Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

A LOST NAPOLEON.

Gilbert Parker's Best Novel. Glibert Parker, now a familiar name to the up-to-date reader of books, was less than three years ago practically unknown to the great majority of patrons of the libraries and the book stalls. Canadian born, he set out, however, to depict in fitting colors the picturesque and many-sided life of the English-and-French colonists of Bri-tish North America, and in "Pierre and His People" succeeded so well that the effort made him famous. He is yet young; he is possessed of the sympa-thetic interest and semi-co-operation of a continually widening circle of aders, who recognize at once the possibilities of his field and of his pen; and it is therefore natural that a book composed in the kindly light of these newlywon advantages should be his best. It did not need the ponderous verdict of the London Athenaeum to convince the reader of "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" (which is delightfully put between boards by Stone & Kimball, Chicago) that in this artistic utilization of the tradition of a lost Napoleon, extranuptial offspring of Bonaparte at St. Helena, Mr. Purker has done work that projects out far and clear above any of its kind in the passing year.

I -A Typical Canadian Village. In his very first chapter, our author reveals with fine deftness of touch his skill in word-exching. The picture is that of the little village of Pontiac. type forever of all the villages of the queen's dominion; and it stands forth,

On one corner stood the house of Monsieur Garon, the avocat; on another, the shop of the Little Chemist; on another, the ce of Medallion, the auctioneer; and on the last, the Hotel Louis Quinze. The chief characteristics of Monsieur Garon's house were its brass doorknobs and the verdant sober wall paper, and the bottles of colored water in the windows; of Medallion's, the stoop that surrounded three sides of the building and the notices of sales tacked up, pasted up, on the front; of the Hotel Louis Quinze, the deep dormer windows, the solid timbers and the veranda that gave its front distinction-for this da had been the pride of several generations of landlords, and its heavy carvings and bulky grace were worth ever more admiration than Pontiac gave to it. The square which the two roads and the four corners made was, on week days, the rendezvous of Pontiac, and the whole parish; on Sunday mornings the rendezvous was shifted to the large church on the hillside, beside which was the house of the cure. Monsieur Fabre. Traveling toward the south out of the silken haze of a midsummer day, you would come in

the English language. II .- The Coming of the Prince. There came to Pontiac one July night a generation ago a young man who little village. He first appears on the thirty!" veranda-stoop of the Hotel Louis

time to the hills of Maine; north, to the

city of Quebec and the river St. Lawrence:

east, to the ocean, and west, to the Great Lakes and the land of the English. Over

this bright province Britain raised her flag, but only Medailion and a few others

loved it for its own sake, or saluted it in

some sense of time and experience in his child," he said, "I will stay with my niece, sook told you that he might be thirty-eight. Desire Malboir and her daughter Elisa although his few gray hairs seemed but to emphasize a certain youthfulness in him.

His eye was full, singularly clear, almost Valmond had purchased a tolerable His eye was full, singularly clear, and the benight at one moment it save the impression of resolution, at another it suggested was now seen riding about the parish, dressed after the manner of the First National Control of the dreamy. He was well-figured, with a hand of sinmore the man of action than of meditation. But it was a contradiction, for as you saw it rise and fall, you were struck by its dramatic delicacy; as it rested on the railing of the veranda, by its latent You faced incongruity every-His dress was bizarre, his face almost classical, the brow clear and strong. showed a combination of sensuousness an elusive sadness, strangly out of keeping with the long linen coat, frilled shirt, flowered waistcoat, lavender trousers. poots of enamelled leather and straw ha with white linen streamers. It was a

whimsical picture. This singular personage amuses himtelf for a time by tossing hot pennies into the street, for the children to scramble for: and then, when Parpon, a dwarf, by accident sings a song the chorus of which ends with the exclamation "Vive le roi, la ceine! Vive Napoleon!" he suddenly draws himself up with an involuntary gesture of pride and soon makes the children this

"My children," he said, "my name is d! We have begun well; let us be etter friends. I have come from afar awhile-who knows how long-how long? ips, sending a sort of mystery into his look and bearing. "You are French, and so am You are playing on the shores of life, dren until we begin to make our dreams our life. So I am one with you, for only now do I step from dream to action. My children, you shall be my brothers, and together we will sow the seed of action. and reap the grain; we will make a happy garden of flowers, and violets shall bloom everywhere out of our dream,—every-where. Violets, my children, pluck the wild violets, and bring them to me, and I will give you silver for them and I will love you. Never forget," he added with a swelling voice, "that you owe you first duty to your mothers, and afterwards to untry, and to the spirit of France. sun, and stretched out his arm dramatically, yet such was the impressiveness of his voice and person that not even the young Beigneur or Medallion smiled—"I denly still also, while the people works. see afar," he repeated, "the glory of freams fulfilled, after toll, and struggle, and loss; and I call upon you now to un-furl the white banner of justice, and lib-erty, and the restoration."

