

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

HIS SUFFERINGS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE, 1894-1899. By Alfred Dreyfus, ex-Captain of Artillery in the French Army. Octavo, pp. xiv, 259. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The world has been asked to regard the Dreyfus incident as closed. To the world Captain Dreyfus addresses these words, in glancing at the court martial at Rennes:

In spite of the plainest evidence, against all justice and all equity, I was condemned. And the verdict was announced "with extenuating circumstances." Since when have there been extenuating circumstances for the crime of treason? Two votes, however, were given for me. Two consciences were able to rise above party spirit, to leave to the higher ideal, and regard only man's inalienable right to justice. As to the sentence which five judges dared to pronounce, I do not accept it.

Possibly the publication of this book, in which the victim of "a judicial error" once more protests his innocence and traverses the sufferings he endured from the time of his arrest in 1894 to his liberation in 1899, may reopen the closed incident and lead to the complete rehabilitation for which he pleads. If it does so, however, it will not be through the force of detailed argument; that Captain Dreyfus gives us very little. The book will be potent, if at all, simply as a human document, as a poignant story of grinding misery, as a pathetic tale of sympathy of the nations. There is complaint in it, of course, but it does not take the form of angry recrimination. With great self-restraint and dignity the author states his case, exhibits his experiences as a prisoner, and tactfully leaves the appalling picture that he draws to sink into the public mind and do its work.

The book is in part a narrative, but consists chiefly of the author's diary, written while in confinement on Devil's Island, and of letters that passed between him and his wife. There is also a note several pages long by Commandant Forzinetti, the excellent custodian of Dreyfus in the Cherche-Midi prison, to which the latter was sent when first arrested. It includes the following statement:

During the years that I have spent as the head of various military prisons, I have acquired a great experience of prisoners, and I do not fear to say, and to say deliberately, that a terrible mistake has been made. I have never regarded Captain Dreyfus as a traitor to his country and uniform.

The commandant affirmed his opinion in the presence of high officials and political personages, and states that the government was well aware of his views. But that those views made no difference to any one is easily understood when we read this passage in his note:

Between the 18th and 24th of October, Major du Paty de Clam, who had arrested Dreyfus at the War Office, came twice with a special authorization from the Minister to examine him. Before seeing Dreyfus he asked me if he could not enter his cell softly, carrying a lamp powerful enough to throw a blaze of light on the face of the prisoner whom he wished to surprise and embarrass. I said this was impossible.

But, in the long run, pretty nearly anything proved possible for the authorities. When Dreyfus was hurried off to the Ile de Ré prison after his public degradation, his guards used him with brutality, giving him no time even to pick up his eyeglasses. When the prisoner saw his wife for the last time before his departure for Devil's Island, neither of the two was informed of the change impending; and when M. Dreyfus asked the jailers to tie her hands behind her back and allow her to approach her husband and kiss him, she was roughly refused. But on his sea girl rock Captain Dreyfus's worst life began. He lived in conditions extremely and unnecessarily painful, and with everything done that possibly could be done to break him down. Raw coffee was given to him, and no means to cook it provided. For a grill on which to broil the small ration of meat allowed him, he had to content with an old piece of sheet iron picked up on the island. Obligated to prepare his food in old tin cans and eat it off paper or bits of scrap iron, he swallowed dirt and rust, thus aggravating the physical troubles superinduced by his close quarters and the pitiless heat. In one passage of the diary we read: "It is enough for me to ask from the chief guard anything of common necessity, no matter how insignificant, to have my request abruptly and instantly refused." Correspondence with his wife supplied the sole ray of comfort in his captivity, but M. Dreyfus was forbidden to mention in her letters her husband's case, or events relating to it, "even such as were matters of public discussion." The last touch is put to the tragedy by the incredible precautions taken by the government lest Dreyfus might hold communication with the outside world and escape. Through two months and a half, while a solid palisade was being built around his hut, he was kept rigidly in the latter, his feet being ironed to his bed at night. Permission to buy a few carpenter's tools, so that he might divert his mind with a little manual labor, was refused lest he use them as a means of escape. "I fail to see myself," he grimly observes, "escaping on a carpenter's plane from an island where I am kept under scrutiny night and day."

