# Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

RECENT FICTION.

IN DEFIANCE OF THE KING: a Ro-mance of the American Revolution. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, No. 178 in D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Li-brary; 50 cents.

This handy volume introduces to the public a new writer of fiction who has had the commendable taste to choose an American theme and a historic environment which can never grow old or dull. Another merit which quickly pleads in his favor is the fact that the authoreschewsa prosy introduction and jumps at once in medias res. The very first chapter opens with a bit of lively dialogue, such as the wayfarer might easily have heard in actual life had he been privileged, as was the putative narrator of our tale, to visit the coffee room of the Bign of the White Horse inn, in Cambridge, on the momentous night of the 18th of April, 1775—the night of the landing of the British regulars in Boston harbor. This initial scene is designed to exhibit something of the tensity of feeling prevalent among the colonists in the short period just preced-ing the first open shedding of blood in war for our independence, and it this with a realism which is dediately following is a spirited bird's-eye view of the battle of Lexington, of which Mr. Hotchkiss makes his here a spectator. We quote the scene as it is narrative by him, omitting irrelevant

But the most realistic battle scene in the book-nearly every chapter of which has some reflection of the stir and excitement of the period—occurs near its close, where the author makes his hero enact a part in the defense of his hero enact a part in the detense of Groton Heights. It will be remembered that the assault upon and capture of this patriots' outpost was about the last act played by Benedict Arnold in the drama of the revolution after his trea-son. Soon afterward came Yorktown and gon. Soon afterward came Yorktown and peace; but not in time to avert this, probably the most disgraceful instance of butchery and diablerie in the annals of British warfare. If we remember that the American forces, perhaps not more than 300 in all, were entrenched behind the ramparts of an old fort, sitthree regiments of an old fort, sit-uated upon a hillock, while the two or three regiments of British and Hes-sians, numbering about 1,509 in all, had to march up to the fort and scale its walls in the face of a hot fire from within, we shall be prepared to understand the scene now quoted, which, it occurs to us, is one of the most vivid bits of descriptive writing in literature:

There was a crash that jarred every fibre and a corresponding cry of defiance, and the line rolled up like burning paper. I saw men pitch headlong and lie still, while others stumbled over them to rise and fall, mayhap not to rise again. There was an indefinable din, and over it, down the breastworks and through the pail of smoke that blew in on us, came the cry of "Load! load!" for others, like myself, had forgotten all but the horrible sight before us.

the faces below us. It was inhuman to fire into the crush of humanity that now made the ditch lis object. But fine vapors were lost in the riot that took place as they gained the foss. A cry near me called my attention as I fired my rifle for the last time: "Men, men, they are on us!" Casting away my empty gun, I sprang to the rescue, and saw the broad, red faces of several Hessions appear above the level of the embrasure near which I had been stationed, and from which the cannon had been drawn to be reloaded. From the shoulders of those below they must have sprung, else they had scaling ladders which I had not marked, but I had hardly a glimpse before I was violently jostled aside by a man who jumped from behind me and into the breach. Uttering a wild yell he laid about him with a clubbed musket, and the embrasure was cleared in an instant, the Hessians cursing in their jargon as they fell backward, while the gun, again loaded, was run out. But cannon had become of no service against those in the ditch, though it sent death and deflance beyond it, and the bero who had cleared the opening seized a ball and hurled it onto the struggling crowd beneath: "To hell with the Dutchman! We have thim yet! Hurroo!" he turned, and to my astonishment I recognized Matthew, the embodiment of the wild Irishman, fighting with a zest that has made his countrymen a terror in battle when their blood is up.

There was no attempt at military order now. It was fast becoming a hand to hand encounter. The foss was full of red-coats, and the fort was lost if they got a foothold within it. There was no time to reload. Every man was fighting for himself and in his own way. Following the lead of others, I picked up ball after ball, hurling them over the parapet onto the needs of those beneath, while I shouted like one in a frenzy of madness. They seemed to be clambering through every opening, and a dozen dead bodies of our own side now lay in the thickest of the fight. I had thrown eight or ten balls and then lost my head. When I regained

he has thus achieved so auspicious an introduction.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

