Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

REALISM EXEMPLIFIED.

The merits and defects of Emile The merits and defects of Emile Zola's realism are strikingly exemplified in the first of six short stories which appear in a handsome volume from the press of Copeland & Day, Boston, under the title "Jacques Damour." When we shall have sketched the cuttines of this story we will have presented a miniature purview of M. Zola's inspirations, methods and fields. To begin—for in this little narrative M. Zola does not let his curtain drop on the hero and heroine arm-in-arm for

on the hero and heroine arm-in-arm for their wedding—Jacques Damour, a chaser in metals, had, at 26, married Felicie, a comely seamstress of 18. In time, a son, Eugene, is born to them; and nine years later, a sickly daughter, Louise. After a score of years of mar-ried life, they had by thrift, laid by thousand francs and were doing well then the war with the Prussians broke out. A garrulous neighbor. Berru, who, had he lived in America, would have been a walking delegate, talked socialism before Jacques and his boy, Eugene, until both, the one in simple ignorance and the other in exuberance cialists. With the duty of reorganiz-

cialists. With the duty of reorganizing society on his shoulders, Jacques speedily found himself too busy to work for a living and when the commune came, had exhausted the family savings and was flat on his back.

At this point the youth Eugene is killed by the soldiers of the empire and father Jacques swears to avenge him. For days the fights madly against the government, is taken prisoner and exiled to New Caledonia. Here, after two years, he escapes from the guard with five companions. Three dead with five companions. Three dead bodies are found in a boat and one is identified as Jacques'. A death certifi-cate is duly signed, sealed and delivered to his serrowing widow, but the identi-fication was a mistake, and after years of knocking about, Jacques returns to Paris, finds the still comely Felicie happily wedded to a lusty butcher, and takes his leave of us as a lazy pen-sioner on the bounty of his daughter Louise, who, in the meantime, has set elaborate establishment among

This aimless story is drawn with masterly skill. With a single stroke of his pen M. Zola gives life and fuiness to his characters, of whom all are natural and true to their environment. The triumph of his art in this respect is not open to question. But despite his marvelous power of portrayal, his complete command of incident, dialogue and focus, the reader lays down M. Zola's book not in the least satisfied, not in the least benefited, not in the least inspired. The picture is perfect, but what a dull, drab, unattractive theme! Of the three men who in any degree linger in the memory, one is entirely willing to drink wine and eat cake at the price of his own daughter's dishoror, while the other two are velgar and commonplace. Of the women, one is a fat dame takes things as they come and lets her daughter go her own way; and the other is a cigarette-smok-ing, puffy-curied damsel of the town. Surely this is fine company for a genius like M. Zola, who might, if he would, set noble ideals before mankind.

NEW STORY BY DOYLE.

When one has the naming of one's own price for whatever one wishes to produce, it is conceivable that the temptation to overdo must be strong. Great authors have found it irresistible. It conquered Scott, overmastered Lytkened Thackeray and made even of the perennial Dickens a some-times sad spectacle of out-pumped genius. Hence, therefore, one may not quarrel with Dr. Conan Doyle for har- many are faulty; and one, beginning vesting the 23 1-3 cent-per-word crop on his literary acres while the sun of his popularity is high in the heaven; Yet it is impossible to repress the thought that the whirr of the Doyle pen these days is a bit too boldly in evidence; and his latest book. "The sumptuous binding from the Appletons."

Stark-Munroe Letters," which comes in sumptuous binding from the Appletons.

The letters describe the difficulties of a young physician who, without money or influence, ste ... ut to set up a prac-tice, and as a chief circumstance in this narration, depict with singular success the eccentricities, complexities, cunning and yet underlying meanness of a highly successful quack whom this young physician encounters and tries to endure for a time. The character-sketching in this book is in Dr. Doyle's best vein, and will rest among his foremost cein, and will rest among his fore-most achievements. But the form of the work is infelicitous; the theological monologues into which the author falls behind the shoulders of the titular writer of the letters are sadly out of place in a work of fiction, and the general thread of the story could much more effectively have been manipulated had Dr. Doyle used the direct method

CUSTOM REVERSED.

In "Out of Due Season," which appears as No. 176 in Appleton's Town and spigot and let the new wine ripen."

