Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Women

BIOGRAPHY IN MINIATURE.

Through happy accident the reviewer's eye has had the pleasure of a first introduction to the enjoyable "Little Journeys" upon which Elbert Hubbard monthly, with the aid of G. P. Putnam's Sons, conducts many thousands of grateful readers to the "Homes of Good Men and Great." In the assumption that some of the readers of these lines are as benighted as he himself has hitherto been touching this charming series of vicarious itineraries, the reviewer will explain that the first journey was made seven months ago, when Mr. Hubbard issued an outline sketch of George Eliot, compressed into a neat 32-page folio of the Chap-Book type, and illumined with personal recollections of a real visit which Mr. Hubbard, as an enthusiastic pilgrim-worshipper at her shrine, had once made to Mrs. Lewes' home. That venture was so cordially welcomed that it was followed, in turn, by similar treatments of Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, J. M. W. Turner, Jonathan Swift and now Victor Hugo. Future visits are promised to the homes of Wordsworth, Thackeray, Dickens, Oliver Goldsmith and Shakespeare.

Mr. Hubbard possesses an enviable knack of dramatic conciseness in his narrations. In a few words, following each other naturally yet with rare choice, he presents a vivid and intelligible picture of a character or a condition; yet with a certain buoyancy that readily carries the reader's interest along from scene to scene. Let a specimen or more of his workmanship be introduced in evidence. Here is a picture of the house in which Victor Hugo's mother lived in 1808, when Victor's father, General Hugo, was off to the wars with Joseph Bonaparte, in Spain, and when Victor himself was a lad of 6:

It was one of those peculiar old places occasionally seen in France. The environs of London have a few; America none of which I know. This house, roomy, comfortable and antiquated, was surrounded with trees and a tangle of shrubbery, vines and flowers; about it all was a high stone wall and in front a picketed iron gate. It was a Mosaic—a sample of the sixteenth century inlaid in this; solitary as the woods; quiet as a convent; sacred as a forest; a place for dreams, and reverie, and rest. At the back of the house was a dilapidated little chapel. Here an aged priest counted his beads, said daily mass, and endeavored to keep moth, rust, and ruin from the house of prayer. This priest was a scholar, a man of learning; he taught the children of Madame Hugo.

Victor Hugo was named in honor of General Victor Lahorie, who stood as godfather at Madame Hugo's request, a request preferred by letter even before Victor was born. It is necessary to understand General and Madame Hugo's friendship for General Lahorie in order to fully comprehend another scene which Mr. Hubbard depicts:

Another man lived in this chapel. He never went outside the gate, and took exercise at night. He had a cot bed in the shelter of the altar; beneath his pillow were a pair of pistols and a copy of Tacitus. This man lived there summer or winter, although there was no warmth save the scanty sunshine that stole in through the shattered windows. He, too, taught the children and gave them little lectures on history. He loved the youngest boy, his godson, and would carry him on his shoulder and tell him stories of deeds of valor. One day a file of soldiers came. They took this man and manacled him. The mother sought to keep her children inside the house, so that they should not witness the scene, but she did not succeed. The boys fought their mother and the servants in a mad frenzy trying to rescue the old man. The soldiers formed in columns of four and marched their prisoner away.

Not long after, Madame Hugo was passing the church of St. Jaques du Haut Pas—her youngest boy's hand was in her's. She saw a large placard posted in front of the church. She paused, and pointing to it said, "Victor, read that!" The boy read. It was a notice that General Lahorie had been shot that day on the plains of Grenville by order of a court marshal. General Lahorie was a gentleman of Brittany. He was a Republican, and five years before had grievously offended the emperor. A charge of conspiracy being proved against him, a price was placed upon his head, and he found a temporary refuge with the mother of his godson. That tragic incident of the arrest and of the placard announcing General Lahorie's death, burned deep into the soul of the manling, and who shall say to what extent it colored his future life?

It would be pleasant to follow Mr. Hubbard through all his journey. But our aim is only to give the reader some sample notions of his quality as a guide. His characterization of Hugo, after pages descriptive of his stormy career prior to the banishment to Guernsey, is terse and just: "He knew history by heart and toyed with it; politics was his delight. But it is a mistake to call him a statesman. He was bold to rashness, impulsive, impatient and vehement. Because a man is great is no reason why he should be proclaimed perfect. Such men as Victor Hugo need no veneer—the truth will answer: he would explode a keg of powder to kill a fly. He was an agitator. But these zealous souls are needed; not to govern nor to be blindly followed, but to make men think for themselves."