STORIES OF THE WAGNER OPERAS. By Miss H. A. Guerber. Cloth, 12 mo., with portrait of Wagner and eleven full-page Illustrations, \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Fifth ave. and 21st si. Few admirers of the operatic works of the sage of Beyreuth have taken the of the sage of Beyreuth have taken the pains to follow back into mediaeval times the history of the myths and legends upon which Wagner drew for the substance of his librettos. But Miss Guerber, the author of the present charming book, has made that field of literary inquiry a life study, and is therefore well prepared to guide the lay reader through its labyrinths. The method pursued by her in the book be-fore us is to describe the legend upon which the particular opera is based, tracing the origin and rise of the con-ception of the play in Wagner's mind. and recounting the subsequent history of its success or failure as it appeared. Then she carries the reader's imagination through the scenes of the opera as it appears on the stage, quoting at times from the libretto, and telling the story in her own words; but always fol-lowing the trend of the play. The il-lustrations are taken from photographs of various scenes and characters in

telegram said. The company sat down to table at once, and as the luncheon proceeded there was quite naturally a discussion of the probable causes of the absent persons' detention. 'Perhaps,' said Isaac Henderson, 'I can solve the mystery so far as Mr. Harte is concerned. I read in the Times this morning a dispatch from New York stating that a son of Bret Harte had created a sensation by eloping with the wife of a friend. The dispatch went on to say that this was the second time the young man had run away with a married woman.' 'That is, indeed, remarkable,' said another gentleman at the table. 'And, now that Mr. Henderson has explained Mr. Harte's absence, let me submit a bit of evidence which may serve to explain Mr. Saltus' sudden departure In a snug corner of my Daily Telegram this morning I discovered a brief cablegram from New York announcing that the wife of Edgar Saltus, the well-known author, had brought a suit for divorce from her husband, naming two co-respondents in her application. Is it not likely that our friend Saltus is co-respondents in her application. Is it not likely that our friend Saltus is hastening homeward to defend that suit? I question whether any other luncheon party has ever been regaled with so strange an incident—so re-markable a coincidence, if you please."

There has recently been a great ransacking of old volumes to ascertain, if possible, the first user of the celebrated expression, "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." William E. Nott, a Washington jour-nalist, claims that this famous phrase in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech was not original with Lincoln, but was used by Henry Wilson, once vice president of the United States, in a letter to Red-path and others in Boston, November 27, 1850, in the following phrase: "Ours is a government of constitutions, a government of the people, by the people and for the people." But Andrew A. Wheeler, in a letter to the Syracuse Post, while conceding Mr. Nott's corwhere the continued of rectness in saying that the martyred Lincoln was not the author of the words, contends that the sentence was

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All editors are astonished at the poor English written by many of their would-be contributors, whose spelling and penmanship indicate that they have had a fair degree of education, says a writer in the Outlook. Usually this stupidity in the use and choice of words seems to arise from a lack in the sense of humor. Even a university course, as every one knows, cannot make up for this essential quality, which is absolutely necessary to literary success. A writer need not be humorous; but he must have a quick perception of what is ridiculous in order to avoid making himself so. Thus, only a person deficient in this vital respect could have written of her heroine that she had "deep dark hair," that she had "that rareness of expression which haffes the most learned to understand;" that "Maud had grown weary of sitting in the porch;" that her lips were "wreathed in a smile that strangely reminded me of an angel;" and that "her strange nature enchained my fancy." minded me of an angel;" and that "her strange nature enchained my fancy." Also, only such a one, or a person phenomenally ignorant, could conclude a stanza of poetry, as did one young woman, with the line:

"May gladness and joy be your doom." This individual may have been re

"Oh, put me in no sepuicher, Or dim vault, sad and gloon But let my narrow bed he lain Within some meadow roomy.

When even native Americans make such havoc with their language it is not singuar, this writer adds, that foreigners have severe struggles to master Translators who consider themselves competent to express in English the literature of their own lands some-times prove themselves amusingly un-equal to the task. This was the case with the courageous gentleman who sent to an editor a story containing the following passages:

"He said with an air of a most despising disdain."

What for? queried George. "I thought that a little steep, considering the office was so greatly in my debt. However, I replied, suppressing my feelings, 'To get my breakfast.'
"'My God!' shouted Fields, 'you are not going to eat a dollar's worth, are

basis of compromise on which Fields and he split the difference, but he got some sort of a breakfast, and has a dim sort of notion that Rankin will no doubt "pay the balance when he gets on his feet again."

