The First Great Newspaper Interview.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 19.—There were more than 400 newspaper men in St. Louis this week. During the convention they have telegraphed hundreds of thousands of words of interview matter, and through them nearly every leading Republican of the United States has been a special contributor to the press. At the same time, in its editorial sanctum here, the author of the newspaper interview has been writing his comments upon these opinions and perhaps at the same time reflecting upon the development of this great journalistic feature, of which he may be called the founder. I refer to J. B. McCullagh, now editor-in-chief of the Globe-Democrat, but away back in the '60's the "Little Mac" who, as Washington correspondent, was the chief medium of communication between President Andrew Johnson and the public. Mr. McCullough has long been noted as one of the brightest of our

J. B. M'CULLAGH,

The Father of the Interview.

newspaper men. Born in Ireland, he began his life work as a printer in St. Louis, rising from the case to the reporter's desk. He was a mere boy at the outbreak of the war, but he at once went to the field as a correspondent, and before long was stationed at Washington, sending out news from that point. It was two years after the close of the war that he did his first great work as an interviewer. He was at the time correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, and as such he made a tour through the South writing up the condition of the different states. During this tour he surprised the press by a three-column talk with Alexander H. Stephens at his home in Georgia. It was the first interview of the kind ever given to the public, and the prominence of Mr. Stephens as ex-vice-president of the Confederacy and the striking ideas which Mr. McCullagh elicited from him created a decided sensation.

INTERVIEWING ALEC STEPHENS.

I had a long chat the other day with Mr. McCullagh about some of his early newspaper experiences. During it I asked him as to his first great interview. He replied:

"I had, you know, good letters of introduction and these gave me a cordial reception. I met Alexander H. Stephens at his home in Georgia. He lived near Crawfordsville in an old fashioned two-story frame house, which he called Liberty Hall. There was a station near the house, and I supposed that I should find a tavern there where I could be accommodated during my stay. When I got off the train I found nothing but an old shanty kept by a negro woman. I asked her if she could tell me where Massa Alec lived. She showed me the house, and leaving my valise with her I walked up through the great lawn filled with forest trees and knocked at the door. A moment later I met Alexander Stephens and presented my letters. He insisted upon coming at once to the house. I remained with him for three days and had several long talks with him. He discussed many matters relating to the South and gave some striking views as to emancipation and the negro. He told me that he would have emancipated his own slaves long ago, but that he did not know how they could be taken care of. He said that his plantation would not raise enough money to support them. They did not leave him at the close of the war and he had many still with him at the time of my visit."

GREATEST STATE PAPERS.

"What other things did you talk of, Mr. McCullagh?" I asked.

"A great many," was the reply. "One of my questions, I remember, was as to what he considered the greatest of our state papers. His reply was:

"'There are two of our state papers which I consider the greatest of all. One is Thomas Jefferson's second inaugural and the other is the second inaugural of Abraham Lincoln.

"'This statement created a great comment throughout the South, and it was questioned by a number of the southern papers. The Southerners could not then see how Alexander Stephens could mention Jefferson in the same breath with Lincoln. They looked upon Lincoln as an uneducated, illiterate man, and the passions of the war were still too hot for them to give him the credit that they now do. The comments concerning the statement were so many that when I met Mr. Stephens later on at Washington I told him that my report had been disputed and asked him if I had understood him correctly. He replied that he could not remember just what he had said to me, but that I had reported him exactly as he thought, and that as he really did believe that these papers were the greatest he could not see how I had gotten the idea if not from his conversation."

INTERVIEWING A PRESIDENT.

"How did you come, Mr. McCullagh, to have such close relations with President Johnson?"

