NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

Plenty of people are of a nature that would find nothing but satisfaction in circumstances that greatly distress the heroine in the opening pages of Mr. William Barry's novel, "The Two Standards" (Century Company). The heroine is a clergyman's daughter who sits at the parsonage window writing in "a square old book, vellum-bound, with rusty, brazen clasps," looking out occasionally through the rain into the sudden and somewhat neglected churchyard. Some natures, as we say, would be delighted by conditions of such sombreness, others might call them sad, but they would regard them as soothing. How satisfying to sit in such a window, in such weather, by such a churchyard, and write in such a book a novel overflowing with the sorrows of life. It would hardly matter if one of the clergyman's other daughters was playing the piano in the room below in that unemotional manner which so commonly marks the efforts of performers in parsonages and in other domiciles. The heroine, indeed, was not writing a novel; she was writing a diary. She was setting down in that vellum-bound, square old book, with the rusty brazen clasps, that book so attractive from the antiquarian and bric-à-brac point of view, sentiments that it is safe to say ought never to have found lodgement in the bosom of a clergyman's child. Her lips curled as she wrote. "This is my cell in the vicarage, and here I live. Live? Good heavens! How untidy the garden looks! But we have no gardener, and mother can't do everything. She tries hard, all the same." She wrote on about her mother, and about the doting parsonage, and about her sister, who was ill-tempered and turbulent, notwithstanding she played the piano as though she were the most placid of human kind. Of her mother and the parsonage: "She likes to be thought of as the virtuous woman of the Bible. 'She certainly looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' The gates and fences are moss-grown too by now; the queer old place itself, gables and all, will sink down one of these days by the churchyard, a heap of historic dust." Of her sister and her mother again: "Listen to Emmy playing, with an occasional false note, on the piano downstairs, the 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn. Oh, Emmy, how you torment that poor imprisoned Ariel, who 'doth vent his groans as fast as mill wheels strike!' 'What are you quoting?' asks mother, suspiciously. 'Oh, nothing, mamma; only Shakespeare.' Shakespeare! Fancy the look in her eyes when I say Shakespeare. But here we are, three penniless girls, with no more outlook than—let me find a comparison—than the flower girls who sell buttonholes in Piccadilly. No more? Perhaps less. The flower girls don't live in a convent down by a graveyard, their mother, the austere abbess, to see they break none of the rules!"

Here was the irony of fate. Those who would have liked to sit at the vicarage window and look out through the rain at the churchyard and write in the vellum-bound book were not permitted to be there, and the heroine, to whom all these privileges were accorded, and upon whom they may be said to have been enforced, was anxious for a change of scene. Presently she aroused herself, threw away the book, talked back to her mother, successfully beset her not very adamantine father, left her sister Emmy at the piano and went up to London among the decadents and age-enders, where she felt that she could be happy. Here is a definition of "decadent" furnished by one of the peculiar company that she encountered: "'Decadent,' observed a gentleman, tall and stout, who was standing behind Mrs. Henshaw's chair, 'is the last exquisite touch of departing life—it is the last exquisite touch of departing life—it is autumn, introspective, melancholy, flushed with the bloom that announces overripeness and the sunset. No art which is merely sound has any suggestion of this infinite.'" Overripe, we suppose, must be considered as a rather decent way of describing a condition for which there is a shorter name. Mrs. Henshaw, a divorced lady "with blue eyes made in enamel, as it might seem," and with a manner of movement that "gave one the notion of a flickering light," approved of decadence. "I love things to be too luscious and gamy," she said, and she complimented the tall and stout gentleman on his book, "The Beauty of Death."

It was high time for the heroine to go back to the parsonage and watch the clean rain; and it would have been better for her if she had married her cousin, who was handsome, normal, moderate, and merciful in his habit of conversation, and innocent of overripe and interminable views regarding art and music. Instead, she married a "promoter," a sort of Mr. Hooley, who juggled with millions and came to a miserable and impoverished end. Worse, she fell in love with a genius in the art of music, a composer of operas, a being surcharged with rhapsodies and mysteries, who had an enlarged soul, and floated in the air, far up, toward the moon. He held long conversations with the priests in the sombre grounds of a Jesuit monastery by the sea:

> Walking in a pleached alley, through the leaves, afar, the blue waters glistened like fragments of a June heaven—still terrified, but satirizing his overworn nerves, Gerard came face to face with Father Arrowsmith. The Jesuit would have passed on. There was a slight hesitation on both sides, when, not without an effort, the musician spoke.
>
> "I am an artist," he said, leaping into the arena. "Art, science at all events, music and the drama—is emotion. Do you reckon it among the lawless affections of which I read in this book?" He was holding his Latin volume, his fingers between the leaves.
>
> The Father gave him a searching glance. "What is your own view?" he said courteously.
>
> Gerard laughed. "My view? That the power of a work is measured by the amount of passion one puts into it. Now, last night you ran down passion."
>
> "I called reason the master light. Could you have music without mathematics?"
>
> "But music without feeling? Are we only rational machines? What do you make of genius, Father? You condemn inspiration, impulse, the creative fever? We must go by the rule, you say. It is the most resolute defence of the Academic—the Renaissance—classic—I ever heard. Have you no message for us moderns?"
>
> This language appeared to be new in the good man's hearing. He listened with keen attention, but, as the spirit of his training suggested, let Elven run on. He never pronounced hastily on a question not set down in his books.
>
> "I suppose the classics are what we rely upon as a test of literature; certainly we rely upon them in Education. Is that wrong?"
>
> Elven shrugged his shoulders. "I speak for myself. Education does not make a genius; it often unmakes him. Your rule and compass are good for mediocrity. Reason is cold: it has no heart; it glides over the surface and constructs a diagram."

It will be seen that the genius with whom the heroine was in love could reason as well as float. But what a singular conversation; and what possibly could come of it? "Art is emotion!" of course it is, though there is no great emotion in some of it, and the artist manages to eat his dinner the same as other people. Without question it is an ability and a facility as well as an emotion. "The power of a work is measured by the amount of passion that one puts into it." That is very likely so, though what is called passion is often no more than a manifestation of neurosis. It is not necessary for a great artist to seem to be possessed of devils. Nothing could be calmer than the frontal of Shakespeare, as we see it in the portraits that have been preserved to us.

The trouble with the heroine was that she was torn by the ambitions of an actress. We say ambitions, but in using that word we mean nothing disparaging. She was possessed of the powers that are effective on the stage, and an overpowering instinct forced her to an expression of them. No wonder she was not satisfied to sit in the parsonage window, writing in the vellum-bound book, looking out upon the ruinous churchyard through the rain, "grieving by moors like the cushat dove." That is not the way of people whose genius fits them and calls upon them to appear in opera. Neither is it their way to sit contentedly in the drawers of London "promoters," whom they do not love, eating dinners for the body, and leaving the soul to starve. The heroine ran away to America, intending to appear in one of Gerard Elven's operas, but she would not allow him to accompany her. "No stain from her should fall upon Gerard's reputation," she said, and it was in consequence of this determination on her part that Elven went away to the monastery and discussed art in its relation to religion.

New York and Chicago are sketched in the story. "The sky of Naples over a smokeless Liverpool," that is a characterization of this city; and Mr. Barry also mentions "a railway with moving cars," certainly not an unusual kind of a railway.

The book is interesting and at the same time depressing. It is full of the puzzles of human existence, which of course are not solved in it. It has dramatic passages and passages of vivid portraiture, mingled with long pages of metaphysics and pure philosophy. It pictures a particular form of the vice of London at great length and quite morbidly, and without the least regard for any connection between the subject and the general story. Nothing could be more abrupt and uncalled for than the way in which the heroine plunges out of her home, reviews this vice and plunges back again. It is probably because there is so much and such an unrelated variety in the book that the reader feels himself disturbed by it. Of course Victor Hugo disported himself as he pleased in "Les Misérables," lugging in the battle of Waterloo in a most remarkable manner, but then, he was a Frenchman.

In "Sundown Leflare," by Frederic Remington (Harper & Bros.), we have several stories told in the manner of speech that an Indian halfbreed employs when he talks English. Sundown was Mr. Remington's interpreter, and Mr. Remington reproduces these tales as Sundown told them. There is "The Great Medicine Horse," an Indian myth of the thunder, told by Itsoneorratseahoos, a name too long for the white men, who called him Paint in an effort toward simplicity. "How Order No. 6 Went Through" is another of the stories, and the remaining three are entitled respectively "Sundown Leflare's Warm Spot," "Sundown Leflare's Money" and Sundown's Higher Self." These are stories in which Mr. Remington's humor mingles with Sundown's and they are curious and amusing. They are set off by twelve of Mr. Remington's characteristic illustrations, which are reproduced on rather too small a scale for the best effect.