The good women who listened guessed little of what he meant by the fantastic mon; but they wiped their eyes in sym-hy, and gathered their children to them, and said, "Poor gentleman, poor gentle-pan!" and took him instantly to their tearts. The men were mystified, but wine and rhetoric had fired them and they theered him—no one knew why.

III.-Valmond's Identity Gassed. Thanks to the superior intuition of ser it was a woman who first idenned the mysterious but all-captivat-ig stranger. When and how are myningly narrated below:

she in vain had tried to break. Not satis-fied with this, he piled full of wood the stone oven outside the house, and carried water to her from the spring. This came from natural kindness, for he did not see the tempting look she gave him, nor the invitation in her eye as he turned to leave her. He merely asked her name. But after he had gone, as though he had for-gotten, or remembered, something, he leaped the fence again, came up to her with an air of half abstraction, half cour-tesy, took both her hands in his, and before she could recover herself, kissed her on the cheeks in a paternal sort of saying, "Acceu, my child!" and left her. Back to her, as he went away, there came the words of the song of Parpon, the

Vive le roi, la reine! And eke the daughter of a king-

Vive Napoleon! She went about her work, the song in her ears, and the words of the refrain beat in and out, out and in-"Vive Napoleon Her brow was troubled, and she perched her head on this side and on that, as she tried to guess what the dwarf had meant, At last she sat down on a bench at the door of her home, and the summer afternoon sun spent its glories on her, for the sunflowers and hollyhocks were round her, and the warmth gave her face a shining health and joyousness. There she brooded till she heard the voice of her mother calling across the meadow near, and she arose with a sigh, softly repeating Parpon's words, "He is a great man." In the middle of the night she started up from a sound sleep, and, with a little

cry, whispered into the silence, "Napoleon

IV-A Critical Emergency. Before we come to the climax of our story, which at best can be only glanced at, there is one other preliminary scene which strikingly exhibits the stranger's peculiar power over men. Let it be said that after a brief time. all Pontiac had begun to ferment with the belief that it was sheltering a lineal descendant of the great Corsican, to sides; of the Little Chemist's shop, the per-fect whiteness of the building, the rolls of destiny which was to restore the emwhom would soon be given the signal pire in the beloved motherland. News of this feeling naturally spread abroad. it came, in season, to the ears of old Sorgeant Eustace Lagroin, of the Old Guard, who had fought with the Great Emperor at Waterloo, and in his army on twenty other battlefields. The writing which follows, we would have our readers observe, is genuine literature: When the gossip came to Lagroin, at Ville Bambord, fifty miles distant, his dim eyes flared out from the distant sky of

youth and memory, his lips pursed in anger, and he got to his feet, his stick pounding angrily on the ground.
"Tut! tut!" said he. "A lie! a pretty lie!
I knew all the Napoleons—Joseph, Lucien. Louis, Jerome, Caroline, Pauline-all! I have seen them everyone. And their children-pah! Who can deceive me? I will go to Pontiac. I will see to this tomfoolery. I'll bring the rascal to the drum-head. Does he think there is no one? Pish! I will spit him at the first stroke. Here, here, Manette," he cried to his grandaughter, "fetch out my uniform, give it an airing, and see to the buttons. I will show this brag how one of the Old Guard looked at Saint Jean. Quick, my sabre polish; I'll clean my musket, and toscamp through his facings—but yes, I am eighty-five, but I have an arm of

True to his word, the next morning at daybreak he started to walk to Pontiac, accompanied for a mile or so by Manette and a few of the villagers. "Se

fetch that vagabond to his potage!" Valmond had purchased a tolerable poleon, with a cocked hat, and a short sword at his side. He rode well, and the silver and pennies he scattered were most fruitful of effect from the martial elevation. He happened to be riding into the village at one end as Sergeant Lagroin entered it at the other, each going toward the Louis Quinze. Valmond knew nothing of Sergeant Lagroin, so that what fol was of the inspiration of the moment. It sprang from his wit, and from his knowledge of Napoleon and the Napo-leonic history, a knowledge which had sent Monsieur Garon, the avocat, into tears of joy, and afterward off to the Manor house and also to the Seigneury, full of praise of him. Catching sight of the irafe sergeant, the

significance of the thing flashed to his brain, and, sitting very straight, Valmond rode steadily down towards the old sol-dier. The sergeant had drawn notice as he came up the street, and people thronged to their doors, and children followed the gray, dust-covered veteran in his last-century uniform. He came as far as the Louis Quinze, and then, looking up on the road, he saw the white horse, cocked hat, the white waistcoat, and th long gray coat. He brought his stick down smartly on the ground, drew himself up, squared his shoulders and said: "Cour-age, Eustace Lagroip. It is not forty Prussians, but one rogue. Crush him!