But we need not multiply examples. The whole dreary business recalls the worst phases of the Middle Ages, rather than the closing years of the nineteenth century. And still Dreyfus is not bitter! At all events, his book gives no sign of such a result of his sufferings. In the worst agonies of mental strain he preserves his faith in justice, and steels his will to endure all that he may ultimately triumph. Even on his way to the Ile de Ré, when the mob is permitted to fling its scorn in his face, he confines himself to remarking: "How heavy must be the responsibility which on those others who in torturing an individual are also abusing the confidence of an entire nation!" His devotion to France remains unshaken. That is one of the most touching elements in this simple, sincere memorial of a frightful ordeal.

A SHAKESPEARIAN LINE.

WHAT ONE COMMENTATOR HAS MADE OF IT.

FALSTAFF AND EQUITY. An Interpretation. By Charles E. Phelps. Octavo, pp. vii, 202. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Seldom in any other department of literature than Shakespearean criticism is so great a weight of matter hung upon so slender a peg as in this "interpretation" by Mr. Phelps of a line spoken by Falstaff in the First Part of "King Henry IV." It is at the climax of the Gadshill incident, when Prince Hal and Poins have absented themselves at the critical moment, leaving Sir John with Bardolph and the rest to rob the travellers without their aid, and before the attack by the absentees upon Falstaff and his crowd. Then Falstaff says:

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. As the Prince and Poins have not so ardent covards, there's no equity stirring.

"There's no equity stirring." Mr. Phelps has discovered that this phrase came at the climax of the situation while the whirlwind of fun is at its fury. It was an expression, by a "rag" in modern parlance—that is, the whole house in an uproar of merriment. It seems mild enough, in fact, almost unintelligible, to modern readers. This volume is devoted to explaining the point of the joke, with the expenditure of a deal of legal knowledge and of historical learning in jurisprudence. It brings up an interesting series of facts in these departments, as well as in the career of the Shakespeare family, but with what we cannot help thinking is an inordinate amount of detail and elaboration.

The point of Falstaff's remark has escaped the commentators hitherto, because of a lack of historical perspective in the modern view of the three attending the development of the courts of equity in English jurisprudence. Courts of equity in English jurisprudence, according to the authorities, came into existence in 1160 as a result of a notable dispute set on foot by Sir Edward Coke. Mr. Phelps is at pains to prove that this summary statement fails to take into account a long and exciting contest that preceded Coke's dispute, and that was already at its height when the First Part of "King Henry IV" was produced, in 1597. Several important cases, involving the rights of the new principle of equity, had stirred the country deeply. Queen Elizabeth herself had taken a hand in the quarrel; Shakespeare was involved in a suit at that very time, in which a new move was about to be made in the Court of Chancery, the home of equity. "Equity" was thus one of the live topics of the time, and when Falstaff brings in the word in a double sense, such as Shakespeare was so fond of, it was a huge joke, intelligible to every part of the house.

This is Mr. Phelps's contribution to Shakespearean criticism, and he is proud of it, as throwing a new light on one of the best known of Shakespeare's characters. There will be no quarrel with him, we fancy, in his elucidation, even though it may not strike the modern reader as contributing much to his enjoyment of Falstaff; and there will certainly be none with his entertaining though somewhat meticulous elucidation of Shakespeare's own connection with the principle of equity and his experiences and those of his family in the English courts of law. Every student upon Shakespeare, however narrow the arc it subtends, is interesting.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

A COLLECTION OF THE SCIENTIST'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

STUDIES SCIENTIFIC AND SOCIAL. By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., etc. In Two Volumes. With Numerous Illustrations. Octavo, pp. xv, 532, viii, 255. The Macmillan Company.

