

ABOUT BOOKS AND BOOKMAKERS.

A Book About Shelley Published at an Opportune Time.

The Features of Bret Harte's Latest California Story.

Some New Books Reviewed—January Magazines—Notes About Authors and Their More Recent Publications.

[By L. Behmer.]

The year 1892 marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Shelley, and the English literary world celebrated it in a fitting manner. A splendid marble memorial was erected to perpetuate his name within the precincts of the ancient seat of learning that once spurned him from her walls, and the Shelley society made the year the most memorable in its annals by its tributes to his genius. Bound as she is by all the ties of blood, of speech and of tradition to the mother country, America holds the literature of England as somewhat of her own, and will not permit such an occasion to pass unnoted. At the close of 1892 A. C. McClurg & Co. published a little volume edited by Shirley Carter Houghton, entitled The Best Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, which, although not a memorial volume, is published at a most appropriate time to arouse among American readers generally an interest in the prose writings of one who is chiefly known in the field of poetry. In this little book the chief regard has been given to the literary excellence of the letters, without neglecting, however, their biographical value. All giving pictures of his time, and especially those which admit the readers into the inner circle of that distinguished coterie of English exiles with which Shelley was associated in Italy, are carefully retained. The object of the author has been to give the best letters of the poet, and at the same time to make the volume a complete and ready work of reference for those who might desire to consult Shelley's records of his own life, and the lives of his poet-friends. Shelley was not a voluminous letter writer, and this volume contains nearly all that he left with the exception of the letters of his younger and more immature years. There are several letters reproduced from Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley which have never before appeared in any collection. The reader will find that each letter gives good reason for its appearance in the volume, and the subjects are various enough to show the author in the full range of his prose expression. Many who once reveled in Shelley's poetry will think the prose preferable as they read some of the incomparable descriptive passages. The introduction is highly appreciative; indeed, it is almost without criticism, so readers whose first acquaintance with Shelley is formed through this volume will be left to search elsewhere for the secret of the poet-thinker's lack of force and influence—for his hatred of moral restraint and his strangely dormant conscience. This little volume is nicely bound in dark red cloth, gold stamped, and forms a valuable addition to the series of Laurel-Crowned Letters, one of the most handsome sets of small volumes that has ever appeared.

The days in this beautiful land of ours with their sunshine and sweet odors of flowers, are very productive of attacks of spring fever and dreamland hours. One afternoon the book dropped from my hands and an imaginary realm of Idyllic fame appeared before me and conducted me into the shadowy realm of Author Land. On the way I passed Thomas Hardy and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, conversing with Mrs. Clifford's Aunt Anne. Richard Harding Davis was telling what he had witnessed in The West from a Car Window to Mary E. Wilkins and Jane Field. William C. Prime remarked that Along New England Roads any day we might meet Miss Wilkins with Young America, telling stories about A New England Nun. As I passed through Walter Besant's Ivory Gate, I noticed C. C. Coffin and Abraham Lincoln listening to Brander Matthews explain Americanism and Britishism. A bevy of interested listeners paid attention to Theodore Child as he uttered The Fraise of Paris, and George William Curtis introduced Frue and I to Henry James, who was with Daisy Miller. William Dean Howells invited us all to take A Little Swiss Sojourn with him, and afterwards we could finish our journey with F. D. Millet along The Danube, From the Black Forest to the Black Sea, providing Alfred Parsons, the illustrator, was willing. Barry Pain was quite humorous with his Stories and Interludes, and told us of a pleasant visit he had enjoyed with Mrs. Braddon and The Venitians. W. D. Howells gave us A Letter of Introduction to Richard Harding Davis and Van Bibber and Others. Among them we found Thomas Hardy and A Groupe of Noble Dames. James Lane Allen remarked that he preferred The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky to Sophie Swett's Flying Hill Farm, or Julian Bayly's Canadian Frontier. Hamilton Baskin started on A Voyage of Discovery to see if he could find S. P. Green's Vesty of the Basins, who was considered by Eva Wilder McGlasson An Earthly Paragon. London was described by Walter Besant to John Flavel Mines, who in return gave his Tour Around New York, and both received with great pleasure A. Conan Doyle's account of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

