NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Paul Verlaine.

Stone & Kimball's announcement of a forthcoming translation of the poems of Paul Verlaine brings to American notice a poet who, save in Paris and among a certain literary few of London, has heretofore been practically unknown.

Verlaine is now something above 50 years of age. His is undeniably one of the most poetic souls this century has seen, but if fame finds him during his lifetime it must be quickly, for there are not many years left to him. He is a great invalid—a terrible sufferer—whose life of late years has been one of intimate acquaintance with hospital wards and almost unbearable pain.

He would say of himself, perhaps, that his sufferings are merited, for Verlaine is pre-eminently a sinner who has repented. His life has been one series of yieldings to temptation, of falling, to rise only again to fall into the most dreadful morass of strange vices into which, surely, any sane being ever plunged. He even, years ago, spent two years in prison for the attempt to murder, in a dive, his closest friend and boon companion—that other almost unknown French poet, Arthur Rimband, the marvelous boy whose early life he ruined, and who, now, in a convent on the shores of the Red Sea, expiates the years of sin into which Verlaine led him.

Verlaine, too, has of late spent several years in retreat at the Chartreuse of Montreuil-sur-mer, seeking the salvation of his soul. He is a firm believer in every tenet of the church, but he has apparently no talent for the practice of its precepts.

In the light of any knowledge whatever

Paul Verlaine at Home.

of his life his exquisite verse cannot but incite to wonder. Whether one reads the somewhat schooled, but unmistakably poetic words of his brilliant and promising youth, the plaintive beauty into which his later genius wove the musical cadences of the French language, or the passionate, esthetical, mystic religious ecstasies of his latest verse, the impression is always the same—the soul there speaking is the soul of a poet; a poet, too, with a marvelous power over the language in which he works.

In his "Impressions and Opinions" George Moore has given us a terrible glimpse of this poet. He says:

"I once saw Verlaine. I shall not forget the glare of the bold, prominent forehead, the cavernous eyes, the macabre expression of burnt-out lust smoldering upon his face."

Here is his description of how they reached the poet's home in Paris: "We got into an omnibus and then we got into a train. Then we took a cab, and I believe we had to take another train. We at last penetrated into a dim and eccentric region that I had never heard of before; we traversed curious streets. * * * We penetrated musty-smelling and clamorous courtyards, in which lingered Balzacian concierges; we climbed slippery staircases upon which doors stood wide open. * * * In a dark corner, at the end of a narrow passage situated at the top of the last flight of stairs we discovered a door. We knocked. A voice made itself heard. We entered and saw Verlaine. The terrible forehead, bald and prominent, was half covered by a filthy nightcap, and a nightshirt full of the grease of the bed covered his shoulders; a stained and discolored pair of trousers were hitched up somehow about his waist. He was drinking wine at 16 sous the litre. He told us that he had just come out of the hospital; that his leg was better, but it still gave him a great deal of pain."

Moore and his friend had come for a sonnet, which the poet had promised the latter. Verlaine was working upon it, and he told them in the grossest language the abominations which he had included in it. They went away in despair. The sonnet, received next day, was one of exquisite and lofty beauty.

That is the mystery—the wonder of this mysterious and wonderful man. He is purely a poet, purely an esthete in impulse, in thought, in expression. He has apparently sounded the height, the depth of religious feeling, yet his life, his surroundings, his conversation are such that the merest glimpse suffices—the merest glimpse is all that is possible to be borne.

To afford a glimpse of the man's thought we give the following (purposely) literal translation of one of his sonnets. No translation, literal or otherwise, can give the exquisite cadence of the original:

God said to me: My son, thou must love me; thou seest
My pierced side, my heart beaming and bleeding,
And my offended feet that Madeline bathed
With tears, and my arms aching under the weight
Of thy sins, and my hands! And thou seest the cross,
Thou seest the nails, the gall, the sponge—and all teach thee
To love, in this bitter world where flesh reigns,
Only my flesh and my blood, my word and my voice.

Did I not love thee unto death?
Oh, my brother in my Father; oh, my son in the Spirit;
And have I not suffered, as it was written?
Have I not groaned in that supreme anguish?
Have I not sweat out the sweat of the night?
Sorrowful friend, who seekest me where I am.

Social Evolution.

That a Chicago house which generally deals in sentimental literature should consider it worth while to issue a reprint of such a book as "Kidd's Social Evolution" is a significant commentary upon the eagerness with which the English-reading public is holding its cup to the fountain of economic knowledge. Not to be outdone, Macmillan & Co. have put out a paper edition of the book, with a new preface by the author, and propose to sell the new volume at 25 cents, although it is difficult to perceive how they are able to do this without a direct and heavy loss.

