

NEW BOOKS.

Twenty thousand dollars is the tidy little sum that the Century has paid Mrs. Humphry Ward for a new novel, and she retains the right to publish the fiction in book form.

"Literature of Decadence" is the announcement of a startling poster in one of Doxey's windows. Under this title are arranged the works of Ibsen, Nordau, John Oliver Hobbes, Paul Verlaine, Richard Le Gallienne, Phil Mighels, sketches by Aubrey Beardsley, John Sloan, Hazenplug Pissaro and others of that school, and such up-to-date producers as the Echo, Moods, the Lark, the Phillistine, the Evergreen, the Biblot, and the Chap Book. While these workers in the field of modern thought may be justly considered end of the century representatives it is not fair to class them all with the decadence group led by Ibsen and Nordau. Quite a majority of these young people have healthy brains in their skulls and healthy thoughts in their brains.

Annie Laurie's book, "The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill," is almost ready for publication. It will be illustrated by Swinnerton.

John Burroughs says some excellent words in Stone & Kimball's last Chicago Chap Book.

The difference between a precious stone and a common stone is not an essential difference—not a difference of substance, but of arrangement of the particles—the crystallization, says



Mr. Zangwill. (Drawn by Fred Richardson for the Chap Book.)

Mr. Burroughs. In substance the charcoal and the diamond are one, but in form and effect how they differ. The pearl contains the gem that is not found in the coarsest oyster shell. Two men have the same thoughts; they use about the same words in expressing them; yet with one the product is real literature, with the other it is platitudin. The difference is all in the presentation; a finer and more complete process has gone on in the one case than in the other. The elements are better fused and knitted together; they are in some way heightened and intensified. As not here, but what we mean by style? Style transforms common quartz into an Egyptian obelisk. We are not to think of style as something external that can be put on, something in and of itself. But it is not, it is in the inmost texture of the substance itself. Poish, choice words, faultless rhetoric are only the accidents of style. Indeed, perfect workmanship is one thing; style, the great writers have it, is quite another. It may, and often does, go with faulty workmanship. It is the use of words in a fresh and vital way, so as to give a vivid sense of a new spiritual force and personality. In the best work the style is found and hidden in the matter. \* \* \* One fault that I find with our younger and more promising school of novelists is that their aim is too literary; we feel that they are striving mainly for artistic effect. \* \* \* Their seriousness is mainly an artistic seriousness. It is not so much that they have something to say that they are filled with a desire to say something. Nearly all our magazine poets seem filled with the same desire. What labor, what art and technique, but what a dearth of feeling and spontaneity! I read a few lines or stanzas and then stop. I see it is only a handicraft, and that the heart and soul are not in it. One day my boy killed what an old hunter told him was a mock duck. It looked like a duck, it acted like a duck, it quacked like a duck, but when it came upon the table—it mocked us. These mock poems of the magazines remind me of it.

INDEPENDENT PAMPHLETERING.

At no time in the literary history of the century has there been such a tendency upon the part of young writers to rush into print independently of the established avenues of literary publicity.

It would seem as though America had periodicals in abundance to minister to the mental requirements of the public, or even to furnish an outlet for the energies of those afflicted with scribenditis. Apparently, however, we have not, for nearly every month sees the advent of a new ven-



Hon. Ignatius Donnelly.

ture in this line. It is not alone that we have Moods, Chips, The Chap Book, The Biblot, The Phillistine, Keynotes, The Evergreen and The Lark, but we are being flooded of late with nickel publications of every sort, homeopathic doses of thought, done up in artistic shape and printed on the best of hand-made paper, with all the accessories of line and rubric known to the printing trade, but none of these does, nevertheless, and the most of them, it is to be confessed, dear to the nickel or the dime that are the regulation price for them. We seem to be entering upon an era of independent pamphlet-ery, wherein every man, woman and child having something to say puts it forth into a tiny little volume and sends it forth to find an audience with the public.

It is a question whether these tiny little volumes do find an audience. Book-buyers, as a rule, do not care for these little books. They desire volumes that have, so to speak, "a presence"—books which they can arrange upon their library shelves, and which they can point with pride, as it were, as evidences of literary taste. They want books to possess weight and proportion in the tangible and realistic as well as the figurative sense. Only an awfully small mental pabulum in the work of the independent pamphleteer, who is

usually such because, as hinted above, he is denied transportation along the recognized highways of literature.

