NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

Mr. Clement Scott has written an ample account of his experience as a critic with the masters of the stage in "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day" (Macmillan & Co.). There are two volumes. In the first, as a frontispiece, we have a picture of Mr. Scott with a white flower in his buttonhole. This is a striking picture. It shows off in effective fashion the linen and the jewelry of the author—both of no mean qualifications. It is well known, of course, that Mr. Scott is a fluent critic, not devoid of the large and emotional habit. It is probable that he dictates, and that his heart, very properly, regulates a great deal of what he says. The frontispiece of the second volume shows him in his library. Here he appears positively wrapped in books. His large head is backgrounded by a thousand volumes. He still wears the white flower—a sign of constancy. His clothes are loose-fitting and becoming to a man of his industrious habit. Two better portraits, in all that appeals to the general and picturesque interest, one does not often see. In his preface Mr. Scott speaks of an attempt to blend into his pages personal reminiscences and the history of the stage for the last fifty years. This is no small undertaking. Midway in such a period stands Henry Irving issuing from "The Bells" into "Hamlet," and Charles Coghlan playing inimitably the character of *Charles Surface* in "The School for Scandal" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Those were the days when everybody in London wore the single eyeglass, and when plenty handled this peculiar adornment awkwardly. The Prince of Wales's Theatre was a sight as the audience rose and faced about between the acts. Many novices, having fixed their eyeglasses in position, and pompously arisen, found themselves unable to open one eye. Of course, the rendering of the drama was unimpaired by reason of this awkward affectation. Charles Coghlan was a charming figure, very graceful and handsome in his costume of tight-fitting silk of light blue, and Marie Wilton was lovely in "Sweethearts," which generously began the evening's entertainment. We are not particularly informed, but it seems to us that the Prince of Wales's Theatre is gone now, and we do not even know that the Tottenham Court Road is any longer especially celebrated for its old Burton ale, strongly fortified with plain gin. All London was different in those days. The streets, now bearing such an excellent reputation, were stodge. The underground railway was stifling, and there was no hotel big enough to be apparent to the eye. Temple Bar was up—a meagre little adornment, quite unworthy, one thought, to bear the heads of distinguished traitors. There was no Embankment—only Temple Garden, where Pendennis got over his ailment, and the Court, nearer Fleet street, where Goldsmith lies under the flags, hardly a jump from the Cock Tavern, or from the great Johnson's place of abode, near by the Cheshire Cheese, where one got a wonderful beefsteak pie, with birds and truffles in it, all one could eat, for two and sixpence. Mr. Scott in his time has seen much. He and "London Assurance" were born in the same year, in 1841. In these two volumes there is a little and a good deal of everything. They seem to have been done in a free way. Here are Mr. Gladstone's speeches and the speeches of plenty of others. There are theatre programmes ranging through many years. An objection may be that the text is somewhat disconnected and haphazard. The reader is called upon to work for his amusement or his information. If not particularly readable, these volumes are still an abundant performance. As for Mr. Scott's own impressions of matters pertaining to the theatre, it has been our habit to take them for what we have considered them to be worth. It has not seemed to us that they were always based upon the profoundest thought or expressed in the most careful language. It would be strange, indeed, if such a multitudinous matter as his impressions of the theatre were either profound or careful. We cannot blame him for not having done what is obviously impossible. He has a picturesque mind—an enormous industry; and the two pictures of him here provided are indubitably handsome.

