PARKES'S GRAVE NOW FULL

HIS BODY AND ONE ARM PLACED WITH THE REST OF HIM.

Curious Chain of Accidents Which Deprived Him of Four Wives, a Child, His Father, Two Legs, and One Arm—Visiting His Own Grave Finally Caused Him Taking Off.

GIRARDVILLE, Pa., March 18.—After having been reported dead several times William F. Parkes of Rappahannock, a suburb of this town, has really passed away. He died on Monday from the effects of a complication of diseases, the result of lying unconscious one night last July on a grave in which both his legs and one arm were already buried in a coffin. His funeral occurred yesterday.

Parkes was born in a suburb of Detroit, Mich., and at the age of 20 years married Bessie Woodruff, who lived only a year. Shortly after this he had a leg broken by being thrown from a colt he was trying to break. Blood poison ensued, and three amputations were performed, until nothing remained of the limb.

Recovering from the effects of the surgical operation, Parkes married his dead wife's sister, who nursed him during his illness, and a short time afterward the couple left for Saratoga, N. Y. The train on which they rode was wrecked. Parkes was pulled unconscious from the débris, clasping the dead and mangled body of his wife. Parkes was seriously injured, his remaining leg being so badly crushed that it had to be amputated.

The grave containing his first leg was opened and by its side was placed the second leg.

After spending a year at the home of his father, Parkes recovered sufficiently to operate a wheel chair. He became a frequent visitor to the farm adjoining that of his father. Boarding with the family was Miss Bessie White, an invalid and having but one arm, having lost the other from the effects of a fall down stairs. Parkes and the woman met, loved, and in three months they were married. Their affection was intensified by the sympathy that each had for the other, and for two years they lived at New York and Detroit. Then the shadow of death crossed Parkes's life for the third time. His last wife bore him his first child, and her will bequeathed him $25,000 with which to relieve his wants for the remainder of his life.

Thrice widowed, Parkes returned again to his father's home and engaged a nurse, Mrs. Maria Lawlor, to care for his baby girl. Mrs. Lawlor was young and comely, and for the fourth time Parkes fell in love. After six months the wooing ended in acceptance, and the legless man's home was brightened the fourth time by a wife. Parkes bought and fitted up a little cottage near the old homestead, and there he lived until misfortune again overtook him. While watching at the bedside of his father, who was very ill, a servant at his own cottage upset a kerosene lamp in the bedroom.

The fourth Mrs. Parkes and her child, who were asleep at the time, perished in the fire. The shock killed the elder Parkes, and the funerals of parent, wife, and child took place the same day.

Parkes was lifted into a carriage after the ceremony at the three graves, and while the graves were being filled he met with an accident in which he lost an arm. The horses took fright at a locomotive, and dashing down the road came in collision with a tree, instantly killing the driver and throwing Mr. Parkes from the carriage. When picked up he was unconscious, and it was found that his arm was crushed and broken in two places. It was amputated and buried with the parts of Parkes that had gone to the grave before. His next affliction was the death of his mother, who bequeathed him $50,000 in cash and real estate valued at $10,000.

Parkes had now only part of himself to live for, and began weekly visits to the grave of his legs and arm. On the second visit he was run down by a runaway team and seriously injured. Part of his shoulder had to be cut away to save an arm. This part was placed in the coffin with his two legs and arm. Parkes continued to be a weekly visitor to the grave, which he kept strewn with flowers until that July day last year that he fell unconscious on the mound.

Parkes left a will in which he bequeathed $50,000 to a hospital for injured coal miners and directed that the remainder of his estate, $20,000, be expended in a monument to mark his last resting place.

LEITER ASKS TO JOIN.

Makes Application for Membership in the Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, March 18.—Joseph Leiter applied for membership to the Board of Trade to-day. The application was filed with Secretary Stone and will be passed upon at the next meeting of the Board of Directors, after being reported on by the Membership Committee. According to the rules prescribing the qualifications for membership, Mr. Leiter's financial standing will have to be looked up. No doubt is entertained as to a favorable report on this score. Leiter has manipulated a deal in wheat which is admittedly the largest in the history of the trade. Notwithstanding, Mr. Leiter has not been a member of the board and has transacted all business requiring attendance on the floor through George French, his associate, and through Allen, Grier & Zeller.

Mr. Leiter says that he has not seen the inside of the Board of Trade in many years, and adds that speculation has none of the attractions for him which it is supposed to possess. He insists that he enters the wheat market not for speculation, but for commercial purposes. It may be said with authority that a large part of Leiter's wheat will be disposed of through the house of Counselman & Day. This house has foreign connections and is one of the large shippers of grain abroad. Everything is favorable now to the opening of navigation very shortly. That means that Leiter will have to move the millions of bushels of wheat which he has stored in the holds of vessels lying in this harbor. A conference is now on between the representatives of the lake and rail traffic lines to give grain rates to the coast.

