NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

A glance through the bound volumes for the year 1896 of the four illustrated periodicals issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers will afford ample proof of the fact that, in excellence of finish and perfection of the mechanical processes of black and white reproduction, the better-class American publications stand on a higher plane than that reached, as yet, by any similar serials in Europe. Both in wood engraving and in the delicate half-tone reproductions by the screen process, the improvement brought about in the last few years, by the expenditure of time, money, and artistic taste, is most marked. This improvement is particularly noticeable in the completed volumes ninety-two and ninety-three of the *Monthly Magazine*, in which the drawings of Messrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Edwin Abbey, F. T. Smedley, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Thulstrup, and others are reproduced with a fidelity and beauty of tone that renders each engraving a real work of art. The letter-press is up to the usual high standard: Book II. of Mark Twain's "Recollections of Joan of Arc" and the whole of his last story, "Tom Sawyer, Detective;" Mr. William Black's "Briseis," Mr. Poultney Bigelow's "White Man's Africa," and Mr. Caspar Whitney's "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds," are the principal serials, while the volumes contain plenty of good short stories, poems, and articles of general interest. The "Round Table" is full of just the sort of reading matter youngsters are likely to find most interesting. There are papers on practical golf with excellent photographic illustrations, articles on swimming, skating, football, polo, &c., in addition to the well-conducted department devoted to "interscholastic sport," together with some stirring tales of war and adventure. "For King or Country," a story of the Revolution, by Mr. James Barnes; "Rick Dale," by Mr. Kirk Munroe, and "A Virginia Cavalier," by Molly Elliot Seawell, are stories containing plenty of love-making, fighting, escapes from Indians, deeds of daring, and all similar good things of which the healthy boy and girl never tire. *Harper's Bazar* has, in addition to the usual articles on dress and the mysteries of the feminine toilet, a series of interesting papers on golf, rowing, swimming, &c., under the heading of "Outdoor Woman," which should keep the modern muscular young woman fully posted on all matters of sport. In the *Weekly* Mr. Howells continues his interesting papers on "Life and Letters," and Mr. Caspar Whitney's illustrated record of amateur sport is as complete and as well written as ever. In fiction the reader has his choice of the romantic in Mr. S. R. Crockett's novel, "The Gray Man," or the analytical in Mr. Howells's "Landlord at Lion's Inn." There are the usual departments of music and the drama, home and foreign news, and short stories, &c., by well-known writers, while, among the many illustrations, the clever political cartoons by Mr. W. A. Rogers are deserving of a special word of praise. Taken as a whole, these publications are worthy examples of the high character and artistic excellence of American illustrated periodicals.

The reader will find a curious book in "Six Modern Women," by Laura Marholm Hansson, translated from the German by Hermione Ramsden (Roberts Brothers, Boston). The women here considered are Sonia Kovalevsky, who is characterized as the learned woman; George Egerton, author of "Keynotes," who is set down, not with unfavorable intention, as a neurotic writer; Duse, the actress; Amalie Skram, the woman naturalist; Marie Bashkirtseff, and Anne Charlotte Edgren-Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, who is called the woman's rights woman. The most remarkable of these sketches, which are called psychological in a sub-title, and which seem to deserve the characterization, is the one concerned with the learned woman, Sonia Kovalevsky.

It is an interesting and perhaps a noteworthy circumstance that the author of these sketches should in one place make distinct fun of the pretentious animal, man, and in another insist upon it that he is necessary to bring out the highest possibilities of a woman's nature. It is almost universal among women, especially Germans, she says, that they do not take man as seriously as he likes to imagine. They think him comical, not only when they are married to him, but even before that, when they are in love with him. Men have no idea, she goes on, what a comical appearance they present, not only as individuals, but as a race. The comic part about a man is that he is so different from women, and that is just what he is proudest of. The more refined and fragile a woman is, the more ridiculous she is likely to find the clumsy great creature who takes such a roundabout way to gain his comical ends. This is bad enough, from the fatuous male point of view, but more remains behind. To young girls especially, says Frau Hansson, man offers a perpetual excuse for a laugh and a secret shudder. When men find a group of women laughing among themselves, they never suspect it is they who are the cause of it. And that, again, is so comic. The better a man is the more he is in earnest when he makes his pathetic appeal for a great love; and woman, who takes a special delight in playing a little false, even when there is no necessity, becomes as earnest and solemn as he, when all the time she is only making fun of him. Especially the German man is funny. The German woman stands watching him—an eating, loving, smoking organism. Heavens, how wearisome! So loved, and yet so wearisome! It is unbearable; and she retreats into herself and realizes that she is a woman.