Country library, Adeline Sergeant boldly reverses precedents. The story AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: is that of a man, Gideon Blake, who when I roduced to us, is cross, dark and su iy, but who marries a holty-tolty y ung woman of the vapid blonde persua lon and suddenly reforms. Afwith a handsomer man, whose life Blake afterward saves in a railway wreck, and in the final chapter is killed together with her husband, by the collapse of a house, after he had rescued collapse of a house, after he had rescued her from a career of dissipation and unchastity in the slums of London and patiently taking her back to his bed and board. The character of Blake is good enough, as drawn after his conversion, to serve with success as a Sunday school model; but Mrs. Blake is a sad compliment to her sex, which, happy to say, has few like her.

THE MAGAZINES.

Three notable articles appear in the Metaphysical diagraine for September. The first is by "Cheiro," the celebrated palmist, and is entitled "The Mind and the Hand." It is a spirited defense of cheiromancy, along scientific lines. The second, by Carl Le Vinsen, called "The Moral Influence of Music," is the first of a series of articles treating of music both from a scientific and psychic standpoint. As showing the enormous capacity of the nervous system for receiving impressions of almost infinite degrees of force and complexity, and also as a basis for his argument that the impressions received through the different senses are in all probability composed of the same units, Mr. Le the impressions received through the different senses are in all probability composed of the same units, Mr. Le Vinsen compares sight and sound. If the were to rap is times per second on a table, the human ear could distinguish each rap from the others, but if there were 17 raps per second, they would all blend into one tone, and the faster the raps the higher the tone. The highest A on the piano has only 3,480 vibrations per second, and at 40,-900 vibrations the sound becomes inaudible. When the vibration reaches 463,000,000,000,000 times a second, it can be seen; when it vibrates 127,000,000,000,000 times, it takes the hue of extreme violet, the color that corresponds to the highest sound. Mr. Le vinsen's deductions from these prem-

ises will appear in later numbers. The third article worthy of special attention is W. W. Carrington's paper on "Perpetual Motion," in which he proves that no two definitions of what is meant by the title of his paper co-in-cide, and avers that until the scientists get together and agree as to what perpetual motion is, they ought not to de-clare it an impossibility.

In the September number of the American Historical Register, Charles H. Browning continues his very in-teresting series of papers descriptive of General Lafayette's visit to the United States in 1824-25. The article is profusely illustrated with portraits and landscapes having to do with that memorable pilgrimage. Another paper of uncommon interest hereabouts is Mary Jenkins Richart's story of the "Traditions of Fort Jenkins," which corrects several errors as to the true history of the Wyoming massacre.

As described by Elbert Hubbard in the September Philistine, "The Pawns of Chance," a new Chicagoese novel treating of Women with a Past, is truly a notable work, wherein the au-thor lays down the singular proposi-tion that society might easily avert its large percentage of matrimonial mights if arrangements were made for misfits if arrangements were made for the seizing of wives by sheer lottery. But apropos of all this, Mr. Hubbard is moved to remark, in a tone provoca-tive of emphatic assent: "Just now the stage and story-book seem to vie with one another in putting on parade the Men and Women who Did for the delectation of these who Have or May. The motif in all these books and plays is to depict torturing emotions that wring and tear the hearts of these un-happy mortals. The Camp of Philistia does not boast that there are in it no People who Did, neither do we deny the reality of the heartaches and tears that come from unrequited love and affection placed not wisely. But from a somewhat limited experience in worldly affairs I arise to say that life does not consist entirely in these things, and furthermore that the im-portance given to the Folks who Have is quite out of proportion to their proper place with the procession. There are yet loves that are sweet and wholesome; there are still ambitions that are manly and strong. Let's write and talk of these." The Philistine, by the talk of these." The Philistine, by the way, is still chic, sprightly, clever and

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Joneses and the Asterisks," by Gerald Campbell, (New York: the Mer-riam Co.) is described on its title-page as "a story in monologue." This is not quite correct. It is really a group of sketches—to be precise, there are four-tage, the process of inteen-touching airily upon topics of in-terest to society from the viewpoint of a well-to-do wife and mother who is "in the swim." There is a good deal of cleverness in these sketches and a good deal of shrewdness in interpreting the feminine gender; but, for all that, there is a superfluity of froth.

From this same firm is received a dainty small volume called "Beautiful Thoughts on Life Eternal," and being, as its title would indicate, a compilation of what the masters of English literature have had to say concerning the mystery which men call death. The gathering together and arranging of these brilliants is the work of Eliza-

beth Cureton, and it has been well done.