In "The Story of the Boers," by C. W. Van der Hoogt (Harper & Bros.), the title further announces that this story is "narrated by their own leaders" and "prepared under the authority of the South African republics." It reproduces many of the official documents which have marked the controversy with the English. Johannesburg is a city of Uitlanders, and it has been said, even in the Boer Parliament, that these have contributed four-fifths of the taxes of the State, and that they deserve to have some voice in the disposition of affairs. It has been said that they suffer from the operations of a despotism, antiquated and peculiar, offering itself under the name of a republic. They complain that they are oppressed and without hope, except such as they can compel. They say that they may not be citizens, may not have a voice in the Government—they nor their children. They say that Mr. Krüger is the Government; that he makes Judges and nominates the legislature. According to them, he may procure at any moment any law that he may require, and may have it put instantly into execution. Such certainly is not the story of a republic as we understand it, and it may be that it is not a true story. This book says, on page 46: "The taxes levied on the Uitlanders are exactly the same as those levied on the burghers, and if the former have paid more, it only shows that they soon became possessed of more assessable property." We have always noticed that the people who paid the taxes were the people whose overpowering instinct it was to boss the job. We never knew why this was so, but it is so. There is something arrogant in the man who pays. There is something in money, and in the command of it, which is repugnant to everything but reason. Some day, no doubt, there will be an effective revulsion against this ungenerous influence. It will present itself when men are tired of being better off than their fellows. We shall see it when the weak are superior to the strong. In that day horses shall drive men. Hares shall devour us. A passage on page 63 arrests our attention: "Step by step England has, by its mighty power and money, taken the conquered land from the Dutch, who are a peaceful and God-fearing people." Here the question arises, to be answered one way or another: Did these God-fearing people, not so very long ago, possess slaves, whom the English liberated, paying a price for them? Did these peaceful people, for some reason or other, learn to shoot straight? Of course one has a right, as things are in the world, not to be peaceful; but why enter the plea, if it is obviously weak? Even the Quakers are not peaceful. We suppose that the word here has only a comparative significance. It is hardly probable that the Kaffirs regard the Boers as a people dominated by a peaceful spirit. Certainly their neighbors and opponents, the English, from the time of Majuba Hill to this time, have had sufficient occasion to regard them as anything but peaceful. In all the world, so far as it has to this time in our experience revealed itself, the question is as to which spirit and which force shall dominate. Certainly the Boers never came to possess the Transvaal by peaceful methods. As to the fear of God, that is a curious thing, universal, we should think, and arising from a multitude of causes.