Leiter is still working hard to keep the price of wheat from dropping. To-day he changed his tactics and disposed of nearly 500,000 bushels of May wheat. The price of May is now firm and shows indications of strength for the bulls. L. Z. Leiter is still in the city making arrangements at the banks for his son. The latter is confident of success and shows no signs of nervousness as the climax is coming nearer.

GOLD FOR WHEAT.

Leiter Responsible for a Part of the Present Auric Inflow.

Further engagements of gold abroad for import announced in Wall street yesterday were: National City Bank, $200,000, and L. Von Hoffmann & Co., $150,000. They made the grand total of the import movement, which began on Feb. 25, $26,100,000. Chicago telegraphic advices received in Wall street yesterday said that the bills of exchange against which one of the chief importing interests is bringing gold here were largely from Leiter, the Chicago Board of Trade wheat speculator, against the grain which he is shipping to Europe. Leiter's bankers state that he has sold 4,000,000 bushels abroad.

THE REPORT SENT TO MR. GOULD.

Elevated People Will Consider Rapid Transit Board's Offers on Tuesday.

The Rapid Transit Railroad Commission sent to President George J. Gould yesterday a copy of the report of its Contract Committee adopted on Thursday, in which are set forth the character of the new franchises which the commission may grant to the elevated railroads, and the terms upon which they will be offered.

The Manhattan Railway Executive Committee will meet on Tuesday and consider the franchises, although no final action can then be taken, as the committee must first have before it the offers from the Rapid Transit Railroad Commission in the shape of formal certificates. These certificates are to be prepared between now and 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

A call for a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was issued yesterday. The meeting will be held next Tuesday, and its purpose is to protest against the passage by the Legislature of Ellsworth's bill providing for the removal of the present Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners.

The Washington Heights Taxpayers' Association, of which Alderman Woodward is a leading member, met last night and passed resolutions calling on the Legislature and the Governor to defeat this bill.

The Real Estate Exchange also adopted resolutions yesterday condemning the bill.

CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN PROTEST.

Objection Made to a Text Book Used in the Hoboken Training School for Teachers.

A delegation of young women attending the Hoboken Training School for Teachers called upon the Commissioners of Public Instruction yesterday and protested against the use of Painter's text book on the "History of Education" in the school on the ground that it contained references to the Roman Catholic Church which were tinged with prejudice and distrust. The text book was introduced in the school several months ago by City Superintendent A. C. Dumarest upon the recommendation of the State Board of Examiners. It has been in use in other cities and States since 1886 and no objection has been raised to it before, it is said.

A special meeting of the Board of Public Instruction was called by President Edward Ross, and a committee was appointed to investigate the grievance of the pupils.

BROKER FINED $20 FOR "MASHING."

Court Not Being a Pawnshop, He Had to Get Money on His Jewelry Elsewhere.

When Henry Adams, a broker, living at 166 West Fifty-fourth street, proposed to leave a diamond ring as security for a fine of $10 in the West Fifty-fourth Street Police Court yesterday morning Magistrate Crane told him to pay his fine or go to jail.

"A police court is not a pawnshop," the Judge added.

Adams, who is 42 years old and married, had been arrested the night before for following and otherwise annoying Annie Bloomberg, a 15-year-old girl who lives at 157 West 100th street.

The girl said that while standing up in a crowded Columbus avenue car on her way home from work on Thursday night Adams attempted several times to seize her hand and to take hold of her dress.

To escape from him the girl left the car at Twenty-third street, and from there set out to walk to her home on 100th street. According to her complaint, Adams left the car at the same time, and followed her as far as Columbus avenue and 100th street, where Policeman Sullivan of the West 100th street station arrested him at Miss Bloomberg's request. The prisoner abused the bluecoat, took his number, and threatened to report the matter to Chief McCullagh.

When arraigned yesterday morning the prisoner said that the girl had lied and that everything would be all right because he had been downtown to see his friend, Chief McCullagh.

"Well, now you can go back," Magistrate Crane retorted, "and tell Chief McCullagh that this policeman has done his duty. I fully believe every word of this young woman's story and fine you $10."

The broker, who had been released from the station house the night before on bail, could not pay the fine, and, when Magistrate Crane declined to act as pawnbroker, he declared that he must be let go because he had a coachman outside waiting for him.

