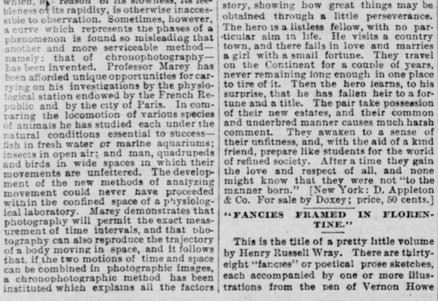
INSTANTANEOUS photography, especially that branch of it known as chronophotography, has already won for itself a recognized position among the methods of scientific research, and in the near future it is probable that it will be even more generally appreciated. Marey and Muybridge are regarded as the two pioneers of the method; the works of the latter, written in English and published in America, have been long within the reach of all who can read the English language; on the other hand the works of Marey have been for the most part inaccessible to those who are unfamiliar with French. For that reason Eric Pritchard, M.A., obtained permission to translate Professor E. J. Marey's work, "Le Mouvement." This is one of the most recent and important publications of the eminent French physicist and physiologist, and it is claimed to be the most comprehensive summary hitherto published of the results and possibilities of instantaneous photography. The book, "Mouvement," which has been issued in the International Scientific, is not only full of interest for both specialist and general reader, but is replete with suggestiveness of new lines of research.

Professor Marey, in his preface, remarks that the graphic method, with its various developments, has been of immense service to almost every branch of science, and

The Photographic Gun.
[*Reproduced from "Movement."*]

consequently many improvements have of late been effected. Laborious statistics have been replaced by diagrams in which the variations of a curve express in a most striking manner the several phases of a patiently observed phenomenon; and, further, a recording apparatus, which works automatically, can trace the curve of a physical or physiological event, which, by reason of its slowness, its feebleness or its rapidity, is otherwise inaccessible to observation. Sometimes, however, a curve which represents the phases of a phenomenon is found so misleading that another and more serviceable method—namely: that of chronophotography—has been invented. Professor Marey has been afforded unique opportunities for carrying on his investigations by the physiological station endowed by the French Republic and by the city of Paris. In comparing the locomotion of various species of animals he has studied each under the natural conditions essential to success—fish in fresh water or marine aquariums; insects in open air; and man, quadrupeds and birds in wide spaces in which their movements are unfettered. The development of the new methods of analyzing movement could never have proceeded within the confined space of a physiological laboratory. Marey demonstrates that photography will permit the exact measurement of time intervals, and that photography can also reproduce the trajectory of a body moving in space, and it follows that, if the two motions of time and space can be combined in photographic images, a chronophotographic method has been instituted which explains all the factors



Three Series of Images to Demonstrate the Corresponding Position of the Bird, When Taken From Three Different Points of Views.
[*Reproduced from "Movement."*]

in a movement which it is the desire to understand. It also affords a very simple experimental solution of certain very complicated mechanical problems. The whole question of "mechanics" is based on a knowledge of the movement which is imparted to a mass, for from the movement the force which produces it can be measured. The book contains over 200 illustrations, and among the subjects outlined are: Human movements from the point of view of kinetics, certain movements in man from the point of view of dynamics, locomotion in man from an artistic point of view, locomotion of quadrupeds and of aquatic animals, aerial locomotion, flight of birds and insects, and the scientific applications of chronophotography. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by William Doxey; price $1 75.]

STONEPASTURES.

Eleanor Stuart is the author of a short novel, "Stonepastures." She writes like a novice in the realm of fiction. The plot of the story in question is not developed with remarkable cleverness, although some of the incidents are oddly interesting. Essaying the Swedish dialect, she makes the Scandinavian heroine discourse in the style of the "down-East Yankee" of the melodrama rather than like a countryman of Ole Oleson. Stonepastures is the Poverty Flat of Soot City. The authoress is probably a pioneer in one thing, however—she has chosen for her heroine a female barber. Emma Butte is the name of the female razor-wielder. She and her father keep a couple of boarders—Simeon Quarry, an Englishman, is one; August Jarlson, a Swede, the other. Emma and Jarlson are in love. The day of the wedding is fixed, but just before the appointed time for the ceremony the bridegroom is brought home from the furnaces, singed, blackened and sightless and all but dead. He has been "blasted" by a premature explosion. There is a lengthy description of the "blast rite." No one in Soot City was surprised at a funeral for a man yet in the flesh. "Such rites were the custom of the terrible, black little town, where the birds flew low, for the damp of the steam and the prevalence of soot in the air, and where any fine man who took life eagerly in the morning might be blasted at the noontide snack. * * * One idea that is directly referable to the Swede minds is that which gave rise to the blast rites. This feeling had become general that a man might 'get beyond the blast'—that is, get over its scorch and shock—if only his friends could be brought to behave as if he were really dead." And so Jarlson had funeral services sung over him, and it was Emma's task to bring the dead back to life. When Jarlson was "blasted" a paper was found on him willing all his property to Emma. The latter had been running a barber-shop for a livelihood, and she laid down the razor and the brush when she came into a fortune of $300. Quarry had always been jealous of Jarlson, and he now made haste to court the Butte girl. She appeared to be rather reckless with her money, and Quarry, seizing an opportunity, stole all she had saved. There is no talk of punishing Quarry for this crime, although he confesses his theft and by his deed drives Emma and Jarlson penniless from Soot City out to the free dwellings of the poor at the stonepastures.