"It came from a talk of his which I reported. He noted that the article I wrote expressed his views exactly, and after that he gave me a number of interviews. The first conversation was given by President Johnson without any idea on his part that it would be published. When he had finished I asked him if he had any objections to my using what he had said in the newspapers. He replied that he had not, and when the matter was published he was so pleased with the result that I had easy access to the White house. I always prepared myself upon the subject which I wished the president to discuss before I went, and to a certain extent I had an idea of the answers which I thought he ought to make. His talks were entirely informal; many of them were more in the shape of chats than stilted interviews. We each had a rocking chair and President Johnson would rock back and forth as he talked. He spoke very freely, saying whatever came uppermost in his mind, and at the close of each interview I would ask him if there was anything he had said which he did not wish reported. He would then tell me to run over the subjects we had discussed. I would do this, and if there was anything which he thought should not be published he would tell me. As a rule, however, he allowed me to use my own judgment.

JOHNSON'S DRINKING HABITS.

"Andrew Johnson was not always discreet as to what he said," continued Mr. McCullagh. "I remember one talk with him, during which I suggested that certain of his remarks, if published, would probably get him into trouble. These remarks related to Grant. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, afterward vice-president, had suggested the name of Gen. Grant for the presidency, and this notwithstanding there was a large temperance element in Massachusetts. Grant was to a certain extent to be the candidate of this element. Andrew Johnson referred to this, and thereupon compared Grant's habits as to drink with his own, much to the disparagement of Grant. He said, I remember, that Gen. Grant could drink all the whisky he pleased and still be popular with the temperance people, whereas if he happened to look at a glass he was reported as having been in a state of deastly intoxication."

"Did Johnson drink much?" I asked.

"No; very seldom to excess," was the reply. "He was not averse to a glass of good whisky, but the stories of his bad habits in this respect have been greatly overdrawn."

HOW JOHNSON GOT DRUNK.

How about his being at the time of his inauguration as vice-president?"

"That story is true," replied Mr. McCullagh. "At least, it is a fact that he was intoxicated that day. The real story as to how he got drunk has never been told. I happened, in a curious way, to be a part of it. I was at that time secretary of John Sherman's committee of the senate, and was also acting as one of the reporters of the Associated Press. There was a great crowd in Washington to attend the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and it was known that the pressure at the capitol would be very great. Admission was only by card. All the doors were to be guarded, and I feared that I might have trouble in getting in. A clerk of one of the senate committees, I had the right to stay in my committee room over night, and I concluded to sleep there, rather than apply for a card. I knew that if I was in the building they would not put me out, and so I stayed. The morning of the inauguration was cold, and a drizzling rain was falling. I spent the time prior to the coming of the crowd with Col. John W. Forney, who was secretary of the senate. We were sitting in his room about the fire, trying to keep warm, when I saw two men come to the door of the senate, and one of them tried to open it. He shook it and pounded, but no one came, and he finally started away. As he did so Col. Forney looked up. As the man turned he saw his face, and he jumped up and said: 'Why, that is the vice-president. We must get him in.' Now, it was only about half-past 10, and the door was still locked. We could not open it, but Col. Forney tapped on the window and called to the two men to come to him. They came up, and I could then see that it was Andrew Johnson and his doctor. Johnson looked pale and sick. It was afterward charged that he had been on a spree the night before, and that he had come from his drinking without his breakfast to the capitol.

"I don't know as to this. At any rate, he looked worn out. Well, we opened the window and helped him and the doctor in. Both Johnson and the doctor were shivering, and the doctor asked Forney if he had any whisky. There was a black bottle always kept at that time in the secretary's room, and Mr. Forney went to a cupboard and got it. He placed it on the mantelpiece and set a tumbler beside it. Vice-President Johnson walked from the fire over to the mantel and poured out what seemed to me a very big drink. I had never taken much whisky up to that time, and I did not know how much a good drink was. I could see, however, that the doctor and Mr. Forney thought it was considerable. It was, I judge, about a half tumblerful. Vice-President Johnson swallowed it almost at a gulp and then came and sat down before the fire. As the flames and the whisky began to warm his chilled bones I could see his spirits rising like the mercury in a thermometer. He soon became cheerful and grew very talkative. After a time he stepped up to the mantel and tool another drink, though the doctor tried to dissuade him. He pushed the doctor aside with a word of pleasantry and filled the tumbler almost to the full of raw whisky. This he drank almost as rapidly as he did his first dram, and then went back to the fire. A moment later it was plain to us he was intoxicated and that he was not fit to go into the senate. In the meanwhile the hour for the inauguration had arrived, and we were told that it was time for us to go in. It was but a few steps from Mr. Forney's office to the senate chamber. Forney went first, and then came the vice-president and the doctor, myself following up the rear. We entered the senate chamber at just about the time for giving the vice-president the oath of office, I going up stairs to the press gallery.