Although true, this assertion had no effect on the Magistrate, who again said that prisoners who do not pay fines go to the Workhouse. The coachman remained outside on his box figuring out his charge. It amounted to $2 at 10 o'clock, he said, and it was thirty minutes after that hour when Adams procured a messenger who went out and got the $10.

THREE BOYS STEAL 49 PIGEONS

They Were Carriers Worth $100 and Intended for Government Use.

Thomas Connors, a bird fancier of 510 West Forty-fifth street, owned forty-two pigeons, carriers and high fliers, which he was training for messenger service, until three small boys, with as many large bags and a rope ladder, raided the coops and made off with every bird, fourteen birds to the boy.

The theft was committed a week ago last night, but the boys were not caught until yesterday morning, when Detective Morris of the West Forty-seventh street station learned that they had been doing a brisk neighborhood trade in live birds by selling fantails and other high-priced pigeons for 25 and 50 cents apiece.

In the meantime twenty of the birds which had been stolen and then sold flew back to Mr. Connors's coops. Eleven were found in the possession of the prisoners. The missing eleven are supposed to have met their fate in stews on the west side or to be still confined in strange coops.

The prisoners were Robert Larkin, 12 years old, of 503 West Forty-second street; Joseph Henricks, 14 years old, of 515 West Forty-second street, and John Murray, 13 years old, of 548 West Forty-third street. They went up through the house in which Connors lives to the coops on the roof.

The raid had been carefully planned and a safe retreat provided for. Instead of coming down by the same route they had taken in going up and risking capture by passing Connors's door with forty-two excited and cooing pigeons, they used the rope ladder to get to the roof of the next house, which is one story lower, and then reached the street by way of the scuttle and the stairs.

Connors said that the birds were worth $100, and, according to the detective, he had been training them as carriers to be sold to the Government for army and navy service.

The boys were arraigned in the West Fifty-fourth Street Police Court yesterday. Magistrate Crane held them for trial.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 6 05 | Sun sets.. 6 11 | Moon rises. 4 30

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 5 09 | Gov.Isl'd. 5 41 | Hell Gate.. 7 34

Arrived—Friday, March 18.

Ss Rotterdam, Voege, Newcastle March 5.
Ss Schleswig, Aarhuus, Insgus.
Ss City of Philadelphia, Delano, Baltimore.
Ss Princess Anne, Hulphers, Norfolk.
Ss El Dorado, Baker, New Orleans.
Ss Goldsboro, Swain, Philadelphia.
Ship Ancyra, Morris, Manila.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Scindia, from New York, at Marseilles.
Ss Lucania, from New York, at Queenstown.
Ss La Gascogne, from New York, at Havre.
Ss Cuflo, from New York, at Liverpool.
Ss Bolivia, from New York, at Leghorn.
Ss Liv. from New York, at Hamburg.
Ss Pretoria, from New York, at Hamburg.
Ss Saale, from New York, at Genoa.
Ship Elise, from New York, at Liverpool.
Ship Harland, from New York, at Melbourne.
Bark Abiel Abbott, from New York, at Auckland.

PASSED.

Ss Friesland, from New York for Antwerp, passed the Lizard.
Ss Port Adelaide, from Shanghai for New York, passed Gibraltar.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Oevenum, from Lisbon for New York.
Ss Hempsted, from Maceio for New York.
Ss Burgundia, from Marseilles for New York.
Ss Strathlyon, from Shields for New York.
Ss Cluden, from Shields for New York.
Ss Tartar Prince, from Naples for New York.
Ss Tiranic, from Dundee for New York.
Ss Werkendam, from Boulogne for New York.
Ss Merida, from Montevideo for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss Algonquin, from Jacksonville for New York.
Ss Miami, from Galveston for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-Day.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Etruria, Liverpool	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Genoa	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Spaarndam, Rotterdam	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Norge, Christiansand	11 00 A M	1 00 P M
Phoenicia, Hamburg	.....	3 00 P M
Mohawk, London	.....	9 00 A M
Winifreda, London	.....	.....
Peerless, Newcastle	.....	.....
Galileo, Hull	.....	.....
Seneca, Havana	10 30 A M	1 00 P M
Saratoga, Nassau	10 30 A M	1 00 P M
Caribbee, St. Thomas	9 30 A M	12 00 M
Alleghany, Kingston	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Prins Willem I., Hayti	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Coleridge, La Plata	10 30 A M	1 00 P M
Excelsior, New Orleans	.....	3 00 P M
Leona, Galveston	.....	3 00 P M

Sail Tuesday, March 22.