Quarry visits the family in the new quarters and plots with Emma's father near the supposedly unconscious form of Jarlson. The former awakens from his deathlike sleep. A strike occurs in Soot City and it is planned to blow up the shops. Jarlson has heard the plot from Quarry's own lips while the latter supposed the former dead to the world of sight and hearing. Emma, following the instructions of the lover, whose life she had preserved, hurries to the scene and frustrates the devilish design, and Quarry is shot dead while endeavoring to escape. Jarlson becomes himself again; Emma gives up shaving. The couple are married and move from poverty-flat into a downtown room. It is shown how justly Quarry met his fate through Jarlson's information, as the latter discloses the fact that Quarry had set off the blast with murderous intent at the time Jarlson was nearly singed to death. Jarlson becomes an inventor and the book winds up with Emma (too fine for the barber trade) learning to play the piano, and Jarlson getting a reputation as a tenor singer. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Doxey; price 75 cents.]

SUCCESSORS TO THE TITLE.

There is one commendable thing to be said about this new novel by Mrs. L. B. Walford, just issued in Appleton's Town and Country Library: its moral tone is high, and juvenile readers will be rather benefited by its perusal. It is a simple story, showing how great things may be obtained through a little perseverance. The hero is a listless fellow, with no particular aim in life. He visits a country town, and there falls in love and marries a girl with a small fortune. They travel on the Continent for a couple of years, never remaining long enough in one place to tire of it. Then the hero learns, to his surprise, that he has fallen heir to a fortune and a title. The pair take possession of their new estates, and their common and underbred manner causes much harsh comment. They awaken to a sense of their unfitness, and, with the aid of a kind friend, prepare like students for the world of refined society. After a time they gain the love and respect of all, and none might know that they were not "to the manner born." [New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Doxey; price, 50 cents.]

"FANCIES FRAMED IN FLORENTINE."

This is the title of a pretty little volume by Henry Russell Wray. There are thirty-eight "fancies" or poetical prose sketches, each accompanied by one or more illustrations from the pen of Vernon Howe Bailey. There are some beautiful sentiments in the volume, which touches themes on all sides of life, while many of the author's flowers are strewn on graves. Here is one "fancy" which affords a fair example of the style:

CHARACTER.

"The whole world is an archery field and its people are the targets; for at certain ages every man comes forward in his regular turn and serves as a mark for the darts from the drawn bows of Joy, Sorrow, Jealousy, Disappointment and Hate.

"Often the aim is false and the arrows fly wide of their mark, while at other times they come dangerously near; but oftener they pierce him, and this wound influences all his future life, for man is young when he enters the field where the life game is played. Then there is great rivalry for points of score among this band of archers so widely different; and how eagerly, with drawn bows, they await each newcomer!

"He who rejoices in being the target for Joy and Love finds that they are always joined sooner or later by another archer called Sorrow, whose aim is unerring. Jealousy, Disappointment and Hate score many points; for when the coward (and the greater number of targets are cowards) confronts that row of wicked bows and flees for lack of moral strength to stand the wound, the quick eyes and practiced hands of Jealousy, Disappointment and Hate send their arrows with sure and rapid flight on their crippling missions.

"But the telling game, which has been played since time was, goes on and will continue as long as time is. The old targets relate their experiences over and over again, as guides to the young who have not yet entered the arena. It matters not, however—the marksmen seem to know their own.

"The whole world is an archery-field and its people are all wounded—some slightly, others badly. These wounds as they heal leave scars called character." [New York: Transatlantic Publishing Company. For sale at the bookstores.]

MONTMARTRE.

C. A. Murdock & Co. of this City are the publishers of a communistic "poem" by Austin Lewis. The title is "Montmartre," and it celebrates the uprising of the Paris Commune in 1871, just a quarter of a century ago this month. Mr. Lewis is evidently a mild type of the anarchist. He isn't a poet, but might pass in a crowd of everyday rhymesters. The verses are printed in pamphlet form and the cover is illustrated with a picture of Anarchy, the title being inscribed on a significant red scroll. It was, perhaps, of just such as Mr. Lewis that Pope wrote, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

THE PORT OF SHIPS.