Some readable sketches of slum life in London, smartly written and exaggerated almost to caricatures, have been arranged on a clumsy framework by Mr. Richard Whiteing in "No. 5 John street" (The Century Co.) and are offered, we imagine, as studies from the life of various social problems. Though he makes fun of benevolent "slumming" of all kinds, the author's point of view and, apparently, his sources of information, are those of the amateur slummer; so are the philosophic comments he intersperses in smaller type. Several of Mr. Whiteing's characters are interesting, among them a conventional coster and a flower girl, whom he seems tempted to make the heroine of a story. He puts away the temptation by blowing the girl up with dynamite. The quality of Mr. Whiteing's work and his playful humor can be judged by a specimen page. His coster receives the visit of a missionary in his living room.

> He unrolls a colored lithograph, which represents Queen Victoria offering a Bible to an inquiring savage, as "the true cause of the greatness of England." The chief kneels, in a loin cloth of ostrich plumes. Ministers in the Windsor uniform hover in the background. Her Majesty wears the crinoline of that happy middle period when we were still able to smack our lips over our own flavor as the salt of the earth.
>
> "What might be 'is name?" asks Covey at length, pointing to the chief. "Anybody we bin lickin' lately?"
>
> Mr. Conroy (rather uneasily)—Oh, no; there was never any trouble about him—brought up by the missionaries.
>
> Covey—What sort o' lingo, now, would he speak—in a manner o' speakin'?
>
> Mr. Conroy—Sort of broken English, I fancy—at any rate, when he's comin' our way.
>
> Covey—I s'pose everybody all over the world'll know our patter bimeby?
>
> Mr. Conroy (with modest pride)—That's what it's coming to, I fancy. They pick it up, like. It's the tracts.
>
> Covey (warming)—An' what's the lingo up yonder, I wonder?
>
> Mr. Conroy—Up where?
>
> Covey (apparently too shamefaced to name a better world)—That plice what you're always a-talking of.
>
> Mr. Conroy—English'll do, I think you'll find.

He does not say so in terms, but he manifestly cherishes the hope that our tongue, if not exactly the sole language of heaven, is certainly the one most in use there. There can be no doubt of the good man's inclination to the belief that his Maker is at heart a Briton. He suspects irreverence in the conclusion, and would be glad of escape from it, but there seems no way. The Lord's steadiness, his constancy, his perfect sobriety of spirit, his great constructive activities, his combined justice and mercy, are all, in Mr. Conroy's view, eminently British qualities.

Mr. Covey has views on America:

> It depends upon the sort o' fore'ner. Amerikins is all right. Very free with their money. Don't seem able to reckin below sixpence. Bob fer fetchin' a cab sometimes. Theirs is a big country, too—bigger than ours; but we make it up in the trim, min's, like. Some o' them's coming over. They ain't got no kings or queens. Sort o' Chairman elected by a vote o' thanks. Don't want nothin' fetched for 'em when they're at 'ome; everything in the 'ouse by telegraph. It must be a 'ard country for the pore.

The "coming over" refers to the approaching jubilee of Queen Victoria, the occasion that serves to connect the sketches, and is selected, as it seems, to enable the author to present several views of that ceremonial. There is a mawkishly servile account of a meeting between the Princess of Wales and the flower girl which, with some expressions in the extract last quoted, and epigrams like "As a mere economic formula democracy must ever fade off into Bellamy visions of a glorified Poughkeepsie with superior drains," may lead to the suspicion that the author is an American trying to out-British the British.