That this book should have such great and widespread popularity must be a matter of surprise to one who has not noticed the trend of the times. Half a dozen years ago the people who would have cared for it might have numbered a few hundred. To-day the book is having an attention that has been given to no work on social economy since the first publication of "Gronlund's Co-operative Commonwealth."

Nothing could be greater than the difference between these two books. They approach the question of human destiny from opposite standpoints, and argue it to radically different conclusions. Yet the same people who a few years ago were enthusiastic over the one are now equally enthusiastic over the other.

In tracing the progressive steps of social evolution the author notes that while the conviction exists that a definite stage in the evolution of Western civilization is drawing to a close, and that we are entering upon a new era, yet there is apparently a complete absence of any clear indication from those who speak in the name of science and authority as to the direction in which the path of future progress lies. Even our scientific teachers are silent. Having traced the steps in the evolution of life up to human society, science now stands dumb before the problems presented by society as it exists to-day. Even Herbert Spencer, whose "Synthetic Philosophy" was to have shed light upon the great problems of human destiny, has really been so little able to accomplish any practical reading of the riddle that his investigations and conclusions, according as they are dealt with by one side or the other, lead up to the opinions of the two diametrically opposite camps of individualists and collectivists into which society is separating. In Germany and in France those to whom we turn for light have proven equally unable to throw any certain illumination upon the future. People and leaders are alike without faith, for there is, in reality, no science of human society. To many the spirit of the French Revolution, which caused so universal a feeling of unrest at the end of the last century, seems to be again loosed, and, after an epoch of progress unexampled in the history of the world, we would appear to have returned to the ideals of society which moved men's minds at that period of upheaval. We have, however, little in common with that past season of unrest. We have, in reality, entered upon a new stage of social evolution, in which the minds of men are moving toward other goals.

The fruits of an industrial revolution are demanding our attention. The world is becoming unified. An organization with a nervous system of 5,000,000 miles of telegraph wires and an arterial system of railways and steamships is a different factor from the aggregate of isolated communities of even 100 years ago.

One of the most striking figures of the times is the spectacle of Demos, enfranchised, recognized, emerging from the long silence of social and political serfdom. Another significant feature of the new order is the tendency growing within the churches to assert that religion has to do with the present as well as the future; that Christianity was intended to save not men, but man, to teach us not only how to die, as individuals, but how to live, as society. Still another remarkable sign of the times is the widespread revolt among all classes against the political economy of Adam Smith, Ricardo and Mill. The time is ripe for a new formation of social science by the biologist, who, having established law and order in the lower branches of his subject, has carried us up to human society, and there left us without a guide. He must carry the methods of his science on to where he deals with the phenomena of life under its last and most complex aspect.

This brings the author to a consideration of the conditions of human progress. He traces the evolution of man from the brute, feebly holding his own against fierce competitors, up through the ages until he finds him master of the earth and organized into society. He finds, with Professor Flower, that progress has been due to the opportunity of those individuals who are a little superior in some respect to their fellows, to assert that superiority and to continue it to their descendants. In a word progress depends upon selection, ceaseless stress and competition. Other things being equal, the wider the range of selection the keener will be the rivalry, and the more rigid the selection the greater the progress. From this stress of nature rises the highest forms we can conceive. The law of progress as stated is inevitable, but in man occur two modifying elements—reason and the capacity for organization.

While thus stating the conditions of progress the author frankly avows that he finds no rational sanction for these conditions. In other words, that any organization of society with a system of rewards according to natural ability can have no ultimate sanction in reason for all the individuals. His welfare in this life is as important to the ungifted as to the gifted, and any regulation under which the former will fare worse than the latter must ultimately, however we may obscure it, be a rule of brute force, pure and simple. Thus, while showing that the evolution scientist can readily prove that the hopes of modern socialism are incompatible with the ultimate interests of a progressive society, he still admits it as evident that it would be to the personal, immediate interests of the masses, who are now inevitably predestined to hardship and poverty, to put an immediate end to existing social conditions.

He flatly contravenes the teachings of certain of the later social economists, that the interests of the individual can ever become identical with the interests of society. The ultimate aim of society is progress—of the individual well being—which society in its march of progress must oftentimes ignore, even to the extent of crushing out the individual altogether. Strange to say, man's reason, which has apparently given him the power to suspend the conditions of progress, for the good of the individual, has never operated for this suspension. His conduct throughout has been such as reason could not sanction. To explain this phenomenon is only possible in the light of what Mr. Kidd terms the central feature of human history—religion. A religion he defines as "a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." Thus it is belief in a supernatural power, obedience to a higher spiritual law, that keeps the individual in the attitude of subordinating his interest to that of society. The belief in a future life that shall be better than this keeps the individual patient. It furnishes him an ultra-rational, a supernatural sanction for irrational, unnatural conduct.

