



BY L. DEUTNER.

of St. John in Malta. It was founded by Baili de' Gozo. There are on its shelves today, properly classified and catalogued, over 1,500,000 of printed books, not to enumerate its many thousands of rare manuscripts which are held of priceless value. The books of the Valletta collection are principally in Latin, Italian and French, but there is also a large assortment in other European and in Asiatic tongues.

Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian general, was born in Malta, and Menander, the famous orator, was also born there. The latter was a close friend of the philosopher Plato, and Cicero styled the Aristotle of Malta, and Diodorus, the publisher and intimate friend of Cicero, were also born there.

And so we pass from page to page, each one containing a new surprise concerning the wonderful island until we close the book, wondering how so much could come from such a small place. Here is America in the youth of its civilization, while in this isolated Mediterranean group, so circumscribed in space, we find monuments which mark nearly equal the pyramids in age. These tokens exhibit here a tangible page of Phoenician and there of Punic history, together with ruins of Roman and Grecian temples, besides which there are footprints of many Asiatic tribes, the most prominent being that of the half-faceted mementos of races dead and forgotten long ago! Crumbling ruins are milestones, as it were, on the road of time. What region would not be glad to approach to a more observant under such circumstances, and entertaining in a book so full of interesting descriptions. It is a book so complete as to form a whole library in itself.

Cosmopolis is the title of a new book written by Paul Bourget, and published by H. S. S. Co. It is a book that once betrays the practical dramatist in its bold, well-constructed plot, and the finished literary artist in the use of words that in a novel must take the place of characters and stage setting.

With rare judgment Bourget has selected Rome as the scene of his story. He describes, composed of individuals favored in the goods of this world, and as a rule acknowledging no higher guide than their own pampered tastes and untrammelled will, in this age of the automobile, motor cars, and motor homes; and nowhere could their effete method and womanhood, their shallow lives and ignoble aims, or equally ignoble lack of purpose, be brought out more tellingly than against the background of the Eternal City. This choice when Paris, even the Riviera, would have seemed a more promising field, with the ever-living majesty of the city, the unmovable strength of the church whose head thrones in the Eternal City, and which is truly and for all times cosmopolitan, catholic and strong.

The characters are Venetians, English, Romans, Poles, Americans, Frenchmen, and in keeping with these nationalities distinct, and in knowledge of racial characteristics, Bourget shows a power in which French authors are almost wholly lacking. The story itself relates to the love affairs of the Countess Steno, a descendant of a long line of doges, and Lincoln Maitland, a young American painter. The countess is a widow, and a profoundly immoral woman, sensual and unscrupulous. She has a young lover, and has dismissed them one after the other, until, finally, blindingly, when a new lover crossed her path.

Maitland's immediate predecessor had been the Count Gerka, a Pole, a cosmopolitan like all others, but crafty, jealous and revengeful, and who returned to Rome, after his dismissal by the Countess, to the starting point of the story. As types of the permanence of races, Bourget has drawn Mme. Steno, a Venetian Messalina; her discarded lover, the Polish Count Gerka; and the lover, the American artist, Maitland, the husband of a Louisiana French girl with negro blood in her veins, whom he has married for money; her brother, as loyal as Mrs. Maitland is the Countess's husband, Countess Alba, the daughter of Countess Steno, as pure as her mother is corrupt; a Jew financier; his daughter Fanny, who enters a convent; her suitor, a ruined Italian prince; a French writer, accused by an Italian Catholic newspaper of infidelity, impudence and the great intellectual sin of attacking thought. This book is a remarkable one, in being the first attempt at gathering in a single volume the salient types of modern international society, and presenting its various, its pernicious influences and its instability. That Bourget falls into the common mistake of believing that the Countess Steno and Count Gerka are really great nobles is not so very strange. But, with these two exceptions, the book is seen clearly through the false pretenses of its puppets and has exposed them.