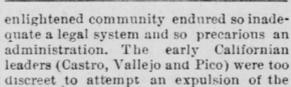
But it is to be feared that there is generally some reason for this denial. Candor compels the admission that the pretty little pamphlets of individual expression are for the most part thin in contents, as well as in proportion. The keynote of the age is expression, an eminently useful word in its way, but by no means equal to the task lately put upon it of bearing the vagaries of the modern age. The tendency of the age is to come before the world with its feelings, or, lacking these, with its feelings. This is eminently true of our younger writers, who are mainly responsible for the all-pervading pamphlet. The burden of the age is to be woe, woe, and yet more woe. Our young friends fling their intellectual anatomy about with a recklessness that would be amazing were it not so readily understandable. It is merely a part of the general desire of the ego of the age to make itself known, to give itself expression. Like most neuroses, this condition brings melancholy, the sure prerogative of youth and inexperience, and the corresponding misapprehension that individual emotion is of interest to the world at large. Our young writers who run to pamphlets have a grievance against the publishing part of the world. They believe there is a "tyranny of silence" against them, and they are fain to scale the battlements and storm the castle of Public Opinion unaided and alone. A characteristic of the group is an evident and painful lack of reading, of study, of coherent and consecutive thought. They have no mental background, everything they write is in the foreground. They are contemporaneous to a degree, and correspondingly impatient of that which has gone before them.

Thus it comes about that we have arrived at what may be called a neurotic school of literature, whose aim it is to produce the outre, the bizarre, the quaint, but which only succeeds, as a rule, in giving us the overstrained, the ill-digested and the unspeakably melancholy. "Expression for expression's sake" is its watchword, a watchword as false as is that other cry of certain schools, "art for art's sake."

A mental colic, according to this school's reasoning, is as legitimate a subject for expression as are any of the higher processes of mentality; and, judging from the published matter of our pamphleteers, is far more frequent. One hesitates to be harsh, but the thought thrusts itself upon the mind that what most of these young writers need is not publishers, but peppermints.

THE GENESIS OF CALIFORNIA'S FIRST CONSTITUTION.

This is a monograph in the series of Johns Hopkins University studies in political science. It is a study in constitution-making by Professor Rockwell D. Hunt of the University of the Pacific. It is an intelligent study of a subject of great interest. The dramatic events of the history of California prior to the American conquest are first briefly sketched. The political and constitutional as well as the social conditions of territorial California were unique. Never were law and administration more needed; seldom has an



Opie Read.

enlightened community endured so inadequate a legal system and so precarious an administration. The early Californian leaders (Castro, Vallejo and Pico) were too discreet to attempt an expulsion of the Americans after the conquest; and the American were not permitted to throw off the onerous Mexican law. The persistent desire for admission into the Federal Union was itself doubtless a bar to the much-needed local organization. The profound national significance of this new acquisition at a time when there was but one question in American politics is the key that must be constantly in the hand of the student who would gain a comprehensive view of the local distracted situation.

Slave extension created California; California effectively checked slave extension. The American population of California during 1846 and 1847 was very small, widely scattered, and altogether in a position extremely disadvantageous for efficient, united political action of any kind. But it had become evident to the settlers that the country was destined to be permanently American; and it was necessary that a claim be made for American laws and institutions, and that expressions of dissatisfaction with the impotent Mexican Government and seemingly harsh military rule grew louder and louder. It cannot be charged to the discredit of the early settlers that they thus manifested dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, and evinced an earnest and persistent desire for organized government. They were, for the most part, energetic and intelligent pioneers who had been accustomed to law and order. California being no longer under the corrupt and despotic rule of Mexico, they were not unreasonable in expecting better things from the United States. But their greatest grievance was the very want of law adequate to the protection of life and property, and to the complete administration of justice. As the population increased, causes for dissatisfaction multiplied. Those Americans who had lived under the Mexican regime had learned to accommodate themselves measurably to the existing conditions and to the use of the Spanish language; but in proportion as the American population increased after the conquest, and gradually gained the ascendancy of numbers, it was unreasonable to expect the new comers to adapt themselves to the effete Mexican laws, at best only partially perpetuated and imperfectly administered, and laboriously to acquire mastery of a language plainly and speedily being superseded by their own English.