Nevertheless, according to Frau Hansson, the great need of Sonia Kovalevsky, the learned woman, who was a professor of mathematics and who composed the immortal treatise, "On the Theory of Partial Differential Equations," which was one of three whereby she secured her doctor's degree at Göttingen, needed this same clumsy, smoking, eating, wearisome creature, or, at least, the sentiment and emotion which it is his conspicuous and curious privilege to inspire. It may be said in passing that Sonia Kovalevsky herself smoked, and of course she ate, though it is not likely that she was clumsy, and though it may be that she was not wearisome. The story of her life, Frau Hansson says, reads like an exciting novel, which is, if anything, too richly furnished with strange events. At the age of 18 she was already mistress of her own fate. She had married the husband of her choice, and he had accompanied her to Heidelberg, where they both matriculated for the university. From Heidelberg the pair went to Berlin, where she lived with a girl friend, who was a student like herself, and where she studied mathematics for four years, meeting her husband only occasionally, when she was out walking. The truth is, she did not love her husband, and her marriage with him is declared by Frau Hansson to have been a mere formality, though it is a fact that she bore a child to him. Prof. Valdemar Kovalevsky is said to have had a great deal to endure before she became absorbed in her mathematical studies. She made him run all sorts of errands which a servant could have done as well. He did not understand her, and she was always irritable and vexed after an interview of any length with him. Long after his death she used scornfully to say: "He could get on capitally without me. If he had his cigarettes, his cup of tea, and a book, it was all that he required." The Professor, who had translated Brehm's "Birds" into Russian, seems to have been what Fran Hansson sarcastically calls a paragon. He drudged diligently, had few wants, always did what was right, and never gave in. Perhaps it is no wonder that his wife left him, and it is even possible to suppose that he himself was not much worried over the separation. She is described as a bird-like figure with a large head. It is also said of her that her powerful head, with short hair, massive forehead, and short-sighted eyes of the color of green gooseberries in syrup, was placed on a delicate, childlike body. She was completely ignorant of the art of dress; she never gave any attention to it until she was 30, and then, for all the success she had, she might have spared herself the pains. She aged early, and a celebrated poet was ungallant enough to say of her, when she was 30, that she was a little withered old woman. Her hands and eyes are said to have been the most striking parts of her. A certain lady, who seems to have been fairly impressionable, said that on her first meeting with Sonia the glance of the young mathematician pierced her through and through, whereafter the glance seemed to be dissecting her soul, bit by bit, every bit vanishing into the thin air, and that this psychical experience on the part of the visitor was followed by such violent bodily discomfort that she almost fainted, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she managed to get home. There are people with fine, clever faces, Frau Hansson says, whose hands are like sausages, fleshy and veinless, with thick, stumpy fingers, which warn us to beware of the animated mask. And there are round, warm, sensuous faces, with full, almost thick lips, which are obviously contradicted by pale, blue-veined, sickly looking hands. The momentary amount of intellectual power which a person has at his disposal can change the face, but the hands are of a more physical nature, and their speech is a more physical one. Sonia's face was lit up by the soul in her eyes, which, as we have seen, played havoc with a casual visitor; but her nervous, trembling little hands, it is said, had crooked little fingers, anxiously bent inward, and were very much disfigured by veins, so that it made one's heart ache to look at her.

