DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902.



her son when he was baptized "Samuel Rutherford." One cannot help noting a

Rutherford." One cannot help noting a certain irony in the fact that has de-feated this purpose and rendered incon-gruous the association of the novelist with the Sects wortby, who would have been shocked by having his name at-tached to "lying tales," as Mr. Crock-ett's forefathers were wont to charac-terize works of fiction. Mr. Crockett, we know, did enter the ministry, but he soon left it for that vocation, which

we know, difference in anisoty, our he soon left it for that vocation which has proved stronger and of greater ser-vice to his fellows. Mr. Crockett's lat-est novel, "The Dark of the Moon" (Harpers), being a secuel to "The Raiders," has been immensely popular with summer readers.

The elaborate production of "A Japa-

quite a flutter of expectation among

nese Nightingale," which is promised theatergoers next year, has caused

with summer readers.

Who buffets in mad endeavor The might of a frowning tide, Beaten and baffled ever, May perish thro' his pride.

MOODS.

Who walts in a free surrender The will of a flowing sea. The work on her bosom tender is borne on her bosom tender is borne on her bosom tender To the port where his hope may be, —Ernest Neal Lyon.



1 sleep, who yesterday was tired, I, who was very weary, rest; 1 have forgot all things desired, Or what were bad or what were best; Wan roses He upon my breast And make a pillow for my head; I know not am I banned or blest; Who am most quiet-being dead.

Perchance tomorrow God may come With awfulness of mouth and brow, And bid me speak, who would be dumb, My sins of yesterday; but now I have forgotten deed and vow, I have been soothed and comforted, And clothed with peace, I know not how

Who am most happy- being dead.

A moment since one touched my hair, A moment where hot tears upon my face; There were hot tears upon my face; Tomorrow 1 may wake and care And hunger for a lost embrace; But now one dim, delicious space, But now one dim, dencious space, My joys are done, my tears are shed; I may lie still, who have the grace Of all forgetting-being dead. -Theodosia Garrison.

NOTES.

Can this be true? It is reported that a Denver library has excluded Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" from its list of books for boys. What has hap-pened to Denver that at this late date it has only now discovered what no one else has ever done during all these wars of Huck Finn's nonularity with ense else has ever done during all these years of Huck Finn's popularity with boys, that his morals are of question-able quality? Ever since Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn took the world, young and old, by storm, no books have been more warmly applauded, none have been so widely accepted as among the been so widely accepted as anong the very best hooks for the young. There never were such healthy, hopeful youngsters as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, so natural and unaffected, so truly boyish and bracing in their out-look on life. "We have no better bait for boys who don't read," is the uni-versal verdict of the librarians. "Many a youngster who has hardly looked inside a book has become a reader of the best through Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Fin." It all sounds Rea a practical joke on the Denver library; but it is an offense against our national common-sense, which ought to be quickly removed.

A funny accident occurred at a seaside resort recently which affords fresh evidence of the proverbial density of the English in seeing a joke. An Eng-lish girl espied an American friend reading "The Kentons," Mr. Howell's new novel, and inquired of her if she liked it. The American said she liked immensely, then added in a mischlevous afterthought: "But it's too fensational; there is almost a suspicion of a plagiarism of "The Helmet of Na-varre.'" The English girl said she would like to read it, and borrowed her friend's copy. A few days later she reappeared with "The Kentons" and a copy of "The Heimet of Navarre," which she had got out of the village library, and in perfect good faith asked her American friend to show her the points of similarity in the two stories. She had studied both books carefully and failed to discover any plagiarism on Mr. Howell's part! Owen Wister's novel, "The Virgini-an," has already passed the 75,000 mark, and orders for it are rapidly in-It is pleaasnt now and then creasing. to have evidence such as this that the popular as at the present moment. public is quick to recognize a book of sterling merit. Moreover, "The Virmost every leading American publisher has had at least one novel produced on is already giving promise of riplan' duplicating its American success in England. The London "Academy," the stage within the past five years. Harper & Bros, hold the paim for the Magiand. The London 'Academy, which is not prone to bestow praise upon American flotion, says of it: We believe in "The Virginian," which having a good deal when it is rememgreatest number of dramatizations. Not greatest number of dramatizations. Not only so, but in every instance the plays have been attended with phenomenal success. First there was "Trilby." closely followed by "Tess of the D'Ur-bervilles." Then Mrs. Fiske repeated the triumph of Tess with Becky Sharp in the homentication of "Wanity Fair" bred that he represents the difficult lend of extraordinary tenderness and invincible Bret Harte had the will. tick of that kind of man. tick of that kind of man. So has in the dramatization of "Vanity Fair. Next came the prodigious production of "Ben Hur," which is still in the full ly less delicate. . . . The atmos-phere and setting of the story are admirable and the dialogue brisk and hu-man. We feel that these cowpunchers flush of popularity. Among other nov-els published by the Harpers which have been observed; they are nicely tillerentiated, and each has habits have already been prepared for the stage, or are in process of preparation stage, or are in process of preparation for immediate production, are <u>Miss Wil-</u> kins' "Jerome." Mr. Zangwill's "The Mantle of Ellijah." Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor," Gen. Lew. Wallace's "The Prince of India," Onoto W:tan-na's "A Japanese Nightingale," and Hamiln Garland's "The Captain of the Come Home Treew" and manners of his own. Another frong point in favor of "The Virginis that the sentiment, and there s a good deal of it, generally rings Also, there is nothing silly in the story, nor is probability grossly straged. On the whole "The Virgin-ian" is an importation from America Gray Horse Troop.' which we can welcome without reser-Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian-A Horseman of the Plains," has run ination.