When the oath was administered, vice-president Johnson evidently did not think that the ceremony should conclude without his saying something, and he took advantage of the opportunity to make a speech. The cabinet were on one side of him. He turned to them and addressed each one by name, making a series of remarks, ending in every case with words something like the following: 'And I here tell you, Mr. Seward, secretary of state, I am a plebeian, a man of the people, and I am proud of it.' He addressed all the other secretaries in the same way, and made a semi-incoherent drunken speech, notwithstanding the efforts of Forney and others to stop him."

"Do you think, Mr. McCullagh, that Andrew Johnson was a great man?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "I would say that he was if you take him as a politician. He was an uneducated man and in some respects a weak one. Still, with it all, he had much rugged strength, and he was a greater statesman than he has received the credit of being."

"What were some of his great weaknesses?"

"One was his limited vision. He was, you know, from Tennessee, and he never seemed to appreciate the fact that Tennessee was only a very small part of the great nation. His early struggles were after a reputation and power in his own state. He had to fight hard to be elected to the legislature, to governor and the senate, and to him Tennessee was everything. Even after he became president he looked upon himself as the president of about twenty Tennessees and he cared more for the opinion of the richer and better-bred people of Tennessee than he did for that of the rest of the Union. In seeking to appear well in the eyes of such people he allowed them to use him, not realizing that they despised him for doing so."

AS WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"You were a correspondent with Grant in the early part of the war, were you not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. McCullagh, "I was with him at Fort Donelson and about Vicksburg. I saw a great deal of him until he was called East."

"How did he impress you? Did you realize that he was a great general?"

"No; I did not. Grant was an exceedingly modest man, and the Grant at the close of the war was a very different man than the Grant of the beginning. He grew very rapidly. He developed through experience, and he soon came to look at war through other than his West Point spectacles. He saw that each battle had its own rules of action, and he laid out his plans irrespective of those fixed in the military books. Gen. Sherman, on the other hand, was loaded down with his West Point education. He acted as though he was always marching with a brass band behind him, and he usually wanted to stop and lay out a diagram upon the lines of which to move before he started."

BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

"You were on the steamer Queen of the West when she went past the Vicksburg batteries. That must have been an exciting experience," said I.

"Yes it was," replied Mr. McCullagh. "We wanted to get below Vicksburg to cut off the supplies from coming up the river. We had expected to start in the early morning, but there was some delay, and it was nearly noon before we got off. There were seven miles of those batteries, and as we went down the river in front of them they all opened fire upon us. Cannon balls and shells whizzed about our boat. We put on all the steam we could, but it took us about an hour before we got through the rain of balls and shells."