Sonia Kovalevsky seems to have tried duly to perfect her nature through the experience of love. She had her peculiarities. She was lavish and careless in her ways, and she thrived best upon a torn sofa in an atmosphere of tea, cigarettes, and profusion of all kinds, intellectual, spiritual, and pecuniary. But mere than this was needed. She was seized, Frau Hansson says, with an eager, nervous longing to be loved. She wanted to be a woman, to possess a woman's charm. Mathematics was not everything. The Professor had failed in some petroleum speculations and had died. In her younger days she had asked for nothing more than that curious kind of mystic love which is known only to Russians. This, as we have seen, consisted in part in sending her obliging husband on small errands. At this juncture she made the acquaintance of her husband's cousin, whose name is not given in this sketch, but whom she called "fat M. K." M. K., Frau Hansson says, was a great, heavy Russian boyar, who had been a professor, but was dismissed on account of his free-thinking views. He was a dissipated man, and rich. A few years older than Sonia, who was 38, he was one of those complacent, self-centred characters who have never known what it is to long for sympathy and who are devoid of ideals. The long-repressed love which was lavished upon "M. K." by Sonia did not flatter his vanity or in any wise disturb him. He accepted it calmly. She, on the contrary, according to Frau Hansson, loved him as a young girl loves, with a trembling and ungovernable joy at finding all that had hitherto been hidden in herself. She rejoiced in the knowledge that he was there, that she could see him to-morrow as she had seen him to-day, that she could touch him, hold his hands. But all this was vain. He was too fat and placid, and the love of Sonia was thrown back upon itself. She followed him to Italy, caught cold, and died of inflammation of the lungs at the age of 40.

The biographer says that it is impossible to get at the complete facts of Sonia Kovalevsky's character. "She is still standing there," Frau Hansson writes, "supernaturally great, like a shadow when the moon rises, which seems to grow larger the longer one looks at it; and as I write this I feel as though she were as near to me as a body that one knocks up against in the dark. She comes and goes. Sometimes she appears close beside me sitting on the flower table, a little birdlike figure, and I seem to see her quite distinctly; then, as soon as I begin to realize her presence, she has gone. She was a thorough child of the age in every little characteristic of her aimless life—a genius for nothing, a woman for nothing, ever struggling along a road which leads to nowhere."

But that seems to us to be a somewhat too melancholy view. She wrote "On the Theory of Partial Differential Equations," and genius shall not perish by reason of the shortcomings of love.

"Wissy" (the American News Company) is what its author, Mr. James Paxton Voorhees, calls "a true tale of modern theatrical Bohemia." We begin to be somewhat shy of that much-abused word Bohemia. Béranger, Balzac, Murger, and a long line of celebrated Frenchmen have in turn taken us to that picturesque country, where impecunious artists, students, and gay grisettes have lived and loved and laughed in joyous fashion, and we can look back to Rodolphe, Schaunard, Mimi, Musette, and all the mirthful band with grateful recognition of the fact that they were ever far too true to their pleasure-loving instincts to commit the unpardonable iniquity of boring us. But of late years a number of minor novelists, mostly female, have labelled as Bohemia a stuffy, stupid region, wherein uninteresting men and women attempt to be mildly wicked and succeed only in being hopelessly unamusing, and it is in the footsteps of these latter-day guides to the undiscoverable country that Mr. Voorhees leads us as he traces the progress of his heroine. "Wissy, now, was, by all odds, the nicest little thing you pretty nearly ever laid your eyes on." Yet, nice as our author evidently thinks her, the reader may doubt whether her mild and uneventful career was worth recording. She is an actress, and has fallen under the fatal spell of a wicked actor with the usual pale face, dark hair, and glossy black mustache (the bad man in this class of fiction always has a glossy black mustache). Trouble in a mild form begins to brew when one day she sees "the handsome John Harding posing alone on the corner of the street, where he stood gracefully holding a splendid blond mustache and beard. * * * That night she caught sight of him in a box at the playhouse. She came near committing an involuntary smile." Next day the gentleman with the splendid blond beard asks her to marry him, while the intentions of the villain with the glossy black mustache remain strictly dishonorable to the end. Eventually, after some quite unnecessary complication, the good young man triumphs, and he and his battered heroine settle down to the joys of matrimony. The book is remarkable, chiefly, for the unfettered originality of the author's style, the unconscionable amount of crude moralizing he indulges in, and the free and friendly way in which he puts forward opinions founded upon a fund of inexperience that is apparently limitless. "Wissy had winning little ways. Wissy had pearly little teeth. She had nice pink complexion. What if she was an actress and got herself talked about?" asks Mr. Voorhees, in accents of fine scorn. "She was bright—which is more than a great many people are." And whatever the reader may think about Wissy, after reading the book he will not wish to dispute the latter part of the statement.