Down with the pretender!" So, with a defiant light in his eye, he came on, the old uniform sagging loosely on the shrunken body, which yet wa soldier-like from head to foot. Years of camp and discipline and battle and en-durance were in the whole aspect of the man. He was no more of Pontiac and this simple life than Valmond himself. So they neared each other, the chaland the invader; and quickly the village

emptied itself out to sec.

When Valmond came so close that he could see every detail of the old man's uni form, he suddenly reined in his horse, drew him back on his haunches with his left hand, and with his right saluted, not the old sergeant, but the coat of the Old Mechanically the hand of the sergeant came to his cap, then, with an angry movement, the old man seemed as though he would attack him.

Valmond sat very still, his right hand

A soft light passed across Valmond's face, relieving its theatrical firmness, and the half contentuous curl of his lip. He knew well enough that this event would make or unmake him in Pontiac. But this sudden gentieness was not all assumed; for the ancient uniform of the sergeant touched something within him, the true comedian or the true Napoleon, He rode forward, and paused again, with not more than lifteen feet between them. The sergeant's brain was going round like a top. It was not he that challenged,

a top. It was not he that challenged, after all.

"Bodder of the Old Guard," cried Valmond, in a clear, ringing voice, "how far is it to Friedland."

Like a machine the voteran's hand went to his cap, and he answered:

"To Friedland—the width of a ditch!"

His voice shook as he said it, and the world to him was all a muddle; for this

a private after that battle on the Alle, where Berningsen, the Russian, throw away an army to the master strategist. The private had answered the question in the words of Sergeant Lagroin. It was a saying long afterward among the Old Guard, though it may not be found in the usual histories of that time, where every battalion, almost every company, had a watchword, which pussed to make room for others, as victory followed victory.
"Soldier of the Old Guard," said Valmond again, "how came you by those
scars upon your forehead?"

"I was a drummer at Auerstadt, a cor-poral at Austerlitz, a sergeant at Wateroo," rolled back the reply, in a high, quavering voice, as memories of great events blew in upon the ancient fires of his

answered Valmond, nodding eagerly, "with Davoust at Auerstadt-thirty against sixty thousand men. At 8 o'clock, all fog and mist, as you marched up the defile toward the Sonnenberg, the brave Gudin and his division feeling their way to Blucher, Comrade, how still you stepped, your bayonet before you, clearing the mists, your eyes straining, your teeth set, ready to thrust. All at once a quick moving mass sprang out of the haze, and upon you with hardly a sound of warning; and an army of hussars launched themselves at your bayonets! You bent that wall back like a piece of steel, and broke it. Comrade, that was the beginning, in the mists of the morning. Tell me, how fared you in the light f evening, at the end of that bloody day?" The old soldier was trembling. There was no sign, no movement from the crow 1. Across the fields came the sharpening of a scythe and the cry of the grasshoppers, and the sound of a mill wheel arose near

The old sergeant saw again that mist fronting Sonnenberg rise up and show ten thousand splendid cavalry and fifty thousand infantry, with a king and a prince to lead them down upon those malleable but unmoving squares of French infantry. He and his French men on,

"Beautiful God!" he cried proudly, "that was a day! And every man of the Third corps that time he lift up the lid of hell and drop a Prussian in. I stand beside Davoust once, and ping! come a bullet and take off his chapeau. It fell upon my drum. I stoop and pick it up, and hand it to him, but I kept drumming with one hand all the time. 'Comrade,' say I, 'the army thank you for your courtesy. Brother,' he say, ''twas to your drum, and his eye flash out where Gudin carved his way through those pigs of Prussians I'd take my head off to keep your saddle illed, comrade,' say I. Ping! come a bullet and catch me in the calf. 'You hold your head too high, brother,' the general say, and he smile. 'I'll hold it higher, comrade,' answer I, and I snatch at a soldier. 'Up with me on your shoulder, big comrade,' I say, and he lift me up. I make my sticks sing on the leather. . You shall take off your hat to the Little Cor poral tomorrow if you've still your head prother'—he speak like that, and then he ride away like the devil to Morand's guns Ha, ha, ha!" The sergeant's face was blazing, but

with a white sort of glare, for he was very pale, and he seemed unconscious of all save the sense in his mind's eye. "Ha, ha ha!" he laughed again, "Beautiful God, how did Davoust bring us on up to Sonnenberg. And next day I saw the Little Corporal. 'Drummer,' says he, 'no head's oo high for my Guard. Come, you, com rade, your general gives you to me. Come Corporal Lagroin,' he call, and I come. 'But first,' he say, 'up on the shoulder of your big soldier and play.' What shall I play, sire?' I ask. 'Play ten thousand heroes to Walhalla,' he answer. I play. and I think of my brother Jacques, went fighting to heaven the day before Beautiful God, that was a day at Auer