Mr. Robert Hichens may usually be relied upon to give his readers something in the way of a sensation that will be more or less disturbing. Souls that escape visibly from their commodious and carefully allotted fleshy tenements; that change owners in a pleasing if perplexing manner; and that manifest themselves to the eye of the onlooker in the shape of green flames are but ordinary incidentals in one of his tales of contemporaneous London life, and in "The Green Carnation" he lightly touched on certain manifestations that bordered upon the abnormal; while in another of his studies in realism he exploited the humorous possibilities of the spectacle of an elderly dowager at dead of night seeking, with disastrous results, to appease her hunger with the miscellaneous offerings of a highly complex penny-in-the-slot machine. His latest study of London life contains no lack of sensation of a curious sort. In parts it is distinctly what Mr. Boffin would have called a "scarer," and there is at least one scene that is calculated to raise the hair of the most sensation-hardened reader. Indeed, if any one should read this particular portion of the book without paying to the author the involuntary compliment involved in what is non-technically known as a fit of the creeps, we should be surprised. It is but fair to say that this is but a single episode. The book is not a scarer all through. Humor has its place and there is delicacy of touch and keen appreciation of the ludicrous in the author's descriptions of the lighter side of things in the London of to-day, and of many of the persons prominent in its social life. Many of his characters in fact are but caricatures of living men and women, thinly disguised and easily recognizable. The large, healthy prima donna, who talks with a strong colonial accent and hates music, will be quickly identified by those who like this form of amusement; as also will Lord St. Demyn, the genial and mercurial company promoter, who pats everybody of his acquaintance on the back and provides worthless investments for elderly country vicars with small incomes and large ideas, and for that large army of spinster ladies and suburban widows that invariably wants 15 per cent. for its money—to say nothing of his wife, who was violently musical, but behaved, as a rule, in a most unmusical manner, and who was not inaptly described by a would-be wit as a polka played by a brass band. Her Sunday parties were as famous as her husband's bankruptcies and were almost as cheerful. The company was as mixed as the entertainment, and the Good Friday strains from Parsifal served as an introduction to kitchen lancers and bicycle and wheelbarrow races and other forms of guileless gayety. About the most entertaining thing in a book that has but few dull spots is Mr. Hichens's description of one of these peculiar Sundays at home. The chatter has the ring of verisimilitude and the humor is easy and enforced. The vulgar and self-conscious singers, the social charlatans and the bored fashionable folk with whom they temporarily associate are drawn without ill humor by one who has studied them all from a distance sufficient to enable him to get them in perspective. The central figure throughout is the young woman who provides the sensation to which we have alluded. She was a grewsome person. Outwardly beautiful, with a beauty of an uncommon type, she was the possessor of a soul that any self-respecting young woman might reasonably wish to exchange at the earliest opportunity. She is the slave from whom the story takes its title and it is made manifest that she was prepared to sell, mortgage or otherwise dispose of her soul at any time for jewels. Diamonds fascinated her and emeralds moved her to an eagerness that is almost akin to sensuality. For love of these and kindred glittering things she ruthlessly "turned down" young Aubrey Herrick, who was good and beautiful and who loved her dearly, and gave herself to an aged gentleman of Oriental tastes and breeding, who was wizened and withered, but who won her devotion through the facts that he lavished precious stones upon her and that he discoursed learnedly and with much spirit about rubies, sapphires, spotted turquoises, crimson vermilions, the chalcedony, the chrysophrase, the opal and the amethyst, with a wealth of imagery and a nice persistence that do credit to the author's industry in reading up the subject. To all else she was cold. Even Monsieur Anneau, a spectacular and most immoral basso from the opera, who had feverish eyes and a dyed beard and a voice of such exquisite delicacy and wondrous power that it had made the women of several Continents his worshippers, for the first time in his wild and wicked career found himself powerless. He exercised upon her all the enchantment of his art in vain. His eyes blazed and he threw into his voice a fiery languor and the sound of a lawless passion. He sang to her a song so moving that as Mr. Hichens tells us, few civilized Women could resist its desolate influence or listen to it untouched. It was a song of love and the great haunted desert, and the reader is solemnly assured that it stirred civilization from its dreams of drawing rooms and of restaurants, and fired the blood of women who got their gowns from Kate Reilly and from Paquin. It was the work of a young and half-insane Frenchman, who wrote it and then died. But the lady was quite unmoved. She told him quietly and in a clear voice that it was very beautiful, and Monsieur Anneau was so annoyed that he went right home to his hotel and locked himself in. But when the elderly Oriental gentleman came home to his young wife that night she welcomed him with happy eyes. He had been in Hatton Garden among the diamond merchants.

There are some scenes in the life of the world of the London music halls, and a youthful acrobat dies slowly to the accompaniment of many pages of a sentimentality that recalls the worst of the imitators of Dickens. Also it is here incidentally set forth, among other matters, that certain jewels sometimes foretell the death of their wearers—that the sapphire, for example, as if perturbed by its own uselessness and weakness, at the approach of death becomes dull in appearance, clouded and almost black. Also some curious views are expressed concerning certain occult matters. "The Spirit of Life," says Mr. Hichens, quoting from some author unidentified "is continually speaking to us and we decline to hear it. In jewels it exists and speaks; in trees, in flowers, and in plants. Sometimes an indifference to its voice angers or distresses it. This is often the case when it speaks in a human body. Never more anxious is the Spirit of Life to convey to us a message than during the period which immediately precedes that moment in which it is obliged to go elsewhere. It rises up then like a departing visitor, holds out its hand to us and says 'farewell.' How often do we decline the hand and fail to hear the adieu? How often afterward do we complain that the abrupt departure of the Spirit of Life has taken us by surprise or has stricken us to the earth with grief and terror?