In handsome guise, from Copeland & Day, Boston, comes "Robert Louis Stevenson: an Elegy; and Other Poems, Mainly Personal" by the track of the control of the c Mainly Personal." by that rising light in English letters, Richard Le Galli-enne. Of these thirty-five poems,

From tavern to tavern Youth passes along. With an armful of girl And a heart full of song,

has been sharply derided as being probimptuous binding from the Appletons, speak a poetic temperament and, by not calculated to remove this im- their grace and beauty of imagery incondonation of manifest faults The elegy on Stevenson is already familiar to many of our readers. It has some fine lines, as for instance the in-troductory stanza

High on his Patmos of the Southern seas Our Northern dreamer sleeps, Strange stars above him, and above his grave
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendors wave.
While far beneath, mile after shimmering

The great Pacific, with its facry deeps, Smiles all day long its silken, secret smile; Strange craft of words, strange magic of the pen, Whereby the dead still talk with living

men; Whereby a sentence, in its trivial scope, May center all we love and all we hope, And in a couplet, like a rosebud furled, Lie all the wistful wonders of the world.

Mr. Le Gallienne has a pretty trick of versifying, but does too little and too much. It will be well with him when learns, in the language of Charles

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is the title of Ian Maclaren's new book. Hall Caine will be the guest of W. W. Appleton while he is in this country. Andrew Lang is engaged upon a blog-raphy of John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law and blographer of Sir Walter Scott. The Liverpool Post says that John Mor-ley is writing a history of the present century. The work has occupied his spare time for several years.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's first at-tempt at story-telling is on the press of Copeland & Day. It is called "Lovers— Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Tales." Harper & Bros. have in preparation a uniform edition of Mark Twain's works. The first volume, entitled "Life on the Mississippi," will be issued before the end

of the year.

"In the Fire of the Forge," Professor Eber's forthcoming book, is a historical romance, and deals with the life of the burgher merchants of 1281 in the old town of Nuremberg.

Mr. Quiller-Couch 's preparing to bring out several books. These include a collection of short stories to be called "Wandering Heath," a book of "Fairy Tales Far and Near," and a volume of "Adventures in Criticism."

John Vance Chency has welting a loss.

John Vance Chency has written a long dramatic poem, whose heroine is that perennial darling of the poets, Helen of Troy. This, with a number of verses on other classical subjects, he has included in a volume which is on the press. He calls the book "Queen Helen and Other Poems." which Wilson had just been reading, was coincidental with a high protective tariff which then, and had for some "Lodge gained great celebrity at the books "Queen Helen and Other books. McKinley said nothing, and few Poems."

McClure's Magazine for October will have a new Drumtochty story by Ian Maclaren that is said to be the equal in humor and pathos of anything in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." It will also have a new story by Anthony Hope about the Princess Osra—a story of high play with dice and swords.

made the most careful and thorough studies. The folio of 1623 has been used in preparing the text.

HER INCONSISTENCY.

From the Washington Star.
"I'm sorry," she said gently, "that I cannot be all that you wish in your life. But I will always think of you as a very dear friend."

"How?"
"You see, so long as you have declined to be mine. I thought I'd propose to Miss Binkins, and if you'll see her and put in a good word for me, you know—"
And that's why she jumped up and went away huffy, and yowed she'd never speak to him again as long as she lived."

STORIES OF OUR SENATORS.

What One of the Members of the Upper House lins to Say Concerning His A senator recently chatted at Wash-

ington with a Times-Herald reporter, concerning his fellow-senators. The following was the result: following was the result:
"Perhaps to me as interesting a character as there is in the senate is Haar. With his spectacles, his white hair, his smooth, ruddy face, he is the exact picture of Pickwick as drawn by Cruikshank in his illustrations of Dickors. Here is always soft plants! Dickens. Hoar is always soft, plausi-ble and gentle; and yet there is no one in the senate who has greater taste or capacity to make life a burden to the opposition. Particularly is this true in

respect of some particular senator to whom Hoar has taken, we will say, a political dislike; personal dislikes Hoar loes not indulge in. does not indulge in.
"All through the tariff fight Hoar took great delight in hanging on the flank of Mills and pinching him and nipping him at every chance that of-fered. Mills is a splendid character to annoy. He is spienetic, hot, easily aroused and excited and but little able to defend himself while his temper is in he saddle. Hoar was forever, during the debate, sticking penknives into Mills about a speech which the Texas senator made in Massachusetts during the last Cleveland campaign; wherein Mills had promised if the Democrats succeeded that coal should be free. From first to last Hoar kept reminding Mills of this speech and kept that irritable statesman in a perpetual fume. Hoar would lug out the coal business by the tail in this fashion: On one occasion during the tariff debate there were but six senators visible at their desks. Mills was the only Democrat. Quay

was taiking.

"Hoar came in and beholding nobody to guard the Democratic side but Mills saw at once a hole for coal annoyance of the Texan.