Egotism takes many shapes, but seldom so provoking a form as in Mr. Felix Moscheles's "Fragments of an Autobiography" (Harpers). Mr. Moscheles was born in a hive of German Jew bankers of Hamburg, which, at first against its will, has been curiously involved in the literature and art of the century. His father was a celebrated pianist, Mendelssohn was his godfather, his grandaunt was Heine's sister; his rich banker relatives opened his way into the best society of London, of Paris and of Germany, while his profession of portrait painter brought him into close contact with many persons of interest. If he had simply talked about himself he could not have helped telling no end of interesting things concerning the people about him. His first chapter, describing his earliest childhood, contains, for instance, a delightful account of his father and Mendelssohn playing pianoforte duets, each improvising variations as they played and trying to trip up the other. But then young Moscheles goes to school, to many schools, and out into the world, and the things he writes down are trivial, commonplace matters, which made an impression on him. He crosses the ocean with Irving and Ellen Terry; the reader's only impressions of the trip are of Mr. Moscheles's seasickness and his experience with the Custom House. He can also learn what the author thinks of arbitration and the Paris Commune and Grover Cleveland. Two sentimental tales, one of a fellow student in Paris, the other about his German professor's daughter, fill up much space, but there is little of art or student life in either story. A striking contrast to Mr. Moscheles's method will be found in his chapter on Rossini where he quotes a vigorous, brilliant description of the composer by his father, Ignaz, every word of which tells. Here, by the way, occurs the one lapse from good taste in the book, in the repetition of a scandalous bit of tittle-tattle concerning the composer's first and second wives. The last chapter on Robert Browning is good, as it shows us Browning himself in different moods, and Mr. Moscheles tells a capital story of a young woman who posed as his model. That he can tell such things and in such a way when he chooses makes it hard to understand how he wrote the rest of the book. The frontispiece is the author's portrait of his mother, a face so beautiful that the reader will almost forgive him for his "Fragments."

Capt. H. Cayley-Webster between 1893 and 1897 made two trips to New Guinea and the neighboring islands in search of butterflies and bugs and birds of paradise and other natural history specimens. He tells his experiences in "Through New Guinea and Other Cannibal Countries" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The title of the book is somewhat misleading, for on one occasion only did Capt. Webster penetrate into the interior, the greater part of his adventures befalling him while cruising among the islands and at short distances from the coast. He tells his story with the directness of a ship's log and with no pretence at literary style; his observations, too, do not rise above the level of the ordinary British tourist's range of ideas. When the harmless sport of chasing butterflies with a net, however, is carried on among murderous savages and human life is risked on both sides at every moment, the narrative cannot help being exciting, and an unpleasant amount of blood was shed in Capt. Webster's butterfly hunt. Whatever his scientific equipment may be, there can be no doubt as to the Captain's skill as a photographer. His book is full of really marvellous photographs of savages, which must have been taken under great difficulties. Parts of the negatives had to be touched up, as the New Guinea attire is such that the pictures could not have been published otherwise, but the figures are fairly alive. The illustrations give a value to the book far beyond that of ordinary books of travel. One extraordinary statement of Capt. Webster must be quoted:

> "Notwithstanding the use of betel nut they all smoke tobacco, which has been introduced by Europeans, and I have on more than one occasion observed a mere infant remove the pipe from his mouth to refresh himself from the natural food produced by his mother."

Once upon a time it was the fashion to impart information on history and natural philosophy and all kinds of subjects in catechisms, where innocent-looking questions drew painfully learned answers. Young women brought up on that system must be pretty old ladies by this time; old ladies with precise ideas, too, who can still repeat word for word the lessons they learned. It was one of Miss Yonge's little heroines, if we remember right, who was brought to grief on boasting that she was book perfect in her history catechism by a mean sister's beginning with the question, "What next?" This well-nigh forgotten form of instruction has been selected by Mr. Thomas Campbell-Copeland for a little "American Colonial Handbook" (Funk & Wagnalls), in which a great deal of condensed information is gathered from "the best cyclopedic works of continental Europe" and other sources. We are assured that "there is a responsible authority behind every statement made, every answer given. Random or hearsay assertions find no place, knowingly, within any of its sections." Some of the author's questions contain as much information as his answers. "Why does Cuba rank among the foremost countries of the world?" for instance, conveys a novel impression as to Cuba's rank among nations. The answer is: "Because of its productive soil, mineral wealth and climatic conditions." "What is the general aspect of Cuba from the sea?" "The island, as a whole, stands well above the sea, and, from the water, presents a rugged appearance." "Which are the most mountainous parts of the island?" "Its extremities and its central parts." "Is the natural drainage of Cuba abundant?" "Yes, varying in character in different parts of the island." The little book contains information of more value than this and is of convenient shape for the pocket.