Two chapters are devoted to a consideration of Western civilization and the progress of the conflict between capitalism and industrialism. The beginning of the Christian era saw the birth into the world of a new force of immeasurable social significance. Under the influence of this force men first began to forget self and draw together in the bonds of a common humanity recognizing interrelationship, and subordinating selfish ends to the general welfare for the love of kind. It was the altruistic ideals of the new religion that differentiated it from the old ones, and it is the spread of the altruistic ideals that has brought our Western civilization to its present stage. A feature of modern times is a growing sensitiveness to the spectacle of suffering, a spread of the humanitarian spirit. The infliction of suffering even upon the lower animals and in the interests of science is deprecated. The character of Western civilization has deepened and softened. Military organization is giving way to social and political. This spread of altruistic feeling is not an intellectual movement. From the nature of the case the intellect could not have supplied any force sufficient to enable the people successfully to assail the position of the power-holding class. Yet this position has been successfully assailed. The first great epoch in the history of this process was the beginning of the anti-slavery movement in the fourteenth century. This movement had its origin in the dogma that all men are equal before God. It was not an intellectual, but an altruistic movement. This same altruistic spirit has acted upon the power-holding class, causing it gradually to retreat from its intrenched position, finding faith in its own cause undermined. This class in England has made extraordinary concessions by which the weaker class has been indued with rights which it could never have attained by intellectual force, and political force it had none but what the ruling order has bestowed upon it. Thus the altruistic ideal softens and humanizes the life of the race "caught in the toils of that struggle and rivalry of life which has been in progress from the beginning." The rivalry of existence must continue, humanized as to conditions, it may be, but immutable and inevitable to the end.

The author touches upon the rise and decline of the well-known doctrine of laissez-faire, and devotes considerable space to a consideration of modern socialism and the philosophy of Marx, who, he declares, evinces a grasp of the present situation to which few of his critics have attained. Marx's conception of society as it should be he claims to be a condition in which the laws that have operated from the beginning should suddenly be interrupted and finally suspended. But the state toward which we are traveling is not one in which these laws will be suspended. "We are moving, and shall merely continue to move by orderly stages to the goal toward which the face of society has in reality been set from the beginning of our civilization."

The next step of the author's argument brings us within sight of that goal. It is an amazing step, which he indicates by the postulate that our human evolution is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character. Since the revival of learning in Europe, he declares, there has been a clear tendency to compare the intellectual development of the old civilizations, as the Greeks, with ours, to the disparagement of the latter. This, while it is justly conceded that our civilization is the highest in kind and degree that the human race has so far reached.

Judged by the standard of intellectual development alone, we of the modern European races have, in fact, no claim whatever to consider ourselves in advance of the ancient Greeks, all the extraordinary progress and promise of the modern world to the contrary. The author sees it as the teaching of evolutionary science that there is only one way in which the rationalistic factor in human evolution can be controlled, namely, through the instrumentality of religious systems. Under a rationalistic regime, even should Herbert Spencer's dream of the perfect civilization be realized, there will be nothing left for that civilization but decay.

Just what ultimate fate awaits the social order under a religious system, or even what that religious system is to be, the author does not discuss. There are, he shows, two great events to be accomplished in the twentieth century. First, the Western peoples will arrive at a social development under which men shall enter upon the rivalry of life on conditions of social equality. Then these peoples will proceed to fill up the rest of the inhabitable globe, by virtue of racial superiority, the absorbing tendency toward other (inferior) races, always held in check by the altruistic spirit. In this way, he states, England has opened up India, Egypt and other countries to the world. So must Africa, Central and South America and the other lands yet unoccupied by the Western civilization.

The conclusion of the whole matter, as outlined by the author, seems lamentably weak, resting upon the splendid premises in the earlier chapters, but the book as a whole is one of the most remarkable contributions we have had to the economic literature of the age. While it is not, as has been claimed for it, "an epoch-making book," it is a valuable collaboration of facts upon social progress, and is unequaled in the fairness, the liberality and foresightedness with which it treats, even while discarding as inutile, the modern socialistic movement. [New York and London: Macmillan & Co. For sale by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company.]

The New Woman.

