DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10 1906



THE RIVER OF REST.

A beautiful stream is the River of Rest. The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold, A tall mast crossed a star in the west; A white sail gleams in the west world's gold: It leans to the shore of the River of Rest-The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

'he boatman rises, he reaches a hand; He knows you well, he will steer you true. And far, so far from all ills upon land, From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue: Far over the fily-lined River of Rest-Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest; The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore; And journey you east, or journey you west. Unwilling or willing, surefooted or sore, Your surely will come to this River of Rest-This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest. -Joaquin Miller,

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed: Somebody proved a friend in need; somebody sang a beautiful song; somebody smiled the whole day long: somebody thought, " 'Tis sweet to live;" Somebody thought, "I'm glad to give;" Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right: -Selected. Was that somebody you?

NOTES.

such a tremendous success and popu-lar favorite, has been dramatized by Mr. Jmes MacArthur, and will be put on the stage this week. It is to be first produced in Mr. Beach's home city, That woman was altogether beside Chicago. he mark instead of hitting it, who renily demanded, in a New York bookthory of "Ben-Hur," which are told in his Autobiography, published last week by the Harpers, is a description of one of the great Lincoln and Douglas dere, "Mark Twain's Oration on the wath of Julius Cæsar."

Mark Twain in his "Autobiography," we being published serially in The Sub American Review, gives a little of Robert Louis Stevenson: was on a bench in Washinga Square that I saw the most of aus Stevenson. It was an outing at lasted an hour or more, and was Stevenson. It was an outing steed an hour or more, and was assant and sociable. I had come m from his house, where I had ying my respects to his family. Incess in the square was to ab-be sunshine. He was most furnished with flesh, his seemed to fall into hollows as seemed to fall into hollows as i might be nothing inside but me for a sculptor's statue. His pleasant and sociable. I had come him from his house, where I had paying my respects to his family. siness in the square was to ab-he sunshine. He was most y furnished with flesh, his seemed to fall into hollows as might be nother indica but

bad from an accom-



LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

PRESIDENT SOLOMON H. HALE, LEFT, AND J. QUINCY KNOWL. TON, RIGHT, AS THEY LOOKED 44 YEARS AGO.

This picture was taken a short time after the return of Capt. Lot Smith's company of Utah volunteersfrom their hazardous expedition of 1862, in which Mr. Hale figured as wagon master and Mr. Knowlton as lieutenant. Both are recognized as being among the foremost pioneer characters in this intermountain region. They came to Utah in 1848. Mr. Hale, who resides at Preston, Idaho, was called by President Young to pioneer the Bear Lake country, whither he moved in the early sixties, thence to Soda Springs, and later to the Gentile valley, where he became a bishop.

The call to superintend the construction of the Onelda stake academy brought President Hale with his family to Preston in 1890, where he now resides. For over 22 years he has been associated in the presidency of the Oneida stake, and is still strong and active at the age of 67 past. - Mr. Knowlton followed ranching for the most part. He was always a resident of Utah. He died in 1886, at the age of 51.

The first may be a negligible factor in our national life, but the second, work-ing alone or in combination with oth-ers of his kind, is not only a national

danger but a public enemy, The People's League, formed to deal individually with millionaires, failed to The Red Book Magazine has never published in any one issue a greater variety or more interesting short stories recognize this distinction in its secret methods. The processes and results of Variety or more interesting short stories than those which constitute its contents for November. The real literary quali-ly of the stories in The Red Book is ex-celled by no short fiction in America, and doubtleas it is this which has served to win to the magazine its extraordin-ary success. Some note of timeliness is taken in the November issue in that it contains two Thankesiving stories its warfare against the plutocrats are chronicled absorbingly in Mr. J. A. Mitchell's new story, called "The Silent War," Those who have read Mr. Mitchell's "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory" and "The Villa Chaudia" know that even with so serious a main motive the book must be agreeably and entertainingly written. The author's fancy finds full play in the love story on which the more somber situations are threaded and the master hand is shown his perfect adjustment of light and shade-a most difficult accomplishment when one is writing fiction with an im-portant public question as its basis. In character-drawing the author shows no loss of skill in this new field. Some of his millionaires, although ap-parently drawn from life, will throw a new light on that much-abused class of our fellow creatures. They are shown to be in some ways almost human. His depictions of workingmen are also distinctive and, in some respects, novel. Whatever of argument there is in Mr. Mitchell's romance is not detrimental to the story as a story. It comes in naturally as part of the narrative, but, nevertheless, will make thought for even the most superficial of fletion The illustrations, by Mr. Balfour Ker, are not illustrations of the story in the strict sense of the term, but they, too, have their share in making "The Silent War" a work which is likely to cause