In the history corner John F. Hurst was talking on the Christian Church and India to Anne Thackeray Ritchie, who presented Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning. A pleasant Family Canoe Trip was taken with Florence Waters Sneaker, en route we passed Frances Eleanor Trollope, with That Wild Wheel, with which she was amusing Auntie Boys Aldrich and her Children. One of the sweetest stories was The Story of Mary Washington by Marion Harland, told to Jane G. Austin and David Alden's daughter. Lew Wallace entertained Ben Hur and Henry W. Longfellow escorted Evangeline. Dr. Holmes was seen with Dorothy Q., riding in the One-Hoss Shay, and reading a Scarlet Letter from Hawthorne. Whittier was Snow-Bound and could not be present until At Snowdown. Lucy Larcom, in telling of scenes at The Beautiful Gate, gave us glimpses of As It is in Heaven. Mr. Warner was in the Levant and met Signor Lanciani, who told him all about Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries, and of Pagan and Christian Rome. Mr. Howells was very happy in his Venetian Life and read very passages of Edna Dean

Proctor's song of the Ancient People, and Mr. Scollard's songs of Sunrise Land. And so as I drifted from place to place I recognized many pleasant faces and friends—there was Joel Chandler Harris and Uncle Remus, Mr. Hopkinson Smith with Colonel Carter of Cartersville; Mrs. Catharine Wood and The Lady of Port St. John; Eliza Orne White and Miss Brooks of Winterborough; Mrs. Deland with John Ward and Sidney; Mr. Bynner and Zachary Phips; Mrs. Austin and Standish of Standish; Dr. M. L. Gordon and An American Missionary in Japan, so becoming tired I started with Mr. Windsor and Christopher Columbus, and, together with Mr. John Fiske, brought about The Discovery of America; and started with Mr. Charles Francis Adams to writing Three Episodes of Massachusetts History, reaching home by Bradford Torrey's Foot-Path Way, and plucking a bunch of Miss Keese's fragrant Handful of Lavender, whose odor awoke me to find I had been on a Midsommer Night's Dream with Olive Thorne Miller's Little Brothers of the Air.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. seem to have a monopoly on publishing good things this season. Bret Harte, the veteran author of the Pacific coast, has written a sequel to his Waif of the Plains, entitled, Susy, a Story of the Plains which, above publishers have just issued. It is a beautiful little pastoral novel of early days of California, the scene of which is laid in south central California. It takes up the fortunes of the household of Judge Peyton on the Robles rancho, including as principals Judge Peyton and wife; the hero, Clarence Brant, one of the waifs, and Judge Peyton's adopted daughter, Susette Silsbee, the other waif, from whose nickname "Susy" the story obtains its title. It describes minutely the vast landed systems of early Californian days. The relations of the old Spanish grandees toward the early American settlers. The insecurity of land titles, their vague boundaries of grants, their method of tilling the soil and planting and reaping the grain. He also gives us many pleasant pictures of the mountains and the mesa, the beautiful coloring of the prairie flowers—the balmy days and hazy Indian summer; mentions the vaqueros, their easy, happy, lazy life; the padrones and the early owners of Hidalgo blood; of the manner in which new settlers from the east broke in upon the Acaadian life as led by the Spanish land owners, and infusing new life and vigor into the soil and surroundings, made the mesa and valley bud and blossom like a veritable garden of Eden; how they rebuilt the old missions and drew together the scattering settlers for mutual protection and formed the protective leagues and law and order leagues. Throughout this accurate frame work of pen pictures is woven a series of love stories that soften the aspect of some of the harsher points and draws the wandering parties closer together, until it forms one great mass of beautiful color, soft background and bright-tinted outline, with the sunshine of love and loyalty tinting it in living light, a grand, true picture of our early days, of the struggles, the schemes, the ambitions, the disappointment and the successes of the generation of which we are the successors. The plot is a good one; the villain, although not a strong one, is kept well in the background and to the relief of timid readers, dies early in the book. There are some very pretty passages between the lovers, and a strong lesson to over-earnest matchmakers. The entire introduction is a most interesting and valuable description of the book the scene changes to San Francisco and Sacramento, showing some of their early days. After many vicissitudes and trials, the hero finally obtains the reward for which he has so diligently and faithfully worked. The ending is almost too abrupt, but as the author remarks at the close, "I am content and with this fulfillment of his youthful dreams, the romance of his young manhood seemed to be complete, and so closed the second volume of this trilogy. But what effect that fulfillment of youth had upon his maturer years, or the fortunes of those who were nearly concerned in it, may be told in a later and final chronicle," so we need not bewail its abrupt close, but wait patiently and hopefully for the third and third volume of these interesting pastoral romances, typical of the Golden State.

