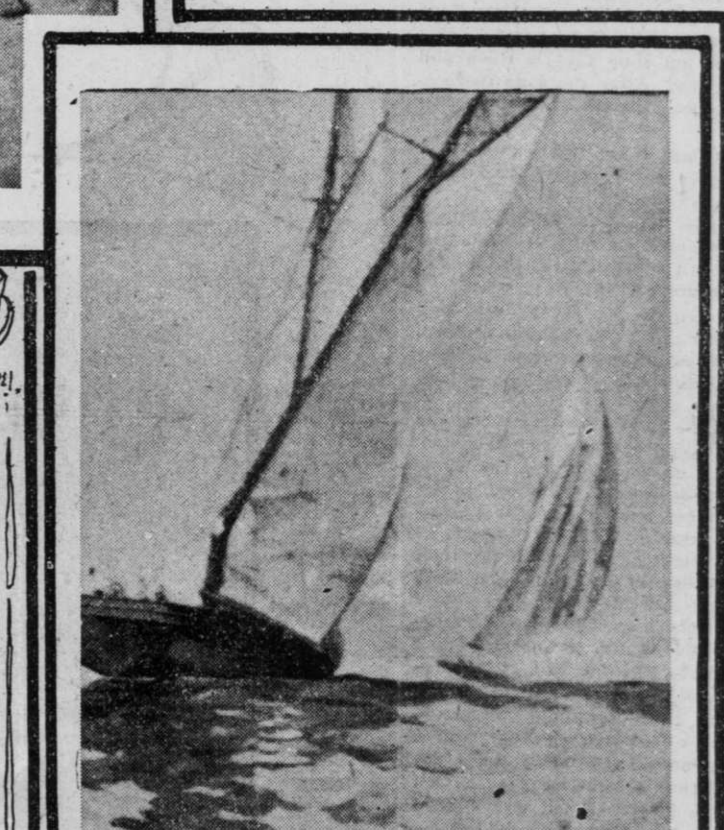
BOOKS of the WEEK and LITERARY CHAT

CONDUCTED BY B. G. LATHROP.

"WATER!" HE WHISPERED. "WATER!"

"CAPTAIN NORCROSS LEVERED UP THE HEAVY LID WITH A CHISEL."

"THREE MORE STRIDES, HE PASSED POOR BENTLY AND GRAHAM."



"THE AFTER MAST OF THE SHARK FELL WITH A CRASH."

THE illustrations on this page are by I. B. Hazelton and illustrate Robert Lloyd's latest book for boys, "The Treasure of Shag Rock." This story will possess a local interest for the youths familiar with San Francisco Bay, for the Shag Rock that gives its name to the title page of the book is none other than that Shag Rock which was recently blown up to facilitate navigation in our harbor. The story that Mr. Lloyd has to tell is a tale of adventure on the Jules Verne order. It opens in a preparatory school near Boston, where the hero, George Hurst, makes a record in a well-described field day in track athletics. The scene then shifts to San Francisco, and the tale concerns itself with a treasure buried in an island of the South Pacific, the clew to which is a parchment made of human skin. The adventurers are tracked by pirates, find no treasure, have two fierce fights, rout the pirates, and finally return to San Francisco harbor. Here they find the treasure buried below the water line of Shag Rock.

The book and illustrations are published and copyrighted by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. Price $1.00.

THAT prolific writer of popular and sensational fiction, Marie Corelli, author of "The Master Christian," "Thelma," "Barabas," "Ardath," "The Sorrows of Satan," "A Romance of Two Worlds," etc., etc., is with us again. This time she offers us a "Study in Supremacy," under the title of "Temporal Power," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Temporal Power" as a name for a novel is all well and good in the abstract, but gives no hint to the reader of book covers of the character of the book. But, as there is not much in a name after all, this answers as well as any other. To be a little more concrete we might call the present work: "Lessons in Kingship," or "The People vs. the Ruler," or "The Triumph and Downfall of Socialism," or "Love that Conquers Kings, Socialists and All."