Like Lord Kelvin and Lister, both of whom are his juniors, Alfred Russel Wallace has enjoyed a period of existence and activity much longer than that allotted to man by the Scriptures. His researches and writings extend over a period of fully half a century. The range of his study has been wider than that of some scientific man of equal fame; hence the fifty-two papers which are here collected deal with a considerable variety of topics, and as might be expected, are not of uniform value and interest. Wallace has been distinctively a naturalist. Moreover, as an expounder of the doctrine of evolution, he ranks with Huxley and Herbert Spencer—not, of course, with Darwin. Nevertheless, Darwin and Wallace appear to have hit upon the principle of natural selection independently of each other and almost simultaneously. The five articles on evolution which were published between 1880 and 1886, the heat of controversy had then practically disappeared, and much more information was available than was at Darwin's disposal. These papers, therefore, constitute a modern statement of the subject, and a masterly and authoritative statement as well.

Pains are taken at the outset to make clear what Darwin did not attempt to do. He did not try to account for the beginnings of life, any more than for the beginnings of matter. He merely indicated how life acted after its first appearance on the earth. The essential propositions of the evolution philosophy are these: What are now different but allied species had a common ancestry; the earlier types of animals were fewer in number, more simple in organization and more general in their forms than the later ones; life became more diverse, more complicated and more abundant as time went on; and in the struggle for existence which at length took place some species survived while others were extinguished, nature conducting a weeding out process on the basis of adaptability to environment. As Spencer put it, there was a "survival of the fittest."

The fundamental fact to which Darwin, Wallace and their disciples direct attention is that all forms of life show a tendency toward variation from the parental pattern. Heredity is one of the most potent of natural laws, but it does not insure absolute fixity and stability of type. In structure, appearance or other traits all animals and plants show a remarkable disposition to depart more or less from established precedent. Even Buffon insisted that nature was in a state of flux. The proposition has been hotly disputed, but the evidence is overwhelmingly in its favor. The more extensive is man's observation of mammals, birds, fishes, insects, trees and shrubs the more obvious it becomes that with little changes of environment, and often without any apparent explanation at all, individuals and groups of creatures show surprising modifications of color, size, form or other characteristics as compared with their parents. What causes variation is yet a mystery; but variation itself, a splitting up of species into new ones, is one of the most potent phenomena of biology. This disposition being once recognized, it is easy to understand that kinds of animals which are now distinct, but resemble each other (like cats and tigers, hawks and eagles, or men and monkeys), may have had a common origin. Wallace says, however, that it is much easier to establish this law in respect to the species of one genus or the genera of a single family than as applied to the broader groups and orders. We can actually see the performance in the former instance. In the latter we can only infer it.

Among the causes of variation which have been suggested is the possibility that certain characteristics of a pair of animals which are not derived from their parents, but are acquired during their own lifetime, may be transmitted to their offspring. In other words, it has been thought that uninherited intellectual gifts, mechanical skill or strength, keenness of vision or changes of complexion, might be passed along to the next generation. Although Darwin gave this matter no special study and laid no stress upon it, he believed that a process operated. Herbert Spencer has committed himself still more strongly to that opinion. Weismann, however, denies the possibility. Wallace makes a formidable argument against it. Just now, therefore, the question is an open one. A comparison of types of animal life in different parts of the world was a fascinating task to even the zoologists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But the pursuit assumes new and immense importance from the probability that these various types had a common parentage, and consequently are related to one another. Interesting questions of time, method and dominating influence are thus excited. Wallace has studied them with acuteness and enthusiasm. He holds that who closely allied species are widely separated geographically one must not conclude that they did not have a common origin. His articles treating of monkeys and their affinities, the protective disguises of insects and the problem of instinct are exceedingly instructive. His emphatic affirmative answer to the question whether white men can live and work in a tropical climate, and his consideration of the derivation of the Polynesian and native Australian races (which he regards as offshoots of the Caucasian stock) will interest Americans much more now than before the battle of Manila.

