

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The principal dramatic event of the week is to be the reproduction in this city of Edwin Milton Royle's delightful American society comedy-drama, "Friends," at the Metropolitan Theater Thursday, May 7th.

Edwin Milton Royle and his clever wife, Selena Fetter Royle, who are to appear here this week, have been the recipients of much social attention during the engagement of their "Friends" and "Captain Impudence" Company at the California Theater in San Francisco.



SELENA FETTER ROYLE.

Interest is not allowed to flag during the third and closing act, and a pretty picture of soldier life, artistically realistic, is afforded, and the threads are found again, and unraveled to the satisfaction of all.

The Sacramento Camera Club will soon give its second entertainment. E. Myron Wolfe will be delineator and Big Trees scenes taken by the California Camera Club in San Francisco.

was Achille Rivarde, a young violinist of whom I have often had to speak lately, and always in terms of highest praise. His reading of the concerto was noble, no lower word will serve, and in point of sympathy and intelligence and brilliant execution the interpretation was wholly admirable, and proved that M. Rivarde may, if he so chose, attain the summit of his ambition, and stamp him as being one of the foremost violinists of the present day.

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J. Cuthbert Hadden in "Music" (Chicago) thus speaks of the treatment of music in fiction: "The subject of the treatment of music by novelists was discussed at the Musical Association the other day. Certainly after 'Tribby' it would seem as if something ought really to be done to instruct our leading writers in at least the requirements of musical history and theory. An English novelist in one of his recent works pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a favorite song and accompanying himself on the bagpipe, which is a feat still happily impossible, except in the case of a few virtuosi."

"The Star of India," the latest melodrama at the Princess Theater, seems to be a particularly good specimen of its class, but abounds in "sensations." The "realism" is found to be chiefly on the programme, which furnishes a map, to scale, of the residences at Manipur and the surrounding neighborhood. The plot, of course, is founded remotely on the troubles in the district of a few years ago, when the British so distinguished herself, but no good use, apparently, has been made of the opportunity.

The latest fashions reported from Milan is that of "Carmen." Of course it was not a novelty, but the singers were so poor that the audience would not allow the performance to be finished, but compelled the lowering of the curtain in the third act.

The withdrawal of Senor Manuel Garcia, in his ninety-second year, from the teaching staff of the Royal Academy of Music in London, has directed attention to the fact that Denmark owns an equally elderly musician. Johann Peter Hartmann is less than two months the junior of Garcia, for he was born on May 14, 1805, but he still officiates as organist at the Church of the Virgin, Copenhagen.

"The Sin of St. Hulda" is the name of the new romantic and semi-religious play, written by Stuart Ogilvie, and produced in the London Shaftesbury Theater recently. Lewis Waller, Charles Cartwright and Kate Rorke played the principal parts. There are four acts and six scenes.

"A Woman of Business," a comedy written by W. R. Walker, will be produced at the St. James Theater, London, with Kate Rorke, Olga Brandon, Sydney Brough and Cyril Maude in the chief parts. It is suggested that it may be a new version of "Madame Andre," a French play which was adapted by Benjamin Webster, under the same English title, thirty years ago.

Saint Saens spent the month of March at Seville, where he gave up most of his evenings to attending performances of zarzuelas-musical farces in one act and three scenes by the Spanish zarzuela composers have not the glittering grand opera, whereas in these zarzuelas they are often original, fascinating and truly national. It is a fact that up to this time no Spaniard has ever written a good opera, while good zarzuelas are abundant.

seventeen operatic performances given on one evening, five were of works by Wagner.