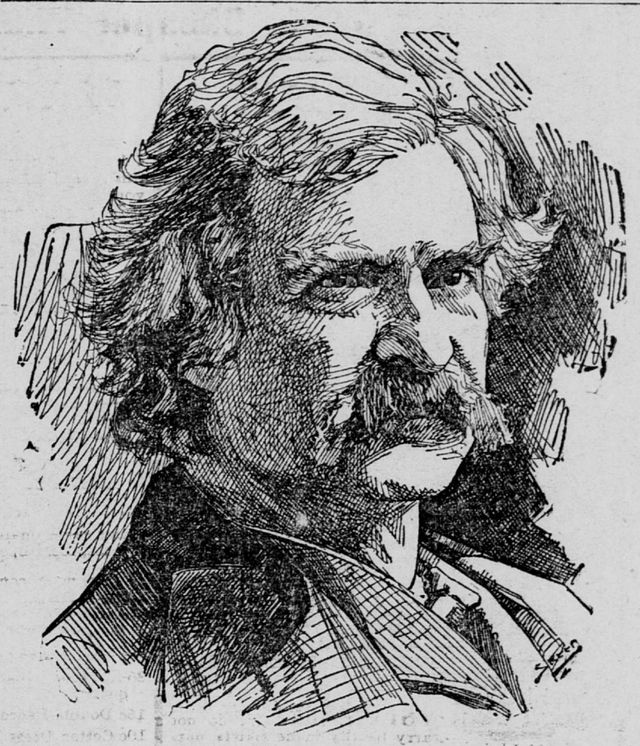
"Were any of you hurt?"

"No, that is the strange thing about it. One ball, I remember, struck a brass cannon on our deck. It made a dent in the gun as though the brass was putty, but the most of the missiles flew wide of the mark. As we moved down the river we came to a gunboat, which was lying near the shore. We thought the confederates intended to use this to take our boat, and without regarding the current, which in the Mississippi is very treacherous, Commander Ellet directed the pilot to turn and ram the boat. The pilot did as he was directed. He turned the Queen of the West, and as we came near the gunboat he drove our ram into it. The shock was such that we almost ran aground, and it looked for a time as though we would have to lie there under the guns of the rebels and be taken. It was a serious situation, both from the balls from the cannon on shore and from the decision of our commander on the boat. Commander Ellet had sworn that the rebels should never take the ship, and when he thought all was lost he took a torch and ran across our vessel to the powder magazines, intending to fire it, and blow himself and us and the boat into pieces. Just at this moment, however, we swung out into the current and floated dow the river.

BRAVEST WOMAN OF THE WAR.

"I have often said," continued Mr. Mc Cullagh, "that I saw one of the bravest deeds of the war, one committed by a man and the other by a woman. The first I have just described. The action of that pilot in ramming the gunboat under the fire of the rebel batteries was the work of a hero. It seemed at the time to be almost sure death, but he did it. The brave woman to whom I refer was a rebel, and the incident of her bravery occurred a little after this on a branch of the Mississippi further down the river. The branch was not very wide, and we were fired on every now and then by the confederates from the levees as we went up it in order to prevent supplies being brought into the Mississippi. At last Commander Ellet grew very angry at the continuous firing. He said that if the rebel shots killed or wounded any of his men he would burn every house within five miles of the place of shooting. I told him that I would be better satisfied with his order if we could notify the people of their danger. He said nothing in reply, and the order was in force. When we dropped anchor one of the men wtas shot from the levee and killed.

"Ellet at once ordered several companies to leave the boat in different directions and to burn every house within a distance of five miles. He ordered me to take one of the campanies and to burn a fine house lying within a stone's throw of the river. I did not like the job, but as I was an enlisted man I had to obey. We left the boat and started for the house. As we approached we saw a fine-looking old lady on the front step. She asked us what we wanted, and I gave the orders of my commander. She at once became very indignant, but said that it was likely that one of her sons had shot the Yanke, and that if so, she was very glad of it. She scolded me for being in the Union service, and told me that I ought to be ashamed to serve with the Yankees. With all her scolding, however, she was a lady, as you could easily see from her language. I told her I was sorry, but that my orders were imperative, and I would have to burn her house. Still, said I, I think my orders might be construed as Portia did the bond of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, when she told him he might have his pound of Antonio's flesh, but with it he must take no jot of blood. It seems to me, said I, that while our orders require us to burn the house they do not state that we must burn all within the house. Now, I have no doubt that you have some family pictures, furniture, dresses and other things of value which might be saved. These you cannot move out yourself, but there are eighteen of my men here, and we will, if you say, bring out all your furniture and put it on the lawn before we set fire to the house. The old lady tossed her head and replied that she did not care what we did, and that if we burned the house we might as well burn the furniture, too. She said, however, that she had a favorite rocking chair, and that she would feel obliged to us if we would take it out and set it on the bank of the river before we started the fire. We did as she directed. She then seated herself in the chair, and as the march was applied to her house she began to sing. She had a good voice, and her words rang out across the water, reaching our steamer.