"So-called sudden deaths generally startle and amaze us. They do so because most of us have never learnt to be truly observant. I am convinced that the Spirit of Life seldom or never departs from a body without previously giving definite signs of its intention to do so. One of the most common of these signs is any very unusual or seemingly unnatural symptom of brightness, fierceness, flaming vigor, or intense restlessness manifested by man or woman." The main interest of the book, however, centres in Lady Carlyle, the slave. As for the episode in which her true nature is laid bare, it has a subtle horror, that once read, makes it impossible to forget.

"The Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., whose "Treatise on the Human Soul" was reviewed in these columns at the time of its publication, has followed this with a further volume of Christian philosophy entitled "God, Being a Contribution to the Philosophy of Theism" (Benziger Brothers.) Herein the writer takes the idea of God as a fact of consciousness. "The question," he says, "is not how the idea came to the individual mind, but are we justified in holding the idea and what is its content? Hence the investigation into the grounds of the idea. Viewed in this aspect, it becomes a study in psychology." The question as to the validity of certain beliefs dear to the soul and sanctioned by time-honored tradition is considered under many aspects and many sources of knowledge are investigated by the author in a calm and judicial spirit. History, language, psychology, ethics and the physical sciences all bring their special testimony and his aim has been to collect the data and show their bearing on the idea of God; to answer the question: What is meant of God, and has the idea of God an objective validity? After a careful and lucid examination of the principle of agnosticism in its various forms, the theory of pantheism, a consideration of the problem of the existence of evil in the material world and in human life and a discussion of the problem of the meaning and sphere of the Natural and Supernatural, the reverend author reaches his conclusion—that God is and can be known; that all things come from Him, and reveal the hand of their maker. "The soul," he says in conclusion, "instinctively rises to Him in prayer. The acquisition of modern knowledge does not lead us to throw aside the belief of childlike piety. A closer study of nature and of life grounds still deeper in the mind the truth learned when a child."

A handsome, and in every way, attractive volume is "Nature's Garden" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which bears the sub-title: "An Aid to Knowledge of Our Wild Flowers and Their Insect Visitors." The text is by Neltje Blanchan, and the numerous and excellent colored plates and illustrations, photographed from nature, are supplied by Messrs. Henry Troth and A. R. Dugmore. Herein is set forth in popular form and in an entertaining way the important and interesting relationship existing between our common wild flowers and their winged benefactors or foes. We may learn why certain flowers have sticky calices or protective hairs; why the skunk cabbage, purple trillium or carrion flower emits a fetid odor, while other flowers charm with their delicious breath; or we may study the mechanism of the sundew, that not only catches insects, but secretes gastric juice to digest them, and of the bladderwort and the pitcher plant, that makes soup of its guests. "Do virtue and vice exist side by side in the vegetable world also?" queries the author. "Yes, and every sinner is branded as surely as was Cain. The dodder, Indian pipe, broomrape, and beechdrops wear the floral equivalent of the striped suit and the shaved head. Although claiming most respectable and exalted kinsfolk, they are degenerates not far above the fungi. In short, this is a universe that we live in; and all that share the One Life are one in essence, for natural law is spiritual law. 'Through nature to God' flowers show a way to the scientist, lacking faith."

Technicalities have been avoided in the text wherever possible, and the scientific names and classification follow the method adopted by the International Bontanical Congress, though the titles employed by Gray, with which older botanists in this country are familiar, are also indicated where they differ from the new nomenclature.