it contains two Thanksgiving stories, one by Willam Hamilton Osborne-"With Senator Broderick's Thanks,"-"With Senator Broderick's Thanks."-being especially significant just now owing to its political flavor; the oth-er, "The Moving of John Shepartson," by Isabel McDougail being a little do-mestic tale with an appeal to all men and women who have ever moved their lares and penates. In the same number is a story by Vincent Harper, whose faction has met with so enthusiagte an lares and penates. In the same number is a story by Vincent Harper, whose faction has met with so enthusiastic an acceptance on the part of the readers of the American magazines. His story's title is "Wealthea," and it is one of those tales for which editors seerch so differently, and so frequently in vain. A story in a new manner is "The Cru-chic," by Katherine Carr-a story which will ring true to every dwellar in a small town. Perhaps one of the most subtly strong and appealing stor-ies The Red Pook Magazine has ever mublished is "Tonisht and Tomorrow," by Arthur Colton, will touch the heart-strings of every reader. Another story anito as charping as it is nuusual, is "Charles Leonard Moore's "The City or the Cavern," an exploit of imagination worthy of ranking with the best work

washed my hands of the cheering-up

-and buildogs. He had a passion

But he made a compromise.

up and with his unsightly rimmed monoele and his languid, lackadalsteal air, he was a personage much com-mented upon and looked at by visitors in the precincts of Westminster.

sorts of people from Oscar Wilde to a

. . .

prominent in London, owes its success to an American book, "From Log Cabin

MAGAZINES.

Hare-Queen of Queens and the Making Ingalis-Notes on Metallurgical Mill The strength of the wheat in truction. ulford-Republic of God. all its body and brain building Phelps-Louisiana. Polk & Co.-National Iron & Steel, Coal ad Coke Bus Book (Ref.) Robine-Cyaride Industry. Tupes-Manual of Bayonet Exercises. properties is retained in HUSLER'S IOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS. 8. Bureau of Insular Affairs-Acts of Philippine Commission, (2 vol.) 8. Bureau of Insular Affaire-Laws of Mulai Procedure for Cuba and Porto FLOUR! S. Census Bureau-Blind and Deaf. 990. U. S. Census Burcau-Insane and Fee-ble Minded, 1990. U. S. Census Burcau-Paupers in Alma-toures, 1990. Library of Congress-Report, 1990. That's why it makes such good Bread. FICTION. Provide-Doings of Raffles Haw. Hope-Sophy of Kravonia. King-Tonio: Son of the Sierras. Sinclair-Audrey Graven. Watanna-Japanese Biossom. Westrup-Helen Alliston. Eschstruth-Spuk. (German): Eschstruth-Spuk. (German): story which comes from Paris of Zola and the curious incident of a bibuious donkey. The donkey's master, arrest-ed with his animal, both being drunk. dorkey as a conrade and every time be took a drink he gave one to the dorkey. The cables carried the story in detail. Zola in his work "La Terre" CHILDREN'S BOOKS. CHILDREAS Schercargo. Drysdale-Young Supercargo. Francia-Dheerful Cats. Ireland-An Obstinate Maid. Lang-Blue Poetry Book. Russell-Yarn of Oid Harbour Town. Stoddard-Crowded Out o' Crowfield. donkey. The cables carried the story in detail. Zola in his work "La Terre" tells of a donkey who wandered into a tells of a donkey who wandered into a shed filled with vats of wine and drink-ing his fill was soon so drunk he had to be taken home in a cart. When the book appeared critics rushed into print from everywhere and called Zola names THE PERFECT WAY for ever dreaming that a donkey would drink liquor or could get drunk. Real life, after many years, has proved Zola's case CHARLES OGDENS. Scores of Salt Lake City Citizens Have MARK TWAIN TURNED DOWN. Learned It. My experiences as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York If you suffer from backache, from San Francisco in the first month There is only one way to cure it. of that year, and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on the Bulletin and afterward editor of the Californ-ina, suggested that I publish a vol-ume of sketches. I had but a slender reputcher to rublish is or but I was The perfect way is to cure the kidnevs. A bad back means sick kidneys, Neglect it, urinary troubles follow. reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only. and quite willing to venture it if some industrious person would save me the Are endorsed by Salt Lake City people. trouble of gathering the sketches to-gether. I was loath to do it myself for from the beginning of my sojourn Mrs. C. E. Williams, of 224 South Second West St., Salt Lake City Utah, in this world there was a persistent vacancy in me where the industry ought to be. ("Ought to was" is says: "Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the F. J. Hill Drug Co.'s store, proved of such wonderful benebettes, perhaps, though most of the authorities differ as to this.) Webb said I had some reputation in fit in the treatment of kidney trouble that I can hardly recommend them the Atlantic states, but I knew quite well that it must be of a very attenustrongly enough to others so afflicted. I believe Doan's Kidney Pills are unated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of "The Jumping Frog." When Artemus Ward passed through equalled for kidney complaint in any form and I most heartily recommend California on a lecturing tour, in 1867 or '66, I told him the "Jumping Frog' them." story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, bubsher, Carleton, in New York, in be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it. Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton, otherwise I never New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name-Doan's-and take no other. me with Carloton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier Carleton rose and said brusquely and CLOTHING aggressively: "Well, what can I do for you?" AT WHOLESALE !