"Temporal Power" would be even more of a success as a play than as a novel, for Marie Corelli is, to say the least, dramatic in her writing. She is never at a loss in a tense situation—and if the situation is not there according to the general run of happenings in real life, she creates one to suit the case.

According to the doctrine of events and chances most of the occurrences in the present story are more than improbable and approach the border line of fairyland. "Temporal Power" affords the ambitious critic splendid opportunities to play on it the roasting names of keen criticism; but putting aside golden dreams of displaying his own high powers of fine discrimination and appreciation, even the most caustic critic must admit that this book, like all the rest of Marie Corelli's works, will hold the popular favor. This is not saying, however, that even the most sincere novel reader will read all of its pages—for there are too many pages of moralizing and problematic discussion to suit the seeker after sensation; and, on the other hand, there is too much of sensation to please the literary palate of the reader who would delve into the problems of life and government.

This is a story of the high and the low, from the very highest to the very lowest. One moment we are with the royal family of this fictitious country of the present day, where the scene is laid, and the next we are in the midst of a meeting of socialists and revolutionists. For a hero, we have a real King—not only King by rank but one who develops into a king among men who deserves to rule by his own right as well as by the decrees of heredity.

As a character study this personage of royal descent is interesting, to say the least.

For sixteen years he has been the heir apparent of the throne, indulging himself in all the luxuries and vices that go with such an exalted position; then comes a change and through the death of his father, the Prince becomes the King. For three years he contents himself with allowing the wheels of the Government to take care of themselves; then comes a day of mental unrest and the dawning upon him in a degree of some of the responsibilities that should be assumed by one who rules, and we see our King gradually develop from the careless dawdler into a man of thought and action. He makes up his mind to know for himself something of the affairs of state and of the weal of his people and goes forth in disguise to learn the truth which he believes his ministers have kept from him.

The author turns the fierce light that beats upon a throne into the darkest corners of the royal family's life and we learn many things that move us to look more charitably upon the action of this hero-King—Kings, after all, are but men. For this monarch, apparently endowed with all in this life that most men would envy, by the very virtue of his kingship must lead his life wretchedly alone, knowing that he is surrounded by servile flatterers. At an early age he has had forced upon him a matrimonial alliance. A quotation here will give to the reader the keynote of the situations that are to follow:

The brilliant marriage ceremony concluded, the august bride and bridegroom took their departure amid frantically cheering crowds, for a stately castle standing high among the mountains, a truly magnificent pile, which had been placed at their disposal for the "honeymoon," by one of the wealthiest of the King's subjects—and there, as soon as equerries, grooms-in-waiting, flunkeys, and every other sort of indoor and outdoor retainer would consent to leave them alone together, the royal wife came to her royal husband and asked to be allowed to speak a few words on the subject of their marriage, "for the first and last time," said she, with a straight glance from the cold moonlight mystery of her eyes. Beautiful at all times, her beauty was doubly enhanced by the regal attitude and expression she unconsciously assumed as she made the request, and the Prince, critically studying her form and features, could not but regard himself as in some respects rather particularly favored by the political and social machinery which had succeeded in persuading so fair a creature to resign herself to the doubtful destiny of a throne. She had laid aside her magnificent bridal robes of ivory satin and cloth-of-gold, and appeared before him in loose draperies of floating white, with her rich hair unbound and rippling to her knees.

"May I speak?" she murmured, and her voice trembled.

"Most assuredly!" he replied, half smiling. "You do me too much honor by requesting permission."

As he spoke he bowed profoundly, but she, raising her eyes, fixed them full upon him with a strange look of mingled pride and pain.

"Do not," she said, "let us play at formalities. Let us be honest with each other for to-night at least. All our life together must from henceforth be more or less of a masquerade, but let us for to-night be as true man and true woman, and frankly face the position into which we have been thrust, not by ourselves, but by others."