The last scene of the book is in the Vatican gardens, and gives a glimpse of Leo XIII., about whom the Marquis de Montebello's reflections are both beautiful and eloquent in thought and form. The novel of cosmopolitan life has attracted other writers of this century before Bourget. Balzac attempted it, and Daudet and Maupassant more than once introduced the subject incidentally in their novels. But the honor of making the first deliberate attempt at gathering the different threads and weaving them together belongs to the author of Cosmopolis.

Any large city of the present day has its cosmopolitan life, and America Cosmopolis especially need the lessons conveyed with such exquisite art in Bourget's fine work. Until the present, Bourget's style has been his most distinguished title to fame. In his Cosmopolis he gives promise of future growth in thoughts that will be sought for even in translation, which at its best can only let us imagine what his work in its own absolutely perfect style must be. In a few words Cosmopolis is the story of the victory of christianity over the religion of intellectualism, picturing the cosmopolitan society life of the imperial city rather than its historical and artistic grandeur, and painting the dominant side of Roman life today, its influence, lack of culture and eager pursuit of money and pleasure.

In November, 1854, there died in Edinburgh one who might, with truth, be called almost the last, if not the last, of that literary galaxy that adorned Edinburgh society in the days of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson and others. Distinguished by the friendship and confidence of Sir Walter Scott, the name of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier is one that has become famous from her three clever, satirical and most amusing novels of Marriage, The Inheritance and Destiny. They exhibit, besides, a keen sense of the ludicrous seldom unequalled. She may be said to have done for Scotland what Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth have respectively done for England and Ireland—left behind a permanent and undying color of men and women that will live forever in the hearts and minds of her readers.

In the present redundant age of novel writers and novel readers, and when one would suppose the supply must far exceed the demand, for the novel of puerile, and often at the same time prurient, literature in the department of fiction that daily flows from the press, it is refreshing to turn to the vigorous and, above all, healthy moral tone of this lady's work. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, the well-known Boston publishers, have already issued Marriage in two volumes, bound in half Russia, with photogravure frontispiece designed by Frank T. Merrill, and have ready the Inheritance, in two volumes, similarly bound, and also uniform with their edition of Jane Austen's novels. These will be followed shortly with a two-volume edition of Destiny, thus completing this valuable set of books.

WHAT IS YOUR SPECIAL JONAH?

People Who Believe in Hoodoos and Mascots.

Little Superstitious That Haunt the Rich and Poor.

The Irishman That Broke His Pledge and Also His Arm—Black Cats Regarded as Omens of Ill Luck.

"Do you believe in Jonahs?" "What's Jonahs?" "Why, hoodoos, mascots, or anything that brings good or bad luck to a person."

The above dialogue was indulged in a few evenings ago by a party of gentlemen in the hearing of the writer. "Well, I'll tell you," said Dan, a jovial son of the Emerald Isle, "Jonah or no Jonah, there are such things as being pursued by ill luck as punishment for something done contrary to established rules or customs. I have been in my time a negro minstrel, and have not only been unlucky myself, but brought bad luck to others."

"You have all heard the old chestnut about walking under a ladder, crossing the street in front of a funeral and others that I could name. Well, I would no more think of violating one of those little pet superstitions than I would of sprouting a bit, expecting to be recognized by some of my old schoolmates; and, sure enough, I was. One Jerry S., among others, picked me out, and after the parade came to the hotel to see me."

"It was in my old home town that I visited with the company I was playing with, after having been absent from home for some 10 or 11 years. "Shortly after arriving in the town we prepared for a street parade. Of course, I sprang up a bit, expecting to be recognized by some of my old schoolmates; and, sure enough, I was. One Jerry S., among others, picked me out, and after the parade came to the hotel to see me."

"I consented to get a back and go home with him, which he agreed to. Just as we were putting him in the back, along came the priest, and recognizing Jerry, the father came forward and said: "Jerry, my boy, I'm surprised to see that you have so soon violated your pledge."

"Jerry started at the sound of the priest's voice, and, straightening up, he replied: "Mind your own business, and harry yer priestly callin', I've a mind to be harryed by you some more."

"That's all well enough for a story," remarked one of the company, "but we were talking about hoodoos and mascots. I'll tell you about a little charm that worked well for one man and ill for another."