I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for appointment to offer film my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swelling and swelling and swelling until he had reached the di-mensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which compre-hended the whole room, and said: "Books! Look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are walting for publica-tion. Do I want any more? Excuse me, I don't. Good morning." Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then so-bounded so the mere the the

I saw Carleton again. I was then sofamily at alled journing with my family Schweltzerhof, in Luzerne. on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries:





Do you know that the more you think about the future the more cer-tain you will be that you cannot do without fire insurance. The money without fire insurance. The money spent for a policy will prove a wisc investment, for sconer or later you will get more than full value. We want to handle your insurance busi-

d lank hair and dark comon and musing and melancholy exseemed to fit these details ad harmoniously, and the altoit seemed especially planned the rays of your observa-focalize them upon Stevenbecial distinction and command-ture, his splendid eyes. They uned with a smouldering rich fire der the penthouse of his brows, and ey made him beautiful."

There is a certain similarity between e names of Simeon Ford and Sewell ord. The two men are quite unlike a appearace, they are in no way reted, and, in fact, are total strangers each other. Yet chance, every now and then, mixes their various affairs strangely. Mr. Simeon Ford, besides cting a hotel, is, as every one knows, a humorist and an author. Mr. Sewell Ford happens to be an author, Areal Ford happens to be an author, too, and, as demonstrated by his latest book. "Shorty McCabe." a humorist also, Occasionally in print Mr. Simeon Ford is credited with writing Mr. Sew-ell Ford's books, and the latter has been astonished to read of himself as running a hotel. About a year ago Sewell Ford became a resident of Rye. N.Y. He had lived there only a short He had lived there only a short before he discovered that one s neighbors was Simeon Ford. The elation was made over the tele-me. "Hello," said a voice. "Is this well Ford?" The author of "Shorty" mitted that it was. "Well," went on 'voice, "this is Simeon Ford. Some ie voice Bent me your meat bill." Why don't you pay it?" "I you'll pay mine," said Simeon. Accounts the bargain had not 1" en concluded.

The late Henry George, whose own' life was a romance, has at last been hade the central figure in a novel by is son, Henry George, Jr., whose book. The Romance of John Bainbridge," is holished this week. The hero of this weel is a young lawyer who enters politics from a sense of duty to com-lat the private ownership of public franchises. This incident, and the vain of events leading to it, are based inexity on facts in the career of the uthor's father. The book is not ally an intimate picture of present-day political life, but it also contains char-ter drawing and develops a plot that the drawing and develops a plot that re said to justify Mr. George's in-ursion into a new literary field. re sald

It seems natural that a strong symshould exist between two men-ke in the peculiarities of their a dike in the peculiarities of their enus as Pierre Loti, the author of Disenchanted," and Lafcadio Hearn. It is significant, therefore, to find Dr. Borge M. Gould, in his study of Hearn Putnam's Monthly, quoting the fol-owing words from a letter of Hearn's: If you like Gautier, how much more would you like the marvellous work of Julan Viaud (Pierre Loti); we know the other by letter. . . No such books were ever written before in the ach other by letter. . . No such books were ever written before in the tory of the world."