Profoundly astonished, the Prince was silent. He had not thought this girl of nineteen possessed any force of character or any intellectual power of reasoning. He had judged her as no doubt glad to become a great princess and a possible future queen, and he had not given her credit for any finer or higher feeling.

"You know," she continued, "you must surely know—" here, despite the strong restraint she put upon herself, her voice broke, and her slight figure swayed in its white draperies as about to fall. She looked at him with a sense of rising tears in her throat—tears of which she was ashamed, for she was full of a passionate emotion too strong for weeping, a contempt of herself and of him, too great for mere clamor. Was he so much of a man in the slow thick density of his brain she thought, as to have no instinctive perception of her utter misery? He hastened to her and tried to take her hands, but she drew herself away from him and sank down in a chair as if exhausted.

"You are tired," he said kindly. "The tedious ceremonial, the still more tedious congratulations, and the fatiguing journey from the capital to this place have been too much for your strength. You must rest!"

"It is not that," she answered, "not that. I am not tired, but—but—I cannot say my prayers to-night till you know my whole heart!"

A curious reverence and pity moved him. All day long he had been in a state of resentful irritation—he had loathed himself for having consented to marry this girl without loving her—he had branded himself inwardly as a liar and hypocrite when he had sworn his marriage vows "before God," whereas if he truly believed in God such vows taken untruthfully were mere blasphemy, and now she herself, a young thing tenderly brought up like a tropical flower in the enervating hothouse atmosphere of court life, yet had such a pure, deep consciousness of God in her that she actually could not pray with the slightest blur of a secret on her soul! He waited wonderingly.

"I have plighted my faith to you before God's altar to-day," she said, speaking more steadily, "because after long and earnest thought I saw that there was no other way of satisfying the two nations to which we belong and cementing the friendly relations between them. There is no woman of royal birth, so it has been pointed out to me, who is so suitable, from a political point of view, to be your wife as I. It is for the sake of your throne and country that you must marry, and I ask God to forgive me if I have done wrong in his sight by wedding you simply for duty's sake. My father, your father, and all who are connected with our two families desire our union and have assured me that it is right and good for me to give up my life to yours. All women's lives must be martyred to the laws made by men—or so it seems to me. I cannot expect to escape from the general doom apportioned to my sex. I therefore accept the destiny which transfers me to you as a piece of human property for possession and command. I accept it freely, but I will not say gladly, because that would not be true, for I do not love you—I cannot love you! I want you to know that and to feel it, that you may not ask from me what I cannot give."

There were no tears in her eyes. She looked at him straightly and steadfastly. He, in his turn, met her gaze fully. His face had paled a little and a shadow of pained regret and commiseration darkened his handsome features.

"You love some one else?" he asked softly.

She rose from her chair and confronted him, a glow of passionate pride flushing her cheeks and brow.

"No!" she said. "I would not be a traitor to you in so much as a thought! Had I loved any one else I would never have married you—no!—though you had been ten times a Prince and King! No! You do not understand. I come to you heartwhole and passionless, without a single love word chronicled in my girlhood's history or a single incident you may not know. I have never loved any man, because from my very childhood I have hated and feared all men! I loathe their presence—their looks—their voices—their manners—if one should touch my hand in ordinary courtesy my instincts are offended and revolted and the sense of outrage remains with me for days. My mother knows this and says I am 'unnatural.' It may be so. But natural or not, it is the truth; judge, therefore, the extent of the sacrifice I make to God and our two countries in giving myself to you!"

The Prince stood amazed and confounded. Did she rave? Was she mad? He studied her with a curious, half-doubting scrutiny and noted the composure of her attitude, the cold serenity of her expression. There was evidently no hysteria, no sur-excitation of nerves about this calm, statuesque beauty, which in every line and curve of loveliness silently mutinied against him and despised him. Puzzled, yet fascinated, he sought in his mind for some clue to her meaning.