RECENT FICTION.

It is not easy to understand why sane men should deem it worth while to write, print or read such books as "Sister Gratia," which Charles Edgar Snow has written and Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published in paper covers. It is the story of a feeble-minded individual who, without knowing it, marries his own sister; of a French count whose wickedness takes on such melodramatic forms as abduction, seduction, duel-fighting, blackmailing and burglarious entry; and of a half-dozen other characters of one kind or another who do and say impossible things in irrational manner, with painful waste of white paper and printer's ink.

* * *

A favorite author of our grandmothers reappears in the little volume from the Lippincotts' press entitled "Josiah's Akrm and Abel Perry's Funeral," by Josiah Allen's Wife. Josiah, as pictured in this book, is the same visionary, obstinate, self-willed old ass that he was aforetime, and his wife the same faithful, patient, long-suffering partner. As for the humor of it all, that shows not a hint of exhaustion.

* * *

The Chap-Book for June 15 completes the Stevenson and Henley farce, "Macaire." Following out his threat, Macaire, as he supposes, fatally knifes the marquis, runs afoul of a brigadier and his company of gendarmes, jollies them into permitting himself and Bertrand to pass, and is on the threshold of escape when a cry from the marquis' room apprises the company of the assault and Macaire's way is blocked. At the very end, he unavailingly tries to shift the crime upon Bertrand, then in sheer bravado announces himself in his true character and in a rush for liberty is shot from behind. The marquis is not killed, but Macaire dies with his head resting on Bertrand's breast, defiant to the last. This third act moves too swiftly and is too busy with incidents and events to permit that charming flow of bumptious philosophy from Macaire's lips in which Stevenson's touch is so clearly and felicitously perceptible. One, however, hopes soon to hear and see it all reproduced on the stage.

* * *

Some months ago there appeared a little volume called "Pagan Papers," the author of which was set down as Kenneth Grahame. No one to speak of then knew Kenneth Grahame, but this dearth of acquaintanceship was not for long. The "Papers" possessed such manifest charm, and so clearly betokened genius in their author, that Kenneth Grahame, after much less than the traditional probation, is already well on his way toward fame. Stone & Kimball, in a delightfully printed book, have just issued a second collection to tales by Mr. Grahame, entitled "The Golden Age." The significance of this title lies in the fact that the tales are mostly all of childhood; and are so exquisitely etched that with the simplest materials—as, for instance, a little girl playing with two dolls, in the tale called "Sawdust and Sin"—the author, by his admirable tact and sympathy, will enchant one into taking his effect all very seriously, and will perceive in the simplest doings and thinkings of children new and important significances. "The Golden Age" is a volume which no normal man can read without both pleasure and profit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scranton, as one of the pre-eminent bear centers of the United States, ought to take kindly to the "One Hundred Bear Stories" which Murat Halstead has edited for publication in paper covers by the J. S. Ogilvie company. Mr. Halstead confesses that once, when a younger man, he made the great mistake of refusing to print bear stories in the paper of which he was then editor. Later years of more sympathetic appreciation of the possibilities of bruin in literature have inspired him to make the partial atonement embodied in the present engaging compendium, which will please all who are pleased with reading of its kind.

* * *

"Jewel Don'ts" is the self-descriptive name of a pamphlet from the pen of Edmund Russell, the aesthete, and from the press of the Bramberton Publishing company, 135 Greenwich street, New York. It comprises directions as to the proper use of precious stones for purposes of personal adornment, together with quotations, etc., concerning jewels.

* * *

A readable essay entitled "Madame de Stael, the Rival of Napoleon," by Mrs. Helen Hinsdale Rich, a Chicago lady of some eminence in letters, is published in convenient and dainty pamphlet form by Stone & Kimball, of that city, after the manner of their now celebrated Chap-Book. Mrs. Rich is exuberant in her eulogy of the subject of her essay; and can find everything to praise and nothing to censure in her heroine's career. But for all that, the paper is readable, and just brief enough to escape from becoming monotonous.