Points of difference between the forests and flowers of Europe and North America are discussed in three papers. The facts set forth were partly acquired by direct observation and partly from Gray's writings. The educated biologist is measurably familiar with these diversities, but the average reader will never realize how extensive they are unless he goes into the matter in detail. Two papers of great value are devoted to museums of natural history. One of them pictures an ideal institution of this kind, while the other describes three American museums, in the arrangement of which the writer discovered much to admire. Both those who manage such trusts and those for whom they are administered will find a perusal of these articles profitable.

The time was when geology and biology were unrelated sciences. Now, however, the zoologist and botanist are concerned not merely with life as it exists to-day, but also with the fossil remains of earlier forms for millions of years back. The naturalist must, therefore, turn to the rocks, or to some one who understands them, in order to learn something of the climatic and other changes that occurred in a given region and affected the development of life there. Natural history thus becomes history in its broadest sense. Wallace was impelled to study the earth's crust as well as its inhabitants, and in doing so he reached some of the most important conclusions. He dissents from the view that the great oceanic beds have ever lost their identity since their first formation, although changes of level near the edges have modified their outlines and the status of adjacent continents. Some what needlessly, perhaps, he combats the notion that the earth cannot have a molten interior. He traces at considerable length the operations of the great ice sheet during the glacial period, not only in Europe, but also in America, and offers as a solution of the puzzle presented by the Yosemite Valley the theory that that singular chasm was cut through solid granite by water alone, inequalities in the hardness of the stone permitting the observed inequality of effect.

The discriminating reader of Wallace will derive less satisfaction from his sociological studies than from those devoted to natural science. The articles on the disestablishment of the Church, an elective House of Lords, and the limitation of coal exports, though sound enough, will interest few besides Englishmen. He makes some excellent points while discussing the marriage question, when showing the motives which chiefly inspire an agnostic to lead a moral life, and in advising how to civilize savages. But it is to be feared that his scheme for a consistent observance of Sunday by the strict Sabatarian, like Bellamy's combination of the family and state (which Wallace heartily approves), is impracticable. That criticism applies even more forcibly to his projects for reviving trade during periods of great industrial depression, for reforming the existing system of land ownership, for co-operative farming, and for making loans without interest. Still, these matters occupied a great deal of his thought between 1880 and 1890, and had his opinions concerning them been omitted from this work, the man would have been inadequately represented. His crusade against vaccination was so lamentable, however, that one cannot but rejoice that his views thereon are not reproduced here. Wallace was also a somewhat conspicuous advocate of spiritualism, but it is noteworthy that he has made only a passing allusion to it in the papers here brought together. Possibly he felt that it did not lie clearly within the limits prescribed by the title which he selected for the present collection. At any rate, there is no reason to suppose that he has modified his beliefs since he wrote his independent volume on the subject.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THEM BY ANDREW LANG.

From The London Morning Post.

The heroes of Homer, great strapping fellows, sweep on the slightest opportunity. Menelaus cries when he is wounded—not badly. Mr. Kipling, I think, is my authority for saying that every one cries when he is shot in the hand. The foot seems less apt to be injured to cause tears, I think, than any other part of the body, after adequately bayoneting a Boer, was himself shot in the foot. But, from his description of the sensation, it was as if a stone had been thrown at him, and he did not weep. At any emotion Homer's men cry, without any of our false modesty. In one place a hero is described by the great poet as "weeping like a waterfall," which is a very good simile, especially absurd. The heroes of the old French epic, "The Song of Roland," cry; the whole army, without exception, blubber when they think of sweet France during a peninsular campaign. On the other hand, the Roman heroes weep terribly, especially William Rufus. Now, if you come to think of it, the Romans, and still more the Greeks, appear to have been practically ignorant of profane swearing. Homer never tells us that "our men swore terribly." To-day, they could curse, I admit, but to curse was rather an elaborate affair (usually resorted to by injured mothers), not a mere explosion of irritation. "No Roman ever swore," says the poet, "but he goes to Tartarus." They had not even a word for our brief popular expression of hostile interest in the future life of an irritating person. Fielding makes the village boys say to Phaedron, the son of the sun:

You, the Sun's son, you rascal—you be—!