"The Amateur's Practical Garden-Book" (Macmillans) is the title of a useful little volume in which are set forth the simplest directions for the growing of the commonest things about the house and garden, by Messrs. C. E. Hunn and L. A. Bailey of the horticultural department of Cornell University. The aim of the authors is expressed by Mr. Bailey in the preface:

"Gardening is more than the growing of plants: it is the expression of desire. As there must be many gardeners, so there must be many books. There must be books for different persons and different ideals. * * * A poor garden of one's own is better than a good garden in which one may not dig. * * * I would emphasize the home garden, made by members of the family. I would preach the beauty of the common plants and the familiar places. These things are never old."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill," the contents of which are largely derived from the Contributor's Club in the *Atlantic Monthly*. An introduction contains a number of letters, many of which are taken from a "Memorial," privately printed in 1887.

We have also received "Sandburrs." Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. (F. A. Stokes Company.)

"For the Sake of the Duchesse. A Page from the Life of the Vicomte de Championnet." S. Walkey. Illustrated. Third edition. (F. A. Stokes Company.)

"France Since 1814." "Baron Pierre de Coubertin. (Macmillans).

"The Waters of Edera." Ouida. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"The Voice of the People." Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Transgression." S. S. Thorburn. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"The Reward of Prince Cheerfulness." Ruth Lewinson. (William R. Jenkins.)

"The Joy of Captain Ribot." Authorized translation from the original of A. Palacio Valdés, by Minna Caroline Smith. (Brentano's.)

"The Writing Table of the Twentieth Century. Being an account of the Heraldry, Art, Engraving and Established Form for the Correspondent." F. Schuyler Mathews. Illustrated. (Brentano's.)

"Marcelle of the Quarter." Clive Holland. (F. H. Stokes Company.)

"Helpful Thoughts From Many Sources." (The Ava Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.)

"Under Orders. Not His Own Master." Mrs. G. S. Reaney. (Advance Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.)

"The Sabbath Transferred." The Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph. D. Introduction by the Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D. (Johns D. Parker & Co., East Orange, N. J.)

"Faith and Sight. Essays on the Relation of Agnosticism to Theology." William Pierson Merrill. (Scribners.)

"Big People and Little People of Other Lands." Edward R. Shaw. (American Book Company.)

"American Public Schools. History and Pedagogics." John Swett. (American Book Company.)

"The Economics of Distribution." John A. Hobson. (Macmillans.)

"Old Norse Stories." Sarah Powers Bradish. (American Book Company.)

STEINITZ FREE AGAIN.

Physicians Think Him Sane Enough to Be Intrusted to His Wife's Care.

William Steinitz, once chess champion of the world, was discharged yesterday from Dr. J. J. Kindred's River Crest Sanitarium, near Astoria, L. I., where he had been undergoing treatment for several weeks. From the standpoint of a specialist, the former champion still is insane, but Dr. Kindred said there was nothing alarming in his symptoms. The question of an absolute cure could only be solved by time and proper treatment. His case had been diagnosed as one of paranoia. Early in February last Mr. Steinitz was committed to the State Insane Asylum on Ward's Island and later, through the intervention of friends, he was transferred to the River Crest Sanatarium, where he was comfortably quartered in a cottage annex. After his transfer to that institution he practically had the freedom of the grounds. He maintained that he was perfectly rational.

The physicians admit that to the ordinary observer Steinitz will appear sane. Under expert scrutiny, however, he develops certain peculiarities that indicate the particular form of malady from which he is suffering. He is given to morbid suspicions, at other times to a fear of persecution, which is succeeded by a feeling of elation. Mr. Steinitz wrote a pamphlet on "Capital, Labor and Charity" while he was in the sanitarium, and feared that his sequestration would deprive him of the copyright to his work. Although always admitting that he received the best of treatment in the sanitarium, yet upon certain occasions Steinitz declined to eat, claiming that the food was poisoned by persons known to him only. Dr. Kindred will not say that Steinitz is cured, or that he has improved to any appreciable extent during the few weeks he has been at the sanitarium, but as Steinitz was clamoring for his release and his wife and friends were anxious for his return to his family, Dr. Kindred consented yesterday to his discharge in his wife's custody.