"A friend of mine was made a present of a very handsome piece of gold quartz, by a light miner from Australia, and told that it was a lucky stone. This friend had the stone mounted and wore it as a watch-chain. "A short time after the mounting of the stone he went on a prospecting trip to the mountains of Australia, and returned with a bag of gold-bearing rock, of which he sold a one-fourth interest for \$25,000. For this was not the end of his good luck, for he has since located other ledges, sold them, and now has a fortune to his credit."

"Last summer this prosperous individual came to this city, and while here met a friend who took a fancy to the quartz watch chain, and one evening, after considerable coaxing, the mining man gave the charm to his friend, at the same time remarking, 'keep good care of it, it is a lucky stone—a veritable mascot.'"

"Well, if there is such a thing as a Jonah, that watch chain proved one to its new owner. A series of misfortunes befell him, until he was reduced from comfortable circumstances down to 'bed and board' not to go home that way, and he was reduced to a state of utter poverty. He never attributed his ill fortune to the charm, however, until one night rather late, as he was wending his way home, and when within about three blocks of his house, a black cat crossed the road right in front of him."

"This startled him. He had a horror of black cats. He was of the opinion that to have a cat, and especially a black cat, cross the road in front of him was bad luck. To break the spell he concluded not to go home that way, and he walked back three blocks and down another street, taking in all a walk of over a mile to reach his bed."

"The next day, while at the breakfast table, he heard something fall to the floor, and before he knew what it was he got his No. 8 shoe on it, and upon arising from the table smashed to pieces the watch chain he had carried for a mascot."

"He mourned his loss, of course; but that afternoon when he came up town he made a deal that netted him \$400 cash, and since then he has recuperated to a large extent his fortune, the loss of which he now attributes to having worn the charm, and the regaining of the same to not having passed across the track of the black cat, and the mashing of the alleged mascot."

"Speaking of black cats," said a well-known writer, "I'll tell you a true Irish 'baneshee' story. You are all aware that 'baneshee' is the Irish or Celtic name for fairy. Well, my people always claimed that the baneshee were partial to one family, and well do I remember my father remarking: 'I tell ye we have a baneshee looking out on us.' And among other things he tells this story, which is vouched for by others at my birthplace in Ireland. "Years ago I was in command of a constabulary regiment at Ballysimon, during the time of the riots in that part of the country. One night I received orders to push on to Galtee-More with my company, to suppress a gang of ruffians and over-

THE CITY OF WHITE PALACES.

Progress of Matters at the World's Fair.

South Dakota to Have a Reproduction of the Crystal Cave.

A Thorough Bread-Making Exhibit to Be at the World's Fair—Honolulu's Exhibit in the Midway Pleasure—Fair Notes.

Special Correspondence to the Herald. CHICAGO, March 25.—South Dakota will have a novel and instructive exhibit in the horticultural hall. A reproduction of Crystal Cave is being built directly under the great dome of the horticultural building. The last of the 200,000 pounds of crystal arrived two days ago and the proprietors of the cave, Keith & Allibough, of Deadwood, have a large force of men putting the big blocks into shape. The exhibit will be in underground passageways, consisting of seven apartments, the largest being 30x40 feet. In one corner will be a miniature lake, and at certain places the water will be dripping from stalactites just as it does in the original cave.

Each room will be made of a different form of crystallization, there being over sixty specimens of the most beautiful calcite ever found. The crystals vary in color from pure white, other blue, red, pink and yellow. The entire interior will sparkle like a cave full of polished diamonds. Another feature will be some plants which have never seen the sunlight. These will be placed in the cave, as will also the night-blooming cereus which has been donated by John Thorpe. The admission will be free.

The National Columbian Homeholders' Economic association is to be the name of the Columbian Homekeepers' organization for the future. This society is intended for the improvement in domestic economy. A wonderful interest is being taken by the ladies in every locality where a local union has been formed in this new work. The association is only about 18 months old, and there are over 300 members. Mrs. John Wilkinson, its president, said today, when asked what she intended to exhibit at the fair: "We have had 40 square feet assigned to us in the women's department. This exhibit space will be used to demonstrate the proper method of making bread. The whole process will be shown—each step, from the raw flour to the finished loaves, will be illustrated. This will be a continuous object lesson. The fair, artists will be at work all the time on each part of making good bread, so that anyone can easily see and understand how to make the best and most healthful bread."