But here the learned author of "Tom Jones" permits himself to exclaim: "The inference from these considerations is that the early Greek warriors cried so much because they did not know how to swear, a practice far more military and manly. We may suppose that when all London expected the last day of the career of her majesty Queen Anne swore even more than common, lest their men should think that any occasion, however serious, could daunt a gentleman who wore the purple and wore the intention, by itself, was excellent, but Achilles and Agamemnon would have sat down and cried, a thing detrimental to discipline.

ONE OF THACKERAY'S STORIES.

From The London Chronicle.

Stephen Gwynn's introduction to "Pendennis" is an excellent piece of work. He tells a story that is worth repeating. Thackeray had written in an early chapter of "Pendennis" that the love letters, and mentioned names in love letters, were "bluebeard, neys, and Catherine Hayes." Now the Catherine Hayes whom Thackeray had in mind had committed a murder of singular atrocity, but he had forgotten to mention another Catherine Hayes, who was an amiable lady of Irish origin, who was then singing in the "Freeman's Journal," of Dublin, and cowardly assailed. Thackeray, however, in a letter headed "Capers and Anachorites," in which he told the story of an Irishman who called out the writer's name, giving his assertion that anachorites might be seen in the Rock of Gibraltar. He killed his opponent, who sprang into the air as the bullet struck him, and his second exclaimed: "You are making him cut capers." "Bedad," said the Irishman thoughtfully, "it was capers I meant."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CURRENT TALK OF THINGS PRESENT AND TO COME.

The Century Company announces that the first edition of Miss Runkle's historical novel, "The Helmet of Navarre," will be one hundred thousand copies. This calculates to be from forty thousand to fifty thousand larger than the next largest first edition of any novel ever published.

The agreement of the Publishers' Association to publish all books except fiction at net prices went into effect last Wednesday, and most of the publishers have informed their retail customers of the change. A reduction in the published price of books is made at the same time. The discount to dealers is much restricted, and the latter are expected to sell only at the full prices of the books. The only exceptions will be made in the case of public libraries, which will get 10 per cent discounts. As a further protection to the retailer, the publishers have agreed to add to the regular price of books ordered of them by mail the cost of postage. The ordinary rate of discount to retail dealers will probably be 25 per cent, and this, it is pointed out, gives little enough profit in a business carried on in items of usually about \$1.50 each. Said a well known bookseller the other day:

"People expect a great deal more of a retail bookseller than of any other kind of tradesman. A higher degree of intelligence is demanded in the book business than in most other retail trades, and people expect a great deal of professional advice and information to be given them for nothing. For instance, people often come to me to make up lists of books for special purposes, and I give them the benefit of my thirty years' experience in making them and advising as to purchases. Then, oftentimes, these people expect to take these lists and go to other dealers who handle books as they would junk or pork or potatoes, and who would be utterly unable to give them the information I have provided, and expect to buy the books at cut rates; or they would expect me to sell them to them at prices in competition with such dealers. Because of the high grade of intelligence demanded, and because of the almost uniformly small items in which business is done, the profit made possible by the publishers' discount is none too great."

Admirers of Maurice Hewlett's work will be glad to learn that the Macmillan Company is preparing to publish a uniform collected edition of all his books. They have acquired of G. P. Putnam's Sons the rights in the English edition of "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," which this firm has hitherto handled in this country, and also their illustrated American edition, and Mr. Hewlett is making a few changes and additions in it before it appears in the new form. The Macmillans have also acquired from John Lane his rights in "Pan and the Young Shepherd," which is destined to join the company of Mr. Hewlett's other books in the uniform edition.