While awaiting news of the close of the war with Mexico and a scheme for civil government from Washington came the discovery of gold. The news was being disseminated, the tide of immigration had begun. The already growing desire for organized government was greatly accelerated. The need was almost infinitely increased and better administration of justice seemed to be absolutely imperative. Could honest Americans hope longer for the promised civil organization from Washington, or should they themselves take the initiative?

In the spring of 1849 General Riley arrested Colonel Mason as perpetrator of the crime of California. He recognized the great difficulty of undertaking to administer the civil affairs in a province which was neither a State nor an organized Territory; he was weary of her she drifts into Dupont street, where she is discovered and rescued. The story is in itself highly improbable; the conception of such

authority was itself offensive to leading settlers, they denied that he possessed any civil authority whatever. But as chief executive of the province, he must needs act in civil capacity; hence arose the controversial conflict between de facto (or ex officio) Governor and people. While General Riley awaited the final news from Congress, the people of the several districts proceeded, with characteristic American regularity, in their arrangements for a civil government proceeding from their own initiative. Immediately on learning that Congress had the third time failed to make provision for the government of California, General Riley asserted his civil authority in a most

emphatic manner by issuing a call for a general constitutional convention, and by proclaiming the so-called legislative Assembly of San Francisco, the head and front of the settlers' movement, to be an illegal and unauthorized body. The issue was sharply defined; but the citizens were too much in earnest in their desire for efficient government to allow themselves laughably to stand out against the de facto Governor and hold themselves aloof from his really practical measures just announced; therefore, they were not long in acceding to his time and place for the convention.

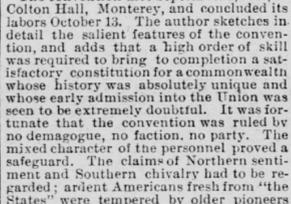


JOHN E. HOLMES, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON HERALD AND PRESIDENT OF THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATED PRESS.

[From the New York Fourth Estate.]

The convention met September 1, 1849, in Colton Hall, Monterey, and concluded its labors October 13. The author sketches in detail the salient features of the convention, and adds that a high order of skill was required to bring to completion a satisfactory constitution for a commonwealth whose history was absolutely unique and whose early admission into the Union was seen to be extremely doubtful. It was fortunate that the convention was ruled by no demagogue, no faction, no party. The mixed character of the personnel proved a safeguard. The claims of Northern sentiment and Southern chivalry had to be regarded; ardent Americans fresh from the States were there, along with the old pioneers and Hispano-Californians; all were compelled to submit to repeated compromise, and thus a moderate, judicial and workable constitution was created.

The achievement illustrates the great capacity of the American people for self-government. The constitution offered to the citizens of California for their consideration and their votes sprang immediately into great favor, and the members of the convention were warmly praised for having done their work faithfully and "adorned with unimpairing good will."



MISS L. DOUGAL.

document received the highest commendations from all sources, as the "embodiment of the American mind throwing its convictions, impulses and aspirations into a tangible, permanent shape."

It made California a free State. It was advanced, liberal, and thoroughly democratic, founded upon social and political equality. It was enlightened in its provisions for education and catholic in its guaranty of religious freedom. All political power was declared to be inherent in the people, and all officers of the Government were made elective. Although the achievement of an assembly extremely heterogeneous and in the main unacquainted with the principles of the law-making, it embodied the principles of the best political and jurisprudential philosophy of the age. The author's expectations of some of its framers, it endured for thirty years as the fundamental law of the Empire State of the Pacific.

EDITH: A STORY OF CHINATOWN.

This is a little tale written with the avowed purpose of enabling San Francisco to "see herself as others see her." The author, Harry M. Johnson, declares that "if the residents of the larger Pacific Slope cities could be brought to realize the shocking condition of the moral atmosphere of their communities, they would not be slow in mending the existing state of affairs, which has been of such long standing that, through its very familiarity, it has lost its hideousness to native-born Californians and old residents." The peculiar evils to which he alludes are certain conditions that in times past have prevailed on the outskirts of Chinatown.