A life-size representation of the volcano Kilauea on Hawaii island will be the exhibit from Honolulu. It will not be a government exhibit, but is managed by private parties. This will be the first time that the volcano has been exhibited in a public place. The exhibit is a model of the volcano, and is a very real and living person when Mr. Henry James exhibited her. It was thought at the time by many that she was even then becoming a relic of the past. The omnipotence of the pert maid is most complete in the village, where she necessarily has more leisure, a lighter heart and less to think of, than the farmer's wife of the old man's helpmate. The impression she produces comes from her vitality, not from her intelligence. Marriage in the life of the village is a much more serious matter than in the life of the city. It is a society consider that which diminishes hard work, a large family, mouths to feed and clothes to wash. In other words, it means service, if not servitude, even with the assistance of modern farming machinery, which did not exist in the days when Daisy Miller's progenitor began to be, and when such a state of things as exists in our time was not even dreamed of. The village drama, if the village had one, was no doubt fundamentally like the dramatic tragedy of our time, but the actors were not the same. They were generally considerably younger and brought more activity and less thought to the events in which they played a part; more sentimentality and less passion; more conventional stage business and less original power. In the pastoral state none but the very young had time for such sentiment. But we have changed all that and Daisy Miller no longer plays the leading lady in the comedy. This is a sign of civilization, because civilization means all that which diminishes the difficulties of material existence and tends to develop what we have agreed to call the higher side of human nature.

The Coast Line Railroad. Dr. Nichols returned yesterday from his regular circuit of the railroad camps and reports the army of laborers still on hand and just now doing great work. The heavy rains of the last two weeks made it impossible to do anything out of doors, but of course the tunnel work went on just as usual. The ground was so thoroughly soaked that it was even difficult to dig a hole for the hills, and digging was an impossibility. In the last few days the ground has dried up pretty well, and yesterday every available man apparently was throwing dirt. It was understood that another big storm was predicted by the signal service at San Francisco which it was claimed would be the heaviest storm of the season, and was said to be due on the 25th, but from the best information that we can get, we judge the report to be a "fake." We hope so for the general good. We have had all the water in our that we require.—San Luis Obispo Tribune.

The Walnut in Southern California. On lands suited to their growth there can be little doubt walnut growing in California is a profitable enterprise. Some growers assert that only near the coast in the southern parts of the state can the walnut be grown with best results; while others, notably Mr. Felix Gillet, maintain that the walnut may be profitably grown over a much wider area, extending to altitudes of 2000 feet or more and to distances quite remote from the sea. A Santa Ana writer to an eastern journal says of the Southern California walnut crop: "The walnut crop of this region within a few years will be immense, and some people predict a great drop in prices. But the consumers also increase rapidly, and if the growers can have the United States market, with little foreign competition, prices will remain good. I know

of no other state that raises them in any considerable quantities, and in California the successful growth of the nut seems to be confined to four counties, where the trees have the right temperature and exposure to the ocean breeze and occasional fogs.

Central and Northern California do not seem to have made successful growing the nut. The hot, dry valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin are not favorable to the growth of nuts, although the trees will grow but fail to yield. So also in San Bernardino and San Diego counties little has been done at raising these nuts. We have two varieties in this region, the hard and soft shells. The latter find most favor, being of thin shell, and bearing for profit at six years from planting, while the hard shells usually require eight or nine years from the setting out. Also the soft shells sell for 1 cent more per pound; but I presume they go alike in eastern markets.

I have heard that it requires 18 years for them to come to bearing in England and France, while in its native Persia it will bear in eight years. And the fact that it bears in six years in Southern California indicates that only here it finds the conditions of growth most nearly resembling those of its native home.—[Fruit grower.]