* * *

It has come at last, after much expectation. Ignatius Donnelly has issued a book on the money question. "The American People's Money" (Chicago: Laird & Lee). It is an ingenious resume of arguments in behalf of the free coinage of silver, put into the form of a dialogue between an Eastern banker and a Western farmer, who are journeying together in the same car. Probably the best things in this book, as also in "Coin's Financial School," are its pictures. One of them represents Washington and Jefferson holding up the Declaration of Independence, with the words, "All men are created equal," before an audience of monopolists, landlords, kings and nobles, who scowl and turn away. As illustrating the equality that exists at present in the United States, there is a picture of Uncle Sam pointing to a cage full of monkeys, labeled Astors, Sage, Goulds and Vanderbilts. Upon a pile of gold, in another picture, Plutocracy, with tail and trident, sits holding in his left hand a number of strings which severally terminate at the ears of the great editors, who are stirring a pot in which they are "cooking the lies" of gold monometallism. In answer to the claim of the gold bugs that our currency is ampler now than at any previous time, Mr. Donnelly tells the story of the colored man who, having caught a whopper of a cat-fish, secreted it in a little pool beside the river and went further down the stream. By and by a pickaninny came along, saw the big fish in the pool and exchanged it for a little one which he himself had caught. There is a picture expressing the mature negro's astonishment when, having returned and pulled out his fish, he exclaims: "Dis is de same place. Dis is de same poplar, Dis is de same string. Dis mus' be de same fish. But, Jerusalem! how he hab shrunk." The "crime of '73" is illustrated by the picture of justice trying to awaken a number of somnolent senators while a sneak thief, representing the gold bugs, is manipulating the bills. Very pertinent, indeed, is the picture called "What We Are Coming To." It represents John Bull and Baron Rothschild kicking Uncle Sam down stairs, and underneath is this dialogue:

John Bull: "Get off the planet, you bold fraud. You were conceived in a blunder and your existence is a reproach to the money power of the world. Get out!"

Rothschild: "Get away with you! Der is no Got but Mammon, and Chon and me are his prophets. Here, take your Tecla-ration of Independence mit you. It's all a lot of lies."

On the whole, Mr. Donnelly's book has been shrewdly planned to command a large sale.

* * *

C. R. Tuttle has prepared and Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published in book form an official report of the recent Illionis Free Silver convention. It is amplified by Mr. Tuttle's own ideas and predictions on the currency question. Needless to say, he believes free silver will win.

* * *

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

Tolstoy is dangerously ill.

Grant Allen is dramatizing "The Woman Who Did."

Romanticist Stanley J. Weyman is publicly interviewed by Robert H. Sherard, in the July Idler.

Hall Caine's new novel, "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation,'" has begun in Munsey's Magazine.

Critic William Winter's forthcoming "Shadows of the Stage" is described as a history of the stage in America.

Beginning with the July number the Cosmopolitan Magazine will be sold at 10 cents per copy, or $1 a year.

Professor William P. Trent, of the University of the South, has written a volume on "Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime."

Jose de Heredia, the Creole sonneteer, who has just been welcomed into the French academy, celebrated his advent among the Immortals by a eulogy of Lamartine.

Robert Bridges and W. J. Courthope are rival candidates for the chair of professorship of poetry at Oxford, which Francis Turner Palgrave is about to retire after a decade's incumbency.

The dramatic story of the rise of the Tweed "Ring" to such power that it was able to steal over $14,000,000, and then of its complete exjosure and overthrow, will be told in McClure's Magazine for July.

The famous Molly Maguire movement in the coal regions of Pennsylvania is dramatically summarized in the current Scribner. The great railroad strikes of 1877 are also described, with a very telling picture of the great roundhouse siege in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis' new story, "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," which will begin in the first number of Harper's Bazar for July, opens in Pennsylvania immediately after the Civil War. The scene will later shift to the picturesque region of the fair southwest.

Richard Le Gallienne has been added to the staff of department editors of the Cosmopolitan. Mr. Le Gallienne will write each month a brief critical or light philosophical article such as those now contributed by Agnes Repplier, H. H. Boyesen, Andrew Lang and I. Zangwill.

The publishers of McClure's Magazine announce, to begin with the July number, a reduction of price to 10 cents a copy and $1 a year. They explain that they are able to make a magazine of the highest quality at this price, and that they propose to give the public the benefit of this ability.

Dr. Burggraeve, professor of medicine in the University of Ghent, is 99 years old, and in active practice as a physician. He has written a book on longevity, and is now seeing his "Reminiscences" through the press. He smokes, drinks wine, and takes his little glass of gin.—New York Sun.