The picture of "The New Woman," as portrayed by E. Lynn Linton in the character of Phœbe Barrington, is not an attractive one. Just why a woman's intense interest in the principles of "woman's rights" and her devotion to that cause should rob her of every spark of womanly feeling it is hard to conceive. It seems that the picture must be very much overdrawn. Certain it is that in Phœbe Barrington there is not one redeeming quality. Of daughterly, wifely or motherly affection she shows not a trace. Condensed selfishness and egotism form her essential characteristics. As a daughter, her only regret, while standing by the couch of her dying mother, is that she has been called out of bed on a cold, disagreeable night to witness a scene that is distasteful to her. She "hated" to see painful things, and it was a bore to be roused from her luxurious bed at this unearthly hour. As a wife, she meets with disdain her husband returning from Africa filled with ideal visions of home. Her greetings, instead of love and tenderness after long years of separation, are insult and vituperation. As a mother, she neglects her child and even thinks its existence a personal cause of grievance. These are a few of the phases of that degraded character which fill the soul of a sensitive reader with dismay and disgust. Her associates are creatures of almost the same stamp. As she is the leading spirit the disagreeable traits shine forth more plainly in her than in her satellites. Among the "fair" excelsiorites there is not one that is pleasant to contemplate, notwithstanding the beauty of face and form which some were said to possess. The mind is filled only with thoughts of their unwomanly attributes. Those two ignoble personages, Guy Delcroix and Armand Norris, are pictured as devoted advocates of the burning question of the day, who leave their neglected wives and children entirely out of the question as things too insignificant for them to bother their weighty brains about. These two add some variety to the scene, though it cannot be said to be a very satisfactory variety.

The contented and peaceful Armytages afford a pleasing contrast to all this artificiality and shallowness. The occasional glimpses of them that we catch seem like strains of sweetest melody interspersed within a jargon of discordant sounds. These glimpses are all too few for the welfare of the book and the reader. Even Phœbe's apparent conversion at the eleventh hour fails to soothe, for one feels that if her props had not given way beneath her and had she not felt in doubt which way to turn, her half-hearted turning to the right would never have taken place.

However, in the last chapter are shown the first flutterings of an awkward conscience in Phœbe, and even some faint signs of a dawning wifely and maternal love. So one closes the book with the hope that Phœbe, having profited by her experience and having seen the errors and unsatisfying hollowness of public life, may find in the quiet, respectable life of a country gentleman's wife a higher sphere of usefulness than she ever had been able to imagine or appreciate; that Sherrard may in the end have at least a semblance of that happy domestic life which he so much craved and which he so richly deserves, and that little Euphemia may enjoy some of that motherly tenderness which she seemed destined to never know. [New York: The Merriam Company. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.]

Thoughts on Religion.

This little volume has been arranged by Charles Gore, M.A., from papers left by the late Professor George John Romanes, the author of "Darwin and After Darwin" and of the "Examination of Weismannism." While primarily a biologist, Professor Romanes, like most thinkers, was actively interested in the modern problems of metaphysics and theology, and at the time of his death, which occurred last summer, was engaged in arranging the details of the volume for which this is an editor's substitute. There are two complete essays on the influence of science upon religion, and the balance of the book is made up of notes for a work in a candid examination of religion. They are for the most part notes of the most discursive sort, oftentimes mere skeletons of ideas, interesting more perhaps as showing a scientist's method of work than for any logical sequence of thought. Admirers of the professor will, however, be glad that they have been preserved. [Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.]

A Government Class-Book.

This is a particularly timely work, now that a knowledge of at least the principles of political economy is becoming so essential among intelligent people. The writer is Andrew Young, whose "American Statesmen" and "Citizen's Manual of Government" are two useful and well-known books of somewhat similar trend. The present edition has been revised by S. G. Clark, and presents in a simple, compact form a deal of information upon subjects every one wants to know about. It deals principally with definitions and the fundamental principles from an exceedingly conservative standpoint of government and government forms, State and national, and of law, municipal and international.

As introductory reading, preparatory to a more serious study of the science of government, the book has a real value. It is particularly designed for school use, and will be found an excellent guide-book for classes in political economy. [New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.]

Easter Cards.

One of the pleasant reminders that Easter is near at hand is the coming of Prang's cards. These publications are more elaborate and artistic, if that be possible, this year than ever before. One thing which will meet with popular commendation is the fact that the designing, lithographic and printing is all done in this country; they are, in fact, thoroughly American. No lover of the beautiful can fail to admire the elegance of design and rare skill in execution which make these publications so deservedly attractive. [Published by J. T. Prang & Co., Boston, and for sale at the bookstores.]

"Napoleon III and Lady Stuart."

An anonymous translation from the French of Pierre de Lano of a book as little worth the trouble to translate as it was in the first place undeserving of being written. The story of the intrigues of a fashionable beauty with a degenerate ruler, the poorly rendered tale will be of interest to none but those who delight in this sort of gossip about royalty. [New York: J. Selwyn Tait. For sale at the bookstores.]