"Soldier," said Valmond, waving his hand, "step on. There is a drum at the Louis Quinze. Let us go together, con

The old sergeant was in a dream. He came out with the drum. Valmond took it, and holding it in his hands, said softly: 'Soldier of the Old Guard, here is a drum of France.

drum, his fingers trembling as he fastened it to his belt. When he seized the sticks, all trembling ceased, and his hands and ody grew steady. He was living in the past entirely.
"Soldier," said Valmond, in a loud voice

"remember Austerlitz, The Heights of Pratzen are before you. Play up the feet For an instant the old man did not move and then a sullen sort of look came over

his face. He was not a drummer at Aus-terlitz, and for the instant he did not renember the tune the drummer played.
"Soldier," said Valmond, softly, "with 'The Little Sword That Danced' play up he feet of the army."

A light broke over the old man's face. listrust now. Instantly his hand went to

ils cap.
"My General!" he said, and stepped in front of the white horse. There was a mo-ment's pause, and then the sergeant's sticks with a rolling rattle on the leather They sent a shiver of feeling through the into a charger of war. No man laughed at the drama performed in Pontiac that

V .- Th. Bubble Pricked.

Need it be added that a man capable of winning to his standard even a hostile veteran of the Old Guard soon had all Pontfac by the heels-had 500 men daily drilling at arms, in anticipation of the time when, at a signal from France, this little army should set sail and become the nucleus around which should rally the armed battalions of the low in detail the bursting of this absurd bubble of mingled ambition and frenzy. British troops at last took cogsizance of the uprising; Valmond' fickle following took to its heels, and only a few faithful ones, at their front being "General" Lagroin, remained to meet them. Lagroin bravely refuses to surrender, and falls at Valmond's side. shot through the heart. Valmond is mortally wounded, and in his dying moments, in the Little Chemist's house, he makes this confession:

"The very first thing I remember was sitting on the sands of the seashore, near saw her again. I was brought up by my nn estate near Viterbo, in Italy. At twelve I was taken to Rome, and there I entered the house of Prince Lucien Bonsparte as page. I traveled with him to France, to Austria, to England, where I earned to speak the language and read what the English wrote about the great Napoleon. Their hatred angered me, and I began to study what French and Italian books said of him. I treasured up every scrap of knowledge I could get. I list-ened to all that was said in the prince's palace, and I was glad when his highness let me read aloud private papers to him.

let me read aloud private papers to him.
For twelve years I was the prince's valet.
I became familiar with all the intrigues, the designs, of the Bonapartes.
"One day the prince was visited by Count Bertrand, and I heard him speak of a thing unknown to history; that Napoleon had a son, born at St. Helena, by a countess well-known in Europe who had landed, disguised as a sallor, from a merchant ship, and lived in retirement at Longwood, for nearly a year. It was said the child died at St. Helena. The story remained in my mind and I brooded on it. Two years ago the prince died in my arms, I was left a fortune, but had nothing to do. Sick of everything, one day I left Quebce, whither I had drifted similessly,

and came here. Why, I do not knaw. All the time I kept thinking—thinking. If I were only a Napoleon, how I would try to do great things! Ah, my God! How I loved the Great Napoleon! What had the Bonapartes done? Nothing — nothing. Everything had slipped away from them. Not one of them was like the apprecia Not one of them was like the em His own legitimate son was dead. None of the others had the Master's blood, fire during in his veins. The thought grew on me, and I used to imagine myself his son. I loved his memory, all he did, all he was, better than any son could do. It had been my whole life, thinking of him and the empire. Why should such tastes be given to a valet?

"I really did not conceive or plan impos-ture. I was only playing a comedian's part in front of the Louis Quinze, till I heard Parpon sing a verse of 'Vive Napoleon? Then it all rushed on me, captured me-and the rest you know. I had no thought to go so far when I began. It was mostly a whim. But the idea gradually possessed me, and at last it seemed to me that I was a real Napoleon. I used to wake from the dream for a moment, and tried to stop, but something in my blood drove me on-inevitably."