MARK TWAIN.

Her song was "The Bonny Blue Flag." She continued singing that song until the house was almost reduced to ashes. She was" continued Mr. McCullagh, "the bravest woman I have ever known."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HETTY GREEN'S AMBITION

To Buy the Governorship of Texas for Her Son.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20.—"Her whole nature has been revolutionized," said a Washington hotelkeepr, speaking of Mrs. Hetty Green's reported intention of spending $1,000,000 or "so much as may be necessary" to elect her son governor of Texas.

"I never knew anybody to loosen up as Mrs. Green has of late," continued the boniface. "About eighteen months ago, when she came here she haggled with me over the price of one of the cheapest rooms in the house, and actually made me give her a reduction because she stayed a week. The next time she came she had on the finest sort of dress, and my house was not good enough for her, so she went to the highest-priced place in town and never asked the rate. Her liberal streak was late in developing."

Among the Texans there does not seem to be a well-grounded belief that young Mr. Green can knock the gubernatorial persimmon, as is shown by the following telegram from St. Louis to one of the colony here:

"A tall, husky young man has been floating around the city for nearly a week now, spending money like water. He put up champagne for the boys whenever the occasion demanded, and has been 'hail fellow,well met.' He wears a black hat with a rim a foot wide, which is a sign that he is from Texas. The young man was a mystery to a great many people for awhile. He is E. H. R. Green the son of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, and he is a delegate to the state convention from Texas. He has one ambition—that is to get the Republican nomination for governor of Texas. What in the world he wants it for nobody knows but himself."

Not Called Honest in Wisconsin

There is more than a prospect that Horace Boles of Iowa will be nominated for president by the free silver majority at Chicago. He is the man who told Iowa farmers in substance they could pay their debts just twice as easy if free coinage prevailed, although their creditors would only get half their full claims. For the purpose of paying a dollar with 50 cents, Iowa Democrats went headlong into the silver camp, the change of sentiment in a fortnight being overwhelming. Mr. Boles may be a very pious man and valuable member of his church. But his scheme to pay 50 cents on the dollar, is not what we call honest even in these free and easy times.—LaCrosse Chronicle.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC," BY MARK TWAIN.

MISS MONTRESOR'S NOVEL.

S. R. KEIGHTLEY'S ROMANCE OF LIFE IN THE TIME OF THE CAVALIERS.

TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL.

"Flotsam," by Henry Seton Morriman." "What They Say in New England."

Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" may not be a great work of art, but it is that better thing, a great work of affection. It will have the reward which such work is wont to earn—the sunshine of popular favor. Purists may scoff at the free-and-easy nineteenth century English which the author puts into the mouth of Joan's page, Louis de Conte, who tells the story of the Maid of Domremy's beautiful life, great deeds and tragic death; Mr. Andrew Lang may cavil, and prefer his own version of the story, but in the end the American humorist will be found to have done what the English critic cannot do, namely, to have made Joan beloved by the plain people of his nation. It is a fact that the author of "Tom Sawyer" has a firm hold upon the libraries of the plain people—those pathetically limited libraries of little cultured homes where the Bible, Webster's dictionary, some book about the civil war and "Innocents Abroad" are chiefest ornaments of a black walnut book case whose glass doors are lined with figured chintz, perhaps to protect the treasured volumes from the profane gaze. It requires something approaching a surgical operation to introduce a new book into this collection, but we predict that ultimately "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" will make its way there, turning the Maid of Orleans into a living realty for people who had known her as a dimly remembered historical fact or not at all.