"A Daughter of the King,"

A story of New Zealand country life, by "Alien," who is evidently a woman. The story is fairly well told, dealing with a tame attempt at daring, with certain phases of married life which abler writers have long since threshed out. [New York: Neely's International Library. For sale at the Popular Bookstore.]

THE CLAIM ALLOWED.

Contractors Warren & Malley to Be Paid $9000 From the Fair Estate.

The claim of Warren & Malley, for work done on James G. Fair's water-front property in the northern part of the city, has been allowed by Judge Slack. The claim amounted to something over $9000, and this amount, less $420, which was for what was proved to have been unnecessary work, was allowed.

The main point of controversy between the contractors and the estate was whether the money should come from the general estate, or should be paid by the special administrators. By Judge Slack's decision the special administrators pay the claim. The $420 taken out was for scraping off some sand which had drifted into big heaps on one of the lots previously leveled. The contractors scraped it off without authorization, and must therefore pay for the work themselves.

PELTED WITH BAD EGGS.

How Frank McManus Appreciated Being Serenaded by a Band.

The Man Who Beats the Big Drum Has Him Arrested for Battery.

When "King" McManus was served with a warrant yesterday for his arrest on a charge of battery preferred by E. J. Neilson of the Hotel Langham, he said it was evidently a case of mistaken identity, as he did not know a man of that name and never was in the Hotel Langham in his life.

Since then he has discovered the identity of Neilson.

He says that a few days ago the racetrack band-wagon was pulled up in front of his place and the band serenaded him by playing "Paddy, Will You Walk?" "Croppie, Lie Down" and similar tunes. McManus yesterday said:

"I paid no attention to them for the first two days, but on the third day I told them to stop bothering me or there would be trouble.

"They came two or three days after that, but I was not in. When I heard of it I went and bought a box of stale eggs. Next day they came round as usual, and I was ready for them. They began to play 'Down went McGinty,' and I lifted one of the eggs and threw it at the big drum man. It hit him in the face fair and square. The wagon was quickly driven off, but not before I had plastered it all over with the eggs. That was on the 2d of March, and it stopped the serenading.

"I have found out that Neilson is the man who beats the big drum, and the battery was in my hitting him with that egg that he had me arrested."

Members of the band deny the assertion that offensive tunes were played in front of McManus' place. They say popular Irish airs were played because they are lively and readily attract the attention of the populace.

Ireland's Loss by Immigration.

Since 1864, through Ireland generally, and especially in the west, very early marriages have been less frequent. This decrease of early marriages, especially among women, accounts, says the Registrar-General, to a great extent for the diminution in the average size of families in Ireland, and also explains in part the diminished birth rate, which in the ten years from 1881 to 1890 had fallen from 24.5 to 22.3 per thousand of the population. There ought to have been an increase in the Irish population in the ten years of over a quarter of a million, that being the increase of births over deaths, but this natural increase has been more than counterbalanced by emigration, so that in the same period the population sank by nearly half a million.—London Daily News.

The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous of white men. The natives do not appear to be affected by it.

Langley's Directory has 2594 more name than the opposition. Out Monday.

WHERE DONAHUE MADE HIS START.

The Noted Capitalist an Errand-Boy in the Teller Mansion.

Oldest House in America.

Thousands Visit Fishkill to See This Wonderful Structure.

From errand-boy to railroad president is something to be proud of. Peter Donahue did this and more, for he became a multi-millionaire and one of San Francisco's most prominent business men. Mr. Donahue is long since dead, but the millions he left behind him find a pleasing monument in a little, low rambling house at Fishkill, N. Y.

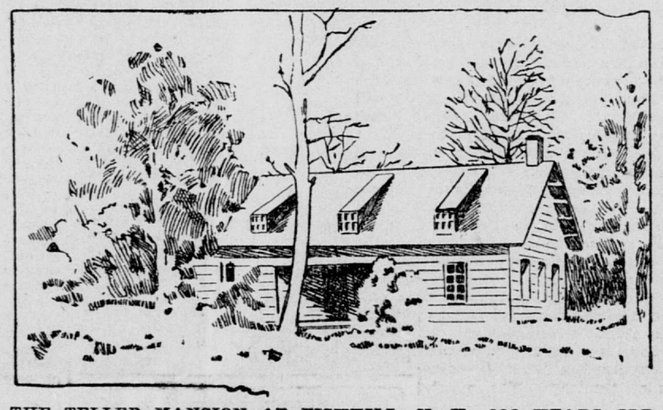
There Mr. Donahue began his battle with the world, though this humble beginning would not be particularly noteworthy were it not for the fact that the house where he lived many years and probably laid the foundation of his fortune is the oldest in America.