W. D. Howells, in "Harper's Weekly," says, and well says: "It will be said by the injudicious that the theater is now what the people wish it to be, and that they have a right to buy what they want. But the theater is not what it pleases to suffer themselves to buy what they wish elsewhere, if they wish evil, and to say that they had a right to do so would be to justify every infernal license and abuse. For my part I believe that the theaters are largely bad because the managers think the people want them so, and not because the people really want them so, or the managers want them so. The people take what they can get, and the managers give them empirically this thing or that. But if a good thing finds itself on the stage it prospers there far beyond its right thing. The 'Old Vic' remained two or three years at one theater in New York; 'Shore Acres' is now in its third year, and the people are not weary of it. What vile play has held the stage so long as these charming and blameless things? What low opera of those called comic, has ever become so long as Gilbert's pieces, where neither song, nor dance, nor dialogue is ever indicated? No, beloved, we are not as black as the fancy of the playwrights and the managers paint us. The worst of it is that now, with the cost of the seats so great as to be prohibitive, the theater is cut down to the wholesome criticism of the best of the American public, for the best of the American public are people who earn their livings, and are of such small incomes that they cannot afford to pay the theater prices. It is to luxury, to idleness, to surfeit, to ennui, that the stage plays now, and strives to impart a new sensibility. With all our passion for the drama, the average American cannot go to the theater.

William A. Brady's Tribby Company has scored an immense success in Melbourne, where the play received its initial Australian production at the Princess Theater on the 6th inst.

Master Eddie, with Primrose and West, is a colored boy, and is the possessor of a remarkable voice.

The opera-house at Modesto (formerly Armory Hall) has recently been re-seated with comfortable chairs. Commodious dressing-rooms and new scenery have been added and the auditorium renovated.

George Belasco, whose wife is professionally known as Maria Davis, died recently at his home in London. He was a cousin of David Belasco, the well-known playwright.

"Chimmie Fadden" is now fairly on the road to the two hundredth performance at the Standard, New York.

ARCTIC ANIMALS.

The Large-Limbed Wolf, of Tiresias Gallop, is Most Savage of All.

The white-skinned, large-limbed wolf is the most ravenous, untiring, and dangerous of all Arctic animals. Its sharp teeth, sharp claws, and powerful jaws, and its powerful action with its own kind make it possible for this prodigious animal to live wherever any of considerable size is to be found. In Grinnell Land he subsists almost entirely on the musk oxen, who find their only safety by traveling in bands. When attacked they form a circle, and placing their calves and feeble members in the center, by opposing horns and desperate bellowing stand off the encircling wolves. Woe, however, to the straggling ox who falls in with the wolves, for he never escapes.

In his widely read narrative Kane has most unjustly disparaged the strength and prowess of the Arctic wolf. He says: "The Eskimo dogs of Smith Sound encounter the wolf fearlessly and with success." There is absolutely no foundation for this statement. Kane never saw a wolf either in Southern Greenland or in the Smith Sound region. For this animal he mistook a Greenland, saze one drifted from the American coast and killed at Omenak in the winter of 1868-69.

In truth the Arctic wolf is relatively the strongest, as he is in fact the most courageous and enduring of Arctic animals, and these qualities are supplemented by unusual caution and cunning. They average some twenty pounds greater weight than the dog, which animal views their appearance with terror, realizing his small chance of safety in an encounter.—Harper's Round Table.

The Priest and the Scooter.

A young French priest, so the story goes, appointed to a cure in a romantic district, set out to walk to his destination. On the way he fell in with a party of conspirators who were marching to join their depot in the same part of the country. All young and fresh—the pain of parting over the frozen ground, and being together, the only discordant note being due to a conspirator who, having been selected for the cavalry, thought himself entitled to give himself airs. Especially he set himself to disconcert the young priest, whose garb he ridiculed, and whose sanctity he openly tried to outrage by noisy oaths and ribald songs. But the young "vicar" did not seem to mind; he in his turn told good stories which set everybody laughing—everybody, that is, except the embryo horseman. He, to disgust the priest, raised his character by his comrades, began to boast of his own incredible wickedness. "You cannot mention a sin that I have not committed," he cried. "Oh," said the priest, "you are too hard upon yourself; I venture to say there are two or three sins of which you are ignorant, and I am foraying his assertion with a wager of a breakfast all round at the next tavern. "Done," said the young vicar modestly. "Come now, did you ever lend out money at usury?" for that is one of the sins enumerated in the calendar. A roar of laughter from the party followed, and the priest, followed by a general acclamation that the priest had fairly won the wager, for the luckless conspirator was well known for being rather a borrower than a lender.—Household Words.

Breathe Through the Nose.

From obstructions caused by incipient catarrh and from habit, too, young children breathe through the mouth. If parents would make it an axiom of the nursery and the playground, "Breathe through the nose only," the cure would be well begun. Let the lesson be repeated, enforced and insisted upon until it becomes a second nature with the child. Let it be more familiar with the daily routine of exercise and as necessary as the meals.