Lahn, Bremen	6 00 A M	9 00 A M
Finance, Colon	12 00 M	2 00 P M
Spartan Prince, Azores	.....	.....
Algonquin, Charleston	.....	3 00 P M
El Dorado, New Orleans	.....	3 00 P M

Sail Wednesday, March 23.

New York, Southampton	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Majestic, Liverpool	9 00 A M	12 00 M
La Navarre, Havre	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Westernland, Antwerp	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Orizaba, Havana	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Trinidad, Bermuda	9 00 A M	10 00 A M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-Day.

Benedict	Para	March 4
Alastia	Gibraltar	March 8
Sir Garnet Wolseley	Gibraltar	March 8
El Norte	New Orleans	March 12
Campania	Liverpool	March 12
Nordkyn	Shields	March 4
Alamo	Galveston	March 13
City of Birmingham	Savannah	March 15
Ohio	Hull	March 6
Strabo	St. Lucia	March 11
Finance	Colon	March 12
Nacoochee	Savannah	March 15
Trinidad	Bermuda	March 17

Due Sunday, March 20.

Hercynia	Havre	March 7
La Navarre	Havre	March 12
El Sud	New Orleans	March 15
Algonquin	Jacksonville	March 16

Due Monday, March 21.

Anchoria	Glasgow	March 10
Statendam	Amsterdam	March 10
Helios	Hamburg	March 6
Concho	Havana	March 17
Gottfried Schenker	Gibraltar	March 7
Philadelphia	La Guayra	March 15

Due Tuesday, March 22.

Mobile	London	March 16
Bovic	Liverpool	March 22
Southery	Hamburg	March 8
Alene	Port Limon	March 15
Hudson	New Orleans	March 16
El Paso	New Orleans	March 17

Due Wednesday, March 23.

Fulda	Gibraltar	March 14
State of Nebraska	Glasgow	March 12
Pisa	Hamburg	March 9
British Queen	Antwerp	March 9
Seguranca	Havana	March 19
Santiago	Nassau	March 19
Alps	Jamaica	March 17
Nueces	Galveston	March 16

Due Thursday, March 24.

Germanic	Liverpool	March 16
Trave	Bremen	March 15
Bremen	Bremen	March 12
Miami	Galveston	March 17

NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

A love story with a certain discretion and health in it, and at the same time an amusing story, is told by Beatrice Whitby in "Sunset." (D. Appleton & Co.) It seems to be good to encounter such a story; there is a definite sense of refreshment in it after the hopeless problems and the dispiriting abnormalities of the tales that have become too common. There seems to be no reason after all why love, at least in a novel, should not be a cheerful and fulfilling thing. What is the possible harm of regulating love, at least in the imagination? Here is love which finds its due compensation and satisfaction after a reasonable interval of tentative and frustrated endeavor. A spirit of humor which laughs at the bitter visitations of fate—many of them rather small and ridiculous, indeed—desirably permeates this tale. Frances here is a fine girl; she is fine at 25, and fine when she is older. As a matter of fact, plenty of women are fine when they are more than 25. The general setting of the story is cheerful, and this undoubtedly is due to the circumstance that the author herself is cheerful—a person in emotional health. She has abundant humor, a possession not universal among the novelists of her sex. When a child is burned in the story, it is not burned to an accompaniment of overwhelming and immitigable sorrow. It is only slightly burned, and we consider it as a praiseworthy circumstance that the moderate conflagration in question is not put out with oceans of serious tears. We cannot help being grateful to Miss Whitby for the fact of her cheerfulness. We have no fault to find with her story except that we wish it might have been a little differently punctuated. There is a common impression that punctuation is a matter of taste, and that however it is accomplished it is bound to suit somebody. We should not like to believe that there is anybody capable of being suited by the style of punctuation displayed here. This, however, is an incidental that we are willing to dismiss and forget forthwith. For the rest, there is nothing that we should wish to evict from memory. On the contrary, one can have no thought of "Sunset," saving only the matter of punctuation, of which it is possible to say that it is not desirable that it should abide.

"When Love Laughs," a book of verses by Tom Hall, is published in pretty fashion, in italics, with diminutive illustrations and agreeable decorations in color by E. R. Herrick & Co. Mr. Hall's muse is playful, reasonably sentimental, and by avowal not ambitious. She has not tempted him, he declares, to write upon the sky with fire-tipped pine trees, after the manner of the very communicative Heine. He has "merely tried to create a few fancies for people who have not time to do so for themselves." He comes in from the forbidden practice of "scorching" on his wheel and writes a poem about it; the noises and worries of a Harlem flat resolve themselves into measures with his apt assistance; he celebrates the girls with generosity and understanding, and he has a good word for his good cook. Everybody should speak well of a cook who is satisfactory, and as for the girls, who ever can say enough about them? Mr. Tom Hall is amusing and readable. Suggestions occur to him, and he has an unlabored and interesting way of putting them into shape.