It is this reality ofthe heroine which is one of the most attaching qualities of the book. Whatever its literary faults, it is a real Joan which the volume presents to us, a living, breathing woman wrought out of the fusion of history and enthusiasm in the author's mind. She is a very different creature from the Joan of Bastien Lepage's vision, which most of us are inclined to accept as the true Maid, but it must be confessed that the authenticated sayings of the real Joan are more at home upon the lips of the character Mr. Clemens has presented than they would be if said by Lepage's peasant girl.

The volume is divided into three books; "In Domremy," "In Court and Camp," "Trial and Martyrdom," of which the first is least historical and most charming. The conception of the child, Joan, among her playmates is beautiful, probable and very delightful reading.

("The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Bros., $2.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

Miss F. F. Montressor has made for herself an enviable place among modern novelists in a comparatively brief time. The reader who takes up one of her books is assured of an hour or two of enjoyment of a very high quality. Her stories have delicacy, distinction, grace and charm, and these are rare qualities at any time, but especially are they hard to come by in this day and generation.

"False Coin or True?" Miss Montresor's latest novel is wrought of very slender materials, a fact which only makes more conspicuous the excellence of the workmanship and the altitude of the standpoint from which the writer surveys the world. The heroine is a little maid-of-all-work in a Bristol lodging house, who is rescued by a good-natured but provident French conjuror when her mistress is about to turn her out on the street. Monsieur Moreze takes Linda for his medium in his hypnotic experiments, a part which she is admirably fitted by temperament to play, and the story hinges upon the conflict of her loyalty to him with her love for a stiff-necked Scotchman, in whose eyes M. Moreze stands for the devil and all his works. Few, indeed, are the writers of today who could produce from such material such an artistic and delightful story as Miss Montresor has made of this.

("False Coin or True," by F. F. Montressor. New York: D. Appleton & Co., $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

If all writers of fiction were as competent and as well-equipped as the authors of books of adventure habitually are, having as definite an idea of the desired effect and the way to produce it, there would be many more good novels in the world than there are at present and the task of critics would be a pleasanter one. "The Cavaliers," by S. R. Keightley, is another addition to the list, already of considerable length, of well-written, vivid, interesting and self-respecting books, telling of wars and the rumors of wars. The hero, one Thomas Duncombe, is a young country gentleman who serves King Charles in his private capacity with all fidelity, running across enough adventures while thus employed to fill a volume of over three hundred pages and give the reader pleasant employment for some hours.

("The Cavaliers," by S. R. Keightley. New York: Harper & Bros., $1.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book & Stationery company.)

The novels of Henry Seton Merriman are always excellent in style and intention, and interesting to read, but some of them are undoubtedly more satisfactory than others. The material from which "Flotsam" is constructed is absorbing, dealing, as it does, largely with the events of the Indian Mutiny, but the story as a whole is depressing, for it is a study of a wasted life. The hero, a fine lad in the beginning, but then and always totally undisciplined, throws away all his opportunities of making a man of himself, gambles away his fortune, is untrue to the best love of his life, and proves himself his own worst enemy at every point. He is breaking stone on the road in South Africa when his wretched life comes to an end at last. Should a young man of Harry Wylam's temperament and temptations read the book and recognize his likeness to the hero, it would give him fine subject matter for much profitable meditation, but even in this day of universal novel reading the Harry Wylams of this world read little and are not likely to profit by the adventures of their prototype.

Mr. Merriman has one weakness which is amusing. The modern woman is to him what Carthage was to Cato, and however foreign it may be to the subject he has in hand he cannot resist a fling at her. His own heroines are of the white muslin and blue ribbon order, prevalent before the days of Miss Austen, and, somehow, he fails to make them interesting. One suspects that Mr. Merriman never knew a real live woman, and that he paints his girls from a gallery of antique portraits, rather than from life. It is to be regretted that so intelligent a writer deliberately chooses to hamper his art by ignoring half the human race as artistic material.