SOLDIER WANTS TO BE A COP AGAIN.

Didn't Trouble to Resign, so Was Bounced When He Went to the Philippines.

George Thompson, now a private in Company F of the Signal Corps, is fond of fighting, but knows when he has had enough. He was a policeman until his desire to see service in the Philippines grew too strong to resist. Then on Nov. 8, 1898, he took the train for San Francisco. He did not even write to his wife for a month and he did not resign from the police force in proper form, so the Police Board formally dismissed him. Now he has written to the board that his time of discharge is near and he wants to come home and be reinstated as a policeman.

"I have had all the service I want;" Thompson's letter reads; "it will do me for the rest of my life. For myself I don't regret my enlisting, but for my wife I regret it more than I can express. Only those who have had army service can fully realize the temptation of seeing a scrap."

He assures the Commissioners that his record in the Philippines has been an honorable one and that he will do everything in his power to make himself worthy of reinstatement.

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AND OTHER STORIES.
By MARY E. WILKINS.

Miss Wilkins at her best is the best that is to be had, and such is the proper designation of "The Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories."—Cincinnati Times-Star.
Illustrated, Cloth, $1.25.

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Franklin Square, New York.

CUBAN ORPHANS HERE.

Work of the Training School in Brooklyn—More Assistance Would be Welcomed.

Mrs. C. M. Selden, the founder of the Cuban Home Training School at 126 Macon street, Brooklyn, believes that a part of the money raised by the Cuban Fair to be held in the Metropolitan Opera House could well be used in Brooklyn, where there are a number of orphan and half-orphan Cuban children, instead of sending all of the money down to Cuba.

There are thirty Cuban girls and boys in the home and some of the children were sent there by Cuban refugees during the recent war. They get the usual school education and also learn sewing, stenography or some other occupation. Most of the girls are educated for teachers, especially for missionary schools in Spanish-speaking countries.

The home is supported by voluntary contributions and Mrs. Selden said yesterday that it needed money and that any assistance it might receive would be welcome.

DIED.

DEPEW.—At Plainfield, N. J., of pneumonia, on Thursday, April 5, 1900, Helen J., widow of E. H. Depew, and daughter of the late Abraham S. and Mary See.

Funeral services at the residence of her daughter Mrs. A. W. Kleinecke, 129 East Ninth st., Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, April 8, 1900, at 2:30 P. M.

ELMENDORF.—On Thursday, April 5, 1900, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Walter Lester Carr, John Augustus Elmendorf, in his 72d year.

Funeral services at 68 West 51st st., Saturday, April 7, 1900, at 2 P. M. It is requested that no flowers be sent.

LITTLE.—On Thursday, April 5, 1900, of apoplexy John T. Little.

Funeral services from his late residence, 234 West 138th st., Saturday afternoon, at 5 o'clock. Interment at Trinity Cemetery, at convenience of the family. Washington, D. C., St Louis, Denver and San Francisco papers please copy.

MARKERT.—On Thursday, April 5, 1900, Anna E., nee Simon, beloved wife of Charles J. Markert. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral from her late residence, 83 Oak st., Jersey City, on Sunday, April 8, 1900, at 2:30 P. M.

MARTIN.—At New Brunswick, N. J. on April 4, 1900, Mahlon C. Martin.

Funeral services will be held from his late residence, College av., New Brunswick, on Saturday afternoon, April 7, 1900, at 2:30 o'clock.

MULLIGAN.—On Thursday, April 5, 1900, Josephine M., beloved daughter of James and Bridget Mulligan, aged 14 years.

Funeral Sunday, April 8, 1900, at 1 P. M., from her late residence, 289 Communipaw av., Jersey City. Interment at Calvary.

PERSHALL.—On Thursday, April 5, 1900, Ellen Lucinda, wife of David B. Pershall.

Funeral services at her late residence, 147 East 37th st., on Saturday, April 7, at 11 A. M.