To readers who enjoy a lively, buoyant tale, full of clean open-air adventure, and told in a manly, straightforward way, we can recommend "A Woman's Courier" (Stone & Kimball), a story of the famous "forty" conspiracy, the Jacobite assassination plot of 1696. The author, Mr. William Joseph Yeoman, possesses, in no small degree, that rare gift which enables a narrator to inspire the reader with something of his own enthusiasm; a gift that lends to the stories of a Scott or a Stevenson their distinctive charm. Sir John Talbot sets forth, one morning in those troublous times that followed the revolution of 1688 and the accession of William of Orange, in search of his sister's lover, who is threatened with arrest as a Jacobite suspect. Through all our hero's adventures, in the course of which he falls in with highwaymen, finds himself in a den of counterfeit coiners, and is kidnapped by smugglers, we follow him with an interest that never relaxes. Whether he is wandering in the purlieus of Alsatia, or ruffling with the gallants at a royal reception at Whitehall—supping at Will's Coffee House with "Glorious John" Dryden and the wits, or drinking contraband claret in Mother Carey's kitchen, we find him the pleasantest of comrades and the best of company. This book should be as widely read and as popular as any of the examples of that excellent school of fiction revived by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman.

Alphonse Daudet has, in "Numa Roumestan" and the adventures of the great Tartarin, made us familiar with much of the humor, the simple childlike boastfulness, and the broad, warm-hearted humanity of the men and women of the Midi and the south of France, and now, in a volume of folk lore and fairy legend entitled "Tales of Languedoc," (William Doxey, San Francisco), Professor Samuel Jacques Brun of Leland Stanford, Jr., University has transcribed a number of viva voce narratives that give us a further insight into the customs, characteristics and home life of these interesting folk. Translated from old fireside stories, handed down from one generation to another, and told originally in the picturesque half-Latin dialect spoken by the men and women of the country south of the Loire, of Vaucluse, and the Bouches du Rhone, they possess a charm due, in large measure, to their quaint blending of the supernatural with the prosaic, and mingling of the mediæval with the modern spirit. In collecting and giving to the world these delightful tales Prof. Brun has not only provided children with a volume that will take its place by the side of those of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, but has produced a work interesting in itself and of value to the ethnologist and the student of folk lore. The whole account of "My Grandfather's Tour of France," with the old gentleman's incidental anecdotes by the way, and the stories of Anglas, Mèsté Règé and the three strong men, Crowbar, Hookbeard, and the Miller, are only too short, and it is certain that all young readers, and many older ones, will feel a touch of real regret when they reach that sentence in the quaint Provençal dialect with which the old man concludes "Lou Gal cantè é moun vouliage finiguè—the cock crew and my journey ended." Mr. Ernest Peixotto's illustrations are admirable, but their reproduction is not as perfect as it might be.

There could be no stronger proof of the firmly established popularity of Mr. Rudyard Kipling than that afforded by the reception his latest book of poems has met with in America. "The Seven Seas" (D. Appleton & Co.), published only a couple of months ago, has already had a sale of thirteen or fourteen thousand copies, a phenomenal record. This volume shows, more clearly than any one of his others, the wide range of his genius. "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," "McAndrew's Hymn," "An American," and the "Song of the English," all strike a deep and serious note, the beautiful verses "To the True Romance" are full of idealism and poetic feeling, while "The Banjo," "Back to the Army Again," and others of the same type have all the vigor and swing and much of the cynicism of the original Barrack-Room Ballads.

A few years ago Mr. Albert Chevalier was an unknown man. Although a clever character actor and a conscientiously hard worker, he had never managed to lift himself above the level of the comparatively obscure. At last his chance came when he received an offer from a London music hall manager, who had heard him sing in private a "coster" song of his own composition. Mr. Chevalier accepted the offer, appeared on the music hall stage, sang several coster songs, and caught the town. His success naturally called forth a host of imitators and there was soon evolved a type of stage costermonger, who bore about the same relationship to the real man as the low comedy Irishman, with red wig and green breeches bears to a Galway peasant or the driver of a Dublin jaunting car. Mr. G. Fauvel Gouraud, a young New York lawyer, educated in England, having evidently studied the costermonger in his native music hall, has produced a volume of verses entitled "Ballads of Coster-Land" (Herald Square Publishing Co.). In these ballads, some of which have been written by special request, Mr. Gouraud narrates some humorous adventures that befell Mr. 'Enery 'Awkins and his pals in London and New York. Bill is "chucked" from St. Paul's Cathedral. Our old friend "the Nipper" is "run in" at Bow street, and Mr. Hawkins himself comes to New York as attaché to the suite of Earl Li Hung Chang. Here he meets Dr. Chauncey Depew and goes with him to the opera and also through Chinatown and the Bowery, where they encounter a lady in whom a broad and unctuous humor is more marked than any appreciation of the niceties of rhyme:

