

is the last play he will write.

of which seems to be growing rapidly.

. . . The war between the Boers and the English has called renewed attention

to the remarkable books by Olive Schreiner, "The Story of an African Farm," "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland," and "Dream Life and

dealing with scenes among the Dutch

and English in South Africa. Another work by Mrs. Schreiner is a book of striking allegories entitled "Dreams."

Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his forcible article against recent political and lit-

erary tendencies, has a word of praise for Mrs. Schreiner, who, he says, "has

sought and found human love in the

So much has been said about Tolstol's

"Resurrection," the novel on which he

is now at work, that we are glad to learn that it will probably see light be-

for next autumn. Tolstoi is at work completing the story. Much

criticism will doubtless be heard con-cerning the morals of the characters

in the story, but those that have read

it as far as written, pronounce it a terrible arraignment of European morals, and say that it should exert a tremendous influence for good.

A book which should be of use to wo-

men who intend to travel more or less alone in Europe is Mrs. Mary Cadwala-der Jones' "European Travel for Wo-men," which will be published in a few

men," which will be published in a few weeks. It is meant to supplement guide

books with information not generally found in them, viz., the registration of

baggage, the system of hotel manage-ment, the scale of fees or tips. These are but a few examples of the wide dif-ference which exists between the condi-

tions of travel in Europe and in this country. Mrs. Cadwalader Jones has

traveled widely in England, France, Germany, Italy and Sicily and her book is based upon her personal experiences

in circumstances similar to those of the

persons for whom her book is intended.

A correspondent of the Academy says

that in the restrained suggestion of dia-lect Thomas Hardy's Wessex folk are unapproachable. "The author," he adds, never tortures the language with

the uninitiated to understand, and yet by little turns of speech he suggests the intonation and the rhythm which, after all, are the chief features of dia-

In the near future an edition of the Rubalyat of Omar Khayyam will be published, illustrated by Miss Florence Lundborg, a well-known California artist. For three years

she has been studying mural dec-oration and illustrating at the Whistler

academy in Paris and other studios. Her drawings are in line and reveal great simplicity and delicacy. A writer in the London Speaker

claims that the naturalistic novel, which came into prominence twenty years ago with Zoia, has declined so

far that naturalism, as a school, has

Its short career, however strange it

here it went to the extreme, having

strange spelling, making it difficult

dominion of dreams."

Real Life, a Little African Story,

## THE PRAYER OF HUMANITY.

The world is waiting for its dream
To be interpreted:
For men have caught a golden gleam
of glory from ahead:
In some occult, way, have h sme occult way have divined a coming splendor undefined,

They seem to hear, they know not A message new and strange; They seem to sense the immanence of an approaching change; They see, through some subconscious

The gilmmer of a nearing goal. They wait for some one to reveal

The things that yet may be; fospeak, where they can only feel, is words of prophecy; fe bid the sad, old world rejoice; To give their aspirations voice.

They wait a man who loves his race, Fels for his brother's care; Who looks the morning in the face And reads the promise there; They walt the leader who will lead, shound by faction or by creed. he wait a man whose soul is pure,

Whose purposes are high; We knows the burdens men endure nd hears the people's cry; To has the bravery to fight, To has the strength to follow right.

he wait a man of faith sublime. Is love and brotherhood; Was looks above the present crime And sees the final good; A man of broad and generous mind, Who would uplift all humankind.

They wait a man who knows not fear, Long-schooled in self-control; Who feels the spirit of the seer, Who has the poet-soul; a man who has the heart of youth,

Who feels the passion of the Truth.

They wait a man to scale the height That he may others bless; Who knows the all-pervading blight f human selfishness: Who feels the rage of Liberty, Who longs to make all people free.

They wait a man with will of steel, With courage to defy; Who dares to speak what he may feel, A man who will not lie; man who knows the future's needs;

man of dreams and yet of deeds. They yearn for one, who through all ill Can yet strive on and wait; Whose mind ideal visions fill, Who sees the social state: One who has toiled and sacrific Who feels the spirit of the Christ.

God, Thy people plead for light, brough all the Past's dark, cruel night, They have been crucified. They pray for one to lead them on Unto the long-expected dawn.

He'll come with morning in his eyes; And at his thrilling word, The world will rise in glad surprise, While every heart is stirred. Lord, hear Thy waiting children cry And let us know him ere we die. -J. A. EGGERTON.