Just at the Noisy Stage.

Mothers—Children! Children! Don't make such a frightful noise! Mattie—We're playing horse car, mamma.

"Yes, I know, dear; but it isn't necessary to make such a terrible noise."

"Yes, it is, mamma. We've got to where Hattie insists on paying the fare, and so do I."—Lewiston Journal.

We learn via Europe that during the late war not less than forty-seven Japanese officers committed suicide, because the terms of the peace, which they had to face, were too favorable to the victors. They had no other way made them feel too tired to live any longer.

of the Garden Theater in New York. Mr. Marsy's familiar figure in theatrical circles on this coast twenty years ago.

The first matinee at the Theater Blanc, Mme. Samary's new Parisian venture, has proved an immense success. This theater is intended for young people, and the first matinee of late been given exclusively to presentations of all kinds of the same forbidden subject.

Sophocles' "Andromache" was played in Arable at Chickering Hall, New York, on March 14th, under the auspices of the Syrian Young Men's Association of New York. The players were members of the leading Syrian colonies in this country. They propose to produce "Hamlet" in English, with the Syrian actor Ameen Rihani in the title role.

Fanny Davenport had a grand birthday celebration on the 10th of April in Boston, where she was presenting her magnificent production of "Cloopatra" to packed houses at the Boston Theater.

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DUPLICATIONS.

From Macmillan & Co., New York, we have a paper covered edition of F. Marion Crawford's novel, "A Roman Singer." We are an admirer of Crawford. We do not deem this his best work, but then it is a production that will live in fiction literature. It is neither level with "Mr. Isaacs" nor the equal of "Dr. Claudius," but it is a profound novel. Not by that do we mean that it is heavy. On the contrary the dramatic quality in it is very strong. What a perfect character is that of "Nino," and what a dramatic one is that of the strange musician who announced himself to Nino as "Benoni," the Jew. What splendid satire is such a passage as this, cruel as it is the philosophy: "Money is the only thing in the world worth having, since you can most benefit humanity by it and consequently be the most sure of going to heaven when you die. Is that clear?" "Perfectly," said Nino, "provided a man is himself good."

"It is very reprehensible to be bad," said Benoni with a smile. "What a ridiculous truism," said Nino laughing outright. "Very likely," said the other, "but I never heard a preacher, in any country, tell his congregation anything else, and people always listen with attention. In countries where rain is entirely unknown it is not a truism to say: 'when it rains it is damp.' On the contrary, in such countries that statement would be regarded as requiring demonstration, and would be treasured and taught as an interesting scientific fact. Now it is precisely the same with congregations of men. They were never bad and never can be, in fact they doubt, in their dear, innocent hearts, whether they know what a real sin is. Consequently they listen with interest to the statement that sin is bad and promise themselves that ever that piece of information should be unexpectedly needed by any of their friends they will remember it."

The volume is one of Macmillan's Novelist Library series, being No. 1 of volume 2.

"Harper's Magazine" for May, which is richly and profusely illustrated, has the special feature of Mark Twain's new illustrations, by Joseph Twichell, Through Inland Waters, part first, a journey by canal boat up the Hudson to Lake Champlain, sixteen illustrations, by Howard Pyle; England and America in 1863, a chapter in the life of Cyrus W. Field; The Dashur Explorations, ten illustrations, by Jacques D. Morgan; The German Struggle for Liberty, illustrated, by Poultney Biglow; At Home in Virginia, Washington as the young head of a household and man of affairs, eleven illustrations, by Woodrow Wilson; The English Crisis, by an Eastern diplomat; Little Fairy's Instigation, by Julian Ralph, gives an insight into the customs and marriage customs of China. Other short stories in the number are The Bringing of the Rose, by Harriet Lewis Bradley, with a page illustration by Albert E. Sterner, and Three Old Sisters and the Old Beau, by Mary E. Wilkins. Mr. Black's novel, "Brisels," is completed in the number, and there are poems by Dora Reade Goodale, Z. D. Underhill, Louis Imogen Guiney, Mary Allen and Lulah Rigdale. The Editor's Study and Editor's Drawer contain a variety of timely comment by Charles Dudley Warner and original humor by well known writers.