Me name is Hatpin Nellie, see?
I'm de champeen of the Bowery,
Me occupation it is nit;
And me mother was a loddy.

Mr. Gouraud has added a short vocabulary of coster slang, and he prefaces the ballads with some explanatory information as to the habits and characteristics of these curious folk.

"The Forge in the Forest" (Lamson, Wolff & Co.), by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, is an interesting and well-written tale of adventure in the early days of the English occupation of the pleasant land of Acadie. Jean de Mer, once lord of the region between Blomidon and Grand Pré, and still known to his faithful followers as the Sieur de Briart, is one of the leaders of those loyal *habitants* whose hearts are true to France. The blacksmith's forge, that stands at the edge of the forest on the road from Canard to Grand Pré, is his headquarters and a rallying point for those restless spirits who long for freedom from the English rule. Here is laid the opening scene of the story, and from the attack on De Mer and his son by the Indians under the Black Abbé La Garne to their escape and flight, and the final rescue of a stolen child and complete discomfiture of the wicked abbé, there is no break in the interest or the excitement. Jean de Mer and his son, the brave and taciturn Marc, Mistress Mizpah, La Garne, and Grül, the half-witted wanderer of the forest, are all powerfully drawn characters, and, with the thread of a love story running through the whole, Mr. Roberts has woven his materials into a very charming romance.

In "Bicycles and Tricycles; an Elementary Treatise on Their Design and Construction" (Longmans, Green & Co.), Mr. Archibald Sharp, B. S., instructor in engineering design at the Central Technical College, South Kensington, attempts to do for the bicycle and tricycle what has been done for nearly all other types of machines, in compiling a scientific treatise that gives a rational account of the stresses and strains to which the various parts of the cycle are subjected. The book is divided into three parts. Part I. deals with the elementary principles of mechanics and the strength of materials; Part II. treats of the cycle as a complete machine, and Part III. treats in detail of the design of its various parts. In a chapter on the development of cycles we trace the gradual evolution of the machine, from the ancient dandyhorse of 1818, the bone-shaker of the sixties, and the high front-wheel-driving "ordinary" of the seventies and eighties to the present day rear-driving bicycle, with diamond frame, extended wheel-base, and long-socket steering head. It is interesting, in view of the wonderful feats of speed and long distance riding accomplished with the modern machine, to find an English authority, only as far back as 1869, gravely writing thus: "Let me caution velocipedists against expecting too much from any description of velocipede. They do not give power, they only utilize it; there must be an expenditure of power to produce speed. One is inclined to agree with the temperate remarks of Mr. Lauder, C. E., of Liverpool, rather than with the extravagant enthusiasm of American or French riders. As a means of healthful exercise it is worthy of attention. Certainly not more than forty miles in a day of eight hours can be done with ease; Mr. Lauder thinks only thirty. If this is correct, it does not beat walking, though velocipedists affirm that double the distance can be done with ease." There are chapters dealing exhaustively with the subjects of chain and tooth-wheel gearing, lever and crank gear, bearings, steering gear, &c., and, though the book is designed primarily for those who desire to make a technical and scientific study of the machine, it contains a great deal of information useful for all riders.