"A personal, picturesque and dramatic story of the life of the camp and actual experiences in battle" is the description of James Barnes's book, "The Great War Trek," included in their May announcements to south Africa as correspondent for several American papers. Shortly after his arrival he was appointed correspondent of "The Cape Times," the government organ in the colony, and afterward he became chief correspondent of "The London Daily Mail." Mr. Barnes met many of the men whose names have become familiar to the newspaper readers, and his narrative is said to throw many interesting sidelights on the war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FOR THE BLUE AND GOLD. A Tale of Life at the University of California. By Joy Lichtenstein. 12mo, pp. 202. (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.) THE HELMET OF NAVARRE. By Bertha Runkle. Illustrations by André Castaigne. 12mo, pp. 470. (The Century Company.) THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS. By A. W. Burckhardt. 16mo, pp. 284. (Svan Sonnenschein & Co.) PINTURICCHIO. By Evelyn Macarty. 16mo, pp. 179. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, edited by E. G. C. Williamson. 12mo, pp. 170. (The Macmillan Company.) THE SON OF A TOBY. By Clinton Scollard. 16mo, pp. 207. (Richard G. Badger & Co.) HANDBOOK TO THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS: HARROW. By J. Fischer Williams. M. A. 16mo, pp. 214. (The Macmillan Co.) THE LAND OF THE MOORS. A Comprehensive Description. By Robert Mackin. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxxi, 464. (The Macmillan Company.) THE ATTEMPTED MARRIAGE. A THEOLOGICAL THOUGHT. A Theological Symposium. 12mo, pp. 376. (Thomas Whitaker.) AN IDEAL OF THE SOUTH. By Albery A. Whitman. 12mo, pp. 120. (The Metaphysical Publishing Company.) HARRY MARSHALL. A True Daughter of the South. By F. P. Williams. 12mo, pp. 183. (The Abbey Press.) OVER THE GREAT NAVALO TRAIL. By Carl Eckenmeyer. Illustrated. Square 12mo, pp. 270. (No publisher's name given.) THE LION AT THE WELLS. By Lionel Josephine. 24mo, pp. 25. (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.) THE DEVELOPMENT OF PAINTING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Arthur Upham Pope. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 130. (Bonnie Silver & Co.) MONTAGNE, OR, THE SLAVERS OF OLD NEW-YORK. By Henry Adams. 12mo, pp. 296. (Henry Alden Company.) THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED. A Story of Literary Life in New York. By Will N. Harben. 12mo, pp. 357. (Henry Alden Company.) SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. By D. M. Delmas. 8vo, pp. 303. (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.) THE PARTON LETTERS. 1822-1859. A. D. A. Report of the edition of 1872-75, which contained upward of Five Hundred Letters, will be reissued, and will include also Added letters in a Supplement after the Introduction. Edited by John Gardner of the Public Record Office. Introduction and Supplement, one volume. The Letters, three volumes. Each 12mo. (The Macmillan Company.) THE EARLY EMPIRE BUILDERS OF THE GREAT WEST. By Moses K. Armstrong. 8vo, pp. 456. (J. W. Porter, 87 Park Avenue.) THE GEORGIAN PERIOD. Being Measured Drawings of Colonial Works, Parts VII and VIII. Portfolio. By Henry W. Edwards. N. Y. 12mo, pp. 12. (The Macmillan Company.) THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS. A Novel. By Guy Rothby. 16mo, pp. 304. (D. Appleton & Co.) A TEXTBOOK OF ASTRONOMY. By George C. Comstock. 12mo, pp. 391. (D. Appleton & Co.) TRIPS AND THE STATE. A Sketch of Competition. By Henry W. Edwards. N. Y. 12mo, pp. 12. (The Macmillan Company.) ASPECTS OF REVELATION. Being the Hebrew Textures for 1900. By Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D. 12mo, pp. 80. (The Baker & Taylor Company.) POEMS. By William Vaughn Moody. 12mo, pp. 168. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) EVELYN MACARTY. Elementary Studies. By Bradford Torrey. 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A Rural Chronicle of Our Flower, Fruits and Foes. Describing Them Under Their Familiar Names. By M. G. Goring. Revised Edition. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 271. (The Baker & Taylor Company.) THIS CURED UP PRESBYTERIANS. By the Rev. E. Herbert Watson Smith, D. D. 16mo, pp. 223. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

Books and Publications.

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