"There are women," she went on, "to whom love, or what is called love, is necessary—for whom marriage is the utmost good of existence. I am not one of these. Had I my own choice I would live my life away from all men—I would let nothing of myself be theirs to claim—I would give all I am and all I have to God, who made me what I am. For truly and honestly, without any affectation at all, I look upon marriage, not as an honor, but a degradation!"

Had she been less in earnest he might have smiled at this, but her beauty, intensified as it was by the fervor of her feeling, seemed transfigured into something quite supernatural, which for the moment dazzled him.

"Am I to understand——" he began.

She interrupted him with a swift gesture, while the rich color swept over her face in a warm wave.

"Understand nothing"—she said—"but this—that I do not love you, because I can love no man! For the rest I am your wife; and as your wife I give myself to you and your nation wholly and in all things—save love!"

He advanced and took her hands in his.

"This is a strange bargain!" he said, and gently kissed her.

She answered nothing—only a faint shiver trembled through her as she endured the caress. For a moment or two he surveyed her in silence—it was a singular and novel experience for him, as a future king, to be the lawful possessor of a woman's beauty, and yet with all his sovereignty to be unable to wake one thrill of tenderness in the frozen soul imprisoned in such exquisite flesh and blood. He was inclined to disbelieve her assertions—surely, he thought, there must be emotion, feeling, passion in this fair creature, who, though she seemed a goddess newly descended from inaccessible heights of heaven, was still only a woman? And upon the whole he was not ill-pleased with the curious revelation she had made of herself. He preferred the coldness of women to their volcanic eruptions, and would take more pains to melt the snow of reserve than to add fuel to the flame of ardor.

"You have been very frank with me," he said at last, after a pause, as he loosened her hands and moved a little apart from her—"And whether your physical and mental hatred of my sex is a defect in your nature, or an exceptional virtue, I shall not quarrel with it. I am myself not without faults; and the chiefest of these is one most common to all men. I desire what I may not have, and covet what I do not possess. So! We understand each other!"

She raised her eyes—those beautiful deep eyes with the moonlight glamor in them—and for an instant the shining soul of her, pure and fearless, seemed to spring up and challenge to spiritual combat him who was now her body's master. Then, bending her head with a graceful yet proud submission, she retired.

There are three sons by this marriage, but even with the advent of their children love is not permitted to break through the barriers of convention that this King and Queen have thrown around themselves. Unhappy in his home life the monarch finally turns his attention to the affairs of state. It is at this period that the present story begins and we soon find the King going forth in disguise among his people to learn their needs and also to eventually eradicate the evident corruption of his ministers and government.

He joins a band of Socialists under the leadership of Sergius Thord and a remarkable woman called Lotys, and soon we find ourselves in a maze of love plots thick enough to please the most esthetic devotee of little Cupid. The King, under the assumed name of "Pasquin Leroy," rises among the Socialists until he is a recognized leader and finally at their meeting on the day of fate draws the lot that appoints him to the high position and duty of assassinating himself. It is then that he reveals his identity to his brother Socialists and the scene that follows is one of the strongest in the book. To add to the complications Sergius Thord is in love with Lotys, but she loves "Pasquin Leroy," and her passion for the King is amply returned. The dramatic situations that follow as a result of these various attachments are most intense, and, it must be said, Marie Corelli does them full justice. It is not our purpose to reveal the ultimate ending of all these various complications, but having had a glimpse of the King's married life as a King it may be interesting to some to see him as a man and under the sway of the god of love. The extract given below, taken in connection with the one above, serves to give an excellent idea of the general character of the book and the power of the author in handling dramatic climaxes. It is after the King has revealed his identity to the Socialists and again sees Lotys alone:

Late in the afternoon—just after sundown—a small, close brougham drove up to the corner of the street where stood the tenement house—divided into several separate flats—in which the attic where Lotys dwelt was one of the most solitary and removed portions. The King alighted from the carriage unobserved and ascended the stairs on which Sergius Thord's steps had echoed but a few hours gone by. Knocking at the door as Sergius had done, he was in the same way bidden to enter, but as he did so Lotys, who was seated within, quite alone, started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You here!" she exclaimed in trembling accents. "Oh, why have you come? Sir, I beg of you to leave this place!—at once, before there is any chance of your being seen; your Majesty should surely know—"