VI.-Conclusion. This, hastily sketched, is the main outline of the story. There are scenes in the book fully as strong as, if not ronger than, any we have copied. The author has drawn some wonderful sketches of minor characters-the avocat, the cure, Medallion, the ductioneer, the young seigneur, jealous of Valmond's rising importance and intrigu ing toward Valmond's fall and Parpon. who was to have been the new Napoleon's premier-and there are two wonen figures in the book, one of whom, Madame Chalice, we have purposely omitted to mention, that stand out with cameo-like distinctness as triumphs of artistic portraiture. These things we leave to those who-as all should-will read the book itself. In conclusion, we quote from the author's epilogue, which, in the form of a letter from Mme. Chalice to the Cure, written two months after Valmond's death, appropriately ends one of the finest truest romances of the year: "Dear Cure, hearts and instincts were right in Pontiae; our unhappy friend Valmond was that child of Napoleon, born at St. Helena. His mother was the Countess of Cornstadt. At the beginning of an illness which followed Napoleon's death, the child was taken from her by Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and was brought up and educated as the son of poor parents in Italy. No one knew of his birth save the companions in exile of the Great Emperor. All of them. with the exception of Count Bertrand, believed, as Valmond said, that the child had died in infancy at St. Helena. "Ah, dear Cure, think of the irony of it all!-that a man be driven, by the truth in his blood, to that strangest of all impostures,-to impersonate him-

THE MAGAZINES.

Chips for August is chiefly notable for a half-dozen satirical paragraphs by the "Literary Cynic," of which two specimens are appended, and a not bad

poem by George Lasher Taylor: Now that dear Mrs. Frank Leslie is safely landed upon foreign shores, let us ell unite in a prayer that she will remain

Some mischievous small boys have re cently annoyed the conductor of Har-per's Magazine by filling the editor's frawer with chestnuts.

Mr. Taylor's poem is entitled REGENERATION. He journeyed far-and late did say-

"There is no joy in earthly things, Fragile each toy that passion brings." With hands to head, he knelt to pray. "O, Mighty Mother! I am clay, Shape me anew to nobler things." Past gnashing teeth, past flashing wing

He heard a voice e'en stars obey. It said: "Awaken! Thou cans't lay Each sense aside when seeing springs. It is through being men are kings. The soul alone may joy survey." He hearkened. Where but late, the day

Was filled with dross or mutterings, His voice pours gladness. On his way Comes light divine through comthings.

11 11 14 ever-welcome Chautauquan comes to hand this month with the first instalment of what promises to be an exceedingly clever serial story by A. C. Wheeler, better known to the dramatic world as "Nym Crinkle." It is entitled "The Senator's Daughters." A quite comprehensive albeit succinct description of the origin, scope and purposes of the forthcoming Atlanta exposition; a paper on "The Individual Standard of Living," in which the author deplores the unmistakable tendency of Americans toward personal and nousehold extravagance; and an article, "Lands of the English Tongue," showing the growing vogue of the Eng-lish language are other notable features both interesting and instructive. There is at all times a wide diversity of timely reading in the Chautauquan, and the current number is one of the

The race for favor among the tencent magazines gains in interest and intensity. It is particularly interesting between those wonders of cheapness combined with undiminished quality, McClure's and the Cosmopolitan, for these two are bold rivals in a common field. It will probably be noticed by regular readers of these magazines that while the latter maintains a diversity of well-conducted departments, cover ing noteworthy novelties in the worlds of art, science and letters, the former relies almost wholly upon prominent single features. With the exception of an Egyptian story by Sir Edwin Arnold, chiefly notable because of the reputation of its author, there is nothing at all striking in the August Cosmopolitan, although a wide variety of good contents makes it well worth its trivial cost. Turning to the current McClure's, we see no departments whatever; but a conspicuously displayed jungle story by Kipling-which, by the way, is in his best vein-together with short stories by Anthony Hope, Bert Harte and Stanley Weyman, a Prussian war paper by Archbald Forbes and a wellillustrated paper adequately portraying Bishop Vincent, the founder of Chautauqua, emphasize its editor's reliance upon what, in studio parlance, would b termed "bold strokes." There is no question that the Cosmopolitan is the a larger draft upon varied resources and that it puts too low an estimate upon its intrinsic value when it sells itself for a dime a copy. But it is equally certain, in our judgment, that, stripped of trimmings like the bloycle

ers out of ten as the less showy but more artistic and certainly more exstance need scarcely be remarked. The literary feature of this issue which will engross attention is Max Nordau's re ply to his critics, in which the modern apostle of degeneration stands resolu ly besidehis guns. Another contributio: of interest is James Whitcomb Riley's effort to master the Hibernian dialect in a poem entitled "The Green Grass av Owld Ireland," which is as follows:

The green grass av owld Ireland! Whilst I be far away, All fresh an' clean an' jewel-green Oh, It's cleaner, greener growin'-All the grassy worrld around, It's greener yet nor any grass That grows on top o' ground.

The green grass av owld Ireland, Indade, an' balm 't'u'd be To eyes like mine that drip wid brine As salty as the sea! For still the more I'm stoppin' here The more I'm sore to se The glory av the green grass av owld I

Ten years ye've paid my airnin's— I've the l'avin's on the shelf, Though I be here widout a queen, An' own meself meself. 'm comin' over steerage. But I'm goin' back firrst-class, Patrolin' av the foremost deck For firrst sight av the grass God bless yez, free Ameriky!