ARIZONA.

News Notes and Personal from That State. (Tucson Star, March 29.)

The pumping plant at San Xavier for the city water supply will be connected with the main today. The pipe is 6-inch, throws 1,000,000 gallons a day, and connects with a gang of three Cocks wells, each of them full. The new water will be turned into the main within 48 hours. For a long term of years Thomas Haley has held out and developed a number of mines on Mineral creek, Pinal county. He never lost faith, although struggling along under adverse circumstances. His faith and pluck have finally been rewarded by the sale of his mine at a handsome figure. W. E. Fryer, who is interested in placer mines at Riverside, has been negotiating the sale of the mine for some time, and finally disposed of it to eastern capitalists for \$25,000, and the deal was finally placed on record. (Tombstone Freeman, March 28.)

Mark R. Bannon, an old and respected resident of Cochise county for the past 13 years, was brought in dead this afternoon from Rucker cañon by Captain Heyne and Mike O'Connor. He was seen on Sunday morning by Captain Heyne at the latter's ranch, and was riding a horse and apparently in good health, and was on his way to catch another horse some miles distant. Nothing more was seen of him alive, and as the horse was seen running around with a saddle on and riding to be found, a search was immediately instituted and resulted in the body of Bannon being found dead within three or four miles of Captain Heyne's place, where he had evidently fallen from the saddle and lain there some hours. (Tombstone Freeman, March 28.)

Work on the A. Bauer properties in the Dragon mountains is progressing encouragingly. Four men are constantly employed and a shipment has recently been made which was worth \$200,000. Results thus far indicate that \$200,000 of work has been done, and assays run from \$75 to \$150 in silver and from \$10 to \$50 in gold. (Phoenix Gazette, March 28.)

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson returned last night from his visit to Terra Haute home. His party included a daughter, Miss Thompson, and her daughter, Mrs. Henry, and husband, Will Thompson, a grandson and the two boys of Mr. and Mrs. Henry. All were charmed with the hospitality of the hospitable people. They left here with a genuine regret.

A. E. Marsh arrived from Minnehaha flat last evening. He has just started his new 10-stamp mill, running two regular 12-hour shifts daily. There were 18 inches of snow on the ground last week, which has nearly all melted and is plenty of water. Thirty tons of ore are treated every 24 hours. (Phoenix Gazette, March 28.)

It is always better to prune roses early in the winter rather than to wait till spring, for the reason that there is a large amount of evaporation during frosty weather from the unpruned wood, and this evaporation is drawn from the more solid portions of the stems, as well as from the portion which is unpruned, says the Elsinore Press. A second pruning will be necessary before the bud bursts in the spring, as, in more cases, there will be some portions injured during the winter, in spite of the earlier precautions taken. Again the thin and weaker wood should be cut out, as this gives more strength to that which is left, says Mehan's Monthly.

As a general principle also in pruning it is much better to prune early than to prune late, for the reason suggested in the last paragraph. Different classes of roses require different systems of pruning. Those which flower from vigorous young wood may be pruned severely; but those which seem to form flower buds from the old wood to a great extent should have the branches left on. Noisette roses, for instance, usually flower at the ends of the young growth, and this is the class that may be pruned severely; while roses like the prairie roses and the hybrid perpetuals require to be pruned low, because most of the flowers are produced on short branches.—[Elinora Press.]

A Mexican War Veteran Passes Away. Mildred Phillips, better known here as Major Phillips, died in this city, says the National City Record, March 28, 1893, aged 88 years. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 22, 1805. He had been confined to his bed for over a year. Although a great sufferer, he still was able to walk with the aid of crutches. He served his country in the Mexican war, and raised a company of men for the civil war, but was rejected on account of his age. He had one son killed at Kanesaw mountain. Another served in the same war until discharged on account of disability. He was the father of 12 children. Four are still living—one in Colorado, one in Arkansas, one in Ohio and one in Illinois. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. Werth of the German Baptist church, and the interment was in the National City cemetery.

The Throat—Drugs of the Throat. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat. (Advertisement for throat medicine.)