"Majesty me no majesties, Lotys!" said the King, lightly; "I have been forbidden this little shrine too long! Why should I not come to see you? Are you not known as an angel of comfort to the sorrowful and the lonely? And will you not impart such consolation to me as I may in my many griefs deserve? Nay, Lotys, Lotys! No tears! No tears, dearest of women! To see you weep is the only thing that could possibly unman me, and make even 'Pasquin Leroy' lose his nerve!"

He approached her and sought to take her hand, but she turned away from him, and he saw her bosom heave with a passion of repressed weeping.

"Lotys!" he then said, with exceeding gentleness, "What is this? Why are you unhappy? I have written to you every day since that night when your lips clung to mine for one glad moment—I have poured out my soul to you with more or less eloquence, and surely with passion; every day I have prayed you to receive me, and yet you have vouchsafed no reply to one who is by your own confession 'the only man you love!' Ah, Lotys! you will not now deny that sweet betrayal of your heart! Do you know that was the happiest day of my life?—the day on which I was threatened by death and saved by love!"

His mellow voice thrilled with its underlying tenderness; he caught her hand and kissed it; but she was silent.

With all the yearning passion which had been pent up in him for many months he studied the pure outlines of her brow and throat—the falling sunlight glow of her hair—the deep azure glory of the pitying eyes, half veiled beneath their golden lashes, and just now sparkling with tears.

"All my life," he said softly, still holding her hand, "I have longed for love! All my life I have lacked it! Can you imagine, then, what it was to me, Lotys, when I heard you say you loved my resemblance—the poor Pasquin Leroy—and even so I knew you loved me? When you praised me as Pasquin and cursed me as King, how my heart burned with desire to clasp you in my arms and tell you all the truth of my disguise! But to hear you speak as you did of me, so unconsciously, so tenderly, so bravely, was the sweetest gladness I have ever known! I felt myself a king at last, in very deed and truth—and it was for the love of you, and because of your love for me, that I determined to do all I could for my son Humphry and the woman of his choice! For, finding myself loved, I swore that he should not be deprived of love. I have done what I could to insure his happiness; but after all, it is your doing and the result of your influence! You are the sole center of my good deeds, Lotys! You have been my star of destiny from the very first day I saw you—from the moment when I signed my bond with you in your own pure blood, I loved you! And I know that you loved me!"

She turned her eyes slowly upon him—what eyes!—tearless now, and glittering with the burning fever of the sad and suffering soul behind them.

"You forget!" she said in hushed, trembling accents; "you are the King!"

He lifted her hand to his lips again and pressed its cool, small palm against his brows.

"What then, my dearest? Must the King, because he is King, go through life unloved?"

"Unless the King is loved with honor," said Lotys in the same hushed voice; "he must go unloved!"

He dropped her hand and looked at her. She was very pale—her breath came and went quickly, but her eyes were fixed upon him steadily—and though her whole heart cried out for his sympathy and tenderness, she did not flinch.

"Lotys," he said, "are you so cold, so frozen in an ice wall of conventionality that you cannot warm to passion—not even to that passion which every pulse of you is ready to return? What do you want of me? Lover's oaths? Vows of constancy? Oh, beloved woman as you are, do you not understand that you have entered into my very heart of hearts—that you hold my whole life in your possession? You—not I—are the ruling power of this country! What you say, that I will do! What you command, that will I obey! While you live I will live—when you die I will die! Through you I have learned the value of sovereignty—the good that can be done to a country by honest work in kingship; through you I have won back my disaffected subjects to loyalty; it is all you—only you! And if you blamed me once as a worthless king, you shall never have cause to so blame me again! But you must help me—you must help me with your love!"

She strove to control the beating of her heart as she looked upon him and listened to his pleading. She resolutely shut her soul to the persuasive music of his voice, the light of his eyes, the tenderness of his smile.