"Will the senator allow me a moment."

ment?" Hoar sweetly asked of Quay, "'Certainly,' responded Quay, who was talking against time, and merely o force certain schedules on cutlery and glass.
"'Why, I only wanted to observe,'

remarked Hoar, bending a benignant eye on Mills, 'that now that the sena-tor from Texas is in sole charge of this bill for the Democratic side, I would like to ask unanimous consent to take up the coal schedule and put coal on the free list. The senator from Texas will remember that during the campaign of 1892 he told the manucampaign of 1892 he told the manufacturers of my state in a speech which he delivered at Boston that if the Democracy carried the election, which they unfortunately did, and elected president and a congress, which they unfortunately have, that he could promise that coal would be free-listed. I therefore ask unanimous consent that this be done."

this be done.' "Mills sat glaring like a wild-cat his tormentor, and as if in a state of tacit rage. Mills never said a word. Hoar kept smilling at him blandly. After a brief pause Hoar resumed:

'Well,' said Quay, who still had the

"Well, said Quay, who still had the floor, and no doubt thought it a good way to close an incident which had no purpose beyond that of nagging the Democracy, 'I move you, Mr. President, we indefinitely postpone further consideration of the tariff bill," "This necessitated a call of the senate and bells went jingling in restaurant and cloak-rooms. About fifty senators filed in, among the others Senator Palmer, who had evidently been hastily torn from ple, as he carried a flaky collection of piecrust on his venerable beard.
"Quay's motion was, of course, voted "Quay's motion was, of course, voted

down, and he droned on with his in-terminable time-killer of a speech."

One on Senator Lodge.

"Lodge, the young one from Massa-chusetts, has, more than any other senator, a literary repute. He is supposed to know intricately all about books, and be able not only to read but write them. It would seem that Lodge is not always fair, however, in grabbing credit in his behalf. During the pas-sage of the McKinley bill I was a member of the house. Some Republicans, supporting the bill, had drawn a beautiful picture of the cottage and yard and general home life of the New Eng-land factory hand. He was showing what a blessing a high tariff was to the workman

the workman.
"Wilson, of West Virginia, now postmaster general, was replying to this picture-drawer. Wilson was reading from Dickens' 'American Notes,' and his sketches an American life, a de-scription of the cottage and life of the New England factory hand, to show that long before the war, and, in-ferentially, long before the war or pro-tective tariff, Dickens had found all of hese beauties in the home life of the New England factory hand, which the Republican was now trying to ascribe

Republican was now trying to ascribe to protection.

"Wilson was doing first rate for his side, until all at once, McKinley, who was loiling back in his chair listening to him, turned to Lodge, who sat at his elbow. 'Cabot,' said McKinley, 'do you recollect the year Dickens visited America, and wrote his "American Notes"? I think it was at a time when, under whig rule, we had a high-board protective tariff.'

"Lodge didn't know, and McKinley dispatched him to the library to find out. It was not ten minutes before the

dispatched him to the library to find out. It was not ten minutes before the erudite and learned Lodge was back with the book. He never went near McKinley, but, standing in the middle aisle, craved permission to ask Wilson, who was still talking, a question. It was granted. Then it was Lodge proceeded to confound and almost silence Wilson by showing that Dicken's visit, when he made the New England diswhen he made the New England dis-coveries, touching the factory hand, of which Wilson had just been reading.

years, prevailed.

"Lodge gained great celebrity at the time for his prompt, full knowledge of books. McKinley said nothing, and few people know at this day of how Lodge came to tree Wilson that day during the tasiff debate."

Ingulis' Flaying of Voorbocs,

every one was as the stab of a dagger to Voorhees.
"It went on two hours, and was as crushing a thing personally as I ever saw happen in congress. To this day Voorhees impresses me as having never recovered his confidence. He is much softer, more careful, more guard-ed in what he says. He looks on every desk as concealing a bomb, and evi-dently fears that somebody else may be tempted to remake the Ingalls ef-

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

llow a Sportive British Baronet Was Caught in the Tolls of the Church-Sir Walter Raleigh's Bet with the Good Queen Bess - Other Odd Chances.

From the Chicago News. Betting is a human weakness by no means confined to the wagering of money on sporting events. In all ages it has been common to settle points of difference by a wager or to accomplish great feats under the penalty of the loss of a given sum. There's a man down in Kentucky who vowed never to cut his beard until Henry Clay was elected president. This was really a vow, but it was also a bet. The man bet against it was also a bet. The man bet against fate and fate won. A rash young Harvard graduate recently went around the world without a cent of money in his pockets when he started. It was given out that he had laid a wager of \$5,000 that he could make the trip without money. It has since turned out that he was simply the agent of a widely advertised article.