The "Review of Reviews" (New York) for May is an exceedingly well-planned number, true from beginning to end to the well-known methods and ideals of this unique periodical. The department of leading articles of the month is allowed in the May number to have its full space. In the compass of about thirty pages one can find a remarkably thorough and varied digest of the most significant articles in the newest issues of the principal American, English and Continental periodicals. The most important original feature in this number is entitled "The Great Occasions of the World." In a rapid and fashion the reader is apprised of all the great gatherings and conventions of a political, religious or educational character, foreign exhibitions and noteworthy events in general that the coming six months will afford to American and European travelers. Mark Twain furnishes a character sketch of that ever-interesting personality, M. de Blowitz of Paris, the cosmopolitan journalist who represents the London "Times." Charles D. Lanier writes with sympathy and discernment concerning the life and literary work of the late Judge Thomas Hughes, an author that most famous of all boys' books, "Tom Brown at Rugby." Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review," gives an account of William R. George's interesting experiments with a boy's republic in the summer vacation camp. "The Progress of the World," a rapid and comprehensive survey of American and European politics and of general social progress, while the department of "Current History in Cartoons," with about thirty reproductions from the work of American and foreign cartoonists, throws many a keen and pertinent sidelight upon the course of events. This number of the "Review" is entertaining from beginning to end.

One of the first articles to attract attention in the May number of "The Engineering Magazine" (New York) is entitled "The Present Value and Prospects of the Electric Power of the World." It is a most interesting and enlightening study, and is most pertinent to the silver question, but a scientific inquiry into the conditions governing the cost of producing gold, as compared with the like cost of silver, copper, tin, zinc, lead and iron. He shows that gold-mining now yields a larger relative profit than any other form of mineral industry, because of the present world-wide demand for gold; and he predicts that we are now entering upon a period of unexampled prosperity, which shall have as its most potent factor an enormous addition to the world's store of gold. "Quackery in Engineering Education," by Professor Edgar Kidwell, is a startling arraignment of flagrant but long-entrenched abuses in our technical educational system. Thomas W. Woodcock discusses the question, "Are British Railroad Stocks Good Investments?" Dr. David T. Day, in the "Minor Min-

erals of the United States," presents some very able information, and new sources of our natural wealth. Other papers are "The Vast Importance of the Electric-Lighting Engines," "Electricity and the Horseless Carriage Problem," "Points in the Selection of Steam Engines," "The Essentials of Shop Design" and "Restraints Upon the Practice of Architecture."

Dr. Robertson Nicoll says that J. B. Walker did not go in the right way as contributed to the "Cosmopolitan." To offer him a dollar for anything which he might write was manifestly, but it was not tactful. Mr. Gladstone takes offense at the idea of writing merely for money. He is not to be got at in that way. You must, says Dr. Nicoll, find out the subjects that interest him, and mildly and differentially suggest that he should treat them. If he is disposed to do so, the rate of payment money has to be very delicately handled. Mr. Gladstone is not exorbitant, but he knows the price that he puts upon his wares. "He values very much editorial interest in his subject," adds Dr. Nicoll, "and I have known him to converse with much affability and pleasure with the sub-editor who took his proofs, if he found that he had been following his arguments. For a review article, Mr. Gladstone's price is about 200l., and he has been known to write magazine articles for about 40l."

Sir E. Maunde Thompson has given some figures to show the extent of the Library of Printed Books at the British Museum, and the rate of increase at which it has grown. More than half a century after the foundation of the museum, the library had not increased even threefold; in the year 1812 there were less than 116,000 volumes. But twenty years later there had more than doubled in number; in 1838 there were 235,000 volumes. In 1858 there were 550,000 volumes. Having once obtained an impetus, the mass rapidly increased, and at this moment the number of volumes amounts to 1,750,000, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating in the space which this mass of printed matter occupies here. The "Westminster Gazette" says the "Westminster Gazette" and "Iron shelves of the reading-room and iron galleries constructed around it, which are known as the New Library, all told, extend to more than eight-and-twenty miles; those in the rest of the department to eleven miles. It may be noticed that this total of thirty-nine miles is nearly the same as that of the shelving of the French National Library. The prospect of increase of this mileage may be viewed with comparative equanimity in connection with the storage of the ordinary octavo of literature; but when one contemplates the rapid growth of newspapers, the limits of the available space within the present buildings are almost within sight."