Mr. James Huneker has long been known to a limited circle of readers as a writer on musical subjects who had something of his own to say and his own way of saying it. Mr. Huneker's attainments as a practical musician are more than respectable, and he writes with a brilliant and individual style. "Mezzotints in Modern Music" (Scribners) is his first appeal to a larger public. It is a series of critical essays on composers and musical subjects. Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Chopin and Wagner are treated in an interesting fashion with thorough information and critical judgment. The essays contain original views and suggestive comment and will interest the amateur as well as the professional musician. Mr. Huneker's criticism is not dogmatic, nor does he set up infallible standards. His book is delightful and an important contribution to musical criticism.

An elaborate story of a puzzling murder is told in "The Crime and the Criminal," by Richard Marsh (New Amsterdam Book Company), through the mouths of different persons, after the method used by the late Mr. Wilkie Collins. The mechanism of Mr. Marsh's "Murder Club" is palpably borrowed from Stevenson's Suicide Club. The story is very long, and provides persons who like stories of crime with their money's worth of excitement.

"Stockton himself never conceived an idea more deliciously absurd than 'The School of Philanthropists' opened by two wealthy old maids," we are informed by the publishers in their recommendation of Mr. Arthur Henry Vesey's "The Two White Elephants" (G.W. Dillingham Company). Mr. Vesey has other bright and ridiculous ideas in his book. Unfortunately he stops with the conception and does not carry them out to their logical conclusion, wherein, as in other respects, he differs much from Mr. Stockton. We trust young authors will not be led to adopt the ingenious method of booming books which he devises, as the pecuniary result to them may be disastrous.

We have also received:

"Porto Rico and the West Indies." Margherita Arlina Hamm. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

"The Lessons of Popular Government," two volumes. Gamaliel Bradford. (Macmillans.)

"Spain" (History for Young Readers). Frederick A. Ober. (Appletons.)

"Literary Likings." Richard Burton. (Copeland & Day.)

"A Treatise on Photographic Optics." R. S. Cole, M. A. (D. Van Nostrand Company.)

"Electricity in Town and Country Houses." Percy E. Scrutton. Second edition. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

"The Quaker Colony." Penned and pictured by Blanche McManus. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

"Sweethearts and Wives: Stories of Life in the Navy." Anna A. Rogers. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Sanitary Engineering of Buildings." Volume I. William Paul Gerhard, C. E. (William T. Comstock.)

"The Orchestra and Orchestral Music." W. J. Henderson. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"That Duel at the Château Marsanac." Walter Pulitzer. (Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

"Animals of To-Day, Their Life and Conversation." C. J. Cornish. (New Amsterdam Book Company.)

"At the Court of Catherine the Great." Fred Wishaw. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Twos and Threes, and Other Stories." Anna Olcott Commeline. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

Wants His Mother's Marriage Annulled.

Frederick C. Beach had an action on trial before Justice Gildersleeve of the Supreme Court yesterday to nullify the marriage of his mother to Henry Richardson Rogers, the medium, on the ground of her insanity. She married Rogers in Egypt in January, 1887, shortly after his former wife had obtained a divorce from him and married William Cauldwell. Mrs. Beach-Rogers was recently found to be insane by a Sheriff's jury. Rogers was brought down from Blackwell's Island, where he is doing a term for assault on a policeman at a seance, in order to testify.

When the case opened, Mrs. Beach-Rogers was not in court, and Ambrose H. Purdy, attorney for Rogers, said that she was kept in hiding. He gave notice that she must be produced. The Justice said he would make note of the request, but he gave no directions. The case was not concluded.

Music School Lecture.

A lecture will be given on April 17 in the Carnegie Lyceum by H. E. Krehbiel on "Shakespeare's Songs and Dances" for the benefit of the music school of the College Settlement at 95 Rivington street. The school was started three years ago for the instruction of talented children. There are about eighty pupils, chiefly Russian, Hungarian and Polish Hebrews.

PLUMBER'S TORCH CAUSED THIS.

Exploded and Set a Flathouse Aflame—One Flat Destroyed.

The top floor of the flathouse 122 East Eighty-fifth street was burned out yesterday. Benjamin Rosenblatt, a plumber, of 158 East Ninety-eighth street, was repairing the pipes in William H. Bishop's flat when his gasoline torch exploded and set the house on fire. Rosenblatt was rescued badly burned about the face, hands and arms. The flat was destroyed with its contents. The damage is $1,000.

MARRIED.