John Corbin, the dramatic critic writing of William Vaughn Moody's play, The Oreat Divide" says that Bernard Shaw at his most irreverent never taugat anything more iconoclastic, and that precept after precept, subtle, quiet, but luminous contravance our most the beliefs. He says that Pinero never beings. He says that Pinero never been keener in psychology never half as deep: and that Hen-Arthur Jones may have the heart assion and the head of right think but compared to this play all assources against the deadly hy-drisy of Puritanism seem pale. Mr. as outcries against the deadly hy-risy of Puritanism seem pale. Mr. dy has long had a small but grow-following as a cost, his verse be-known to the discorning few in the te siender volumes published by wighton Mifflin & Co., under the ti-"Poems." "the Masque of Judg-ent, and "The Fire-Bringer."

plished tailor; Mr. Lincoln's spoke a slop-shop. The multitude impressed me as the most undemonstrative of all I had ever seen on a political occasion Every man of them, however, was palpitating with an anxiety too great for noise. Such, I fancy, mon must have when they are spectators of a duel to the death. . . . "Mr. Lincoln arose, straightening himself as well as he could. But for

published by the Harpers, which is

. . .

bates. Wallace went to the debate strongly prepossessed in favor of Doug-las, but the magic of Lincoln's oratory

completely altered his view. "Presently there was a commotion in

Among the thousands of fascinating

the benignant eyes, a more unattractive man I had never seen thus the center of regard by so many people. His voice was clear without being strong. He was easy and perfectly self-pos-sessed. The great audience received him in utter silence, and the July sun

beat mercilessly upon his bare head. "I confess I inwardly laughed at

him: only the laugh was quite as much at the political manager who had led im out against Mr. Douglas, Never theless I gave him attention. Ten minutes—I quit laughing. He was get-ting hold of me. The pleasantry, the sincerity, the confidence, the amazingly original way of putting things, and the simple, unrestrained manner withal, were doing their perfect work; and then and there I dropped an old theory, that to be a speaker one must needs be graceful and handsome. Twenty min-

graceful and handsome. Twenty min-utes—I was listening breathlessly, and with a scarcely defined fear, . . "Thirty minutes—the house divided against itself was looming up more than a figupre of speech. My God, could it be prophetic! An hour—the limit of the speech. Mr. Lincoln took ble seat How many souls sat down his seat. How many souls sat down with him-that is, how many of the unbelieving like myself were converted to his thinking-I could not know.

BOOKS.

Sunlight appearing the brighter for its background of gloom adequately describes the dominant feature of the describes the dominant feature of the new story by Egerton R. Williams, Jr. published by A. C. McClurg & Co. with the title, "Ridolfo: The Coming of the Dawn." The compelling and tender charm of a long neglected wife, wedded for reasons devold of sentilment, at last win pity from Ridolfo of the Bag-lioni, himself as beautiful and as cruel as the failen archanget. Mr. Williams, author of "Hill Towns of Italy." that valuable historical study, has been able to present a faithful picture of four-teenth century Italy, and his text has been alded materially by the illustra-tions in color by Joseph C. Leyendeck-er. No novel recently published so

er. No novel recently published so successfully depicts the compelling power of love and charity as this, or has for 2s principal character a figure of such striking fascination.

a such striking fascination. Ridolfo, lord of the Baglioni, who lends his name to the new novel, cen-ters in his single person all the evil of the fourteenth century in Italy, just as nis lovely while symbolizes the goodness of a good woman in a time of spiritual bitteroess. Ridolfo stands before the render like Lucifer, proud impleable, remorseless, and seamingly devoid of conscience and moral sense. Allowed to persist in evil-doing, he could not fail to repel; but the woman he takes to be his wife for reasons of state arouses the dormant humanity in him arouses the dormant humanity in him by the force of her own loveliness of character after a time of cruel neglect. and fully redeems the narrative as a study of universal human interest. The same historical exactness that animates the text is preserved by Joseph C. Ley-endecker in the filustrations, which successfully interpret the richness of coloring of that fascinating period.

Greed of money is the question of the day. We are learning to differentiate between the man who seeks money for the necessities of life, even for its most extravagant luxuries, and the man who

The Spoilers," Rex Beach's novel | seeks to heap and pile up and accumu-late wealth for the power it gives him.



Our London Literary Letter.

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nobl duke.

Special Correspondence

readers.

ONDON, Nov. 1.-London has just lost a picturesque personality by the death of R. G. S. Mann, who

for years was one of the best known of political newspaper men. and a prominent member of the house of commons press gallery. Clad in-variably in brown veivet, with a hom-rimmed monocle in his eye and one or more ugly-looking buildogs at his heels, Mann was an uncommonly striking fig-ure, and he was interesting to all liter-ary folk in this country as the original "Billy Kirker" of J. M. Barrie's laugh-able book, "When a Man's Single."