One famous Monday several years ago, Chicago was started by reading in the morning papers that the day pre-vious, one of its favorite preachers, George C. Milne, had announced from his pulpit his renunciation of the gospel for the stage. The ex-pastor "starred" through "the provinces" with indiffer-ent success, for a time, and then cut out for Australia, where for years he was lost sight of. But he is now with us again. The other day he registered at Willard's, in Washington, and told the Post interviewer: "Six years ago I left San Francisco with a large com-pany for Australia, and for nearly two years conducted Her Majesty's theater in Melbourne. My stay was delightful, and the people treated me royally. They gave a most liberal patronage, but I got out in good time, leaving shortly

mind reading and his prestidigitation, all accompanied by Rice on the piano, and the whole furnishing a very novel entertainment, consuming about one and one-half hours of time. It is not proposed to give this in theaters, but in lecture halls as part of lyceum enter-tainments. It will be a radical move for Dixey, but there is no reason why it should not prove a big winner."

In Local Theaters.

"Zero," a beautiful new spectacular "Zero," a beautiful new spectacular production, will be seen at the Academy of Music this evening. This production carries a carload of scener; and has fifty people in the cast. Mappily combines comedy, vaudeville and spectacular, and should please all classes. In the first act the reception room of the Manhattan Athletic club is shown, and it is there that the plot shown, and it is there that the plot "Zero" is unfolded. It hinges upon adventures made by one James Endicort, who endeavors to reach the north polar regions. The comedy is plentitul in the regions. The comedy is plentiful in the production, and is furnished by Endicott's body guards. The "Trans-Atlantic Inspection" is led by Miss M. Florence Edwards. The spectacular effects are said to be very handzome, as.. In the electrical ballet in the third act some novel electrical displays are made.

At the Frothingham tonight Fort Bliss," an American drama by an American actor, will be produced. The author has shown the possibility of cre-ating a play intensely interesting and dramatic, combining all the essential features of a first-class comedy drama,

# Gathered in the World of Melody.

### Interesting Notes About Famous Musicians at Home and Abroad



people at the evening session in the great T. J. DAVIES. Morman Tabernacle.

Excursion trains came as far as eight hundred miles. The eisteddfod was hundred miles. The eisteddfod was held for the benefit of the Cambrian society and a fine sum was netted to the organization. Professor Davies' co-adjudicators were Professor Haydn Evans and Professor John T. Watkins, of this city. In all the awards the best of satcity. In all the awards the best of sat-isfaction was given, and the decisions were highly complimented. They were treated right royally, being met at the train by the governor and other dig-nataries, and, headed by a fine brass band, escorted to their hotel. The honband, escorted to their note. The non-ors were well deserved, for our city could not have been represented by more worthy, talented, enterprising and progresive musicians than Professors Davies, Evans and Watkins.

hope of the music of the future lies with the children. Therefore, every lies with the children.

person can give hearty support to the
work that has been inaugurated by
work that has been inaugurated by

Professor Rockwell plays tomorrow in Vermont. He has had a number of flattering offers from large churches since he left the Second Presbyterian church. It is to be hoped, however, that some of the churches in this city will keep him here, as he is too valuable a man to lose. He is recognized as one of the finest organists that has ever been in this city, and wherever he has been he has given the very best of service. He is a composer of more than ordinary merit, and some of his works have become quite popular. He has now about ready a Sunday school book, which has been pronounced by the editors of some of the largest pub-lishing houses in the nation as being the very best that has been published. It would be a real loss to the city to have Professor Rockwell leave.

All members of the Young Men's Christian association who desire to en-ter the vocal music class are asked to present at 7 o'clock this evening. There will be no extra charge for this

The class of Miss Reynolds, at the school of Music and Elecution, has reached such proportions that she has been compelled to give Scranton one more day of each week. At the present rate of increase she will soon have to give all her time to her pupils here, and the musical life of the city will be the gainer thereby.

Two incidents have recently come under our observation which speak vol-umes for the progress in musical cul-ture which Semanton has made in the last few years. One was tho case of a young lady who spent last seazon studying violin in New York city, and came to the conclusion that a teacher of violin on her native heath, Herr Kopff, has proved to be as capable as any teacher she bad met in the me-tropolis. In the other case, the young lady had studied voice in one of the largest and best conservatories in New York city, and she has stated that Miss Reynolds has achieved more results in one year than the aforesaid conservatery would in two. Both these young ladies will study respectively the violin and voice in Scranton this winter.