I love yez, dock and shore! kem to yez in poverty But most I'm lovin' Erin vet. Wid all her graves, d'ye see, By reason av the green grass of owld Ire

As for St. Nicholas, it is the unchal enged and pre-eminent monthly peri-

odical for boys and girls; and its August number is as good as the best. Lastly, we have Munsey's for August with 63 full or half-page half tone engravings, illustrating famous men and women, reproducing noted pictures or else contributing directly to the elucidation of the text. There is a readable blographical study of James Gordon Bennett, an article treating of Bis-

marck's American friends, one describing the antiered game in the western states and several crisp poems and phort stories, in addition to the customary departments. In its way Munsey's is fully as great a marvel as is either of its dime competitors.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: "Ben Hur" is being translated into Ge

James Lane Allen's novelette of Ken-tucy life, "Butterflies," will appear in the

Frank R. Stockton's new love story in he Ladies' Home Journal is entitled Love Before Breakfast." The long-promised volume of Matthew

Arnold's letters, written between 1848 and 1888, will soon be brought out. Ralph Adams Cram is to publish with Stone & Kimball in the early autumn a book of ghost stories which will probably be called "Black Spirits and White."

Nathan Haskell Dole will soon publish a volume of poems under the title of "The Hawthorn Tree." Mr. Dole is a cousin of President Dole, of the Hawailan republic.

The first of Anthony Hope's new Zenda stories in the current McClure's recites a heroic live passage between the beautiful Princess Osra and brave Stephen the

nent figure in the "Scots Renascence" and he story is a Celtic romance. The current Strand Magazine honors

Pennsylvania girl by printing portraits of Miss May Yohe, the contraits who was married in November last to Lord Hope. Miss Yohe was born at Bethlehem, this Thomas Wharton, a new Philadelphia story-teller, make his debut in the cur-

rent Harper's Magazine with a clever little Parisian sketch, "Bobbo." It has a court room for its scene and a company of quarinto the full humor of the situation. The first three of fourteen volumes of ar

Italian work dealing with the voyages of Columbus are nearly ready for tion. The Italian government is bearing the expense. In the third volume are 170 fac-simile plates of Columbus' autograph writings, both authentic and doubtful, in the libraries of Madrid, Seville and Genoa and in the archives of the Duke of Veragua and the Duchess of Alva.

None of the writers have dealt with the Little Corsican from the standpoint of the Congressman John Davis does in the Napoleon's ancestry and the careers of his parents, to show that the great general and exploiter was a born brigand, with all the gambling and lying, deceit-ful, unscrupulous instincts of the Corsican bandits on sea and land.

Magazine readers know Grace Eller to learn that in the autumn a volume of her short stories is to be published by Stone & Kimball. Mrs. Channing-Stetson has been particularly successful in stories of life among the poor in Italy, but it is its beauty and pathos which have apradation. Her volume is to contain severa Italian stories, also one of southern California and one of Colonial New England The publication of "The Vailima Let-ters" by Stone & Kimball the middle of October next is a most important event years of life in Samoa, Robert Louis Stev enson kept a sort of journal in the litters which he wrote to Sidney Colvin, and these letters collected form a most life and its personal relations, the meth all these are drawn as only Stevenso

BLISSFUL OLD AGE.

To those whose days have honest been, Age brings its recompense; For loitering in the twilight dim The joys of happy boyhood seem
But things of yesterday,
And all the past is one sweet dream
Purpled with blooms of May. Serem to him the autumn time

Whose work is haply done, Who fought beneath faith's flag sublime He sinks to dreamful rest. Within his quiet breast,

The vision to affright; Upon the yearning sight. Beyond the reach of sorrow how, Locked in a peaceful bay, The gentlest sephyrs fan his brow, The softest breezes play.

And as the weary wanderer Whose fate has been to roam. Thrells with delight when at the last His face is turned toward home;
So, he whose striving has been well,
Reviews life's closing even
With gladness, since its stars reflect
The harbor lights of Heaven.

—E. A. Niven in the Kodak,

Gathered in the World of Melody.

Interesting Notes About Famous Musicians at Home and Abroad.

spectacle. The "Brownles" have already been booked for two years in advance and will start on a tour westward in September. The play has been greatly strengthened by new acts and music and becomes in fact a verkable comic opera in a musical way while retaining all of its original features so amusing alike to old and young. The new company which will interpret the "Brownes" includes Miss Inez Mecusker, so prano; Miss Ida Mulle, Lena Merval, Frank Deshorn, of the Deshorn Comic Opera company, and many other artists well known in opera and burlesque. The "Brownies" will be produced, last season, under management of Jefferson, Klaw and Erlanger. Mr. Dougias will precede the company on its tou and artist Palmer Cox will give his personal attention to each performance. The "Brownies" will visit Scranton during the coming season and will no doubt will be heartily welcomed by lovers of fun and delightful music.