Mr. Johnson's effort for the purification of the Pacific Coast is well-meaning, but curiously unintelligent. His little book is written out of a fulness of ignorance of a very great subject. There are thousands of residents of the Pacific Slope who could cap his story with others far more heart-rending, his far less fortunate acquaintance, who could assure him that the people of San Francisco are very much alive to the plague spot that exists in the City's heart, and would like nothing better than, unhindered by Eastern legislation and sentimentalism, to wipe it out of existence. But while Mr. Johnson talks about Chinatown his story deals merely with a block or two of Dupont street. A young girl leaves a happy home in company with a friend, and when he is weary of her she drifts into Dupont street, where she is discovered and rescued. The story is in itself highly improbable; the conception of such

a girl in such a situation is wholly illogical. Mr. Johnson allows his romantic fancy to run away with his common-sense, so far as his portrayal of Edith is concerned. As a consequence his story is in itself so absurd as to defeat its own entirely laudable end, namely, castigation of the back of evil. If the author will visit San Francisco again the management of THE CALL will undertake to see that he is afforded ample opportunity to investigate Chinatown from the inside, and that he is given an insight into the Chinese question in all its bearings. Once in a position to speak intelligently it is only fair to suppose he will modify his assertion that California's citizens are ignorant or calloused

that thoughts did not fit into pigeonholes, and that if there was any merit in the matter it consisted rather in preserving free play and elastic action to the main menial ideas. It is certain ideas into the world it did not follow that every other man had definitely to accept the same and all of them, and to become an "it" or a "she" or a "do" or a "doing." Please take great care! What right had they to force one into the jury-box? Still less was it com-

fortable to be a witness, as the names were apt to think, the acceptance of any one "item" precluded the acceptance of another, so that the whole thing was a grotesque and detesting the dramas of Sardou, and to be a Wagnerite involved a horror of Mendelssohn. It was a political creed with the narrowness of Little Bethel, importing into thought and action the zealotry they had lost in religion. The book of experience, thought it is not an encyclopedia, with every possible topic neatly ranged in alphabetical order; it is a time-table, with the trains docked for the enlightenment of the simple; it is rather an encyclopedia torn into a million fragments, and the fragments are pasted together again by infants, so that all possible things are inextricably interwoven, every one with every other, and the result is a madman, where the trains that start but don't arrive are not even distinguished from the trains that arrive, but from the start, the persons are conscious of the infinite complexities of things they will be found cautious of creed and timid of assertion. You have profited by the following National Geographic magazine, no porter will ever bind himself to a definite statement concerning any train. It is only the one who has been black and white with white, unconditionally, irrevocably.

\$100 FOR A NAME.

The Authors' Publishing Company, 1293 Broadway, New York, will give \$100 cash to the person who shall send the most appropriate verses for the following National Geographic magazine, to constitute the opening page of the forthcoming 2d American edition of Foster's poems, a 130-page volume, to be published the first week in December.

The title will be passed upon by three competent, disinterested judges, and the name of the successful competitor and the title chosen by the judges as being the most appropriate for them, will be announced in the National Geographic magazine on Sunday, December 1, 1895, under the head of New Publications:

White child of Britain, would Columbia! Famed New World sovereign, and the world thy God. Nor wait that walls of Peace to sentry thee. Nor jeweled crown more mighty than thy crest.

Nerved, steel-winged eagle, and invincible, To emblem thee at thy majestic shrine. Of Science, awe-ful grand, enlightenment, Where Liberty and Progress meet.

Columbia! recurrent pregnant maid, And bosom throbbing with ripe harvest-heat, Till multitudes from thy fish gardens feed, And on thy shores Creation's races meet.

Grand nations pay thee homage: 'tis their will, Who peoples knock at thy broad harbor-gate, As ships of might come in, saluting thee; And whiffs of water are the racial hates.

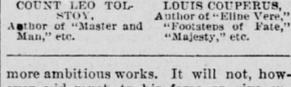
Pulsant kings disarm before thy doors, Of honors leaving naught but the name-womb; Whence came the sons of Human-Brotherhood, And laid the vanquished war-god in his tomb.

One-lad-wet-battle-fields take seed, conceive, Of hosts who mark the path of the great grain. Invoynen till thy brow is garlanded; May poets share the laurel in thy reign?