Joaquin Miller's poem, "The Port of Ships," which was first published in THE CALL in October, 1892, under the title "Columbus," has received high praise across the ocean. In a recent critical article on American letters in the London Athenæum is this sentence: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to the 'Port of Ships' of Joaquin Miller." As the reader may feel a fresh interest in the poem, since our British cousins have accorded it such exalted recognition, it is here reproduced:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral speak—what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day:
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'ral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say, at break of day,
  'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'ral; speak, and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed! They sailed! Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word—
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

NEW MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN.

All the founders of McClure's Magazine are recent graduates of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and the editor, Mr. McClure, is a trustee of this college. They have undertaken to assist the college in establishing "The Abraham Lincoln School of Science and Practical Arts," as a worthy memorial to Abraham Lincoln. Before Lincoln was even nominated for the Presidency Knox College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and at the time of the famous Lincoln and Douglas debate, held in Galesburg, October 7, 1858, the students carried banners inscribed "Knox for Lincoln." The publishers of McClure's Magazine have established 100 scholarships in this new school. Each scholarship entitles the holder to all the privileges of Knox College, and can be earned by securing 500 subscribers to McClure's Magazine. A scholarship pays the board, room rent and tuition of any young man or woman for a year. The publishers of McClure's Magazine have also undertaken to raise an endowment fund of a quarter of a million dollars for this new department of Knox College. On October 7 of this year the college will celebrate the anniversary of the Lincoln and Douglas debate. The oration will be delivered by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and many men of National fame will be present. There will undoubtedly be thousands present who were present at the debate.

THE INSPIRATION OF POE'S "RAVEN."

Edgar Allan Poe had much trouble with the critics during his strange, eventful career in the flesh. Of recent years critics, as a rule, have paid homage to Poe's genius, and his works complete are now being published in gorgeous style, possibly as a speculative outcome of this latter-day interest and devotion. But Poe's weaknesses are not to be permitted to find oblivion, and his fame is not to be trumpeted unchallenged down the corridors of time. The latest attack on Poe and his writings appears in the New York Journal over the initials, "A. H. L." The latter quotes Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who affects to throw new light (sort of a cathode ray, as it were) on the "source of inspiration" of Poe's "Raven," and who is, furthermore, pleased to expose some of the poet's numerous shortcomings. Poe's fame will not be eclipsed by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, and even the article in question, which is printed below, seems like an echo of the assaults that were made on Poe by enemies during his lifetime:

It was no great number of months ago when I had the pleasure of a chat with Dr. Thomas Dunn English, for a long time Representative of the Newark (N. J.) District in Congress. Dr. English is one of the last strong figures of a literary past, which reaches backward in its morning to include such names as Fenimore Cooper, N. P. Willis and Washington Irving. Dr. English, of all he has written, regrets nothing but "Ben Bolt," which he composed without money and without price at the request of N. P. Willis, when the latter became editor of the New York Mirror.

While talking with Dr. English I was told much that was new and interesting. The conversation fell on Edgar Allan Poe, whom Dr. English knew closely and well.

At one time Dr. English and Poe were warm friends; as much friends, at least, as was possible with one of Poe's erratic and shallow nature. Poe was not to blame for his makeup, which was, however, a peculiar one. All sense of moral obligation was left out of Poe. He might borrow your watch in the blandest way, and when you got it again you would receive it from the pawnbroker, where Poe had got all he could on it. Nor did this abash him. He was as freely in your presence afterward, never offering to repay your loss or explain the phenomenon of his pawning your watch. He appeared to regard and relish it as the most natural good and proper thing to do.

You could always tell when Poe had been drinking by his slouchy, unkempt dress. When sober Poe was a vast fop, a great dandy. He was a lion among women, and they saw a great deal in his dark, melancholy, sensitive, but exceedingly weak face which was veiled to men. Indeed, it was from women whom Poe as a rule did his borrowing, and it was their jewelry which he regularly pawned. Poe was born in Boston, but preferred to have it believed that his native place was Baltimore. He never failed to refer slightingly to the Yankees and their literature.

After Poe had attained a good deal of fame he was asked to attend a dinner in Boston and read a poem written for the occasion. He spoke to Dr. English about it at the last moment.

"I don't know whether to go or not," he said.

"What's the matter?" Dr. English asked.

"I've not written any poem," Poe replied.

At this Dr. English suggested that he'd better say he was sick. This he might fairly do, as he'd just been rescued from one of his sprees.

"But," said Poe at the suggestion that he stay away from the dinner, "I can't remain away. I must go, you see, because they are going to give me $100."

Poe went and read a poem which he'd written when he was a boy and which had never been regarded as worth publishing. It was a weak, puerile thing. But Poe read it, having collected first his $100. Some one of the company ventured to say that it was far below Poe's other poems then published. Poe arose at this and told the party that he had written the poem they had heard when he was 14 years old and read it to them to try the accuracy of their taste and poetic knowledge. He got very little fame out of this scrape and was roasted and scorched in the papers without mercy. I only tell it as showing the shallow vanity and lack of honest worth in Poe's nature.