## NOTES.

Admirers of Ibsen, either in the origital or in English versions, may like to know that Prof. Herford, one of the British translators, will shortly publish a rendering of an old-new play of hisold in the sense that it was begun forty. we years ago, and new in that it was not completed till seven years later. Its tile is "Love's Comedy," and its form verse, of which the following extract is eiven as a characteristic specimen: Nay, Swanhild, do not jest! Behind Your scoff Tears giltter. Oh, I see them well

And I see more; when you to dust are fray'd And kneaded to a shapeless lump of

Each bungling dilettante's scalpel-blade On you his dull devices shall display. The world usurps the creature of God's And sets its image in the place of His;

Transforms enlarges that part, lightand when upon the pedestal you stand Complete, cries out in triumph, 'Now

Atlas what Woman ought to be! Bepastically calm, how marble cold! of the lamplight's soft irradiation, How sell in keeping with the decora-

(Re passionately seizes her hand.) But it you are to die, live first! Come

With me into the glory of God's earth! Soon, soon the gilded cage will claim its The Lady thrives there, but the Woman And I love nothing but the Woman in

may seem, when you remember that at one time it threatened to sweep every-thing away, can yet be accounted for, you will, let others woo and But here my spring of life began to We must notice first of all that the novel is not the only field in which it lost its battle. It was in poetry and in painting that the reaction began, and Here my song-tree put forth its firstling fruit.

Here I found wings and flight; Swan-hild, I know it.

Only be wise-here I shall grow a poet!" now found its ultimate expression in a vague and unsubstantial symbolism—the very reverse of reality. Philosophy and criticism have followed; every-

shain did not subside, naturalish hour-ished. But our admiration is now more discreet; if we still look up to science with reverence, with gratitude and hope too, we no longer expect from it more than it can give. We know that, however far it may extend the area of our vision, we still remain encircled by an impenetrable wall of mysteries, and that all the discoveries which led us to a greater certainty concerning things material, have still left us with an unexplored realm of possibilities before us which the higher trend of thought of the new century may yet penetrate, with startling dis coveries as an inductive result.

#### THE SONNET'S VOICE.

Of course it is hardly possible to as-cribe to a mere coincidence the unan-

cribe to a mere coincidence the unanimity of the describe which leaves the banner of naturalism helpless and forthern. Even it many of the new tendencies could take they doubtless can) be traced back to divers influences at home, or to the imitation of foreign models, the mere fact that these influences and these models were accepted is ample proof of a deep alteration in the public mind. Naturalism in its first stage, with Vigny, Gautter, Flaubert, Courbet, Renan, Taine, had been, whether consciously or not, a form of the general enthusiasm for science

the general enthusiasm for science which welcomed the great discoveries of

our century; the methods of observation so successfully applied to the study of the material world had been eagerly

taken up by men of letters and artists alike; poets, historians, novelists, crit-ics, philosophers and painters had be-come the impersonal and impassive wit-

nesses of things. So long as this enthu-slasm did not subside, naturalism flour-

A metrical lesson by the seashore. Yon silverly billows breaking on the

Fall back in foam beneath the starshine clear, The while my rhymes are murmuring

in your ear A restless fore like that the billows For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach

and when the "Beggars of the Sea," rovers and fighters, harried the Spaniard. There is a love story, of course, but it is mainly a tale of perilous adventure and spendid fighting.—J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The "Letters to a Mother on the Philosophy of Froebel," by Susan E. Blow, is a new volume in the International Education series. The object of the book is to explain the philosophy of Froebel in language addressed not to the teacher margin, but to the reacher margin but to the reacher margin. the teacher merely, but to the general public. To do this the author finds it necessary to take up the most important doctrines one after another as they were developed in the "Mutter und Koss Lieder," and show their equival-ents in the different systems of thought that prevail, some of these being in harthat prevail, some of these being in harmony with Freebel, while in other cases
there is profound disagreement. The
author says the study of the MotherPlay taught her truths through which,
had she known them when most needed,
she might have avoided many errors
and been spared much sorrow. Her
hope is that her own book may help
others to avoid her mistakes. others to avoid her mistakes.

In his "Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton" Prof. Hiram Corson says there are no authors in the literature more distinctly revealed in their writings than John Milton. His personality is felt in his every production, poetical and prose, and felt almost as much in the earliest as in the latest period of his authorship. And there is no epithet more applicable to his personality than the epithet august. He is therefore one of the most educating of authors, in the highest sense of the word, that is, educating in the direction of sanctified character. The prime value attaching to the prose works of Milton at the present day. Prof. Corson says, is their fervent expression of true free-In his "Introduction to the Prose and their fervent expression of true free-dom-"a freedom which involves a dom-"a freedom which involves a deep sympathy with truth; a freedom which is induced by a willing and, in its final result, a spontaneous obedi-ence to one's higher nature." The prose works are therefore freely drawn upon 

CHARLES E. MACRUM.



This the man who says that while he was United States consul at Pretoria his official correspondence was opened by English postal authorities, and having been read, sealed again, with "V. R." on the envelope. Now he wants to know why.

in you, dear, As through the billowy voices yearning here, Great nature strives to find human

sonnet is a wave of melody; From heaving waters of the impassioned soul

A billow of tidal music one and Flows in the "octave;" then returning

from Its ebbing surges in the "sustet" roll Back to the deeps of life's tumultuous sex.