Harper's new Monthly Magazine comes to us this month of February full of good things; opening with illustrations of Shakespeare's comedy, Twelfth Night; the picture of Melvolio in the Dungeon, serving as a frontispiece. The illustrations, which are excellent, are by E. A. Abbey, while the text, an interesting comment on the play, is by Andrew Lang. The especially literary feature of the number is Mrs. James T. Field's article on Whittier, Notes of His Life and of His Friendships, which gives entirely new glimpses of the poet in his earlier and later home, in his frequent visits to the home of his publisher, and in his letters. The paper is beautifully illustrated. New Orleans, Our Southern Capital, by Julian Ralph, is an excellent description of this peculiar city, and gives a picturesque summary of the features characterizing the old and new life of the city. The article is vividly illustrated by W. T. Smedley. The poem entitled L'Ordre de Bon-Temps, contributed by William McLennan, carries us back to the good fellowship of Champlain and his pioneer comrades at Port Royal, 1608. The eyes of all readers, American and English, are now turned to the exciting drama which is being unfolded by A. Conan Doyle in his great historical romance, The Refugees. These second installment of the novel, being part first of the division devoted to The Old World occupies 32 pages of this number, every one of which throbs with the excitement of passion, intrigue and adventure. Some of the most thrilling situations have an enhanced interest by being accompanied by graphic pictures drawn by the illustrator, T. de Thulstrup. Bristol in the Time of Cabot, by John B. Shipley, is a true picture of the old English city in the days of its most enterprising and adventurous mercantile career, and shows its intimate association with American discovery. It is well illustrated. This number includes chapters III and IV of the new novel, Horace Chase, by Constance Fenimore Woolston; in this novel, she, with an equal charm, draws the reader from the French court of Louis XIV to the homely and more familiar scenes of her domestic narrative. Hitherto the central figures in Miss Woolston's novels have been women, but in this story it is a man who stands in the foreground, and the author's reader's interest are chiefly engaged in the development of his character, which is that of a typical American, worthy of a place by the side of a Colonel Sellers or a Silas Lapham. Personal Recollections of George William Curtis, by John W. Chadwick, is a valuable arti-

cle, accompanied by portraits of Mr. Curtis in his boyhood, youth and middle age. The short stories of the number include a characteristic southern sketch entitled Woman's Exchange in Simpkinsville, by Ruth McEnery Stuart, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; Lide, by Robert O. V. Myers, the author of Fin de Siecle, and Tio Juan, a story of Mexican ranch life on the Texas border, by Maurice Kingsley, with three striking illustrations by Frederic Remington. The number closes with a well written Editor's Study, which deals largely with features of the Columbian exposition, and Literary Notes by Lawrence Hutton.

All the above books for sale by the Stoll & Thayer Co., 139 South Spring street.

The Scribners have a new volume by Col. G. B. Malleon, C. S. I., entitled The Refounding of the German Empire. This new volume on the Events of Our Own Time deals with the period of German history beginning with the French revolution of 1848 and ending with the Franco-Prussian war, which brought to a close the policy looking to the refounding of the German empire. It necessarily treats of the political as well as the military history, all of which is thrown into clear relief.

The D. Lothrop company have a new and enlarged edition of W. Sloane Kennedy's Life of John Greenleaf Whittier, which was an accurate and attractive summary of the poet's life; with an analysis of his genius and writings and numerous selections. The biography abounds in valuable and interesting data not heretofore published. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published William R. Thayer's book, The Dawn of Italian Independence; Italy from the congress of Vienna, 1814, to the fall of Venice, 1849, in two volumes. This work is peculiarly welcome as covering an important period in Italian history which has hitherto been inadequately treated. The great interest of the subject, the full knowledge, vigor and literary skill shown, and the fresh power and capacity for large national development in the Italy of today lend special value and attraction to Mr. Thayer's work.

MacMillan & Co. will issue in February Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel entitled Children of the King, a tale of Southern Italy. The author will also add in February to their uniform edition of his works a new edition, revised and corrected, of A Roman Singer. These works should find a ready sale, as Mr. Crawford has many admirers; he is the most versatile of modern novelists. He has great adaptability and subtleness of mind, and whether dealing with life in modern Rome, or at the court of Charlus at Shushan, in the wilds of India, or in the fashionable quarter of New York, in the Black Forest, he is equally facile and sure of his ground; a master of narrative style, he throws a subtle charm over all he touches.

Of the 372 dramatic companies registered at the New York Mirror office, only about 40 are performing serious plays, while the rest are devoted to farces, musical extravaganzas, song and dance comediettes, light comedies, and adaptations of French and German plays. The same proportion will apply to books.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's writing has been interrupted for the moment by the birth of a daughter at the little house in which he is spending the winter, at Brattleboro, Vt., pending the erection of a new \$10,000-home in the same neighborhood.