Miss Breakstone will meet her class in elecution today at the School of the Lackawanna. A club class is being formed from among the students of the Dickinson Law school, and many of the young practicing attorneys are tak-ing advantage of the course. An even-ing class for young ladles at the Young Women's Christian association re is also one of the near possibilities.

Professor T. J. Davies, of this city, acted as one of the adjudicators at the recent Salt Lake City eisteddfod. He says that he never witnessed such enthusiasm at an eisteddfod. He says that he never witnessed such enthusiasm at an eisteddfod. He says that he never witnessed such enthusiasm at an eisteddfod. He says that he never witnessed such enthusiasm at an eisteddfod. He says that he never witnessed such enthusiasm at an eisteddfod man Tabernacle, came as far as eight The eisteddfod was session in the great Morman Tabernacle, came as far as eight The eisteddfod was set of the Cambrian esum was netted to the offessor Davies' co-ad-oloors of the institute. The party was not provided the sand the black and gold colors of the institute. The party was more defail and I'd been beaten myself."

"Guess what I've done yith my watch, Em'ly?" asked Mr. Rising, with an air of great self-possession.

"Don't tell me, John, that you've lost it, "Mrs. Rising replied with true wifely alarm.

"Nothing of the sort, Em'ly. Don't you worry about me. I've sold It."

"What did you get for it, John?"

"I got 10 and boot, Mrs. Rising remarked somewhat timidly. "Who has the watch included the singing of "America" and the "Star-spangied Banner," crowned the old bell with flowers and the black and gold colors of the institute. The party was

the Southwest Virginia Institute took possession of the car, and, after appropriate exercises, which included the singing of "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," crowned the old bell with flowers and the black and gold colors of the institute. The party was in charge of 'Miss Parry James, of this city, who is the directress of the voice department of the school, and is one of the many northern teachers who are doing so much in the building up of the "New South."

A visit to a rehearsal of the Symphony society is quite a musical education in itself. The patient and untiring work and practice which such a work as a Beethoven symphony requires is an unknown quantity to the average mortal, even the average musician, and yet the enthusiasm of Mr. Hemberger is so infectious that the idea of work is lost sight of and the beauty and delicacy of the sublime composition is the only theme. As a leader and drillmaster Mr. Hemberger is sharp and decisive "Possibly for cats, but it'll be handy on the electric cars."

"John."

"We're not one that you wanted know." "It seems queer to me that you wanted know." "It seems queer to me that you wanted know." "We'r, John."

"We'l, now. Em'ly, I'd like to know why?" Mr. Rising responded in a long-suffering tone.

"No reason, John, only young Nicoll's so much smaller than you—he's just a boy, you know." said Mrs. Rising, half apologetically.

"Now Em'ly, I'd like to know why?" Mr. Rising responded in a long-suffering tone.

"No reason, John, only young Nicoll's so much smaller than you—he's just a boy, you know." said Mrs. Rising half apologetically.

"Now Em'ly, Nicoll's old enough to know hat he wants, and a bargain. Any man that's a man takes a good thing the wants, and a bargain. Any man that's a man takes a good thing the wants, and a bargain. Any man that's a man takes a good thing the wants, and a bargain. Any man that's a man takes a good thing when he sees it."

"That's just the question. John; was it a good thing when he sees it."

"That's just the didn't have a pair, E only theme. As a leader and drillmas-ter Mr. Hemberger is sharp and decisive in manner, still his quaint humor is ir-resistable, and the sting is a minus quantity in a correction or rebuke.

Balackireff's Fantasic Orientale Russe, Islamey.

Sybil Sanderson tells her Paris friends that she will hever visit America again, Her reception on her last visit here was a great disappointment to her.

Rignold, who was here twenty years ago and appeared in the only adequate production of "Henry V." will revisit this country. The women raved over him then much as they did over Paderewski.

The production of "Hansel and Gretel" at Daily's theater has been postponed from Oct. 7 to Oct. 8. Sir Augustus Harris is to sail for this country tomorrow on the Lucania, and will arrive in time to attend the last rehearsals.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, SATURDAY, OCT. 19.