BETTS—GODFREY.—On Thursday, April 6, at St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brown, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, Ada, daughter of Charles H. Godfrey, to Myllys Rossiter Betts.

WILLIAMS—WILLIS.—At St. Bartholomew's Church, Thursday, April 6, by Rev. Dr. Greer, Hannah Haydock Willis, daughter of Grinnell Willis, to Harvey Ladew Williams, son of John T. Williams.

DIED.

BARRETTO.—On Friday, April 7, 1899, after a brief illness, Anna Louisa, daughter of the late Francis Barretto of West Chester, N. Y.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services at St. Andrew's Church, 5th av. and 127th st., Monday, April 10, at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

BUEL.—At his home, 1037 Fifth av., New York, Oliver Prince Buel, in his 61st year.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

CULGIN.—Suddenly, on Wednesday, April 5, 1899, Guy Culgin.

Relatives and friends, also Polar Star Lodge, No. 245, F. and A. M.; General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and directors of Dry Dock Savings Bank, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, 122 East 76th st., on Saturday evening, April 8, 1899, at 8 o'clock. Interment private.

FARRELL.—At his residence, 206 Ewen st., Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, April 5, 1899, Thomas Farrell.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from the Church of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception, Leonard and Manjer sts., Brooklyn, on Saturday morning, April 8, 1899, at 10 o'clock, when a solemn mass of requiem will be offered for the repose of his soul.

HUMPHREY.—On Thursday, April 6, 1899, in his 50th year, Richard B. Humphrey.

Funeral services at his late residence, 287 West 51st st., Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

LORD.—At his residence, 5 East 9th st., Wednesday, April 5, 1899, after a short illness, Daniel Lord, in the 53d year of his age.

Funeral services at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th st., Saturday morning, April 8, at 10 o'clock. Friends are requested not to send flowers.

The members of Holland Lodge, No. 8, F. and A. M., are invited to attend the funeral services of our late brother, Daniel Lord, at Grace Church, Saturday morning, April 8, at 10 o'clock.

W. B. COSTER, Master.

PEARSALL.—On Wednesday, April 5, 1899, Hannah W., wife of James W. Pearsall.

Funeral services at her late residence, Ridgewood, N. J., Saturday, April 8, at 3:30 P. M. Train leaves foot of Chambers st. at 2 P. M. Interment at convenience of family. Newark, N. J., papers please copy.

QUACKENBUSH.—At Buffalo, N. Y., April 4, Henry Quackenbush, son of John H. and Phebe A. Quackenbush.

Funeral services at the residence of his parents, River st., Hackensack, N. J., Saturday, April 8, at 2:30 P. M. Train leaves Desbrosses and Cortlandt sts. 1:40 P. M.

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

Religious Notices.

BROADWAY TABERNACLE CHURCH, Corner Broadway and 34th st. Rev. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D. D., Pastor. Public Worship, with preaching by the Pastor, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.

10:45 A. M. Sunday school and Bible Classes.
3 P. M. Service of Song. Service will be led by Mr. Harry G. Fithian.
4 P. M. Class in Present-Day Problems.
5 P. M. Dr. Thomson's Bible Class: "Studies in the Life of Moses."
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 8.

BRICK CHURCH, 37th st., corner 5th av.—Public meeting on behalf of "The People's Tabernacle," East 104th st., Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke presiding. Brief addresses by Rev. Dr. F. H. Marling, Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, Mr. Morris K. Jesup and Rev. W. T. Elsing. Singing by a choir of 50 children from the People's Tabernacle Sabbath School.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th st., cor. Park av.—Services 11 A. M. Dr. Minot J. Savage will preach tenth sermon in series on "Belief in Immortality." Subject—"In View of the Growing Popular Doubt on the Subject of Immortality, what Is Our Present Situation and Need?" Sunday school, 10 o'clock, in chapel; entrance Park av.

CLAUDE FALLS WRIGHT will lecture Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in St. Stephen's Chapel, 57 West 46th st. Subject—"Psychic Forces and Powers." Free.

GRACE CHURCH, Broadway, corner 10th st.
Holy Communion, 8 A. M.
Early Morning Prayer and Sermon, 9 o'clock.
Later Evensong, 8 o'clock.
All sittings free.

MADISON AVENUE REFORMED CHURCH, cor. 57th st.—Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, pastor. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at 11 A. M., and new members will be received. Dr. Kittredge will preach at 8 P. M. Union Bible class Friday evening in church parlor.