"The Wound Dresser" is a volume largely made up of letters written by Walt Whitman to his mother from the hospitals in Washington during the war of the rebellion. It is edited by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston). "The Great Army of the Wounded," "Life Among Fifty Thousand Soldiers," and "Hospital Visits," three accounts written by Whitman for the newspapers, are included in the book. The letters to his mother are best to be described, perhaps, as just such letters as one would write to one's mother. "Mother, you or Jeff must write me what Andrew does about going to North Carolina. I should think it might have a beneficial effect upon his throat. I wrote Jeff quite a long letter Sunday. Jeff must write to me whenever he can; I dearly like to have them; and whenever you feel like it you, too, dear mother. Tell Sis her Uncle Walt will come back one of these days from the sick soldiers and take her out on Fort Greene again." "Dear mother, I send you and Hattie my love, as you say she is a dear little girl. Mother, try to write every week, even if only a few lines. Love to George and Jeff and Matt." There is plenty like this. The importance of it may depend upon the point of view. The editor says that "there are other qualities and characteristics than the literary, some of them as important and as valuable, which may be more or less adequately conveyed by print." This seems to be true enough. The book makes 200 pages.

A little book that should interest riders of the wheel is entitled "Why not Cycle Abroad Yourself? What a bicycle trip in Europe costs, how to take it, how to enjoy it, with a narrative of personal tours, illustrations and maps," by Clarence Stetson (American News Company). Here a young American writes with enthusiasm and with, now and then, an obviously humorous intention, of his experiences with the wheel in Europe, and gives his readers some useful information as to hotels, restaurants, roads and so on, together with notes on the Custom House dues and general regulations affecting tourists in the different continental countries. In a chapter entitled "In Gay Paree" Mr. Stetson records his first impressions of that naughty but delightful city and incidentally corrects a wrong impression which he thinks may have been conveyed by a young woman who, in the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal* wrote of Paris as "this curious city of contradictions, where you might eat your breakfast from the streets—they are so clean—but where you must close your eyes to the spectacles of the curbstones; this beautiful whited sepulchre where exists the unwritten law, 'commit any offence you will, provided you submorge it in poetry and flowers,' &c." Mr. Stetson very emphatically states that the young woman who wrote these lines may eat her breakfast off the Paris streets if she wants to; "I," he says, "should hate to undertake the contract." And he is undoubtedly right, though it may be noticed, in passing, that the young woman says "from," and not "off" the streets—which leaves her meaning pleasantly obscure—while it is probable that she intended the expression as a pleasing and effective figure of speech rather than as a statement of fact to be taken, as the French say, at the foot of the letter.

To the American girl in Paris Mr. Stetson gives some advice. If, when riding in the Bois, or on the Boulevard, she is accosted by some cheery, but unconventional son of La Belle France with such greetings as "Oh, yes," "I spik Eenglish," "You are a jolie mees," "All right," it will, he thinks, be well for her to ignore these attentions. Nor should she show surprise at any oddities of costume she may notice. "La Culotte," as worn by some of the young women of Paris, is not, he finds, as shocking as it might be. "Any old ballet girl in America presents herself in public in a costume which wouldn't be permitted even to a Parisian cyclist, without keeping an American girl away from the theatre." The young woman is further warned to beware of the respectable looking stranger who offers to inflate a tire for her, and the sad story is told of a young American girl who was taking an early morning ride in the Bois when an affable young man in cycling costume informed her that her hind tire was deflated and politely offered to blow it up for her. "Of course she very naturally suspected nothing, and, when the man had finished pumping in the air, he put on the cap, and, rising to his feet, said: 'I think that'll do, I'll just see.' Whereupon he jumped lightly into the saddle and rode off, and it may be added that he hasn't got back yet." The account of a tour through Belgium, Italy and southern France is cheerfully written and very readable, and the book is neatly illustrated.

