with a curious smile. For myself, I knew nothing of the methods of fighting which these people have, but on horse or on foot, with arms or without them, I am always ready to take my own part. You understand that a soldier cannot always choose his own methods, and that it is time to howl when you are living among wolves. I rushed at him, therefore, with a warlike shout, and kicked him with both feet. At the same moment my heels flew into the air, I saw as many flashes as at Austerlitz, and the back of my head came down with a crash upon a stone. After that I can remember nothing more.

[To Be Concluded.]

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His life-long friend,

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Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Lumbago, Inflammation, Frostbites, Headache, Toothache, Asthma.

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A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water cures Stomach troubles, Cold Chills, Malarial Fevers, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

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LARGEST MAP IN THE WORLD.

Philadelphia To Have a Unique Geographical Display.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A map which is claimed to be the largest and handsomest ever made will be placed in the waiting room of the Broad street station in the course of a few days, and it will be of inestimable value to travelers. It will show the entire Pennsylvania railroad system, with all of its branches and connecting lines from Boston to San Francisco, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The map is 115 feet long by 15 in width and will be handsomely framed. Not only from a geographical standpoint will it be of value, but also from an artistic point of view, as it was done in oils on canvas by L. W. Seavey, of New York, the well-known scenic artist.

For over four months Artist Seavey and his assistants have been at work on the map, and yesterday he paid a visit to the officials of the railroad and announced that it was completed. Early next week a special train will be sent to New York to bring it to Philadelphia, and upon its arrival here it will be immediately put up in the waiting room in full view of all the patrons of the road.

The map was painted on rolls of canvas and afterward put together in one big roll. It is complete in every detail and every city and town touched by the great system is plainly shown. The terminals of the road are painted in large letters, while the other points are regulated in size according to their population. The main lines of the Pennsylvania railroad are shown by deep red lines. The branches are done in a lighter red, while the connecting lines are shown in black.

The work was done under the supervision of Theodore N. Ely, chief of motive power, and it will be a valuable addition to the handsome terminal.

THE NEW ELEMENT, ARGON.

The Manner in Which Lord Rayleigh Discovered Its Presence in Atmosphere.

In the current issue of Science, Professor Ira Remsen, of Baltimore, presents in popular form what is known with reference to the new element, argon, which has been so recently discovered by Lord Rayleigh. It is curious that it has remained undiscovered so long, and at the same time, its discovery is a tribute to the delicacy of modern chemical processes. Lord Rayleigh has been engaged for some time in work requiring the accurate weighing of gases. In doing this he was struck by the fact that nitrogen obtained from the air is a little heavier than that produced from some other substance. The immediate result of an investigation of this discrepancy was the discovery of the element argon.

The way in which it was obtained is the following. Air has always been thought to be a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. First the air was filtered by passing it through certain substances which would remove from it any watery vapor, carbonic acid gas or other impurities. By a series of processes all the nitrogen was removed, and naturally, if the old supposition were correct, there should have been nothing left, but Lord Rayleigh found that he had a gas, which he has described in technical terms, which is neither oxygen nor nitrogen.

This is argon. It is so named from Greek words meaning "no work," because it is inert, it having been found impossible to induce it to combine chemically with any known substance. It is curious to note that the chemist, Cavendish, more than a century ago, must have produced argon, for he followed out a similar series of experiments and said that he had something left.

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE."

Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life, Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called "Complete Manhood, and How to Attain It."

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The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power.

A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system.

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, &c.

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To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Age no barrier. Failure impossible. Two thousand references.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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