("Flotsam," by Henry Seton Merriman. New York. Longmans, Green & Co., $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book & Stationery company.)

"Track Athletics in Detail" is an admirable little book whose purpose it is to aid and instruct young athletes so situated that they cannot secure good trainers. There are chapters upon each of the standard track and field events with explicit directions for training for them. The illustrations are chiefly reproductions from photographs, showing how the different feats are performed by various experts of the A. A. U. The author's advice upon training is sound and conservative, and will have a tendency to discourage overtraining in those who study the volume. The book contains several pages of extracts from the rules of the A. A. U. and chapters upon bicycling and the care of the wheel are added for the benefit of the general public.

("Track Athletics in Detail." New York. Harper & Bros., $1. For sale by the St. Paul Book & Stationery company.)

Little, Brown & Co., issue in two attractive volumes, "Fadette" and "The Master Mosaic Workers" of George Sand, the former translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick and the latter by Charlotte C. Johnson. "Fadette" is well known to English readers but the other romance is less familiar. It was written for the author's son, Maurice, who cried so heartily after reading "Paul and Virginia" that his mother promised him a romance in which there should be no love and where every thing turned out happily. The story deals with the school of mosaic-workers established at Venice in the sixteenth century with reference to the restoration of St. Mark's. The translation of both volumes is admirably done.

"Fadette." "The Master-Mosaic Workers," by George Sand, Boston. Little, Brown & Co., $1 each. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

"What they say in New England" is the modest title of an interesting and valuable little collection of signs, sayings and superstitions brought together by Mr. Clifton Johnson. The volume is a notable addition to the published folk-lore of New England, and a great many people will be surprised as well as interested to see what a large collection. Mr. Johnson has found it possible to make. According to the author the amount of belief still accorded these signs and sayings in rural New England is astonishing.

("What They Say in New England," by Clifton Johnson, Boston. Lee and Shepard. $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

The American Publishers Corporation issue new editions in paper covers of several popular books which have been for the time out of print. The best of these is "Sunset Pass," one of Captain Charles King's stories of Apaches and adventures written in his most acceptable manner.

"Typee" is the first of those romances of life in the South Seas by which Herman Meiville's name became known to the public.

"A Debt of Honor" by Mabel Collins is an altogether silly and profitless piece of fiction designed for the consumption of the unintelligent.

("Sunset Pass," by Capt. Chas. King. 50 cents. "Typee," by Herman Melville. 50 cents. "A Debt of Honor," by Mabel Collins. 50 cents. New York. The Publishers' Corporation. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.)

The latest issues in the "Temple Shakespeare" are "Timon of Athens" and "Julius Caesar." The frontespiece of the latter is an etching of Caesar after a bust in the British Museum; of the former, the Janssen portrait of Shakespeare from the engraving by Earlom. This dainty edition which is the delight of all lovers of good bookmaking at moderate cost, is approaching completion.

("The Temple Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Timon of Athens," New York. The Macmillan company. 45 cents each.

—Cornelia Atwood Pratt.)

Notes.

The current number of the Lark has an interesting cover by Peixotto, but the contents seem to lack for the moment that note of irresponsible jubilance which has endeared the little journal to its readers. Are "Les Jeunes" already growing old?

An article is announced to appear in the July Atlantic that is likely to become the standard and classic "story of progress that is unparalleled in human achievement." It is "The Century's Progress in Science," as told by Professor John Fiske, who is the most competent and skillful man living to set forth the great romance of scientific progress in a summary that may be read at a sitting.

The best things in "Poet Lore" for June are the two translations from Villiers de l'Isle Adam, "The Elect of Dreams," and "The Best Love," exquisitely wrought bits of prose, in which the author seeks to prove that the only real world is the world of dreams.