Under the title "In the Midst of Life," Messrs. Putnam issue, with some alterations and additions, the series of short stories by Mr. Ambrose Bierce, originally published in America as "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." The impressionable reader who loves to revel in an intellectual feast of chaotic horrors should have no difficulty in satisfying his tastes here. If his hair refuses to stand on end after his perusal of the story of the nervous man who was lured to his death by the fascinating gaze of a stuffed snake with eyes made of shoe buttons, let him try the pastel in prose which bears the not inappropriate title "A Holy Terror." At that point in the story at which Mr. Jefferson Donan goes mad and breaks open the coffin containing all that is left of a young woman who was buried some two years before, he should at least experience the phenomena involved in a lowering of the temperature of the blood, and that corrugated condition of the outer cuticle, non-technically described as gooseflesh. If not we can only conclude that he is of a perfectly normal temperament and therefore unqualified fully to appreciate Mr. Bierce's efforts to entertain him. "Scarry," the young woman whose mortal remains were thus rudely disturbed by Mr. Jefferson Donan, was what the author describes as a mountain Messalina, and she seems, even in life, to have been in every way worthy of the simple inscription placed above her grave by the men of the mining camp in which she closed her career. "She was a Holy Terror"—as also was Mr. Jefferson Donan himself—and Mrs. Mary Matthews Porfer, who was branded with a long deforming cicatrice that traversed the pallor of her countenance like a visible curse, and who died in an extremely tragical and unexpected manner. In fact, among all these characters of Mr. Bierce's, it would be difficult to find one to whom the title of "a holy terror" might not, with some justice, be applied.

There seems to be no sufficient reason why those estimable and long-suffering persons who find a mild form of pleasure in the afternoon lectures of imported minor poets should not turn their attention now and then to some of our more modest home-grown bards. The tuneful Coogler has never, we believe, received due recognition from either the Bodley-heads or the Major-ponders, and yet it may be that the sweet singer from the cotton and phosphate fields of South Carolina is at least as original and as worthy of attention as are some of the literary curiosities who come to us from o'er the sea. Surely the poet who has told us, in his own original way, that

> All Heaven has no waters soft enough,
> Nor Earth no cleansing soap,
> That can wash the crimson from the heart
> That destroys a woman's hope,

should not be left to languish in obscurity when small but select audiences will pay $1 per head to gaze upon the author of those immortal lines that, if we remember rightly, run:

> From tavern to tavern
> Youth wanders along
> With an arm full of girl
> And a heart full of song.

But, while hospitable to the stranger, we are apt to overlook the merits of our own home-keeping youths, and so it is with no anticipation of success that we commend Mr. Louis Elshemus of this city to the notice of the aforesaid Bodley-heads and the Major-ponders. "Om Mammon, a Spirit Song" (Eastman Lewis), is the title of the latest poem by Mr. Elshemus, and we are moved by an examination of it to suggest a lyrical competition between this bard and Mr. Le Gallienne, in order that the delicate issue may be decided as to which is entitled to wear the laurels as champion lightweight poet of England and America. We hereby challenge the laureate of Liverpool, and base our preference for Mr. Elshemus on this excerpt from a dialogue between the "Spirits of Money-Mania" and the Spirit of Time:

> Gold and silver tinkle
> Sweet as periwinkle.
> Ha, ha! We mean it very;
> With it we buy sherry.
>
> Money is our living.
> We are never giving
> Any to our fellow men,
> But we use it for ourselves.
> We are friend to Ben,
> Who has plenty on his shelves;
> Gold and silver they
> Make up all our love and lay.
>
> Nought we care for science
> Save that we compliance
> Find with money's lucre;
> So we play at euchre.
>
> Spirit of Time.
>
> What drivel is't that foams from out their lips?
> Hush!

A morbid young Italian, gifted with some eloquence and imaginative power and a slave to the tiresome habit of self-analysis; an old man in his dotage, his mad wife, his two sons in different stages of insanity, and his three daughters overpowered by their tragic surroundings and awaiting the insanity to which they are irrevocably doomed—these are the characters in Gabriele D'Annunzio's latest novel, "The Maidens of the Rocks" (Richmond), and they are set in an atmosphere that is a cheerful compromise between that of a hot-house and the sick ward of a lunatic asylum. The story, such as there is of it, begins in nothing and ends nowhere. The melancholy and unpleasant young Italian makes love, in a feeble and unwholesome way, to each of the three sisters in succession, and in the case of the youngest, who is about to enter a convent, he almost persuades her to change her mind. Then he goes home, and the reader is left with the comforting assurance that there is a sequel to follow, which is to be entitled "The Book of Grace."

A pleasant account of the home life of the children's poet is given by Mrs. Ida Comstock Below, in "Eugene Field in His Home" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). A brief sketch of his career is supplemented with some letters and verses hitherto unpublished, and the little volume is illustrated with some excellent photographs. Mr. Stanley Waterloo writes a short introductory chapter and a bibliography is added.