-Theodore Watts (1882.)

## BOOKS.

"Poems by Matthew Arnold," with an introduction by A. C. Benson, illustrated by Henry Ospovat, is a volume which will be of interest to every lover of Arnold's verse. The artist has been more successful in dealing with these poems than in his recent pictures of Shakespeare's sonnets, and while he has failed in several instances, there are enough sketches of merit to make the book noteworthy. In the head and tail pieces he has put rare beauty and much suggestion, and in certain martial figures he has expressed the war-rior's mood in fine style. Notable ex-amples of this latter trait are the pic-tures which accompany "Alaric at tures which accompany "Alar Rome," "Sohrab and Rustum." "Balder Dead." In a literary way the volume is attractive because of the reprinting of the early pieces, "Alaric at Rome" and "Cromwell," which are not Rome" and "Cromwell," which are not usually included in editions of Arnold's works. Both contain fine lines, but the workmanship is such that Arnold would not reprint them. Here are two stanzas in the "Alaric" that have the familiar ring:

"Yes, there he stood, upon that silent And there beneath his feet his con-

quest iay;
Unlike that ocean city, gazing still
Smilingly forth upon her sunny bay,
But o'er her vanisht might and humbled pride
Mourning, as widowed Venice o'er her

Adrian tide. "Perchance his wandering heart was Lost in dim memories of his early home,

And his young dreams of conquest; how today Beheld him master of imperial Rome, Crowning his wildest hopes; perchance his eyes As they looked sternly on, beheld new

victories. Arthur S. Benson, the author of "Dodo," furnishes an excellent intro-ductory sketch of Arnold's life, with some appreciative words on the great merits of his verse. The book is beau-

tifully printed. L. Cope Comford's stirring story of "The Master Beggars," which appeared three or four years ago, has been relissued in the series of "Lippincott's Select Novels." It is a tale of the Netherlands in the time when the ruthless Duke Alva ruled the land for Spain,

From its own depths, and rest with- | for the present work, the purpose of which is to make the reader well acquainted with the man as well as the poet. To this end all the autobiographic passages in his works are extracted and arranged in order, prose and poetry, with the more explicit presentations of Comus, Lycidas and Samson Agonistes. with notes and forewords. Prof. Corson had made a life long study of Mil-ton, and no one is better able than himself to guide the student to an in telligent understanding of the poet, the patriot and the lover of liberty.

"Rembrandt," by Estelle M. Huril, is one of a series of volumes by the same author to be issued in "The Riverside Art Series," each volume being devoted to the study of the paintings of some famous painter. As in the case of Rembrandt, treated in the volume under no-tice, each issue in the series is to contain several representative pictures by the artist, of sufficient story interest to attract readers of genuine artistic merit, representative of various phases of the painter's work, and reproduced so far as possible from the orginals. The text tells what each picture is, its story, why it is famous, who painted it, what kind of man he was, with other infor-mation suggested by the picture. In this volume sixteen of Rembrandt's pictures are given.

"Sunday Afternoons for the Children," by E. Francis Soule, is called "a mother book," and is intended as an ald to spiritually minded mothers in finding an answer to the question, "How can I make Sunday afternoons leasant and enjoyable for my chilpleasant and enjoyable for my children, yet inculcate in their hearts that loving reverence for the day that I long to see them manifest?" The ideas embodied in the book were worked out in deteil with one little girl of four years old and so have proved at least practical. Mrs. Soule sees no reason why children of but three years of age could not put into practice some of the could not put into practice some of the more simple methods if wisely directed and encouraged, and the more advanced methods will naturally come as the years are added.

In "A Croup of Old Authors." Clyde Furst collects five studies of the older European literature, which were origiprepared as academic studies, nally then adapted and used as lectures be fore popular audiences, and, finally, re-cast into their present form. The object was to add to popular knowledge of that literature by detailed illustrations of its condition at several periods between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. The arrangement of the papers is in reversed chronological order, the first dealing with Dr. John Donne, "a gentleman of King James' day;" the second " a mediaval love story," which is Chaucer's tale of Griselda; the third the mediæval legends of the miraculous the medicial legends of the intractions voyage of St. Brendan; the fourth an account of Aldheim, "an Anglo-Saxon Saint," and the last is the story of Beowulf, "the oldest English poem."

## MAGAZINES.

The second article by Mr. Whigham, appears in the March Scribner and vividly describes the battles of Belmont,

Gras Pan and Modder River, and makes clear just what Methuen's division tried to accomplish and how far it was successful, and wherein it failed and why. This is followed by an account of the battle of Magerstontein. Distance and consorship have made the reporting of this war very difficult, so that the carefully prepared description in Scribner's, will form, as in the case of the notable Scribner's Scries on the Spanish war, a clear and authentic record and probably a prom-inent part of the permanent literature on the subject.