"Wives in Exile" (Lamson, Wolff & Co.), a comedy in romance, shows that distinction of style and light, graceful treatment of a fanciful theme that have gained the author, Mr. William Sharp, recognition as one of the promising members of the younger school of writers of the last few years. Two young wives, being temporarily left by their lords, charter a yacht, engage a female crew, and set forth on a pleasure cruise in the Irish Channel and along the coast of Scotland. A wonderful boat is the Belle Aurore, a thirty-tonner, with the cabin accommodation of at least a hundred-rater, and an inexhaustible cellar and larder, from which these pleasure-loving young women are supplied with banquets that would put to shame the chef of Bignon's or the Café Anglais. The female captains, boatswain, and crew are all innocent of any knowledge of navigation, and yet she flits from berth to berth and escapes the perils that lurk for the unwary along an intricate and dangerous coast. The story of her cruise is, however, told in entertaining style and with a dash of delicate epicureanism that is not unpleasant. The effect is sometimes marred by Mr. Sharp's too evident straining after the humorous, as in the repeated references to Miss Bridget O'Leary's "misphortin." This young woman's contribution to the comedy element in the story takes the shape of a healthy pair of twins. The subject of twins, as considered from the humorous point of view, has, by this time, been pretty thoroughly exploited.

"Six Cups of Chocolate—A Piece of Gossip in One Act" (Harpers), is a pleasant little trifle in dialogue form, freely adapted from the German by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews. The humor is essentially Teutonic and is of that innocent and mildly sentimental sort dear to the simple-minded haus frau and the pleasant-faced, flaxen-haired fräulein. In its present form it is bright and is smoothly written, and, with six pretty girls in the cast, should prove acceptable as an innocuous form of drawing room entertainment.

The latest number of that excellent series of Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities, edited by Prof. Percy Gardner of Oxford University and Prof. F. W. Kelsey of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, is the second and concluding volume of Prof. Arthur Gardner's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture" (Macmillan Co.). This covers the period from 480 B. C. down to the decadence of Greek art, under the Roman influence, in the second and first centuries B. C. The volume contains a number of illustrations, an index to the whole work, and a concise bibliography.

A well-written and very interesting short essay on Mme. Guyon forms the latest number of the series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women," by Mr. Elbert Hubbard (Putnams). This series when complete should form a valuable volume.

We have also received:

"Hand-in-Hand Figure Skating." Norcliffe G. Thompson and F. Laura Cannan. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Philosophy of Phenomena." George M. Ramsey, M. D. (Banner of Light Publishing Company.)

"The Happy Method in Number for Little People. An original presentation of numbers, based on the law of strong contrast, and being a systematic arrangement of objects and drawings leading to accuracy, self-reliance, and love for number." Emily E. Benton. (C. W. Bardeen.)

"Natural Law in the Business World. The Voter's Handbook." Walter W. Felts. (Author.)

Annual Dance of the Spinsters.

The Spinsters gave their second annual dance at Sherry's last night. They were all youthful maidens, and the list included Miss Mary Riker, Miss Anna Riker, Miss Eunice Terry, Miss Dorothy Schieffelin, Miss Sarah Gibbs Thompson, Miss Bertha Munde, Miss Mary Beekman, Miss Marion Coffin, Miss Sallie Smith, Miss Angelica Schuyler Church, Miss Margaret D. Leverich, Miss Cornelia L. Crooke, Miss Hard, and Miss Helen Clarkson. Each invited eight guests. It was a ball poudre, as far as the Spinsters and their feminine guests were concerned. Mrs. John G. Neeser, Mrs. John Lawrence Riker, Mrs. Edward Leverich, and Mrs. Edward Barclay received the guests. After the first hour of informal dancing there was a cotillion, which lasted from 11 until 1 o'clock. Miss Mary Riker led and danced with Russell Landale. There were no favors.

DIED.

BRANDON.—On Friday morning, Feb. 26, at the residence of her son-in-law, Henry W. Poor, Miriam, wife of the late A. R. Brandon.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

CARLEY.—At Orlando, Fla., on Feb. 25, 1897, Benjamin J. M. Carley of New York city, in his 79th year.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

COLVILL.—At her residence, 46 West 21st st., on Thursday, Catherine Fleming, widow of John Colvill.
Funeral services at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West 16th st., on Saturday at 9:30 A. M.

KENT.—Suddenly, on Thursday, Feb. 25, 1897, William Kent, Jr., in the 37th year of his age.
Funeral private.

PETTIGREW.—On Thursday, 25th inst., Robert Pettigrew, in the 93d year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 207 East 46th st., on Sunday, 28th inst., at half past 2 P. M.