"What of the Queen?" she said.

He started back as though he had been stung.

"The Queen!" he repeated, mechanically. "The Queen!"

"Ay, the Queen!" said Lotys. "She is your wife—the mother of your sons! She has never loved you, you would say—you have never loved her. But you are her husband! Would you make me your mistress?"

Her voice was calm. She put the plain question pointblank, without a note of hesitation. His face paled suddenly.

"Lotys!" he said, and stretched out his hands toward her; "Lotys, I love you!"

A change passed over her—rapid and transfiguring as a sudden radiance from heaven. With an impulsive gesture, beautiful in its wild abandonment, she cast herself at his feet.

"And I love you!" she said. "I love you with every breath of my body, every pulse of my heart! I love you with the entire passion of my life! I love you with all the love pent up in my poor starved soul since childhood until now—I love you more than woman ever loved either lover or husband! I love you, my lord and King—but even as I love you I honor you! No selfish thought of mine shall ever tarnish the smallest jewel in your crown! Oh, my beloved! My royal soul of courage! What do you take me for? Should I be worthy of your thought if I dragged you down? Should I be Lotys—if, like some light woman who can be bought for a few jewels—I gave myself to you in that fever of desire which men mistake for love? Ah, no—ten thousand times no! I love you! Look at me—can you not see how my soul cries out for you? How my lips hunger for your kisses—how I long, ah, God, for all the tenderness which I know is in your heart for me—I, so lonely, weary and robbed of all the dearest joys of life—but I will not shame you by my love, my best and dearest! I will not set you one degree lower in the thoughts of the people, who now idolize you and know you as the brave, true man you are! My love for you would be poor indeed if I could not sacrifice myself altogether for your sake—you, who are my King!"

He heard her—his whole soul was shaken by the passion of her words.

"Lotys!" he said—and again—"Lotys!"

He drew her up from her kneeling attitude, and, gathering her close in his arms, kissed her tenderly, reverently—as a man might kiss the lips of the dead.

"Must it be so, Lotys?" he whispered; "must we dwell always apart?"

Her eyes, beautiful with a passion of the highest and holiest love, looked full into his.

"Always apart, yet always together, my beloved!" she answered. "Together in thought, in soul, in aspiration—in the hope and confidence that God sees us and knows that we seek to live purely in his sight! Oh, my King, you would not have it otherwise! You would not have our love defiled! How common and easy it would be for me to give myself to you—as other women are only too ready to give themselves—to take your tenderness, your care, your admiration—to demand your constant attendance on my lightest humor; to bring you shame by my persistent companionship; to cause an open slander and allow the finger of scorn to be pointed at you; to see your honor made a mockery of by base persons who would judge you as one who, notwithstanding his brave spousal of the people's cause, was yet a slave to the caprice of a woman! Think something more of me than this! Do not put me on the level of such women as once brought your name into contempt! They did not love you; they loved themselves! But I—I love you. Oh, my dearest lord, if self were concerned at all in this great love of my heart, I would not suffer your arms to rest about me now!—I would not let your lips touch mine!—but it is for the last time, beloved!—the last time! And so I put my hands here on your heart—I kiss your lips—I say with all my soul in the prayer—God bless you!—God keep you!—God save you, my King! Though I shall live apart from you all my days, my spirit is one with yours! God will know that truth when we meet—on the other side of Death!"

Her tears fell fast, and he bent over her, torn by a tempest of conflicting emotions, and kissing the soft hair that lay loosely ruffled against his breast.

"Then it shall be so, Lotys!" he murmured, at last. "Your wish is my law!—it shall be as you command! I will fulfill such duties as I must in this world—and the knowledge of your love for me—your trust in me—shall keep me high in the People's honour! Old follies shall be swept away—old sins atoned for;—and when we meet, as you say, on the other side of Death, God will perchance give us all that we have longed for in this world—all that we have lost!"

His voice shook—he could not further rely on his self-control.