The old English law forced bettors to pay their debts. A remarkable action was brought in 1812 by the Rev. Mr. Gibert against Sir Mark M. Sykes. The baronet, at a dinner party at his own house, in the course of a conversation

house, in the course of a conversation of the hazard to which the life of Bonaparte was exposed, offered on receivling 100 guineas, to pay one guinea a day as long as Napoleon should re-main alive. Mr. Gilbert closed with Sir Mark and sent the 100 guineas and the latter continued to pay the one guinea a day for nearly three years. At last he declined to pay any longer and an action was brought to enforce the payment. It was contended by the the payment. It was contended by the defendant that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and that the transaction was an illegal one, seeing that Mr. Gilbert, having a beneficial interest in the life of Bonaparte, might, in the event of an invasion, use all his means for the preservation of the life of an enemy of his country. The jury loyally brought in a verdict for the defendant.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Wager.

Another queer wager is the one popu-larly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth on the debatable question of how much smoke was contained in a pound of to-bacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and weighed again in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight y combination with the oxygen of the tmosphere was unthought of by Eliza-

atmosphere was unthought of by Eliza-beth and the knight.

An amusing bet for the small sum of five shillings was laid in 1806 in the castle yard. York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most original character. Hodgson ap-peared decorated with 10-guinea, 5-guinea and guinea notes all over his peared decorated with 10-guinea, 5-guinea and guinea notes all over his coat and waistcoat and a row of 5-guinea notes around his hat, while to his back was fastened the words "John mis back was fastened the words "John Buil." Whitehead appeared like a woman on one side, one-half of his face painted, one slik stocking and slipper, while the other side represented a negro in man's dress, with boots and spurs. "John Buil" won the wager.

Thought They Were Bogus. A gentleman of the last century laid a wager to a great amount that he could stand for a whole day on London bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the mint and be unable to find a purchaser for them at a penny apiece. Not one was disposed of. Wagers have sometimes taken a grim form. It is creditably recorded that in the last century a wager was laid for form. It is creditably recorded that in the last century a wager was laid for one of a party of gay revelers to enter Westminster abbey at the hour of midnight. He was to enter one of the vaults beneath the abbey; in proof of his having been there he was to stick a fork into a coffin which had been re-cently deposited there. He accomcently deposited there. He accomplished his object and was returning in triumph, when he felt himself suddenly caught and was so overpowered by terror that he fell in a swoon. His companions not being able to account for his absence found him in this con-dition. The fork which he had fastened into the coffin had caught and pinned his cloak and so occasioned a fit of terror which nearly proved fatal.

HOW WORDS HAVE CHANGED. Villa formerly meant a farm, not a

Daisy was originally the eye of day,

house.
Dalsy was originally the eye of day, or day's eye.
Girl formerly signified any young perof either sex.
Hag once meant an old person, whether male or female.
Gallon was originally a pitcher or jar, no matter of what size.
Polite at first meant polished, and was applied to any smooth, shining surface.
Voyage was formerly any journey, whether by land or sea it did not matter.
Good-bye is an abbreviation of an old English form of parting. "God be with you until we meet."
Moonstruck is borrowed from astrology. It formerly described one driven mad by sleeping in the rays of the moon.
Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller uses the expression, "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man.
A vagabond was originally only a traveler or person who went from place to place with or without a definite object.
Peck first meant a basket or receptacle for the grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size.

Are once meant any field. It is still

The expression at first had no reference to size.

Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance by the Germans, who speak of God's acre, alluding to the cometery.

Starve was once to d'e any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons will tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men."

The word miscreant formerly signified only an unbeliever, an infidel. Joan of Arc in the literature of her life time, was called a miscreant.

Meat once meant any kind of food. In one old English edition of the Lord's prayer the well-known petition is rendered. "Give us this day our daily meat."

Town originally signified a farm or farm-house. It is used by Wycliffe in this sense. "and they went their ways—one to his town, another to his merchandise."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Uniformed colored porters are in charse

Some Idea of Michael Timothy Healy, the Energetic Factional Irish Leader.