The Symphony society will be reorganized and greatly strengthened during the coming fall and it is expected that three or four concerts will be given during the winter. A preliminary meeting was recently held at Professor Hemberger's studio, when arrangements were made for a general meeting of the society in the near future. The preliminary meeting was attended by Richard Weisenflue, Harvey Blackwood, Robert Adams, Fred Emerick and Mr. Ernst, well known Scranton musicians, and Al Rippard, of Wilkes-Barre. The Symphony orchestra this season, as last, will be made up of some of the best musical talent of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, and will assist materially in educating the public taste to the appreciation of classic music.

|| || || The next plano recital given by Proessor Reeve Jones will occur on Sept. 9. On this occasion Mr. Jones will be assisted by Mrs. Joseph O'Brien, soprano, and T. Cushing Jones, baritone. This promises to be one of the most delightful musical entertainments of early

A. B. Harms & Co., well known music publishers, will control Willard Spenser's "Princess Bonnie" during the next year. They will open the season with an elaborate production of the opera in New York City in September, and at the close of the engagement the "Princess Bonnie" company will start upon a tour of the middle and southern states. Harms & Co. also control "Wang" which will be given another season on the road.

Next Sunday will be an attractive day at the Elm Park M. E. church. Miss Sullivan and Mr. Thomas, of the quartette, fresh from a vacation, Miss Vandervort, a contrakto, of New York, and Mr. Wooler will sing. Also Mr. Carter will officiate at the organ for probably A coming issue in Stone & Kimbali's the last time and at the evening service "Green Tree Library" is "Pharais" by Will render the overture of William Tell Fions Macleod. The author is a promiport few in the "Scott Research" and the "Scott Research" and the service will be request. As Mr. Carter's year does by request. As Mr. Carter's year does not close until September 1st, Mr. Haydn Evans has consented to play August 11th. This is Mr. Evans's first effort at this organ and no doubt this winner of the World's Fair prise will sustain his reputation. Mr. Pennington, organist of the Collegiate church of New York City, has been invited by Mr. Carter to play August 25th. Mr. Pennington is at present drilling the chorus at Ocean Grove for Damrosch (who leads the 'Messiahs' rendition August16) and will preside at the organ. While a student n Berlin he was complimented by the empress and is without doubt one of Guilmaut's best publis.

Professor Thomas R. Davies, of Tayor, has newly completed a mass which has been sung at Rev. John Laugherin's church, Minooka, where Mr. Davies is chorus director and organist. The work is said to contain numerous meritorious numbers and is thoroughly an interesting work, both as regards melody and harmonic coloring.

SHARPS AND FLATS Mascagni is writing a pantomime.

Patti recently wore \$1,000,000 in diamonds Bergamo is to have a Donizetti monu Verdi has completed an Ave Maria fo

four voices. Johann Strauss is hard at work schl on a new opera, text by Davis. Berlin will witness the first perform ance of the Italian opera "Tartuffe," by

Pronzio Scarano. Frankfurt, Germany, had 124 concert hestras of from 80 to 105 members. Mancinelli will not, after all, come

this country next season to conduct grand opera for Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. Humperdinck's new opera, "The Wolf and the Seven Kids," is about finished. The libretto has been arranged by the

Eugene Ysaye will give six symphony concerts in Brussels next season. Mme Selma Koert Kronold has been engaged as solo singer for two of these concerts. A correspondent of the Musical Courier says "the saddest aria that has ever been written is the addio of the dying courtezan (Traviata), before singing which Patti till makes the sign of the cross.

Following are the novelties to be pro-duced next autumn in Milan: "Ninon de duced next autumn in Milan: "Ninon de L'Enclos," by Gaetano Cipollini; "La Furia Domata," by Spiro Samara; "L'As-salto al Mulino," by Bruneau, and "Claudia," by Gellia F. Coronaro. Frau Wagner is busy completing the ar-

rangements to celebrate the twentieth an niversary of the foundation of the Bey routh festivals, "Das Rheingold," di-rocted by Hans Richter, is said to be the opera selected for the festival day. Both Herr Felix Mottl and Herr Her-mann Levi have resolved to return to London in the early winter to conduct Wagner's concerts at Queen's hall. Two for, that directed by Herr Mottl taking place on Nov. 12, while Herr Levi will con-duct the concert on Nov. 25.