Queen, chapel-crowned, bright gem of hemispheres, Proud in the world's momentous wars, That tribes of God might rally with thy sons, And know the franchise of thy stripes and stars.

A GALLOWAY HEED.

In that set of young Scotch novelists which now forms so brilliant a galaxy in the literature of the day there is none who rose more rapidly to fame or acquired more promptly a wide circle of readers than S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Sticker Minister" and "The Raiders." The publication of his new novel, "A Galloway Heed," will therefore be regarded as one of the literary events of the season. It is one of the longest stories he has yet written, and will take rank among his



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

more ambitious works. It will not, however, add much to his fame or give encouragement to those who have looked to see him grow into a really great novelist and do for this generation what Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot did for the one just passed.

It would appear from this story that Crockett's talent does not go much further than to enable him to depict the humorous side of Scotch character. This, of course, is a talent not to be scorned, but a humorist whose genial eyes see the lovable aspects of human nature, even in the roughest guise, and who teaches us to laugh with sympathy and not with derision at mankind, will never without honor in this melancholy world, where laughter is needed as a medicine, and where it is too often furnished by those who make it a mockery instead of genuine delight.

The characters of "A Galloway Heed" we have the true humor that pleases and does not hurt. The Scotch farmers of Dumfries will not resent this picture of their homes, their deacons and their families. It is the story of a quiet, well-orderd farm into whose household there has been introduced by the accidents of life a mother and a baby boy involved in the meshes of a London tragedy. Around these two are centered the main incidents of the story, but they are by no means the most interesting. In fact the tragic element is the weak part of the book. The real charm lies in the stories of the ordinary farm life, the frolics of the boys and the courtship of

HERMANN SUDER-TASMA. Author of "The Wish," "The Coat," etc.

one of them. It is these sketches that carry the interest of the reader, along with the plot of the tale is played out, the villain killed and the heroine happily married. "A Galloway Heed," by S. R. Crockett, 12 mo., 208 pages, cloth \$1. H. Fenno & Co., 122 Fifth avenue, New York.

ZANGWILL'S LATEST THOUGHTS.

I. Zangwill is writing for the Chicago Chap Book his impressions of the English elections, but, of course, finds a chance for a great many other items that interest Americans more than British politics ever can hope to do. Here are some selections from his latest utterances:

A country has the politicians it deserves. I have heard the most ignorant girls rage against Mr. Gladstone's daisies in their teens, who knew nothing of life or its problems, nor could have studied any question for themselves; but the veteran statesman took on the avenging aspect of the Eumenides.

It was a girl of quite another temper who replied to me when, talking over old times and old discussions, I said I had not yet become a socialist, and when he was asked, "knew what you were," I inquired as to a just reproach, when I had let her the retort occurred to me (as retorts will, when too late) that there was no particular merit in being a "what"; that men were not necessarily "his" or "hers";

the coming year to fellowships and post-graduate scholarships in the above subject. From these lists we see that forty-one students received the degree of Ph.D. from fourteen universities. Johns Hopkins conferred this degree on twelve students; Columbia, Cornell and Yale each on four students; universities of Chicago, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin each on three students; University of Worcester on two students, and the universities of Brown, Harvard, Lombard, Michigan, Washington and Lee and Western Reserve on one student each. At nine universities fifty-nine students have been appointed to fellowships and post-graduate scholarships for the coming year in political and social science, economics or history. The University of Chicago has appointed twenty-two students; Columbia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and University of Wisconsin, each seven; Cornell, University of Indiana, two; and Bryn Mawr and University of Mississippi, each one student.

CAPTAIN MANDEVILLE.

Those who like their sensational literature after the recipe for ladies' tiddy, "hot, strong and plenty of it," will find their taste exactly suited in this story by John R. McMahon. Mutiny on the high seas, robbery, the marooning of a sea captain on a coral reef in midocean, eleven murders and a perfect charnel-house of correlated horrors are but a few of the incidents that make up the narrative. The story is interesting as evidencing the author's curious familiarity with a wide range of rather extraordinary subjects. One is continually mused to wonder, reading his book, how Mr. McMahon could know so much and make such unprofitable use of his knowledge. The ability to construct so good a story, in certain respects, as "Captain Mandeville," should produce something much superior to the sort of thing this is. [New York: G. W. Dillingham. Price 50 cents.]