## MR. AND MRS. RISING.

From the Times-Herald. "This talk about a third term is non sense," Mr. Rising asserted emphatic

sense," Mr. Rising asserted emphatically.

"What makes you think so, John?" Mrs. Rising inquired, as she looked at some rars hanging in a neighbor's back yard.

"Well, if two terms are good, a third term ought to be better. That's the whole thing in a nutshell, Em'ly."

"I suppose it's a good deal as they get started," said Mrs. Rising; "If the first term is bad, they all get worse."

"If the first term is bad, Mrs. Rising, there isn't generally a second term in these United States." Mr. Rising remarked with some acerbity. marked with some accrbity.
"Why, John! How long has that been

"Why, John! How long has that been so?"

Always, Em'ly, always. You can't point to a second term which wasn't better than the first-barring, of course, some points.

"I don't believe they're beaten yet," said Mrs. Rising. in reference to the rugs, which still occupied her attention.

"Of course they're not beaten yet, tem'ly, it isn't time." replied Mr. Rising, wholly intent upon matters political.

"I think it is time," said Mrs. Rising, decidelly.

"I think it is time," said Mrs. Rising, de-cidedly,
"Oh! well, if you mean a third term, Em'ly, it's a matter for argument," Mr. Rising returned, determined to elucidate that moot question,
"You said yourself it was nonsense, John to talk about it, and I think it is, Of course they always have a third term

All Her Life-Happy Release at Last of Miss Alice Young, Who Resides at 302 Alexander Street. Rochester, N. Y.

(From the Rochester Democrat and Chron-Our representative was received very

pleasantly at 392 Alexander street, by Miss Alice Young, who told how since childhood she had been held in the bondage of pain from her back, never remembering the time that she had not suffered pain or aches in the region of the kidneys. Many were the means she used to find relief, but there seemed no remedy for her case and these little enemies to backache, Donn's Kidney Pills, and a half box releas Kidney Pills, and a hair lox releases the bonds, as one by one the aches and pains, disappear, she finds herself a slave to pain no more, by their continued use. She says: "I was entirely releved of all my suffering and now I am perfectly strong, healthy and well."
"How did you take this remely?" Miss

Young was asked by our representative. She replied that she followed directions Among the comparative new comers into Scranton's musical life, few have met with such solid and permanent success as Horace M. Eckman, the director of the planaforte department of the Scranton School of Music and Elocucion. Mr. Eckman came here two years ago from Boston, the home of beans and culture, where he had taken the course at the New England conservatory of music, studying the plano under Karl Stasny (a pupil of Lisst), organ under George E. Whiting, and composition under George E. Whiting, and composition under George W. Chadwick, the eminent composer. Last winter he was called upon to fill the position of organist at the Franklin Street Methodist church, of Wilkes-Barre, caused by an accident to the former organist. Mr. Eckman discharged his duties so credit-

in the spring. Pretty kind of school 'twould be with only fall and winter terms. They might as well try and change the seasons and be done with it."

"Oh!" feebly ejaculated Mr. Rising, and then railled to ask: "Then what did you mean by saying they ought to be beaten?"

"The Johnsons' muss. John. You can see for yourself that they're a disgrace to the neighborhood, hanging on the line, where everyone can see."
"That's true, Em'ly," said Mr. Rising amiably. "I feel as if it were late in the fall and I'd been beaten myself."

the electric cars."
"John Rising, will you tell me what you can do with one boot on the electric cars?"
Mrs. Rising demanded.
Mr. Rising looked at his wife and them said gently:
"Em'ly, the boot is a revolver."

### RETROSPECTION.

As I fold the keepsakes of summer away.
This one starts a tear, that holds thoughts
gay.
Home straight to my heart (there's some
debts must be paid)
Comes the memories of June, ah! where
shall they be laid?

Here's a time-table! Don't I remember the day; I stole it from some one so he could not get away?
"Time and tide wait for no man," no more does the train,
Who cared when the June days held us both with their chain.

Here's a pocket-come drop that! 'twas delusion; alack; For the fellow that owned it had hair that was black. And in spite of my efforts for one trick I found I must play a "lone hand," or be

Well, lay them all by with a smile and a tear They hold mostly memories with nothing For one purpose we kept whate'er we did is Our summer should hold ne'er a shade of

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