YALE.—Suddenly, on Friday morning, Feb. 26, 1897, after a short illness, at his residence, 32 West 39th st., Henry C. Yale, in his 68th year.
The funeral services will be held at the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, cor. 31st st., Sunday evening, Feb. 28, at 8 P. M. Interment at the convenience of the family. Boston, Mass., and Meriden, Conn., papers please copy.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Harlem Railroad. 48 minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Religious Notices.

COOPER UNION.
8th st. and 3d av.
PREACHING AT 8 P. M.
Every day next week except Saturday.

A. C. DIXON PREACHES
AND J. H. BURKE SINGS.
Monday, March 1. Subject,
HENT.
FRED SCHIVEREA PREACHES
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. (Seats free.)

ALWAYS, ALL ARE INVITED TO METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, 7th av. and 14th st. Sunday, Missionary Day. Three special services: 10:45, Retrospect of Missions; 7:45, Prospect of Missions. Preacher, Rev. S. P. Cadman. Full choral service 3:30; great missionary convention; J. M. Cornell, Esq., and others. Tuesday lecture, "Our Navy," with stereopticon, Capt. Campbell. Friday questions. Concert to-night. Seats free. Service every night.

A. C. DIXON preaches Sunday in Brooklyn at 10:30 A. M. in Hanson Place Baptist Church, cor. South Portland av. Subject: "Exodus," second of the series on "The Bible a Revelation from God;" at 4 P. M. in American Theatre, Driggs av., near South 4th st., and at 8 P. M. in South Third Street Presbyterian Church, cor. Driggs av.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION—CHICKERING Hall, 5th av. and 18th st. Doors open 2:30 P. M.; exercises begin 3 P. M. Sunday, Feb. 28, Rev. William Morrison will speak. Music by choir under direction T. E. Schultz. Miss Annie Park, cornetist, will play. Rev. C. H. Mead, D. D., President. Edwin F. Galloway, Secretary.

AT SOUTH CHURCH, MADISON AV. AND 38TH ST., Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and at 4 P. M.; at 4 P. M. Special Praise service, Rossini's Stabat Mater.

BIBLE against Ingersoll; illustrated with stereopticon views; Sunday evening, 7:45 o'clock, Le Roy Hall, 2163 8th av., between 116th and 117th sts.; speaker, E. E. Franke. Come and hear Ingersoll's arguments exposed. Admission free.

CLOSING SERVICES.
D. L. MOODY,
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL,
SUNDAY, FEB. 28, 3 AND 8 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.—Five Points Mission, Dr. Sanford, pastor. 10:30, 7:30. Sunday school, 2:30; illustrated lantern talk at night. All welcome.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner 55th st., Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor.—Services Sunday, Feb. 28, 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

MADISON AV. BAPTIST CHURCH, corner 31st st. The Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D., pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 4:30 in the afternoon. The pastor will preach at both services. Chapel service Wednesday, 8 P. M.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, Feb. 28, 1897, at 11:15 A. M., lecture by Mr. M. M. MANGASARIAN at Carnegie Music Hall, corner of 57th st. and 7th av. Subject, "The Mystery of Character." All interested are invited.

SPIRITUALISM, BERKELEY LYCEUM, 21 West 44th st.—Dr. Fred Willis speaks morning, 11; evening, 8; afternoon, 3; Edgar W. Emerson, the remarkable test medium.

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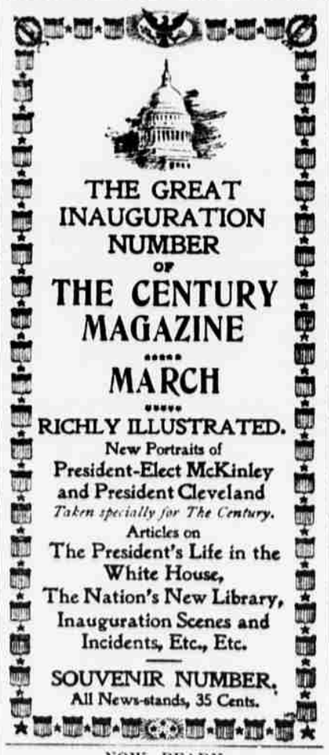

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