THE TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE—"KING RICHARD III" AND "KING HENRY V."

Here are two more volumes of the convenient edition of the great author now being issued by the Aldine house, London. The edition is extremely artistic, each volume containing one fine etching, and the typography is superb. There are abundant notes, perhaps not so numerous as in Rolfe, but sufficient for all purposes, and there is a summarized bibliography of history and criticism bearing on each play. One is continually mused to wonder, reading his book, how Mr. McMahon could know so much and make such unprofitable use of his knowledge. The ability to construct so good a story, in certain respects, as "Captain Mandeville," should produce something much superior to the sort of thing this is. [New York: G. W. Dillingham. Price 50 cents.]

INEZ—A TALE OF THE ALAMO.

This is a reprint in popular paper-covered form of one of Augusta J. Evans' novels. The tale possesses the usual attributes of that author's fiction, but has never acquired the popularity of "St. Elmo" and "Beulah" and some of her other books. Because it is a tale of the Alamo, of sentimental groping about the scene of that horrid butchery, it will always be read wherever burn the fires of American patriotism. [Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.]

A START IN LIFE.

"A Start in Life," by Henry de Balzac, is the beginning of a series of republications by Roberts Brothers of Boston. The present edition is in library binding, with red top. The familiar dedication appears.

THE BIBELOT.

The September number of this attractive booklet contains that charming story of the poet Dante Rossetti, "Hand and Soul," a reprint that all admirers of the best in

THE JONESES AND THE ASTERICKS.

Of the writing of satires on society there will never be an end. In that brilliant world where the passions, hopes and fears of human hearts are confined within the limits of conventional respectability and where even the truest have to be more or less hypocritical, there are ever arising occasions to exercise the skill of those who delight in shooting gently at flies. One of the lighter forms of this satire is found in the "Joneses and the Astericks" by Gerald Campbell, which has evidently been published for society people themselves, as it appears in all the luxury of heavy paper, broad margins, attractive illustrations and handsome binding. It contains the love story of the day, told in an amiable mother and is told in a series of monologues, each chapter being made up of the talk of some one of the principal characters. It aims to be no more than light reading for leisure moments and will serve well for that purpose, inasmuch as there is nothing in it that can be called heavy or even serious. While not witty it is not dull. The characters though commonplace enough, the London society are not prosy and the story ends happily for everybody concerned. [The "Joneses and the Astericks," by Gerald Campbell. London, John Lane; New York, the Merriam Company; 201 pages, 12 mo., price \$1.25.]

PAMPHLETS CONCERNING ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Senor Juan A. Alsina, General Commissioner of the Department of Immigration of Argentine Republic, is doing good work for his country in sending out broadcast pamphlets relating to the resources of the various provinces. They are published for free distribution and are printed in English, Spanish, German and Italian. They contain just the information desired by prospective immigrants or capitalists seeking favorable investments. From two publications at hand it is learned that the provinces of Salta and La Rioja are among the richest in minerals, of most fertile soil and containing forests of valuable timber. Argentina is described as an extremely mild, with rare frosts. Oranges, olives, figs, grapes and many fruits familiar to Californians are here produced. Wine-making is extensively carried on, but the methods are exceedingly primitive, the old system of treading the grapes being followed. Women do this work and get 60 cents a day.

The naturalization laws of Argentine are interesting. Besides the usual method of securing citizenship by two years' residence foreigners who have rendered service as follows may become naturalized: Having served in the army or navy, or assisted in a military engagement in defense of the country; Having established a new industry in the country or introduced a new invention; Having been contractor for or constructor of railways in any of the provinces.

Forming part of the colonies now established, or which may be established in the future, in the national or provincial territories, provided that such person possess real property in them.

Inhabiting or populating national territory on the frontier lines or outside of these.

Having married an Argentine woman in any of the provinces.

Exercising the calling of professor or teacher in any branch of education or industry.

These books may be obtained by addressing the Commissioner of Immigration at Buenos Ayres.

AMERICAN STUDENTS HONORED.