American sentiment.

down its gavet to kill Alexander Hamilton in 'a duel at Weehawken. I was not in the senate at the time, but i was a member of the flouse, and chanced to be over in the sonate chamber, having a talk with Cullom. Ingalis had organized for Voorhees and meant to annihilate him. His deak was full to the muzzle, so to speak, of all that was deadly and damaging in the case of Voorhees. No one in the senate was in Ingalis' confidence or knew what was coming. It was as much a thunder clap to the senate generally as it was to the unfortunate tall sycamore. "I don't now recall what business was before the senate; however, it was of no thrilling moment. The first I noticed of an unsual sort was Ingalis making some vivid assertions touching Voorhees' attitude during the late vill war. Voorhees retorted harshly; in effect, and I don't know but in so many words, called Ingalis a liar. This was what Ingalis was after, and I'll never forget the smile of self-satisfied cruelty which shone in his face, as, still holding the floor, he opened his deak and began to arrange for the flaying of Voorhees. Ingalis read letter after letter, produced document after document, and every one was as the stab of a dagger to Voorhees. assist the Irish movement. He was then a man of 27, but already an accomplished orator, with a wealth of the wit, fire, pathos and pugnacity of his race. He spoke for the league in many of the chief cities of the United States and Canada, everywhere producing an impression which abundantly justified the confidence of those who had in-trusted him with the task of arousing

> Mr. Healy's Career. Michael Timothy Healy is his full name. Bantry, in Cork, saw his birth in 1855, and his arrest twenty-five years later for a speech held indictable under the famous Whiteboy acts. He escaped conviction, however, for this, and in the late autumn of 1880 was returned unopposed for Wexford borough. He speedily distinguished himself in parliament by his zeal for Ireland and his facility in debate; and in the passing of the land act of that first year of his membership personally carried several important amendments. Among these was the "Healy clause," which provided that no rent should be allowed to the landlord on the tenant's im-

provements. Early in 1883, after his return from his American tour, he was cited before the queen's bench at Dublin, on the charge of a seditious speech. He re-fused to give ball to be of good be-havior, and, in default of this, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, four months of which he served before being released.

In 1884 he was called to the Irish bar and ever since then has conducted a practice at Dublin which might have become very lucrative had his politi-cal aspirations and engagements alcar aspirations and engagements allowed him to give it proper and systematic attention. It was in those days that he wrote his fiery pamphlets "Loyalty Plus Murder," which was a startling expose of Orange methods, and "A Word for Ireland," which was and is one of the most reliable and exhaustive histories of the Irish land question.

Healy's experience in parliament from 1888 to 1890 was ultra-sensational. He was almost continually in evidence, and by his impassioned oratory and nervous personality offered the strongest possible contrast to the calm and imperturbable Parnell. When the Parnell commission was instituted to in-quire into the allegations contained in the "Parnellism and Crime" pamphlet that issued from the office of the London Times, Healy was among the ac-

His lintred of Parnell.

There are numerous explanations given of the beginnings of his implac-able hatred of the great Irishman whose fall in 1890 shattered the hopes of the Irish party, but this at least is beyond dispute—it was not until Parnell's social errors came to be matters of common report among his followers that Healy became actively and publicly insubordinate. There was friction, but not mutiny. However cordially he may have disliked Parnell, he did not embarrass him by public display of proved the Irish leader guilty of adultery with the wife of a man who had trusted him implicitly. When the Damocles sword, long suspended over Parnell's head, fell./Healy took a prominent part in the deposing of his old leader. No man was more insistent in Ireland and at the house of commons upon Parnell's retirement. He was the most violent of the forty-five who withdrew on that dark Saturday, Dec. 6, 1890, from a prolonged session in committee room No. 15 at the house and passed the memorable resolution termi-nating Parnell's term of chairmanship of the Irish parliamentary party and electing Justin McCarthy in his stead. Parnell's misguided and pathetic at-tempts to resume his old position as leader of the Irish people, if not of their parliamentary representatives, excited Healy to a terrible pitch of rage. He denounced the fallen statesman with a virulence unparalleled in the history of Irish factions, and was chiefly responsible for the agitation in the home country which culminated in the protest against Parnell, signed by four

archbishops and eighteen bishops of the Roman Catholic church. the Roman Catholic church.

It was the savage ferocity of Healy quite as much as any other factor which drove Parnell into a premature grave in 1891. The Parnellites have never forgiven his unnecessary and almost inhuman violence toward a man, who whether his sectal wrongfoling. who, whatever his social wrongdoing and weakness, had done more for the welfare of Ireland than any other man of his generation. Civil Dissension Follows.