Mr. Blackmore's new story, which is sometimes called The Pearly Cross and sometimes Pearly Cross is really entitled Pelycross. His Tess of the D'Urbervilles has produced a deep impression in Russia, and a translation begins in the January number of Rusekaja Mysl (Russian Thought). Lists of the unfamiliar words in dialect, agriculture, and local names which occur in the novel have been sent to Mr. Blackmore for paraphrase as the work has progressed. The translation is by Mlle. Vera Spassky, collaborating with the editor of the review. We always supposed since reading Tess of the D'Urbervilles that we had been highly entertained by, and owed a debt of gratitude to the author, Thomas Hardy. But it may be possible that Thomas Hardy translated into Russian dialect means Mr. Blackmore. Anyhow, we desire information on the subject.

He Paid His Bet. "Speaking of strange bets on an election," said Colonel Joe Rucker, of Colorado, "the one that takes the ribbon over any I have ever seen mentioned was bet, lost and paid by an enthusiastic Greenbacker many years ago. One of these enthusiasts at that time, whose view of the political situation was seen through the roseate hues of spectacles of a reform organ, was certain that a man by the name of Brown would be elected governor of Missouri, and bet everything he had except the clothing on his back and a young wife. Either his affection for his wife or his knowledge of law prevented his making a wager of her, so as a last bet he wagered his services for a year against \$500.

"Of course he lost, and borrowing a few dollars from a friend he sent his wife back to her folks in Missouri, while he presented himself to the saloon keeper in Denver with whom he had made the bet. The latter, more as a joke than anything else, grumbled him and sent him out to prospect. The first month a small find rewarded his labors, and cupidity then caused the saloon keeper to insist on the payment of the wager in full. To curtail the narrative, he carried out his wager of a year's service scrupulously and located two more mines, from which the winner, though now wealthy, is still drawing dividends. Upon the fulfillment of his obligation he sent for his wife, and is now employed by one of the street car companies of Denver at about fifty dollars a month, and will probably never get above that figure."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Raising Canary Birds. In Germany the poorer classes are nearly all engaged in raising canaries. Several hundred thousand are shipped every year to all parts of the world. There is no industry like it in existence. The birds are strong and hardy and require very little attention; consequently among the peasantry every family has an aviary, which is a constant source of income, independent of the proceeds of their daily toil. The buyers for the New York houses make periodical trips through the country; the birds are bought and are soon on their way to America, where they quickly become accustomed to their gilded cages.—Pittsburg Record.

Shapes for Folding Napkins. About 1650 Pierre David published the "Maistre d'Hotel," "which teaches how to wait on a table properly, and how to fold all kinds of table napkins in all kinds of shapes."

The shapes were: "Square, twisted, folded in bands and in the forms of a double and twisted shell, single shell, double melon, single melon; cock, hen and chickens; two chickens, pigeon in a basket, partridge, pheasant, two capons in a pie, hare, two rabbits, sucking pig, dog with a collar, pike, carp, turbot, miter, turkey, tortoise, the holy cross and the Lorraine cross."—Youth's Companion.

Cause for Regret. Lady—I don't like this picture so well as I did the last one you took of me.

Photographer—Ah, madam, I have not the artistic taste that I had when I was young, and besides my camera is getting old.—New York Weekly.



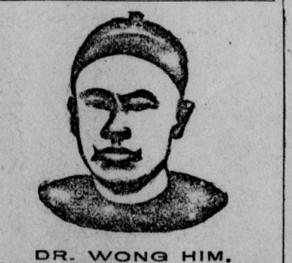
The shadows that fill your life, if you're a feeble, suffering woman, can be taken out of it. The chronic weaknesses, functional derangements, and painful disorders peculiar to your sex, can be taken away. The one unerring remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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The great, gripping, old-fashioned pills make trouble. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets prevent it. Their biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved and cured. Small-est, cheapest, easiest to take.

Advertisement for 'INDAPO' medicine, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

AMERICAN STEAM DYE WORKS. CLEANING, DYEING, SCOURING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. Ladies' and gents' garments cleaned, dyed and renovated in superior style at short notice. Blankets, curtains and mercantile goods. Ostrich plumes cleaned, dyed and curled. Tailoring establishments in connection for all kinds of repairing and altering. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Office and works, 615 West Sixth street. Store, 210 1/2 South Spring street. Tel. 1016. LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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Advertisement for 'CASTORIA' medicine, featuring the brand name in large letters and text describing its uses for infants and children.

Advertisement for 'The Jones Lock Wire Fence', featuring an illustration of the fence and text describing its durability and ease of installation.

Advertisement for 'Wonderful Cures' by Dr. W. W. Chisney, featuring text describing various medical treatments and a list of addresses.

Advertisement for 'INDAPO' medicine, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'JERUSALEM CORN' forage plant, featuring an illustration of the plant and text describing its benefits for livestock and its availability for purchase.