"I will not tempt you, Lotys!" he whispered—"I dare not tempt myself! God bless you!"

He put her gently from him, and stood for a moment irresolute. All the hope he had indulged in of a sweeter joy than any he had ever known was lost—and yet—he knew he had no right to press upon her a love which, to her, could only mean dishonour.

"Good-by, Lotys!" he said huskily; "my one love in this world and the next! Good-by!"

She gazed at him with her whole soul in her eyes—then suddenly, and with the tenderest grace in the world, dropped on her knees and kissed his hand.

"God save your Majesty!" she said, with a poor little effort at smiling through her tears; "for many and many a long and happy year, when Lotys is no more!"

With a half cry he snatched her up in his arms and pressed her to his heart, showering kisses on her lips, her eyes, her hair, her little hands!—then, with a movement as abrupt as it was passion-stricken, put her quickly from him and left her.

Literary Notes.

Impressions of her experiences as a nurse in the Children's Hospital have been collected into a group of short stories by Gertrude La Page, soon to be published by Elder & Shepard under the title of "Children of the Thorn Wreath," with illustrations by Marion Holden.

That there has really been very little change in the Latin Quarter of Paris since the days when the folk of "Trilby" disported themselves therein is shown by Edward Marshall's new novel "Lizette," just issued by Lewis, Scribner & Co. of New York. Mr. Marshall, who is well known as the war correspondent and who was almost fatally wounded in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, has had much opportunity while acting as the European correspondent of various New York newspapers to study his subject and he has painted his pictures of student life with broad strokes and a fine appreciation of humor.

The Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston has just brought out Clara Morris' new volume, "Stage Confidences." The book is in the vein in which Miss Morris is most happy, namely, in that of personal reminiscences running off into imaginative treatment of dramatic scenes which have come within her experience during her long and honorable stage career. The volume aims to give wholesome advice to stage aspirants of both sexes, especially girls, and is illuminated by humorous and pathetic instances and striking occurrences of theater life. The volume is very valuable in the way of illustration, having sixteen pictures, all of them reproduced for the first time, and the majority showing Miss Morris in her famous roles from her early days to the present time.

"A Chinese Quaker," by Nellie Blessing-Eyster, is soon to be published by the Fleming H. Revell Company of Chicago and New York. This book should prove of particular interest to the people of the Pacific Coast on account of its local color. It tells the story of how a young Quaker woman with feelings antagonistic to the Chinese is led to take a heathen boy in charge. Under her training he becomes a consistent Friend. He is (so we are told) even now a high Mandarin at the head of large enterprises in China and a Quaker still. Secondarily, it is said that the story makes appalling revelations of woman slavery on our Pacific Coast. Mrs. Eyster is a native of Maryland, but has spent a considerable portion of her life in California, where she has been active in behalf of the Chinese and the Indians, in the cause of temperance, in the advancement of woman and in special education.

Books Received.

THE STORY OF LIZZIE McGUIRE—By Herself. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston and New York.

THE LITTLE WOMAN IN THE SPOUT—By Mary Agnes Byrne. The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio. 60 cents.

TALES ABOUT TEMPERAMENTS—By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

JEB HUTTON—By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 20.

KING MOMBO—By Paul Du Chaillu. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 50.

THE QUEEN OF QUELPARTE—By Archie Butler Hulbert. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1 50.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST—From the original Polish of Alexander Glovatski, by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1 50.

THE HERR DOCTOR—By Robert Macdonald. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. 40 cents.

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S—By R. W. Kauffman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1 50.

RHYMES AND ROUNDELAYS FROM LIFE—Life Publishing Company, New York.

ETERNALISM—By Orlando J. Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1 25.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS—By John Oliver Hobbes. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1 50.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE—By Florence Morse Kingsley. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1 50.

THE RIGHT PRINCESS—By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1 50.

Library
Of the Late
Gen. W. H. L. Barnes
At Private Sale
Catalogue upon application
to
Elder and Shepard,
238 Post Street, San Francisco.