The Teller mansion, as it is called, was built in 1709 by Roger Brett and stands exactly as it was 186 years ago. It is a long rambling house, built of wood, with a siding of cedar shingles scalloped and overlapping each other. Just to the right of the front door is a small bedchamber containing an elegant rosewood cabinet and ebony wardrobe, with quaint carvings on the panels of the doors. This cabinet was brought over from Holland over 200 years ago.

On the right of the hall farther on is the parlor, with a curiously carved mantel. On the left is a large dining-room, where hang the family portraits. The Tellers are descendants of Aneke Jans, Holland's beautiful but erratic daughter, and her picture, as well as that of Bogardus, the gay dominie of the colony, are to be seen.

This ancient homestead is still in the possession of the descendants of the original occupants, and what is better and rarer, the old furniture has been kept in place, so that the interior harmonizes with the interesting historical exterior.

During revolutionary times the dwellers in this famous house entertained hundreds of hungry continental soldiers, who were quartered near by, and in 1783 a great dinner was served in commemoration of the return of peace. Baron Steuben and Marquis de La Fayette were among the distinguished guests on this occasion.



THE TELLER MANSION AT FISHKILL, N. Y., 186 YEARS OLD.

Thousands of people visit this remarkable house every year, and the occupants never fail to tell the story of how Peter Donahue made his start. There are many interesting things to see, but an old Dutch oven that is still in use attracts more than ordinary attention.

It may be remarked, en passant, that the grandfather of Mrs. J. H. McGee of this city was a Teller, and it is from this branch of the family that she traces her relationship to Aneke Jans and consequent claims to Trinity's wealth. It is through the courtesy of Mrs. McGee that the accompanying picture is reproduced.

CLEVER DEAF PEOPLE.

A Lawyer Who Is Stone Deaf and Yet Has a Large Practice.

The following remarkable instances of deaf persons, many of them congenitally so, who are practicing professions and depending entirely upon lip-reading for their understanding of conversation, was prepared by a gentleman connected with an institution for the deaf, whose name I am not at liberty to give.

A Columbus paper has published some accounts of the stone-deaf Ohio lawyer, in full practice, who depends absolutely upon lip-reading, and who has tried cases in Columbus courts. For twelve years now N. B. Lutes of Tiffin, Ohio, has depended entirely upon lip-reading to do all that any lawyer does for his clients in court and in every phase of the practice of the law.

The latest issue of the Missouri Deaf-mute Record gives an account of a lady who reads the lips of ministers and public speakers. Alexander Hunter of the United States Land Office in Washington, D. C., is "deaf as an adder." Though far from perfect in lip-reading, he has read 150 words given out from the dictionary without making a mistake.

He has read the lips of Beecher and Booth almost faultlessly, and has greatly enjoyed pulpit and platform orators and some of the great actors, the chief drawback in reading their lips being the shifting of their positions on the stage, so that their lips were at times invisible.

Mitchell, the chemist, an examiner in the United States Patent Office, graduated from the Clarke Institute, Northampton, Mass., and, though a poor lip-reader, graduated from the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic School as an analytical chemist.

For many years a totally deaf man has occupied a place in the United States civil service, receiving his first appointment on the strength of admirable papers in the civil service examination. Notwithstanding his infirmity, thanks to his lip-reading, he took the regular course at a great university, recited with his classmates, attended lectures and secured his degree. I doubt if president or professors knew he was a deaf man. Certainly some of his classmates did not know it. For business reasons his deafness is kept secret, and a keen newspaper man went through the office in which he was employed a few years ago in search of a deaf clerk and failed to find such a man or any one who knew of the existence of such a case in that department.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Elevated Lake.

The lake which has the distinction of being the most elevated body of water in the world is Green Lake, Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea, and its shores are perpetually covered with snow. The water of the lake is as clear as crystal, and large sections of petrified trees are distinctly visible at a depth of over 100 feet. In one portion of the lake a large area of the bottom is still covered with a standing petrified forest. The branches of these rock trees are of dazzling whiteness, giving them the appearance of having been cut from marble. The maximum depths of the lake is 223 feet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW TO-DAY.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS

Are Now Most Favorable for the Treatment and

Cure of All Chronic Diseases—The Copeland Medical Institute Treats Them and Furnishes All Medicine for $5 a Month.

The time to take treatment for diseases of a catarrhal nature is now. The climatic conditions are most favorable. In fact the best of the year, the liability to taking cold being the lowest, and one month's treatment now will do more good than two months in cold and rainy weather.