"By the Marshes of Minas" is a collection of magazine stories by Charles G. D. Roberts, the scene of all of them being laid in old Acadia, when the French and English were struggling for the mastery of North America and the English were pushing the French out of Nova Scotia. The potentians Factor Inc. Nova Scotia. The notorious Father Le Garne, the "Black Abbe," with his band of savage Micmacs, figure in near-ly all the stories, which mostly have a pleasant ending, the murderous priest being outwitted in every case. The stories are well told.

Napoleon Bonaparte will appear in the March Century in a new role—that of a temperance advocate. In the second instalment of Dr. O'Meara's hitherto unpublished "Talks with Napoleon" at St. Helena it is recorded that, having a pain in his side, the ex-emperor asked his physician to show him where his liver was situated, and the latter, in some remarks on the causes of inflammation of that organ, mentioned intoximation of that organ, mentioned intoxl-cation as one of them. Thereupon Na-poleon remarked: "Then I ought not to have it, as I never was drunk but ones have it, as I never was drunk but once in my life, and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. \* \* I drank three bottles of Burgundy, and was completely drunk. Oh, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once get drunk can ever think of doing it again. Such headache, vomiting and general sickness. I was nearly dead for two days." dead for two days.'

The contents of this week's number of the Youth's Companion are amongst the most interesting that have yet ap-peared in any late single issue of the deservedly popular journal. "Cubid of the Crow," is the title of the leading which a university boy who is aspiring, in face of many drawbacks and the ridicule of his college mates, to become one of the life-saving crew on the Lake Michigan shore station near the university grounds, achieves his desire. "Cupid" is the butt of his schoolmates' practical jokes, but in following their bidding in reading up a number of coast reports which were supposed by the boys to be useless to his "drill" work, he comes across the device by which he is enabled to save two drowning men from a wrack and thereby bring himself into favorable notice for promotion into the ranks of the "crew" whose pay will enable him to continue at college. Another notable short story in the number is that entitled "Mulli-gan's Row" and is, all things con-sidered, one of the most helpfully suggestive girl's stories that have appeared in the magazine. The other departments of the magazine are also unusually readable and interesting.

The striking features in the "Ladies" Home Journal" for March are the colored frontispiece by Keller, and the full page drawing by A. B. Frost entitled "The Country Store as a Social Centre." A Wilkins' story is told in the faces, grouping, and interior of the village store seek passent phase and at lage store, each person, object and at-titude telling a marvelously clear story. Amongst the interesting verbal litera-ture of the number is a sketch of Froebel's life with accompanying pictures of his birthplace and its surroundings. The sixth article on "The Theater and its People," deals with pictures behind the curtain, the scenesetting, "make up" business, etc., with accompanying illustrations. "Being Happy in Old Age" is the title of a short but happy and helpful bit of reading, that cannot help but appeal to many who are entering into that period of life which seems often to hold all the shadows and little of the sunshine of

The bright serial, "The Parson's But-terfly," and a number of other interesting articles are in the number. It will give pleasure to many admirers Kipling's jungle tales to know that in the April number will series of "animal stories" by the noted

The Juvenile Instructor for Feb. 15th, has for its opening article another sketch of the "Lives of Our Leaders," the subject being Franklin D. Richards. The biography is a most interesting one, and will prove a valuable record ogether with the rest of the sketches, of the life of one of the men prominent in work and history of the Church and Utah. A bright story by Lulu Green Richards appears entitled "A Soldiers' Valentine," and the rest of the number is filled with interesting

## Stronghold of Hermit Monks.

One of the strangest and most conservative of Christian communities is the settlement of monks and hermits on Mount Athos. According to a German scholar who visited the region not very long ago there are twenty-one large monasteries, eleven villages, 250 cells and 150 hermitages, which together accommodate about 6,000 persons. They represent all nations, but agree in living in perfect seclusion, according to the rule of St. Basil. They are said to be tolerant and hospitable, but no Moslem allowed to settle in the district and no woman may set foot on the moun-

## IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could know how much we owe To one another, we would sow The soil of human hearts with seeds Of gratitude and kindly deeds. Whence flowers of love would sweetly

We'd seek our peace with every foe, We'd strive to solace every woe, We'd bind up every heart that bleeds, If we could know,

A fuller charity we'd show, A deeper faith, and we would grow

To higher thoughts and larger creeds, As broad as human hopes and needs.
We'd help each other as we go.
If we could know.

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expell some thing which I could not. I became alarmed, and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamber-lain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state. -B. S. Edwards, Publisher of the Review, Wyant, Ill.

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