M. Nikisch has accepted the conductor-ship of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts, which will be given between Oct. 14 and March 21. Among the eminent performent who will appear at these concerts during the season are Brahms, Paderewski, Sarasats, D'Albert, Burmelster, Leopold Auer, Josef Hofmann, Jean Gerardy and Freddaughters. It is the best

The latest German opers is Amen, by The latest German opera is Amen, by the tenor Bruno Heydrich, of Cologne. It consists of two distinct parts, an "opera drame" in one act and a "musical dra-matic prelude," with the title "Reinhard's Verbrechen." In this prelude the action is entirely pantomime, based on the mo-tives rendered by the orchestra. When Sir George Grove resigned the of- Matthews Bros., Scranton.

Malcolm Douglas, composer of the music of the "Brownies," is hard at work these days upon new melodies which will be introduced in that unique spectacle. The "Brownies" have already ting forth Bir George's great services to the cause of music, was presented to him in the concert hall of the college.

The baritone of the Mains theater, Herr The baritone or the Mains theater, Herr Strahtmann, will appear at the Berlin opera in autumn on a long gastspiel, Strahtmann, like Holdack, the Mains tenor, lately engaged for Berlin, was a school teacher, and his voice was discovered a few years ago when the Hanover Teachers' association sang before the emerger who to said to have a recourse. the emperor, who is said to have encouraged the young teacher to adopt an artistic career.

Tchalkowsky's "Jolanthe" is another Russian opera which has in recent years been tried in various opera houses of Ger-many and England, without securing a permanent home. The latest attempt was made in Leipsic a few weeks ago. The critical verdict appears to be that its or-chestral score is often charming, but that it lacks the true operatic spirit. There was so little curiosity to hear the work that the house was only half full on the

Edward Dannreuther, who has long been ssociated with the Wagner movement in London, has accepted the post of presi-dent of the Wagner society, which has just been vacated by the Earl of Dysart, Mr. Dannreuther was, indeed, the founder of the original London Wagner society, in 1872, and he conducted many of the con-certs given under the auspices of that as-sociation. It was also in Mr. Dennreuth-er's home that Wagner resided during his visit to London, in 1877.

No fewer than sixteen compositions and groups of compositions are named by the French planists as among those presenting the greatest technical difficulties to the performer. They are as follows: Beethoven's sonatas, opus 57 and 195; Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue;" Brahm's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini;" Balackireff's "Islamey;" Chopin's "Balades," first, third and fourth, and the finale of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's "Etudes" and twelfth "Rhapsody;" Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor and his "Etudes Sym-phonniques;" St. Saens' "Allegro Appassionata;" a sonata by Thalberg, and a sonata by Von Weber.

ECONOMICAL.

They reached Morelton inn just as the regular guests were filing for the usual eight-course dinner. They were men and both were tired. Later on it appeared that they were hungry, but this was not known at the time. After registering they paid the usual price for two dinners, en-tered the dining room and were assigned to seats. "Bring us some of everything on the bill," said the cider of the two. It was brought in regular order. Finally dessert and coffee were served. "What else have you got?" asked the former spokesman again. The waiter gasped for breath and then answered as politely as he could that there was nothing more. "Nothing more?" ed the questioner; "nothing Then bring us two more dinners exactly like those we have just had." The waiter went out, put some cracked ice on his head for a moment and then served two other dinners. They were eaten like the rest, all for one price, but Manager Mas-sey says it won't occur again.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Solved the Problem.

From the New York Weekly. agency)-"Oh, dear, I wonder if there'll ever be any solution to the servant girl Employment Agent-"Oh, yes, mum. My

wife solved it long ago."

Tired Housekeeper—"Well, well! How?"

Employment Agent—"She got rid of the huil gang an' did the work herself."

POOR HUMAN NATURE.

I'd like to see one true and perfect man Who never slipped in life's forbidden race, Whose work has been according to the

So plainly mapped for fitting every case-Just one whose gentle footsteps never ram Astray. I'd like to look in such a face And homage pay in songs of jubilee

I've seen good people underneath the sun Who did as well as anybody could; Some cheerful, glad, and always full of

fun, And others sad and almost goody-goods But, man or woman, not a single one Who always did as they exactly should. Some have one fault and some, of course, The nearest perfect is my good old mother.

One at the church is always to be found, Ready to speak the praises of the Master, His words with logic tearfully profound,

His object to avert a world's disaster. And has, perhaps, on many homes a plaster, His heart pulsating for the joys of heaven

Only, exclusively, one day in seven.

I see another equally devout. But full of vanity almost to scorning. He has some righteousness beyond a Nor fears the awful resurrection morning
But vanity he cannot live without,

And thinks too much of personal adorn-Against which failing very much was said

Man has been frail and weak and halt and And prone to go astray from the begining. So much so it is very hard to find

winning. The very best, according to my mind, Are subject to degrees of hateful sin-

restore him, not condemn, but just feel sorry for him.—Nebraska State Journal. I'll not

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 regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by