As its annual custom, the "Annals of the American Academy" contains a list of the students in American colleges who have obtained during the past year the degree of Ph.D. for work in political and social science, economics or history, together with a list of the appointments for

literature will appreciate. It is the only one that this much-admired poet ever wrote, or at least the only one which it is known that he ever completed. Its delicate imagery, its masterful language, all give the suggestion that the mind now forever silent might have accomplished much for our prose literature had it been so directed. [Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.]

HISTORY OF PRINTING.

Pietro Rossi appears to have been one of the fortunates who made money at the late Midwinter Exposition, for he has returned to this City for the purpose of establishing a depot for the sale of artistic Italian, Venetian, French and English rare publications, originals and reproductions. One of the publications just issued by Signor Rossi is a "History of the Art of Printing During the Renaissance in Italy," bearing evidence of the effect of the artistic hand of J. J. Manutius in the development of the Art Preservative. For sale by Pietro Rossi, 120 Sutter street, San Francisco.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR JEWISH HOMES AND SCHOOLS.

This is a volume of selections compiled by Isabel E. Cohen, designed for the purpose stated in the title. The object is for both entertainment and instruction, and it would appear that the compiler has well fulfilled her purpose. There are selections from Scott, Longfellow, Bryant, Moore, Addison, Whitier and others, as well as from the works of leading Jewish writers, including Disraeli and Emma Lazarus. [The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.]

SUICIDE OR ACCIDENT.

The Remains of F. J. Griffiths, a Young Civil Engineer, Found in the Bay. The remains of F. J. Griffiths, a civil engineer aged 19 years, were recovered from the bay yesterday morning. William Conlon, who lives at the corner of Twenty-third and Point Lobos avenues, was walking along the beach near Fort Point, when he saw the remains and notified the police. The body was removed to the Morgue.

Young Griffiths lived with his parents at 2507 Larkin street. His father, Anthony J. Griffiths, is a claim-adjuster for the Market-street Railroad Company. According to him the young man was measuring some filling-in work that had been completed near Meigs wharf, and accidentally fell in and was drowned. He also insists that the son had a happy home, and that there could consequently be no occasion for suicide.

The boatmen and others who frequent Section B of the seawall say that young Griffiths deliberately jumped into the bay. A fisherman who was sailing past in his smack attempted to save him by throwing a rope. The young man refused to take the rope, and waved the boat away. A boat was put out from the Merchants' Exchange landing, but when it got within two feet of Griffiths he sank and did not come up again.

It is said that there was a love affair in the case. The young man's passion was not reciprocated, and he grew despondent. His family and relatives deny the story, and say there is absolutely no foundation for it. An inquest will be held by Coroner Hawkins, when all the facts in the case will be brought out.

New Corporations.

The Pacific Coast Bicycle Company was incorporated yesterday. On a \$100,000 capital stock, \$60,000 has been subscribed as follows: J. R. Cole, \$27,500; C. F. Johnson, \$27,500; Thomas R. Knox, J. T. Morrison, W. L. Gellert, A. Samuel C. Foltz and J. W. Young, \$1000 each.

The Jackson Gate Gold Mining Company has been incorporated. President C. S. Shook and others, with \$2500 subscribed on a \$200,000 capital stock.

The real and personal property in this country is assessed at \$17,159,905,455.

ARE YOU A FAMILY MAN?

If you are, this is the time of the year when you should be more careful of the health of your wife and children than at any other season. And you must not neglect yourself either. If any one of the household is a little under the weather, it is your bounden duty to attend to the matter at once. Times aren't very good, and you needn't incur a doctor's bill. Just take time by the forelock and order a case of Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron, and have it in the house, even if no one is sick at this moment. It stops chills and colds, promotes proper circulation, and is invaluable to keep you healthy when you are well. It contains Celery for the nerves, Beef to sustain the system and Iron to purify and enrich the blood.

You have a duty to perform. See to it now or prepare to repent it.

And you don't want to "let matters run" until they get so serious that life itself is in danger. At the slightest sign of a cold take the remedy as directed on the bottle. Half a wine-glass or a third for children. Dyspepsia, nervous troubles, general debility and insomnia, fly before this grand tonic, system builder, nerve and blood purifier, as mist does before the morning sun. DO YOUR DUTY LIKE A MAN.

Henley's, Remember—No Substitute.