I asked Dr. English his opinion of Poe's "Raven."

"What do I think of Poe's 'Raven'? It is more wonderful as verse than as poetry. At the time it was written many thought it was the work of Hurst, a clever Irishman, who, while not much of a poet, was the most finished versifier of the day. But Poe wrote it, and Hurst didn't. The idea of the Raven and its climbing and perching was obtained from one of the conversations in Kit North's 'Noctes Ambrosiana.' The style of the verse itself was gained from Mrs. Browning's poem, 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' Oh, no! there was no intended plagiarism in it. Poe got $30 for 'The Raven,' and $5 a verse for 'The Bells,' which was written and published one verse at a time. No; they didn't pay much to your poets. They paid more for prose. Graham, who founded Graham's Magazine, once paid Fenimore Cooper $1000 for a short story called 'The Lost Handkerchief.'"

"How did 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' run?" I asked, as the doctor paused. I'd never heard of it being Poe's model for "The Raven," and was anxious to make a comparison.

"It canters like this," replied the doctor, "and would scarcely fail to remind you of Poe's masterpiece, which was written afterward:

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'Tis a dream, a
  dream of mercies!
'Twixt the purple lattice curtains how she
  standeth still and pale!
'Tis a vision, sure of mercies, sent to soften his
  self curses,
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of
  his wail.
"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me!
  Parian statue stone:
Underneath that calm white forehead are ye ever
  burning torrid
O'er the desolate sand desert of my heart and life
  undone?"
With murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out, around her motionless pale brows,
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling
  noise forever
Through the opening casement whitened by the
  moonlight's slant repose.

Dr. English thrashed the author of "The Raven" on one tumultuous occasion. He does not like to have the affair referred to, but it ought to be told nevertheless.

Poe, who, as I stated, was in the sadly too frequent habit, had pawned certain jewels he had borrowed from a lady. She complained. Poe made some remark about her which reached the ears of her brother, who soon came after Poe with a crabtree cane. Poe walked into Dr. English's office, where he was writing, and asked for a pistol, saying that the brother in question was looking for him with a cane intending to beat him. Bob Tyler, brother of President Tyler, was sitting with Dr. English at the time. The doctor expressed a sincere hope that the brother might find Poe and flail him to death. This opened up the avenue of a discussion between Poe and Dr. English, to which the doctor gave a climax by whipping Poe. The poet needed it.

"BLEAK HOUSE" LOCALITIES.

Charles Dickens, the younger, in his introduction to "Bleak House" (Macmillan's newly issued reprint of the original edition), identifies some of the localities mentioned in the story. Tom-all-Alone's has disappeared, but the present Took's court, Cursitor street, London, was Snagby Cook's court; Chichester Rents, leading from the east side of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to Chancery lane, is the court in which Mr. Krook came to such a bad end; and Russell court, between Catherine street and Drury lane, is the thoroughfare whence "a reeking little tunnel of a court" gave access to the iron gate of the "hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene," the "beastly scrap of ground" in which the remains of Captain Hawdon received Christian burial.

Russell court has been cleaned up of late, and the horrible little churchyard has been converted into an asphalted playground for the children of the neighborhood, but the archway, and the tunnel, and the steps, Mr. Dickens says, are still there. Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers were not far distant from 58 Lincoln's Inn fields, where Mr. Forster lived, and Mr. Dickens has always thought that, although the surroundings of the two houses are altogether different, and although there was not the faintest likeness between their occupants, Chesney Wold was much more than a mere accidental resemblance to Rockingham Castle, in Northamptonshire, the residence of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson, to whom "David Copperfield" was dedicated.

Although "Bleak House" when it first appeared was one of the most popular of Dickens' books, it excited a good deal of spiteful criticism. Lord Denman, for instance, who had been Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, was very angry indeed with the story, and criticized it with considerable acerbity in a series of articles which he contributed to the Standard. The causa teterrima was Mrs. Jellyby. Lord Denman, an enthusiastic advocate of the abolition of slavery, overlooking the fact that the novelist was as good an abolitionist as himself, somehow persuaded himself that the satire which was directed against the absurdities and extravagances of which Borrioboola-Gha was a fair enough type was "calculated to obstruct the great cause of human improvement." He failed to see that one might satirize the foolish hangers-on of a movement and yet preserve a complete respect for and devotion to the cause itself.

THE GERMAN PRESS.

Dr. Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph is the author of a volume recently issued in Berlin entitled, "The Relations between the State and the Newspaper Press in the German Empire, with Some Outlines of the Science of Journalism." The book is an important contribution to contemporaneous literature, and sheds light on the severe press restrictions of the Kaiser's realm.