Edward King, the journalist and author, who died in Brooklyn on March 24th, was born in Middlefield, Mass., in 1818. He was for many years the Paris correspondent of the Boston "Journal," which he represented also, at the late Russo-Turkish war, and wrote much for other papers and periodicals. The list of his works includes "My Paris—French Character Sketches," "Kentucky's Love," "The Great South," "French Political Leaders," "Echoes from the Orient," "The Stormy Savage," "A Novel," "Europe in the Storm and Calm," "The Golden Spindle" and volume of verse, "A Venetian Lover."

James Clegg, "Aldine Press" (Rochdale, Eng.), has just published "Bookmen: Members of Learned Antiquarian and Literary Societies in the United Kingdom," containing 9,458 names of antiquarian, bibliographical, dialect, folk-lore and other societies, etc.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who died recently at Hampstead, England, was born in Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1828. The list of her works is a long one, and foremost among them stands the famous "Chronicles of the Schomburgk-Cotta Family." Others of her writings are: "The Victory of the Vanquished—A Tale of the First Century," "Against the Stream—The Story of an Heroic Age in England," "Joan the Maid," "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century" (Livingstone, Gordon and Bishop Patterson) and "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries."

Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard, who is said to have been the first in the United States to make a successful Roentgen photograph by the cathode rays, gives a full description of principles and methods in his forthcoming book, "What is Electricity?" which will be published by D. Appleton & Co. The work covers the entire ground of modern electricity.

R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., announce a new book, "Story of Spain and Cuba." This book is written by Nathan C. Green, the well-known author and former resident of Cuba. It is beautifully illustrated with nearly 100 engravings and is sold by subscription.

"How Women Love" is the rather peculiar title of a book about to be issued from the pen of Max Nordau, by F. Tennyson Neely. In this volume the author attempts to present by romance his idea of woman's love. Whether that idea is a historical or a psychological study is left to the judgment of the reader. The noted author's "Degeneration" does not allow his title, doctor, to appear in connection with his name on the authorized editions of his stories.

Edgar Fawcett has many waifs straggling for recognition from different publishing points in the United States. One of his strongest is "The Adopted Daughter," which has run through several editions, and was recently brought out by its publisher, F. Tennyson Neely, in a new dress.

"The Bookman" for May (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York) is one of the most interesting and entertaining numbers that have been issued of this illustrated literary journal. Where a magazine like this one maintains so high a level of excellence every month, it is difficult to describe so exceptional a number. Mention of some of its contents will serve this purpose better than comment. Under "Chronicle and Comment" there are reproductions of a first brownie drawing by Palmer Cox; two remarkable designs drawn for Stephen Crane, "Black Riders"; of a Europeanized portrait of Mark Twain; new portraits of L. Dougall, the author of "Beggars All"; of the late Judge Hughes, of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Harold Frederick, Grace King, Lafcadio Hearne, Clinton Ross, and an un-terated abuses in our technical educational system. Thomas W. Woodcock discusses the question, "Are British Railroad Stocks Good Investments?" Dr. David T. Day, in the "Minor Min-

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"How Women Love" is the rather peculiar title of a book about to be issued from the pen of Max Nordau, by F. Tennyson Neely. In this volume the author attempts to present by romance his idea of woman's love. Whether that idea is a historical or a psychological study is left to the judgment of the reader. The noted author's "Degeneration" does not allow his title, doctor, to appear in connection with his name on the authorized editions of his stories.

Edgar Fawcett has many waifs straggling for recognition from different publishing points in the United States. One of his strongest is "The Adopted Daughter," which has run through several editions, and was recently brought out by its publisher, F. Tennyson Neely, in a new dress.