The Chinese quarter in San Francisco is introduced into literature in the current Century by Chester Bailey Fernald. "The Gentleman in the Barrel" is the precursor, it is whispered, of a series of Chinatown stories. They should be entitled "Pig Tales," the Philadelphia Record thinks.

McClure's Magazine for July will contain an illustrated article by Sir Robert Ball, professor of astronomy in the University of Cambridge, England, showing how recent scientific discoveries tend to bear out early speculation in favor of the existence of life on other planets than the earth. The same number will contain also some very interesting Stevenson matter.

Mme. Recamier's correspondence has been put up at auction in Paris. It embraces a number of live letters written to her by Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, Massena and Benjamin Constant. The letters of Prince Augustus, of Prussia, who wished to marry the famous beauty if she would obtain a divorce from her bankrupt husband, are not among the collection.—New York Critic.

Engelbert Humperdinck, the oddly-named new Wagnerian star of Germany, and his fairy opera of "Haensel and Gretel," are discussed in the current Strand Musical Magazine. Humperdinck has written two other fairy operas, as well as a drama, "The Kings' Children," which is shortly to be produced. The magazine's frontispiece is a portrait of Tschaikowsky, who contributes a "June" Barcarolle.

"State Supervision for Cities" is the subject of a paper by Professor John R. Commons, just issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. It is an argument in favor of establishing a state municipal board to be composed of the governor, attorney general, auditor and from six to ten unsalaried citizens. The duties of this board would include recommending the suspension or removal of officers, the auditing of the books of the city officers, the approval of financial measures, the investigation of complaints and abuses and the conducting of the civil service examinations.

The Proofsheet suspects that the making of a dictionary is a larger undertaking, both financially and with reference to the actual labor involved, than most persons imagine. It says the composition of the types for the Standard dictionary cost about $6.75 per page; including proof reading, about $11 per page. The alterations, including revising by proofreaders, cost $36 per page. The amount of composition was about 50,000,000 ems. As it was necessary to keep about 630 pages (7¼x10½ inches) continually in type, over 18,000 pounds of type were used. To hold the matter in type at one time 1,200 galley were required, and there was an average of forty-seven persons employed in the composing room for two and a half years.

SEVEN SKELETONS FOUND.

Evidences of an Indian Massacre Discovered in Colorado.

Brighton, Col., June 21.—The skeletons of seven persons, four adults and three children, have been exhumed in a field a mile and a half from here, near an old trail where it crossed the Platte river.

The character of the skulls indicate they were white people, and it is believed they are the remains of a murdered party of emigrants, probably a family massacred by Indians and buried by subsequent emigrants. No means of identification were discovered.

DENIES HE WAS HYPNOTIZED.

Paul Goldsbury Talks of His Long Handclasp with Mrs. Wesener.

Northfield, Mass., June 21.—Paul W. Goldsbury is none the worse for his eighteen hours handclasp with Mrs. A. J. Wesener, wife of a professor in the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons. He denies that he was hypnotized by Mrs. Wesener, and says the test was one of Christian science against natural will power. His story of the affair makes it seem all the more remarkable.

The couple were in Warwick, a small town near here, one evening recently, when Mrs. Wesener, who is 28 years old, challenged Goldsbury, who is 25, a graduate of Williams college and a member of Dwight L. Moody's College quartette, to a contest, she asserting that, with the assistance of Christian science, she could demonstrate that her will was stronger than his. They clasped hands, and, incredible as it may seem, there are several competent witnesses to prove that the clasp continued eighteen hours, and then only by force were they separted, both being exhausted mentally and physically.

Goldsbury says of the affair: "We had been to the top of Mount Grace to see the sunset and came home in the moonlight. I know that the world will scoff when I say that our souls have an affinity for each other. I mean this in no vulgar sense. Our souls have faith, each in the other. The affair was an outpouring of God's holy spirit of truth, faith and light. Hynotism had nothing to do with it." Speaking of the handclasp, he said: "Our friends pleaded with us to separate, but I could not take the advice of anyone because I knew that we were following God's directions. We did not eat supper after our return or breakfast in the morning. There was nothing improper whatever in our conduct. We were moved by faith in God."

MODERN OPPORTUNITY.

Patriotic Work Comparable to Any Ever Performed in the Past Awaits the Educated Citizen of Today Who Is Willing to Do a Citizen's Duty.