"Every Prussian," says the Prussian constitution of 1850, "is entitled to express his opinion freely by word, writing, print or artistic representation. Censorship may not be introduced; every other restriction on freedom of the press will only be imposed by law." Up to the year 1874 every German state had its own peculiar press law, but in that year all these various statutes became merged into one for the whole empire. By this law the press of all Germany was relieved from some vexatious restrictions—such as stamp duty, censorship and bail for good behavior, under which it had theretofore groaned.

Nevertheless, it still continued subject to a series of severe penal provisions, calculated to establish in the mind of every public writer what Bismarck termed a wholesome equilibrium between the sense of freedom and the sense of fear. This equilibrium, however, may be said to have been in a state of complete derangement to the disadvantage of freedom between the years 1878 and 1890, during which period the anti-Socialist law made confiscations and prosecutions of the daily press an almost everyday occurrence. True, the German press is not now subject to censorship in the sense that its productions must first receive the imprimatur of the police before they can see the light. But the "repressive" measures which have now taken the place of the old "prohibitive" or "preventive" system are of a very incisive and vexatious kind, making the lot of the German journalist anything but a safe or happy one. A copy of every newspaper published in the German Empire must be sent to the chief of the local police on the early morning of its issue; and if this number contains anything which appears to bring it within the penal action of the press law or the Criminal Code, the whole issue of the number in question may be summarily impounded, together with its stereos and type "forms." This may be done, for example, if the paper in question fails to give the name of its publisher and responsible editor; if it reveals movements of troops or measures of national defense; if it publishes anything of a treasonable character, or in the nature of an insult to the Emperor or one of his federal allies, or offers its readers any material of a lewd and impure kind, or incites to the committal of a penal offense, or stirs up the various classes of the lieges to violence against one another. The police of course and their coadjutor, the public prosecutor, have here a very large and elastic margin of judgment; and their object being an immediate one, is attained even if, after a day or two, their act is reversed by judicial decision. For when the contents of newspapers are thus hung up to dry like onions, so to speak, for five or six days, they are absolutely valueless as news. On the other hand the German journalist may commit some offenses which are unknown to the laws of other countries, certainly, at any rate, of England and America, and it is the dread of the possible consequences of these offenses which is ever before the mind's eye of the men whom Bismarck once contemptuously characterized as mere "quill-cattle" and the present Emperor denounced as "press scamps"—unscrupulous rascals who were recruited from the "proletariat of passmen" that formed the curse of modern Germany.

Over every editorial chair in the empire the Damocles sword of the press law hangs suspended by a mere hair, filling the occupant of this seat with a constant feeling of nervousness and apprehension. And first of all he has to keep perpetually in mind the class of privileged persons who enjoy such a degree of immunity from criticism that, as Herr Oberholtzer remarks, the safest course for the journalist is to say nothing at all about them if the something which he has to say is not in their favor. At the top of the list of this privileged class stands the Emperor, and his very name must be treated as sacred, otherwise a prosecution for Majestats-beleidigung, or lese-majeste, will be the result. There used to be a special crime known as Bismarck-beliedigung, but this of course has now ceased to occupy the courts. It is a pity that Herr Oberholtzer does not illustrate this part of his subject by some of the most salient cases in which a charge of lese-majeste has been trumped up, but a writer in the Contemporary Review supplies the deficiency in the most amusing manner.

What constitutes lese-majeste and what does not lies with the Judge to determine, but in no circumstances is truth allowed to be justification for any statement held to be libelous about any "privileged person," and the list includes the federal allies of the Emperor, as well as all the members of their families, the sovereigns of friendly states, embassadors and members of the federal council. When a monarch is dead, however, he sinks to the same level as a private person—as far as the law of libel is concerned. Nevertheless, it would be in the highest degree dangerous for any writer to abuse, say, the memory of Frederick William IV or Frederick III.

But apart from the crime of lese majeste, the law is also very ingenious in bringing within its scope press offenses which are construed as "high treason," and under the latter category falls the publication of military secrets. Moreover, should any journalist dare to cross the line which forms the boundary between "revolution" and "reform" he will very soon be made acquainted with the inside of a fortress. The journal, too, would have a bad time of it which ventured, say, to advocate the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to France. The only means of bringing home extreme ideas of any kind to the minds of the people is to get them ventilated in the Reichstag or any other Legislature in the Fatherland, where speech is comparatively free, and then these speeches may be reported in full provided they are reported truthfully. This is the only field, as Herr Oberholtzer says, in which the newspaper press is relieved from its otherwise constant sense of responsibility to the State, and hence even the anti-Socialist law was never able to withhold from the eyes of the workingmen the fulminations of leaders like Bebel and Liebknecht from the tribune of the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand the press does not enjoy the same immunity from prosecution in respect of its reports of proceedings in courts of law, which are subject to very stringent rules.