With the withdrawal of Parnell's powerful hand of restraint, the factional hates in the party broke out into open war. Two camps formed one containing Healey, Arthur O'Con-nor and their following, and the other containing John Dillon, O'Brien, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor and theirs. From that day to this the history of the Irish movement in parliament has been a history of the mutual defamation of Irish representatives. In this misera-ble business of hurling foul epithets no one tas beaten the record of Timothy Healy. He is rather more decent than Tanner, who is constitutionally and habitually yulgar, but he is much more

Healy is unquestionably a man of suhealy is unquestionably a man of su-perior mental gifts. If his judgment and discretion equaled his imagination and energy he would be quickly singled out as the natural feader of the Irish nationalists, but even his most ardent admirer, Arthur O'Connor, would not admirer, Actuar O Connor, would not lay much stress upon Healy's mental equilibrium. His ambition is towering; his faith in his stars amounts to fatal-ism. Unfortunately, just when he had succeeded in the debate on the address in making a favorable impression and in convincing his associates that he tad at last determined to adopt a more tad at last determined to adopt a more rational manner, he spoiled the whole by co-operating with Tanner in the disgraceful behavior which secured the lacter's double suspension. Tanner's vagaries are by no means confined to what appears in the reported proceedings of the house. He is guilty of even worse offenses; and Healey's willingness to collaborate with him in any tarticular is viewed with surprise even by those who most keenly resent his by those who most keenly resent his ordinary audacity. Tannerism is a sort of a last ditch of political disrepute.

ingalis' Flaying of Voorhees,
haye a new story by Anthony Hope about
the Princess Osra—a story of high play
with dice and swords.

T. P. O'Connor is about to bring out in
T. Dondon a volume of "Some Old Love
Stories." The papers collected therein
deal with actual comances—those of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, of Mirabau
and Sophie de Monnier, of William Haslit and Sarah Walker, of Nelson and
Marie Antoinette and of Carlyle and his
wife.

The four-volume edition of Shakespeare's Comedies which the Harpers are
about to publish will contain all the beautifful illustrations upon which Edwin A.
Abbey has been engaged for some years,
in the socures of this work. Mr. Abbey has
visited the places chosen by the dramatist
as the setting of his scenes, and has

Ingalis' Flaying of Voorhees,

"Speaking of Senator Peffer, reminds
to the that to be its
own successor. Most senators think
lingalis will follow him. And, by the
one of expects him to be its
own successor. Most senators think
lingalis will follow him. And, by the
one of the cross for the redeath. Wycliffe's sermons will tell how
of a last ditch of political disrepute.

"Contest with Justin McCarthy.

The word miscreant formerly signified
only an unbeliever, an inidel. Joan of
only an unbeliever, an inidel. Joan of
only an unbeliever, an inide. Joan of
whe time that no one expects think
lingalis will follow him. And, by the
only an unbeliever, an inide. Joan of
one of learny mander.

Meat once meant any kind of food. In
The four-volume edition of Shakespeare's Comedies which the Harpers are
about to publish wi

were to be sold to the liberals on condi-tion that the latter paid all registration and election expenses. It refused also to reaffirm the censure which Mc-Carthy had pronounced upon Healy in the Freeman's Journal; and so far from the Freeman's Journal; and so far Irom the latter being turned out of the Irish national party, as McCarthy had ex-pected, he and his followers were given an influential representation in the sessional committee which shapes the party programme. Mr. McCarthy took this so severely to heart that he was said to have declared his intention to resign the chairmanship of the party during the recess. On Monday McCarthy Issued another

manifesto against Healy. This time it was an appeal to the electors of South Kerry to support Farrell, the candidate chosen by the regular concandidate chosen by the regular convention, and to oppose Murphy, who is a Healyite. The appeal denounced Murphy's candidature as "treason against the party discipline," and bitterly scored Healy. 'This has intensified the animosity of the pugnacious Dublin lawyer, who says he has not yet reached a point where he will count himself drummed out of the party of Irish nationalists. The result of the election is the return of the McCarthy candidate and the overthrow of Healy's candidate and the overthrow of Healy's nominee. What effect this will have upon him remains to be seen. He has survived worse rebuffs. His persever-ance is remarkable.

It is doubtful whether even a coali-tion between the Redmondites and the Dillon-McCarthy faction could discipline "Tim" Healy.

TIME AND SPACE.

Of all human conceptions, perhaps time is the most common. Yet, when we analyze it, how bewildering the task becomes! We can penetrate the beautifully crystallined chambers of the snowflake and there read the story of its wonderful formation. In geology we can recall the age of rock formations and by the aid of that most fascinating of all sciences, astronomy, we are enabled to tell, with an astonishing degree of accuracy, the distances to all the members of the solar family. But, in our efforts to measure time, how fruitless the result as we gaze into an unbounded, unfathomable sea of nothingness!

time, how fruitless the result as we gaze into an unbounded, unfathomable sea of nothingness?