Barrie met Mann at Notlingham in the early days, a score of years ago, when the author of "The Little Minister" was writing "leaders" for the Journal of that town. Mann was chief reporter on the paper and the ideal leader of the old Bohemian school. Barrie took to him at once, as did all who met him and the result was "Billy Kirker of the Silchester Mirror." Though a sketchy caricature all who

knew the man recognized him. The original enjoyed the fun of the exaggeration as much as anyone. In the book he is named President of the Frying Pan, a Bohemiau club. In renl

Frying Pan, a Bonemian club. In rem life the club was named the Kettle. Several of the original members are distinguished figures in law, literature, polities and art today. Mann never wearied of telling of Barrie's introduction to the club and election to membership. "Barrie was a dismal little chap," he used to say, "and I thought that to make him a member of the Kettle club would cheer him up. But the more he drank the more melancholic he became. His performance filled me with despatr. 1



substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimen-sions that it entitles me to immortal-ity-to wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competi-tor as the prize ass of the nineteenth

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long-delayed revenge, but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapsed 21 years I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubliant; and that thenceforth I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him -Mark Twain, in North American Review.

Thanksgiving.

washed my hands of the cheering-up business with him after that night." Mann had a languid, aesthetic air about him. One of his early gods was Whistler. Mann wanted to be an artist and sighed that his lot kept his nose at the journalistic grindstone. He never had any lessons in drawing yet could sketch vigorously and with great fa-cility. Some of his carlcatures were very clever. His favorite subjects were monsters-most imaginative monsters Out of the blaze of sun I step Into a darknows cool and deep, The blessed shadow, black as night, Dappled with dancing flecks of light. monsters-most imaginative monsters brown velvet and always had his clothes made of that material, as near-As to a river I step down, Put off the languor as a gown, Lace me in shade from head to feet; Praise God who made the darkness ly all artists did in the Victorian period. But he made a compromise. He wore his hair shorn to a black stubble and hob-nailed boots. With this get sweet.

The woodland tunnel stretches far Cooler than limpid waters are, Made all of dancing leaves, inlaid With gold, as the night sky is made.

Now God be praised who made the sun Ripen the harvests every one. The splendid sun for fruit and grain, And gives as well the quickening rain. In the years that have rolled by un-informed and alleged "guides" have pointed him out to unsuspecting American and foreign sight-seeing vis-itors to the houses of parliament as all Yet in the blinding days a-glare, When leaves all windless hang in the

St. Paul's churchyard and Paternos And the flowers fail, and birds are ter Row, the two landmarks in the publication world, are knowing the pub-lication world, are knowing the pub-liahers less as the years go on. The latest firm to move from the row is Hodder & Stoughton, who this week went into new premises in Warwick square. This firm, one of the most prominent in London owes its success

And life goes with a heavy foot, All praise to Him whose love foresees

And makes the night dews, the cool breeze, blessed thought of God! the And.

To comfort every weary head. --Pall Mall Gazette

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

following 20 volumes will be added public library Monday morning, 15, 1906: MISCELLANEOUS. Brandes-On Reading. Brinton-Religions of Primitive Peoples. Donnelly-Great Cryptogram.

HAY'S Hairhealth Keeps You Looking Young falling; positivity removes dandruff; a hale-grower dressing, keeping halr soft ant; does not stain skin or linon. Largo , druggists. Skinbealth Treatment with





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MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor

his name was added to the firm. A short time after he took charge of the business. His first book was "The Beggars" by J. B. de Liefde. If was a failure. Then he got hold of the American book and his fortune was made. Over a quarter of a million were sold in the first year. The firm is now going strongly in for fiction and publish among others, J. M. Barrie, W. W. Jarobs, Guy Boothby, Ian Maclaren and Frankfort Moore, fiction J. M.

All sorts of ret on the publication of the late Queen Victoria's letters, which was promised for next month. King Eiw rd, how-ever, has stopped or nither delayed the publication. Lord Esher and A. C. Benson are the editors and prepared three volumes. The letters were full of spice but also revealed a good many skeletons in the closets of noble fam-lies and affected well-known living people. When this became known living Victoria's latters, which was promised lifes and affected weir-known living people. When this became known the faing was applied to by some of the most influential. In order to prevent private affairs and perhaps painful revelations of family secrets to get out, while they lived, the king ordered a wholesale revision and he will now first read all the letters which are to be used. This being the case King Ed-ward will largely be the editor of the columns and hard Caber and Mr. Beaan merely the complets.

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