With regard to press offenses against private persons, the law is almost equally strict, and, it may be added, equally elastic and subtle. Nowhere easier than in Germany can actions be brought for defamation, libel, or "insulting the memory of a dead person." In the latter case "the insult must be of such a kind that if it had been offered the deceased when living it would have tended to make him appear contemptible, or reduce him in public esteem." But it is criticism of the living which constitutes the greatest danger to the German journalist, especially when delivering himself on productions in the fields of literature, science and art. For here he must never at his peril cross the shadowy and movable line which separates "unfavorable opinions" from positive "defamation." Then the "booming" of material enterprises is hedged about by a wonderful series of stipulations, as, for example, that Germans must "not be tempted to emigrate by the publication of 'false facts'"; and if any newspaper is caught in the act of misrepresenting the conditions of life and labor in other countries, its "responsible editor" will have to "sit" for it. "Sit" means going to jail; and consequently many journals have got Sitzredacteure, or "dummy" editors, being ordinary members of the staff whose duty it is to "sit" out the penalties imposed upon them by the courts. Every journal is bound to print the name of its "responsible editor," a legal personage through whom the law is supposed to get at the real author of a press offence; but the institution of "dummy editors" often defeats the longing of the law in this respect, and thus it happens that a man is paid so much a year for acting as the scapegoat of his colleagues. When a newspaper offense can be tabulated under no other title it is brought into the category of "disorderly conduct" (grober Unfug), for which the penalty is a fine of 150 marks or imprisonment.

But here Herr Oberholtzer leaves the reader in the lurch. There are degrading depths of discussion to which even so patient and exhaustive an expositor as he cannot descend. "The author," he says, "as a journalist, must politely decline to subject to serious discussion a law which has been interpreted by the courts in a manner which places his profession on the same level as the barking of a dog, a false alarm of fire, or a gross public offense against decency." But there is one stipulation of the press law which appears to command the approval of our indignant author, and that is the clause—the famous eleventh—which imposes upon an editor the duty of inserting a matter-of-fact "rectification" (Berichtigung) from an aggrieved person with reference to any statement published in the said editor's paper affecting the rectifier's interests or honor. Apart from these "rectifications," German newspapers contain almost no "letters to the editor," which form so conspicuous a feature of the English press, and are at once the outcome and the sign of civic liberty and public spirit in their highest form. Under "disorderly conduct" the Government lumps all the newspaper offenses which cannot be otherwise assigned a name; but with the confiscation of particular issues, and the punishment by fine or imprisonment of convicted editors, it does not exhaust its powers of making the press feel the weight of its displeasure. It has at its disposal a still more potent means, perhaps, of bringing recalcitrant writers to their senses in the shape of its almost unrestricted power over the sale and distribution of the journals, though this is a subject that would require a column of explanation all to itself. Little wonder that when, last year, the Emperor proposed, in his ill-fated anti-revolutionary law, to add still more to the fetters of the press, the whole nation rose up and declaimed against the idea as a positive outrage on the civilization of the nineteenth century.

LITERARY NOTES.

Meehan's Monthly for March is replete with valuable contributions to the science of horticulture.

R. D. Blackmore's new novel, entitled "Dariel: A Romance of Surrey," will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. It will not appear until 1897.

A volume entitled "Studies in Judeaism," by S. Shechter, which Macmillan & Co. are soon to bring out, deals with some obscure topics in the Jewish faith.

A. Blanck (New York) has just published "Sarah Bernhardt, Artist and Woman," by A. L. Renner, with numerous autograph pages especially written by Bernhardt. The volume contains sixty illustrations and fac-similes, with the scenery of "Izeyl."

Kirk Munroe has written a new story for Harper's Round Table, the first installment appearing in the current number. It is called "Rick Dale," and contains the adventures of a young Californian, the son of a millionaire.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce "Emma Lou, Her Book," edited by Miss Mary M. Mears. It is the diary of an ingenuous 16-year-old Western girl, whose lofty views of life supply an element of unconscious humor.

Warburton Pike's volume of travel, "Through the Southern Arctic Forest," will be issued this spring by Edward Arnold. It records a canoe journey of 4000 miles from Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes and down the Yukon River to Bering Sea.

The publishers of McClure's Magazine have decided to spend $20,000 for short stories during the coming year. They announce that new writers will be especially welcome. Stories should run from 2000 to 6000 words. The shorter the story, the better chance of success.

The Messrs. Macmillan will publish in the spring "The Pilgrim, and Other Poems," by Ellen Burroughs. This nom de plume, well known to readers of the magazines, is that of Miss Sophie Jewett, an instructor in English literature at Wellesley College. This is her first volume.