"The Bookman" for May (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York) is one of the most interesting and entertaining numbers that have been issued of this illustrated literary journal. Where a magazine like this one maintains so high a level of excellence every month, it is difficult to describe so exceptional a number. Mention of some of its contents will serve this purpose better than comment. Under "Chronicle and Comment" there are reproductions of a first brownie drawing by Palmer Cox; two remarkable designs drawn for Stephen Crane, "Black Riders"; of a Europeanized portrait of Mark Twain; new portraits of L. Dougall, the author of "Beggars All"; of the late Judge Hughes, of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Harold Frederick, Grace King, Lafcadio Hearne, Clinton Ross, and an un-terated abuses in our technical educational system. Thomas W. Woodcock discusses the question, "Are British Railroad Stocks Good Investments?" Dr. David T. Day, in the "Minor Min-

erals of the United States," presents some very able information, and new sources of our natural wealth. Other papers are "The Vast Importance of the Electric-Lighting Engines," "Electricity and the Horseless Carriage Problem," "Points in the Selection of Steam Engines," "The Essentials of Shop Design" and "Restraints Upon the Practice of Architecture."

Dr. Robertson Nicoll says that J. B. Walker did not go in the right way as contributed to the "Cosmopolitan." To offer him a dollar for anything which he might write was manifestly, but it was not tactful. Mr. Gladstone takes offense at the idea of writing merely for money. He is not to be got at in that way. You must, says Dr. Nicoll, find out the subjects that interest him, and mildly and differentially suggest that he should treat them. If he is disposed to do so, the rate of payment money has to be very delicately handled. Mr. Gladstone is not exorbitant, but he knows the price that he puts upon his wares. "He values very much editorial interest in his subject," adds Dr. Nicoll, "and I have known him to converse with much affability and pleasure with the sub-editor who took his proofs, if he found that he had been following his arguments. For a review article, Mr. Gladstone's price is about 200l., and he has been known to write magazine articles for about 40l."

Sir E. Maunde Thompson has given some figures to show the extent of the Library of Printed Books at the British Museum, and the rate of increase at which it has grown. More than half a century after the foundation of the museum, the library had not increased even threefold; in the year 1812 there were less than 116,000 volumes. But twenty years later there had more than doubled in number; in 1838 there were 235,000 volumes. In 1858 there were 550,000 volumes. Having once obtained an impetus, the mass rapidly increased, and at this moment the number of volumes amounts to 1,750,000, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating in the space which this mass of printed matter occupies here. The "Westminster Gazette" says the "Westminster Gazette" and "Iron shelves of the reading-room and iron galleries constructed around it, which are known as the New Library, all told, extend to more than eight-and-twenty miles; those in the rest of the department to eleven miles. It may be noticed that this total of thirty-nine miles is nearly the same as that of the shelving of the French National Library. The prospect of increase of this mileage may be viewed with comparative equanimity in connection with the storage of the ordinary octavo of literature; but when one contemplates the rapid growth of newspapers, the limits of the available space within the present buildings are almost within sight."

Edward King, the journalist and author, who died in Brooklyn on March 24th, was born in Middlefield, Mass., in 1818. He was for many years the Paris correspondent of the Boston "Journal," which he represented also, at the late Russo-Turkish war, and wrote much for other papers and periodicals. The list of his works includes "My Paris—French Character Sketches," "Kentucky's Love," "The Great South," "French Political Leaders," "Echoes from the Orient," "The Stormy Savage," "A Novel," "Europe in the Storm and Calm," "The Golden Spindle" and volume of verse, "A Venetian Lover."

James Clegg, "Aldine Press" (Rochdale, Eng.), has just published "Bookmen: Members of Learned Antiquarian and Literary Societies in the United Kingdom," containing 9,458 names of antiquarian, bibliographical, dialect, folk-lore and other societies, etc.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who died recently at Hampstead, England, was born in Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1828. The list of her works is a long one, and foremost among them stands the famous "Chronicles of the Schomburgk-Cotta Family." Others of her writings are: "The Victory of the Vanquished—A Tale of the First Century," "Against the Stream—The Story of an Heroic Age in England," "Joan the Maid," "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century" (Livingstone, Gordon and Bishop Patterson) and "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries."

Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard, who is said to have been the first in the United States to make a successful Roentgen photograph by the cathode rays, gives a full description of principles and methods in his forthcoming book, "What is Electricity?" which will be published by D. Appleton & Co. The work covers the entire ground of modern electricity.