We say that time is measured duration. If so, when did this duration begin? Did time begin amid the throes of creation's birth? We look backward through the generations of human history, to that mystic point, "the beginning" and the mystery begins to increase. In all probability the earth could not have been a fit abode for sentient beings more than ten thousands of years. What was back of this? A timeless blank, (neomprehensible! We cannot sound its depths, nor scale its height. We are tossed, without "a guiding star," upon its shoreless ocean. With our mental horoscope we scan its horizon, but the mists of its endless future obscure our vision. Astronomy divides tis present. Geology partly reveals its past, while theology throws no light upon its end. There always has been and, at present is, and ever shall be, a past, a present, and a future. There is no true eternity, save for the Uncreated. Self-existent God. His presence fills all time and space. All intelligences must be finited to time and space, and be subjects to its never ceasing flow.

The Archangel Gabriel was caused to fly quickly and touched Daniel at the time of the evening oblation; showing that he could act in one place at a given time only. After our immortal spirits shall have been liberated from their present environments we shall still be subjects of time. We read in the "Book of Revelation" that the angel shall stand upon the earth and sea and swear that there "shall be time no longer." This does not refer to time, abstractly considered. The following paragraph explains its meaning:

"In the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God shall be finished." This, then, is the time of redemption, the mediatorial dispensation shall be ended and exist no longer. Time shall continue to so not refer to time, and so a forser and even.

angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God shall be finished." This, then, is the time of redemption, the mediatorial dispensation shall be ended and exist no longer. Time shall continue to go on forever and ever.

Whatevermeans were employed to measure time or space, they ever remain the same, unfathomable, wonderfully grand, yet real mysteries. Time and space are synonomous terms; they shall ever remain hidden from human understanding. What is space? The profoundness and illimitability of God's universe baffles the human mind in its effort to analyze it. All the members of the solar system are so near to us 'n comparison that we can put our hands upon the planet Neptune, which is only twenty-seven hundred and affity millions of miles away. Suppose that a telegraphic message was sent to the nearest star upon the day of George Washington's birth speeding vainter. which is only twenty-seven hundred and ifty millions of miles away. Suppose that a telegraphic message was sent to the nearest star upon the day of George Washington's birth, speeding uninterruptedly at the rate of eight thousands of miles per second of time, we would today only receive the return answer. This distance is only twenty billions, two hundred and eight thousand millions of miles! The electric current is too slow to assist us in reaching out to the uttermost bounds of space, or, to a point where our imagination can find a resting place. Suppose we send a telegram upon the swift winged messenger of light, traveling at the inconceivable rate of one hundred and eighty-three thousands of miles per second, it would take eight minutes to reach the sun, and three and one-half years to reach the nearest star. There are stars of the fifth and sixth magnitude and, visible to the naked eye, which would require one hundred and fifty years for their light to reach us. What, then, must be the distance to those far off worlds of the sixteenth magnitude whose light started upon its sidereal journey before the birth of the human race, and is just now shedding the silvery rays upon us! Can it be that, at this distance, we would be any nearer the end of space than we are at present?

The wildest flight of the imagination cannot cross this limitless gulf hor solve this hidden mystery. This contemplation, fills us with a deep sense of reverence.

'Oh, where is this vast boundless region of space,
Can we look and the hand of our Maker not trace. If we ride with Aurora, where beauty appears,
Or tread with the comet, the journey of

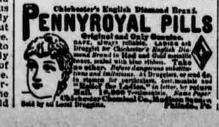
appears, Or tread with the comet, the journey of years,
Should we not find, wherever we trod,
That nature's upheld by the hand of her
God."

-W. D. Owen.

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an forms of digestion and stomach trouble.

MUNYON'S earth Cure soothes and heals the afflice parts and restores them to health. No failure; a cure guaranteed.

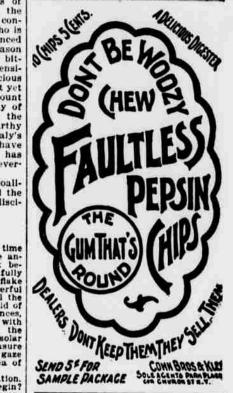
MUNYON'S Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease.

MUNYON'S Nerve Cure cures nervousness and builds up the system.

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many doctors have failed to cure you, ask your druggist for a 25-cent vial of one of Munyen's Cures, and if you are not bene-fited your money will be refunded.



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