The Walton edition of the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," which the Messrs. Scribner announce, will be printed by De Vinne, on hand-made paper, with a photogravure portrait and extra illustrations on Japan paper, and will have a new preface. The edition is limited to 150 copies.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish in book form the series of out-of-town sketches by Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood which have appeared from time to time in their various publications. They have also in press "The Bicyclers and Other Farces," by John Kendrick Bangs.

A "Library of the World's Best Literature" is announced by Messrs. J. A. Hill & Co. Charles Dudley Warner is the editor-in-chief, with Professor Harry Thurston Peck and H. W. Mabie as associate editors. An advisory board of eleven well-known men-of-letters will lend its aid to the edition.

Count Tolstoi professes admiration for Ibsen's morality and earnestness and admits him to be a writer of striking individuality. Tolstoi confesses, however, that Ibsen's plays impress him as being confusing, that their foundation and form are to him unsympathetic and that their purpose is anything but clear.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. will publish immediately "Sport in Ashantee," a story of the Gold Coast in the days of King Coffee Kalcalli, by J. A. Sketchly; "The Carbuncle Clue: A Mystery," by Fergus Hume; and "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," by S. H. Jeyes, in the series of "Public Men of To-Day."

The Philistine for this month is full of good things. It is published by the Society of the Philistines, an international association of book-lovers and folks who write. The society was organized to further good-fellowship among men and women "who believe in allowing the widest liberty to individuality in art."

Messrs. Way & Williams will publish in April "The Lamp of Gold," a sonnet sequence by Florence L. Snow, illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. The idea of the sequence is taken from the reference in "The Marble Faun" to the seven-branched golden candlestick. They announce for the same date "A Mountain Woman," a volume of short stories, by Elia W. Peattie.

The New Amsterdam Book Company have in press three books which will be on the market this month: "Seven Frozen Sailors," by George Mannville Fenn; "In Scarlet and Silk; or, Recollections of Hunting and Steeplechase Riding," by Fox Russell; and "New Sporting Stories," by G. G., author of "Sporting Stories and Sketches."

"The Capsford Mystery, or Is He the Man?" is the title of W. Clark Russell's new book, announced by the New Amsterdam (N. Y.) Book Company. The author has heretofore been known as a writer of sea tales only, but the new novel deals altogether with "land-lubbers." In this work Mr. Russell has so skillfully veiled his plot that until the close of the volume the reader is unable to determine "Who Is the Man."

The March Romance is the most interesting of the series, since its change into an illustrated magazine. It contains a pathetic little story, a charming poem by Eben Rexford, and illustrated articles upon a half-dozen timely subjects. There is a good anecdote told in its brief little story about dogs, while the article on the next Paris Exposition gives an idea of the trend of talk about the great French fair of 1900.

A new volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis, including a Van Bibber, is on the press of the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Davis has been commissioned to visit Russia to be present at the coronation of the Czar, and also to visit Athens next month to witness the revival of the Olympic games under the patronage of the King of Greece. He is to "write up" both of these interesting occasions.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published "Moral Evolution," by Professor George Harris of Andover; "The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Last Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay," by James K. Hosmer; "In New England Fields and Woods," by Rowland E. Robinson; and new editions of "Over the Teacups," Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny" and Julia A. Shedd's "Famous Painters and Paintings" and "Famous Sculptors and Sculpture."

The March Nickel Magazine has the usual quota of good articles and pictures. The really remarkable value given in this publication for 5 cents rather disarms criticism, but one is still inclined to wish that the publishers had chosen some less gaudy hue than imperial blue for the cover. The general effect of a rather pretty design is marred by this fault, but it will probably enhance its selling qualities, and that is the main point to be gained in these days of big editions and infinitesimal profits.

The Lark for March is as able a protest against the dictum of those who have insisted on taking it too seriously as it is an exponent of free and wide-swinging Bohemianism. It has too much brains to be irresponsible and too fine a sense of satire to offend. Mr. Doxey is responsible for the mechanical part of it, and that means that the queer, outlandish, obscure and altogether original character of the monthly is receiving all possible assistance from an appreciative business manager.

Notable features of Outing for March are: "Duck-shooting on Savannah River"; "Incognito," a racing story; "Wild Sport in Ceylon"; "Across the Mesaba," a story of a woman's adventures while homesteading; "Among the Russian Bears"; "Adolph," a story of the Canadian lumber woods; "Model Yachts," a practical treatise upon how to build and rig miniature racing craft. The editorial and record departments are interesting, while the general sketches and illustrations are up to the high standard maintained by this popular magazine of sport, travel and recreation.

W. Earl Hodgson, who claims to be a friend of the British Poet Laureate, says that Mr. Austin, originally a Catholic, is now an Agnostic; "yet he is no more dogmatic about Agnosticism than he ever was about faith, and so supports the Church with might and main." Mr. Hodgson also tells the readers of the English Illustrated that one of Mr. Austin's personal friends is the Queen, who for years has been in the habit of sending him, on appropriate occasions, a photograph of herself or some other token of remembrance and esteem. Another is the Prime Minister, who, when he goes to Swinford Old Manor, feels that there is an exception to Lord Beaconsfield's rule that a country-house visit is three days of boredom in which a man can only eat and sleep.