Time and again Drs. Copeland and Neal have advised persons in desperate stages of catarrhal trouble to wait until summer before taking treatment. Time and again have they urged the necessity of taking treatment while the weather is favorable to a cure.

Now is that time. Those who suffer from catarrh should take advantage of all the influences that operate now in favor of a cure. They should not put off treatment until next winter's stormy days, but should prudently "mend their roof while the sun shines." Now is the time, and the opportunity is just what is desired for the worst cases. Do not let it go by, but place yourself under treatment at once and have done for you in the next few months what might not be possible the next summer.

STATEMENTS LIKE THIS

Have Appeared Time and Again and Prove the Success of the Treatment.

Thomas Richards, who lives at 1519 Eddy street, says:

THOMAS RICHARDS, 1519 EDDY STREET.

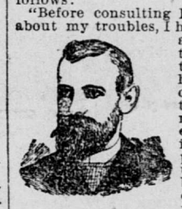
"About three years ago I took a severe cold—a common thing in this climate, but a serious thing for me, for nothing I could do would break it up, and it soon became a case of chronic catarrh. My eyes, ears, nose, throat and, in short, my whole system was affected by the trouble. My appetite failed me; what little I managed to eat caused trouble in my stomach. I could not sleep at night, and was generally in a bad condition. It continued to grow worse, until I became alarmed that my lungs would become affected. I doctored myself and tried all the old remedies, but nothing seemed to help me at all. I read of the success of Drs. Copeland and Neal in cases similar to mine and concluded I would give them a trial. I did so, and now, after a short course of treatment, I am comparatively a well man again. I feel better than I have for years, and cannot say enough in praise of the skillful treatment of Drs. Copeland and Neal. My advice to sufferers from chronic maladies is to give them a trial."

A CONTRACTOR'S STATEMENT.

A Case Illustrating the Ravages of Catarrh.

The case of Mr. C. A. Gore of the firm of Ingerson & Gore, contractors and builders, who lives at 754 Market street, Oakland, illustrates the ravages catarrh often causes the general system, affecting all the senses. He states as follows:

"Before consulting Drs. Copeland and Neal about my troubles, I had for a long time been affected with catarrh of the head. For two or three nights a week I had no sleep on account of the pain, stopping of the nostrils, constant ringing noises in the ears, dropping of mucus into the throat, general pains in the chest and under the shoulder-blades. My appetite became poor and I lost weight and strength right along. Often I would get dizzy and reel like a drunken man while at work, and very often could not work at all, losing considerable time that way.



"Since taking treatment with Drs. Copeland and Neal I feel first rate again. I can sleep regularly and my sleep refreshes me. The symptoms are all gone and I feel like another being. I cheerfully recommend these physicians to the public generally."

Mr. A. J. Glaze, who lives at 85 Orange street, Oakland, says: "Having been successfully treated for a bad case of catarrh by Drs. Copeland and Neal, I take pleasure in recommending them to the public, and if my statement will be the means of pointing others to the way to relief I will be satisfied. My trouble commenced over a year ago with a bad cold, which I could not get rid of. My nostrils were stopped up, first one side and then the other; my eyes pained; I had headaches; I had a dropping of mucus in the back of my throat, which kept me hawking and spitting, with a hacking cough. My stomach became involved and I had cramps and bloating and rifting, with smothered-up sensations after eating. My condition gradually grew worse, and I lost flesh and strength right along. I had read many statements of people who had been cured by Drs. Copeland and Neal, and being acquainted with some of them I decided I would try them myself. I did so, and am entirely satisfied with their treatment. I am feeling splendid and gaining in flesh and strength all the time."

ALL DISEASES.

The Treatment for All Chronic Diseases Is Only $5 a Month, Medicines Included.

Are you afflicted with DEAFNESS?
Do you suffer from DYSPEPSIA?
Have you severe BRONCHIAL trouble?
Are you a sufferer from ASTHMA?
Do you suffer from RHEUMATISM?
Do you suffer from HEART troubles?
Do you suffer from LIVER complaint?
Do you suffer from NERVOUS troubles?
Do you suffer from any CHRONIC DISEASE?

If you do, the only cost for all treatment and medicine is $5 a month, and no better treatment is known than that of the Copeland system

HOME TREATMENT.

Every mail brings additional proof of the success of the home or mail treatment.

A. F. Shaugraw, Dixon, Cal., writes: I feel better now than I have for years, and think I am about cured of my catarrh. I have recommended your treatment to quite a few persons in Dixon, and think you have heard from them. I shall always have a good word for you, and think my recovery something wonderful. When I began the treatment the improvement was slow and I became discouraged, but on your advise I persevered and now I am thankful that I did. Had I not continued I would be miserable to-day. Indeed, as I have said, I feel better than I have for years.