Whoever cares to know how Rudyard Kipling composes one of his spirited barrack-room ballads will be interested in the opening paper in McClure's Magazine for July. Written by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, with whom Kipling was intimately associated in the editorship of a newspaper in India, the paper is full of interesting personal facts about Kipling.

"'Tis an Ill Flight Without Wings" is the title of one of John Oliver Hobbes' airy indictments of fate in the June Cosmopolis. Other notable contributions to the same number are "The Case Against Goethe," by Edward Dowden, and a review of current French literature by Edward Gosse. To the French section Paul Leroy-Beaulieu contributes a study of Cobden and Francesque Sarcey, a critical paper upon Ibsen. Carl Addenhoven reviews the Paris exhibitions for the German section. Alois Brandl writes of Byron and Wordsworth, and Heinrich Welti discusses Wagner's following.

Among the new books announced by the New Amsterdam Book company are "A Stable for Nightmares," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu; "The Shadow of Hilton Fernbrook," a romance of Manrland, by A. Westbrook and a new edition of Clark Russell's "Ocean Free Lance."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers' plans for publication during the next two months include the following books: "The Silk of the Kine," a novel by L. McManus, dealing with the eviction of Roman Catholics in Ireland in the seventeenth century; "Mrs. Gerald," a novel by Maria Louisa Pool; "Love is a Spirit," a novel by Julian Hawthorne; "The Pith of Astronomy" (without mathematics); the latest facts and figures as developed by the giant telescopes, by Samuel G. Bayne; "Tales of Fantasy and Fact," by Brander Matthews; "Rick Dale," a story for young people by Kirk Munroe; "With My Neighbors," a number of plain talks to plain people on familiar and homely subjects, by Margaret E. Sangster; "A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires," by "One With a New Name."

On Our Book Table.

BOOKS.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery company:

Macmillan & Co., New York. "Poems of Uhland," edited by Waterman T. Hewett. $1.10. "The Daughter of a Stoic," by C. A. Pratt. $1.25. "Rome," by Emile Zola. $2. "Temple Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Timon of Athens." 40 cents each. "Kings in Exile," by A. Daudet. $1. "A Guide to English Literature," by Matthew Arnold, and "On the Study of Literature," by John Morley. 75 cents. "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," by William Carleton. Vol. 4. $1.50.

D. Appleton & Co.: "The Folly of Eustacie," by Robert S. Hichens. 75 cents. "Maggie," by Stephen Crane. 75 cents. "Green Gates," by K. M. C. Meredith. $1.25. "My Literary Zoo," by Kate Sanborn. 75 cents. "The Madonna of A Day," by L. Dougall. 50 cents.

Harper Bros., New York: "Brisels," by William Black. $1.75. "Track Athletics in Detail." $1. "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Mark Twain. $1.75. "Honor Ormthwaite," by the author of "Lady Jean's Vagaries." $1. "Jerry the Dreamer," by Will Payne. $1.25. "The Under Side of Things," by Lillian Bell. $1.25.

J. B. Lippincott Company: "A Marriage by Capture," by Robert Buchanan. 75 cents. "In Sight of the Goddess," by Harriet Reddie Davis. 75 cents.

From the publishers:

Estes & Lauriat, Boston. "Parisians in America," by S. C. Soissons. $1.50.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago: "Col. Hungerford's Daughter," by "Grapho." 25 cents.

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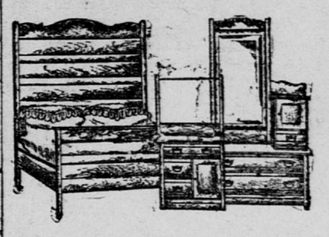

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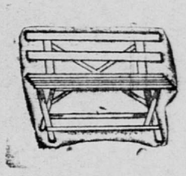

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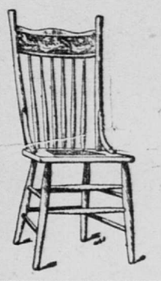

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DEFECTIVE PAGE

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