Speaking last Tuesday to the graduating class of Vanderbilt university, Chauncey M. Depew, L. L. D., said: "The student of today, as he studies the great issues of the past, and the stirring story of conflicts in congress and in the field, is apt to believe that the opportunities for patriotic work no longer exist. That student must remember that we live not for the past, but for the present and future; that every period has its problems to be solved, its dangers to be met and its opportunities. What seem to us the commonplaces of the day will add to or diminish the happiness of those who shall come after us. Anarchy, socialism, taxation, currency and the relations of labor and capital are questions as difficult, requiring as much judicious and patriotic consideration and demanding as much of the time and attention of the colleges and the college men of the country as any which have agitated the nation since the foundation of the government. It is not for all of us to be legislators, or governors, or cabinet ministers or presidents, but it is for all of us in the sphere in which we move to take that interest in public affairs which voices the opinion that guides legislatures, congresses and presidents.

"Public service is not alone in the holding of office. In the hot competitions of our American life, in the obligations which a man owes to those about him and dependent upon him, in the duties and happiness which come from marriage and domesticity, no man, until he is assured in some way of independence from the emoluments of office, can afford to enter public life. The most lamentable wrecks which I have seen in thirty odd years since I was graduated have been the men who have abandoned everything for the public service, only to be thrown out by the change of politics and to find that their places in the professional and business world had been occupied by younger men, leaving them helpless and stranded. But every town caucus, every village primary, every ward or county convention is the opportunity and the duty of the educated man. He must belong to one or the other of the great parties, because in representative government it is only by such organizations that wise policies can eventuate in wise measures.

Municipal Purification.

"We hear much—too much—of rings and bosses. They are the natural result of the neglect of the primaries by the citizens. The boss and the ring on one side, in secret partnership with the ring and the boss on the other, present tickets made up of thieves or tools and then shout for us to vote for the one or the other in the name of protection or free trade, in the name of monometallism or free coinage of silver according to our party affiliations. If the educated men of the country who are ministers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, business men or farmers would perform their duties in the primary school of the caucus we never would experience that despotism of a machine which blights ambition, destroys honest effort for good government, and plunders impartial partisans and antagonists.

"If we have neglected our duty to the community, to the state and to the nation by neglecting the beginnings of government, we are not without remedy. Then is the time for those, and they exist in every community, who have been trained in the schools to formulate their ideas and to express them upon the platform, or through the press or by the pamphlet, to say to the people 'protection and free trade can wait; they have waited and wavered for a century. All other questions can wait as they have waited and wavered for a generation. Thieves are in possession of the statehouse, robbers are intrenched in the city hall. Unite, discard party, disregard cries, shibboleths and phrases, and so rescue the state and the city.' The efficacy of this method, though a late one, and an unnecessary one if the educated brains of the country attended to their duties, has been seen within a year under the inspiration of seventy independent citizens in New York, a hundred independent citizens in Brooklyn, the triumph of civil service in Chicago by the popular vote and other equally significant manifestations of the resistless power of a combination of independent voters."

IF—

If all the boys and girls you know,
Would romp, and play, and run,
With you all day, I'm sure you'd say,
"My, what a lot of fun!"

And if all the little boys and girls
On days when they must go
To school, would study half as hard—
My, what a lot they'd know!

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No matter what the disease is or how many doctors have failed to cure you, ask your druggist for a 25-cent vial of one of Munyon's Cures, and if you are not benefited your money will be refunded.

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It Cures While You Continue the Use of Tobacco.

The greatest discovery of the age!

A certain, pleasant, permanent cure.

A lifetime's suffering ended for $5.00.

Why smoke and spit your life away? Why suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, and drains on your vital forces?

Stop using tobacco, but stop the right way! Drive the nicotine from your system by the use of this wonderful remedy.

NARCOTI-CURE is warranted to remove all desire for tobacco in every form, including Cigar, Cigarette and Pipe Smoking, Chewing and Snuff Taking.

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Remember NARCOTI-CURE does not deprive you of tobacco while effecting a cure; doesn't ask you to buy several bottles to be entitled to a guarantee; doesn't require a month's treatment; and, finally, doesn't enable you to stop tobacco only to find yourself a slave to the habit of tablet chewing.

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On Monday, Feb. 4, I called at your office in Springfield, and bought a bottle of the CURE which I used as directed, and on the tenth day the desire for tobacco had left me and it has not returned. I did not lose a meal while taking the CURE. My appetite has improved and I consider NARCOTI-CURE a grand thing. Very respectfully,
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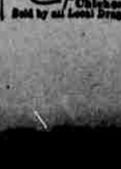

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