"All the World's Fighting Ships" is an English publication, issued in this country by Little, Brown & Co. It is compiled by Fred T. Jane, whose aim, expressed in poor English and worse French, German, and Italian, is to supply the details of warships not included in other naval annuals. Mr. Jane has drawn with pen and ink pictures of at least one type of vessel in each class of each navy, and his book is a good complement to Lord Brassey's well-known "Naval Annual." It is of interest to note that Mr. Jane ascribes the vessels of the British Navy to England alone, thus adding to the amount of the reparation which England will have to pay for Floddan and other things.

Mr. Jasper Goodykoontz seems to be a benefactor of mankind. He publishes in two editions a series of tables compiled by himself at Atlanta, Ind., containing computations of all kinds—calendars, interest tables, moonlight tables, sunrise and sunset tables, astronomical tables, time charts, and all manner of similar mathematical tables—which he sells at low rates. The man with no head for figures needs only to have Mr. Goodykoontz's book; he won't miss his head; Mr. Goodykoontz thinks mathematically for him.

We have also received:

"Blake and the Tudor Navy, with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power," Julian S. Corbett. In two volumes. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"John Gilbert, Yeoman. A Romance of the Commonwealth." R. G. Soans. (Frederick Warne & Co.).

"Schwester Anna. A Tale of German Home Life." Felicia Buttz Clark. (Eaton & Mains.)

"This Little World." David Christie Murray. (Appletons.)

"An American Mother, and other stories." Mary Landman Underwood. (Van Vechten & Ellis, Wasau, Wis.)

"Stepping Stones to Literature." A reader for sixth grades. Sarah Louise Arnold, Charles B. Gilbert. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

"Minnewaska, and other Lyrical Poems." Ina E. Wood Van Norman. (Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago, Ill.)

"Sanitary Engineering." William Paul Gerhard, C. E. (Author.)

"Clep the Magnificent." Louis Zangwill. (Dillingham.)

Last of the Thomas Concerts.

The last of the Thomas concerts will be given this afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. Josef Hofmann will be the soloist, and this will probably be the last opportunity to hear him with such an organization as the Chicago Orchestra. The programme will be devoted to the works of Beethoven.

PLEA FOR RETALIATION.

The British Columbia Legislature Urges the Dominion Government to Act.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 18.—The British Columbia Legislature to-day unanimously adopted resolutions urging the Dominion Government to impose a duty on imported lumber equalling that on Canadian lumber entering the United States, and also restricting immigration by turning back all indigent or weak-minded persons, many of whom are finding their way here in the Klondike rush. On Monday the House will discuss the advisability of increasing the import duty on lead ores to the same standard as contained in the Dingley tariff.

NEW PLAYS IN CHARITY.

Coppee's "Le Passant" and Lancaster's "His Last Appearance."

The second and last of the afternoon entertainments at the Waldorf-Astoria in aid of the Orthopedic Hospital began yesterday with François Coppée's "Le Passant" in an English translation by Charles Renauld. The piece is a half-hour dialogue between a rich and beautiful but wanton Italian woman and an ingenuous wandering minstrel, who is bewitched with her at sight. He avows his passion and pleads to remain her devoted slave. She puts aside her heart's longing for a pure love like that and sends him on his way without letting him know that it is a consciousness of her own unworthiness which has impelled her to repulse him. The chief expectation in the matinée lay in Julie Opp's appearance as the wooing minstrel, and, truth to tell, the assemblage of very fashionable women seemed particularly curious to see how the stately beauty from the Lyceum would look without skirts. Well, she made a handsome fellow, and distinctly Italian, with her black hair and brunette complexion. She wore a picturesque costume, the features of which were a plumed hat, a mantle falling from her shoulders, a jacket down to below her hips, boots up to above her knees, and a small section of smooth stockings between the jacket and the boots. The illusion of comely manliness was excellent in contour and bearing. After Miss Opp had been thoroughly scrutinised the performance of "Le Passant" did not hold attention closely. Neither she nor Marie Burroughs, who played the other part, had a sufficient command of elocutionary skill to save the long stretches of declamation from tediousness. Mr. Renauld's rhymed version of the work was adequate, but nothing less than genius in the delivery would make satisfactory diversion of it at the theatre.

The other new piece in the bill was "His Last Appearance," by A. E. Lancaster. It afforded to William H. Crane an opportunity to display his ability in the portrayal of a friendly false pretender. The character was that of a retired actor, who was importuned to volunteer for a charity, but who, having quit the stage with a determination to never perform again, refused to accede to the urgent requests. But he did employ his professional talent at acting in order to bring about a betrothal of his wealthy niece to a lover, who, because he was poor, would not declare his passion. Mr. Crane brought the matter to a focus by pretending to receive word that all his money had been lost in Wall street, and that the girl's fortune had gone in the same way. This well-meant lie was kept up until the young man, thinking the girl was as poor as himself, proposed marriage. The little comedy was fresh and original in pleasant ideas, and Mr. Crane was very happy in it, especially with the scene of mock grief and despair. Walter Hale, Kate Lester, and Percy Haswell helped him effectually. The rest of the programme consisted of a brief passage from "Measure for Measure," with Helena Modjeska as the *Isabella*, and Augustus Thomas's farce, "The Overcoat," performed by William Courtleigh, Kate Denin Wilson, and Caroline Miskel Hoyt.