MADISON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, cor. 31st st.—The Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D., pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Pastor will preach at both services. Afternoon topic, "Anger."

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, April 9, 1899, at 11:15 A. M., at Carnegie Music Hall, corner 57th st. and 7th av. Lecture by Dr. Felix Adler. Subject, "The Life and Influence of Thomas Jefferson." All interested are invited.

TEMPLE EMANU-EL, 5th av. and 43d st.—Sunday, 11 A. M., Dr. Joseph Silverman on "Woman in Charity and Philanthropy—Baroness de Hirsch." All welcome.

New Publications.

ASHES OF EMPIRE.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, author of "The Red Republic," "The Haunts of Men," etc.

An exciting tale of the French and German War. It is the tale of two American newspaper writers who were within the walls of Paris during the entire siege by the Prussians. A love scene is mingled with this narrative of many startling incidents, and the result is a work which was pronounced by the literary adviser of one of the leading magazines "the best of its kind since the day of Victor Hugo."

New York Times. "You will find this romance of Mr. Chambers one to your very heart. One fault perhaps may be found. Mr. Chambers has studied his history a little too thoroughly. Scott and Dumas understood this well. * * * Their main characters are not historical characters, and in this regard Mr. Chambers has not erred. The moving persons in 'Ashes of Empire' are his own creations, but he has been too careful in historical detail."

Criterion. "To invent good stories and tell them well are very rare talents, but Robert W. Chambers has them."

Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. "There is much to praise, little to condemn in this powerful and most moving novel, that is vigorous, tender, rough and graceful by turns and carries the reader irresistibly on with it in its swift flow through its scenes of tender love, cruelty, hate and revenge, until it leaves him in full content with the idyllic and fully satisfactory last chapter."

Boston Journal. "It is a remarkable romance, this 'Ashes of Empire.' Mr. Chambers knows of what he is writing; hence his bitter opinions of some of the actors in the siege; hence, too, the delightful love story."

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27 and 29, West 23d St., New York.

THEY PLAY BLIND MAN BY TURNS.

"Pete the Fit Thrower" and His Pal Won't Need Charity for Six Months.

Thomas Reilly, better known as "Pete the Fit Thrower," and George Smith, his partner, were arrested yesterday in Third avenue for begging and were taken to the Yorkville Police Court. Smith had his eyes closed and his companion was leading him by the arm.

"Is your eyesight good to-day, Reilly?" asked Magistrate Olmsted.

"Yes, your Honor. I can see all right. It's my friend that's blind," answered the prisoner.

"When I saw you on the street a week ago you were blind, apparently, and your friend was all right," observed the Magistrate.

"They take turns at being blind. I have known them for several years," said Court Policeman Doyle. "You see, your Honor, they both know that the one who has his eyes open holds back from the other more than his share of the money received."

"We don't beg. We sell lead pencils," remarked Reilly.

The Magistrate, all the same, sent them both to the island for six months.

Reilly gained the name of "the Fit Thrower" by the regularity with which he was found writhing in a fit on the sidewalk when he was unable to pay for a lodging on a cold night. So often has he got a warm bed for the night in this way that it is only a very new policeman who will summon an ambulance now when Reilly has a fit.

Some years ago the man was a cook in a three-cent restaurant known as "Cockroach Hall," in First avenue and Twenty-third street. It is said that one day a drop of hot grease flew in his right eye and disabled that organ for a week. It got better, but the incident gave him an inspiration for gaining an easy living afterward.

MAYOR IN CAUSTIC MOOD.

He Makes Bitter References to State Interference in Municipal Affairs.

A number of Park avenue property owners complained to Mayor Van Wyck yesterday of the poor lighting of the avenue, the defective pavement and the noise made by the trains passing over the viaduct. The Mayor told them to make their complaint about the lighting to the Commissioner of Public Buildings, Lighting and Supplies, the complaint about the pavement to the Commissioner of Highways, and the complaint about noise to the Board of Health.

"I would like to help you," continued his Honor, "but we cannot always do as we wish, particularly when the Legislature gives railroad companies and other corporations the right to do as they please. They have passed a bill giving the Governor the right to permit entertainments to be held in armories for which the State never paid a cent. By and by it will be the public schools they will seize."

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