If you cannot come to this office write for a symptom blank.

$5 A MONTH.

No fee larger than $5 a month asked for any disease. Our motto is: "A Low Fee. Quick Cure. Mild and Painless Treatment."

The Copeland Medical Institute,
PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN THE
COLUMBIAN BUILDING,
SECOND FLOOR,
916 Market St, Next to Baldwin Hotel,
Over Beamish's.
W. H. COPELAND, M.D.
J. G. NEAL, M.D.

SPECIALTIES—Catarrh and all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs. Nervous Diseases, Skin Diseases, Chronic Diseases.

Office hours—9 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2 to 5 P. M., 7 to 8:30 P. M. Sunday—10 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Catarrh troubles and kindred diseases treated successfully by mail. Send 4 cents in stamps for question circulars.

NEW TO-DAY.

LACES.

Our Lace Counters

Are full to overflowing with 1895 styles — White, Beige, Black and Colors, in all widths,

At Remarkably Low Prices

SPECIAL:

Black Dress Drapery Nets, Pure Silk, 48 inches wide, regular value $1,

NOW AT 50c.

KOHLBERG, STRAUSS & FROHMAN,
107 AND 109 POST STREET,
—AND—
1220-1222-1224 MARKET ST.

EASTON ELDRIDGE & CO.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS & GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
OFFICE & SALESROOM
638 MARKET ST. OPP. PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO

At Auction!

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....APRIL 9, 1895,

At 12 o'clock M., at

638 Market Street.

IMPORTANT

Credit Auction Sale,

—IN THE—

Handsomest and Healthiest Location in this Growing City, of

31—31—31

MAGNIFICENT

Residence Lots,

IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF

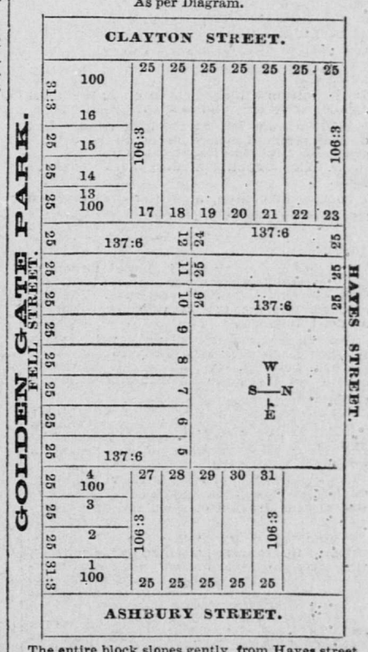
Golden Gate Park,

That great Pleasure Ground of the City of San Francisco, where thousands congregate every day and the choicest as well as healthiest location in the city for a family home. These magnificent grounds are at the door of this property, are maintained at public expense and can be enjoyed every day without expense by families living in this location; and

ARE BOUNDED BY

FELL, HAYES, ASHBURY and CLAYTON STREETS.

As per Diagram.



The entire block slopes gently from Hayes street toward the Park, making the drainage perfect. Streets are all sewered. Fell and Ashbury streets have cement stone sidewalks in front of the property.

EXTRA LIBERAL TERMS.

Only one-quarter cash, balance in one, two and three years. Interest at 7 per cent per annum.

TITLE—The California Title Insurance and Trust Company will issue a policy of insurance guaranteeing the title perfect to each buyer for the small amount of $10 for each lot.

The Hayes-street cable is to be changed to an electric road and extended to the Cliff House as the great north-of-the-park route.

Lots are all numbered; auction flag on premises.

NOTE—To reach these elegant residence lots take the Hayes-street cars to Ashbury street, or the Oak-street cars to Ashbury street; walk north across the Park to the property.

Do not fail to examine these elegant residence lots. All must be sold to close an Eastern account. Attend the sale; purchase one or more lots. A sure, handsome profit of 50 per cent within two years. Catalogues at our office.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Auctioneers, 638 Market Street.

EDWARD S. SPEAR & CO.,
Auctioneers, 31-33 Sutter Street,

POLICE SALE.

MONDAY.

Monday.....April 1, 1895

At 10 A. M., in our Salesrooms,

NOS. 31-33 SUTTER STREET,

We will sell, by order of J. H. Widber, Treasurer of the City and County of San Francisco.

Sundry Articles of Stolen and Unclaimed Jewelry, Watches, Pistols, Knives, Clothing, etc., recovered by the police.

....ALSO....

A Lot of TRUNKS AND CLOTHING, by order of the Coroner of this city and county.

EDWARD S. SPEAR & CO., Auctioneers, 31 and 33 Sutter street.