DIED.

BRADLEY.—Suddenly, in Brooklyn, on Wednesday, March 16, 1898, Moses M. Bradley, aged 78 years. Funeral private from his late residence, 1225 Dean st., Saturday, March 19, at 11 A. M. Interment at Springfield, N. J.

BROWN.—On March 6, Arthur T., aged 7 years; March 18, Violetta, aged 2 years, oldest and youngest children of Frank and Violetta Timpson Brown and grandchildren of Franklin Timpson. Interments private.

DAILEY.—Suddenly, on March 18, George, infant son of John D. Dailey.
Funeral Sunday at 1 P. M. from residence, White Plains.

DEVERE.—At his residence, 827 Gates av., Brooklyn, Henry Devere, Sandy Hook pilot.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

DOLLARD.—On Thursday, March 17, at her residence, 9 State st., Lucy L., beloved wife of James J. Dollard and daughter of Philip and Marie Brady.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from St. Peter's Church, Barclay st., on Monday, March 21, at 10 A. M.

FALCONER.—Suddenly, on Thursday, March 17, Frederick Russell Falconer.
Funeral services on Saturday morning, March 19, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of his brother, James H. Falconer, 240 West 75th st. Relatives and friends invited to the funeral.

JONES.—On Tuesday, March 15, William M. Jones, husband of the late Elizabeth Richards, in the 79th year of his age.
Funeral service will be held at his late residence, 186 Penn st., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, March 20, at 4:15 P. M. Relatives and friends invited. Interment at convenience of family.

LEWISOHN.—On March 9, in London, England, Sam, beloved son of Leonard and Rosalie Lewisohn, from pneumonia.
Funeral services will be held on Sunday morning, March 20, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of his parents, 14 East 57th st. Kindly omit flowers. Boston and Providence papers please copy.

O'NEILL.—At her residence, 61 West 22d st., on Wednesday, March 16, Sarah, widow of John O'Neill.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from St. Francis Xavier's Church, 16th st., near 6th av., on Saturday, at 10.30 A. M. Interment at Calvary. Kindly omit flowers.

RAMSAY.—Suddenly, on Wednesday, at Saranac Lake, Adirondacks, Allen William Ramsay.
Funeral on Saturday, 10 A. M., from St. Joseph's Church, Baldwin and Pavonia avs., Jersey City.

WANGLER.—At Stamford, N. Y., on Friday, March 18, 1898, Rachel McCreery Wangler, infant daughter of Albert and Rachel McCreery Wangler.
Funeral services at the residence of her grandfather, Samuel McCreery, Broadway, Flushing, L. I., on Monday, March 21, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WOODRUFF.—On Tuesday evening, March 15, at his residence, 106 Remsen st., Brooklyn, N. Y., Franklin Woodruff, aged 65 years.
Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Harlem Railroad; 43 minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Special Notices.

To neglect the hair is to lose youth and comeliness. Save it with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures inward pain.

Religious Notices.

FOR FIVE SUCCESSIVE AFTERNOONS
A. C. DIXON LECTURES
IN BROADWAY TABERNACLE, corner 34th st. and Broadway.
SUBJECTS:
Monday, "SAMUEL THE SEER."
Tuesday, "SAUL THE SINNER."
Wednesday, "SOLOMON THE WISE."
Friday, "ELIJAH THE MAN OF FIRE."
ADMISSION FREE.

AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, 7th av. and 14th st.—Three services on Sunday: Rev. F. C. Harding, Dr. Walter Buchanan and Rev. S. P. Cadman, pastor; meetings every night; concert to-night, free.

BROOKLYN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION, Long Island Business College, So. 8th st., bet. Bedford and Driggs avs., Sundays at 8 P. M. Sunday, March 20, Mr. Starr Hoyt Nichols will lecture. Subject: "Trades Unions and Poverty." A discussion will follow the lecture. Platform free. All interested are invited.

CHURCH OF THE ETERNAL HOPE, 51st st., west of Columbus av. Service 11 A. M. Rev. W. S. CROWE, D. D., Minister. Subject: "The Sp