RICHARDS.—At Dover, N. J., on Tuesday, April 3, 1900, George Richards, aged 67 years.

Funeral services will be held at his late residence on Monday, April 9, 1900, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Carriages will meet trains.

RIKER.—At Stamford, Conn., April 4, 1900, Henry Vandervoort Riker, in the 50th year of his age.

Funeral services will be held at St. John's Church, Stamford, Conn., on Saturday, April 7, 1900, at 3 P. M. Carriages will be at station on arrival of 2 o'clock train from New York.

SMITH.—At his residence in this city, on Thursday, April 5, 1900, Capt. Sam Moore Smith.

Funeral Saturday, the 7th inst., at 2 P. M., at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church (Dr. Parkhurst's). Interment at Ovid, N. Y.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION, COMPANY "D," 22D REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—Members of the Veteran Association of Company "D" are hereby requested to attend the funeral services of Capt. Sam Moore Smith at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, 24th st. and Madison av., on Saturday, April 7, 1900, at 2 P. M.

W. H. CORTELYOU, President.
A. J. STONE, Secretary.

YOUNG.—On April 4, 1900, at the House of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West 59th st., the Rev. Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, in his 70th year.

Vespers of the dead will be chanted on Friday evening at 8 o'clock; office of the dead on Saturday at 9 A. M.; solemn mass of requiem at 10 A. M. The reverend clergy and friends are invited to attend.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Harlem Railroad, 45 minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

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Religious Notices.

Life After Death

A discourse setting forth the teachings of the New Church concerning the nature of the heavenly life. To be delivered in the Church of the New Jerusalem, 35th st., east of Park ave., at 4 P. M., by the pastor, the Rev. Julian K. Smyth.

Morning service at 11 o'clock, appropriate to "Palm Sunday." Subject of pastor's sermon: "Going Up to Jerusalem; or, The Circles of Life."

BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED CHURCH, Broadway and 68th st.—Rev. S. A. Hayt, D.D., LL.D., formerly of Watertown, N. Y., will preach on 8th inst., at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, 34th st., cor. Park av.—Service at 11 A. M. Dr. Minot J. Savage will preach. Study at "Defeat and Victory," a Palm Sunday sermon. Sunday school at 10 o'clock in the Chapel. Entrance Park av. All cordially invited.

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

JOHN G. WOOLLEY will speak at Merritt Hall, 8th av. and 14th st., Sunday, April 8, 3:30 P. M.

TEMPLE EMANUEL, 5th ave. and 45d st., Sunday, 11:30 A. M., Dr. JOSEPH SILVERMAN lectures on "Moses and Jesus." All welcome.

Calf Swallowed $30 and Is No More.

ELGIN, Ill., April 6.—A calf belonging to Frank McConnell of Burlington yesterday swallowed $30 in notes which McConnell had dropped. The owner found his money uninjured after killing the calf.

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Its hero is a dashing nobleman whose rapier is always a bit more than half way out of its scabbard. He holds the entire court at bay and actually dares beard the king himself—all for the love of a fair lady.

The best part of the tale is that it has a fair historical basis. History doesn't mention the fact that James, Duke of York, fought for his life one dark night in the room of a little inn, against Antony, Earl of Cherwell, whom he had cruelly wronged. But it's not impossible. The Stuarts did things of that sort.

Mr. Watson knows where to leave history alone and where to take it up. And that's a quality not often vouchsafed to writers of historical novels.

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President Harper to Go to Russia.

CHICAGO, April 6.—President W. R. Harper of the University of Chicago is about to pay a visit to Russia. The university trustees have been urging him to take a vacation, feeling that he is in danger of overworking. He will leave Chicago for New York to-morrow, meet a gathering of influential friends of the university in that city on Monday afternoon and on Tuesday will sail for Cherbourg. He expects to spend several weeks in Russia, studying the political and social institutions of the country.