A Warmer Climate Than New York.

"Have you heard recently from your divorced husband?" said a New York lady, meeting a friend.

"Yes; the last time I heard from him he was wearing his summer clothing."

"Good gracious! I didn't know he was dead."

"He isn't; he's down in Florida."—Texas Sifter.

THE HOG RANCH NUISANCE

The Residents of South San Francisco Say the Pens Must Go.

PLACES THAT BREED PLAGUES.

Mr. Woolf's Ideas of a Lady's Parlor. The Hog Limits to Be Changed.

The citizens of those portions of South San Francisco known as the Bay View Tract and the Excelsior Homestead are complaining, and with excellent reason, of the hog ranches in the vicinity of their homes.

A pig at best is not dainty in his tastes, and will grunt joyfully in view of a mud bath in any convenient puddle, but it is reserved for the penned-up swine of South San Francisco to demonstrate how low these animals may sink and live. And to the moral credit of those imprisoned porkers some of them do not live, as the dead carcasses now lying inside of the pens at many of the ranches will prove.

But nothing euphonic will fully and clearly explain just how filthy these places are, and a look at the creatures wading in the cesspools of their habitations is disgusting in the extreme. The pens in every case are too small for the number of hogs crowded in them, as all of the ranches are owned by small landholders, who make their living by fattening swine for the market. The animals are fed on the slops from the restaurants, and every day these unsightly tankwagons can be seen making their way over the hills to the hog ranches. Neither vehicles, nor drivers are very nice affairs as they go along the public thoroughfare.

There are about twenty-five of these hog farms within the City limits, each and every one of them a nuisance to the neighborhood. In many places families living near these unclean spots have been attacked by sickness in the form of an epidemic. Empty dwelling-houses can be seen alongside of hog ranches where the tenants were driven away by the malodorous and germ-breeding institutions.

The Excelsior Homestead is a pretty tract drained by Islais Creek, and along both slopes of the stream the hog-rancher has located with his pens and slopwagon. When the drainage from the establishments reaches the creek the little stream flows on polluted to the bay. Arthur McCooey has a ranch on Italy street of 300 hogs.

This is one of the places complained of, and when Health Inspectors Kinne and Duren and the reporter visited it yesterday they found that an effort had been made to clean the pens. However, for sanitary purposes, if not for the practical, the attempt was a failure and the place was not nice, to say the least.

G. Herrin has an atrociously unclean ranch at the corner of Athens and Italy streets—mark how the classic and the arts are associated with the South San Francisco home of the hog.

John Tyson on Madrid street, near Persia, has about 100 swine penned up in unspeakable filth, and to every three hogs he has one cur dog that growls and growls.

Julius Woolf, who runs a ranch at the corner of Paris and Italy streets—the European names of the thoroughfares go one way and the names of capital cities the other on the Excelsior Homestead—was helping to feed Tyson's swine yesterday. He mentioned that his own place was "a lady's parlor" compared with Tyson's. The visitors learned subsequently that Mr. Woolf's ideas of "a lady's parlor" are very limited, as a more wretched set of pens a pig was never confined in. When the hog farms leave the City Mr. Woolf's should head the procession.

In all the ranches on the homestead the drainage of the pens is allowed to run into the street, creating a nuisance in public view of the passer-by. In some places efforts have been made to impound the seepage by catching it in deep holes dug for the purpose. This creates a cesspool which does its part in poisoning the atmosphere and spreading a pestilence around. But bad as affairs are on the Excelsior homestead, down in Bay View they are worse. Many places in this pretty suburb are made unfit to live in by the neighboring hog farms.

Here the dead animals were found lying in the drainage outside of the pens. Frank Schuster has about thirty hogs in a few old filthy pens on the corner of Twenty-first avenue South and I street. He stated that the high tide, once a month, reached his place and cleaned his yard. The place did not appear to have been visited by any tide since the deluge.

The place of Peter Golfrey, a near neighbor, was equally bad, but the ranch of George Stambough threw all the others in the shade. Its foul, or rather vile, condition, is indescribable and merits the immediate attention of the Board of Health.

In fact the line known as the "hog limits" should be placed further south, so that the swine-infested spots in Bay View and the Excelsior Homestead be cleansed.

In view of the numerous complaints from property-owners in those tracts the health authorities are satisfied that the matter must be acted upon and the ranches removed to localities where they will not be an offense to residents in the vicinity.

It is estimated that of the 90,000 paupers in London two-thirds are able-bodied and capable of working.

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From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

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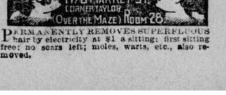

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