vate life, and includes fac similes of letters from William Dean Howells and John Hay, together with engravings of Harte's corrected proof of "The Heath-Harte's corrected proof of "The Heath-en Chinee" and his original maxuscript. Noah Brooks, who knows more of the great story-teller than any other living man, has written the life of Bret Harte, which will take the place of honor in the magazine. Contributions from the pens of President Daniel C. Gilman, Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, Dr. David Starr Lorden, and Director Campball of Liok

to in handsome olive green limp leather

or singly at 90 cents net.

and prettily pathetic, and all with a charm of their own. There runs through everything here a thread of delicate melody, which strained to the utmost, breaks occasionally, but is at once knit in again and spun into the lovely tex-ture. We hardly know what to select as a sample of Mr. Cheney's wool and woof, but at a venture take this one: THE WATCHER.

I, Martin, with the rest, Watch while the old year dies; All prayers find answer, but unbiest Jordan and Director Campbell of Lick Observatory will make up the partial contents of a remarkable magazine.

I know mine own arise.

The Rolfe Shakespeare, which for Across the church I see 20 years has been regarded as the standard in point of text and notes by the leading school and colleges, is to be issued this fall by the Baker & Taylor My slim Elizabeth; Upon her breast the drapery Scarce rises with her breath.

Yet, when I look, she knows, As if I spoke her name; And on her check the color goes And flutters like a flame.

Back just a twelvemonth's space My brother John and I Sat in this selfsame quiet place, And watched the old year die.

For both love's only way; But if she wanted one or none. Not any man could say.

That night she made no stir, No sign my heart might keep: But when he turned and looked at hea I saw her color leap.

in this one:

ABELARD TO HELOISE.

We filled our lamps, to enter like the

rest. Love is the same-the same-and its

dear zest Remains here in the darkness where we

wait, While the dull feast goes on within the

the plate?

say, "Thou shalt, thou shalt not." limiting

Out in love's open we are free to stray. And I, I ask not other having this: Wide room to walk and love in all our

MAGAZINES.

Eleanor Gates, whose graphic des-cription of a prairie blizzard formed part of the "Chapters From the Bio-graphy of a Prairie Girl" in the Au-gust Century, contributes a second pa-per in this series to the September num-ber. It is entitled "The Story of a Planting," and recalls the expriences of a little girl in a summer's day corn planting. The writer, and also the il-lustrator of this paper, Miss Fanny Y. Cory, are from the far northwest, and thoroughly familiar with the life des-cribed. President Hadley of Yale has a suggestive little article called "The Two fold Cause of Betting," in which he draws an instructive parallel behe draws an instructive parallel be-

tures of Mr. Clemens



Times. They Should Remember Mrs. Pinkham Freely Offers Her Motherly Advice.

"O, if my mother were only alive."

How frequently young mothers use this expression! All through her life she has known a mother's watchful care. She is now a mother herself and gains in strength but slowly.

She would give worlds to do everything for her babe, but cannot.

That tiny babe has unfolded in the young mother's heart new emotions; she has a living responsibility, and requires strength to enable her to perform a loving duty. At such a time too much care cannot be taken, and the greatest assistant that nature can have is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The birth of the first child is an especially trying experience and nature needs all the help it can get. A happy, healthy, young mother is a delight to herself and all who know her, and Mrs. Pinkham's medicine will build her up as nothing else can.

Mrs. Pinkham especially requests young mothers and wives to write her if they need advice. She has been mother, helper, and friend to thousands-let her help you-it will cost you nothing.



By special permission we publish below the correspondence between Mrs. Pinkham and Mrs. George Traub, of Elizabeth, N. J., which goes to prove our claims.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I will take my husband's advice and write to you, for I will not have any doctor examine me. I have one little girl. Two months before my baby was born I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have now a fine healthy little giri. At five months she weighed twenty-one pounds, but my health is not so good. I am in such misery, pain, have dreadful bearing-down feelings, and something like a lump seems to be coming from me. Please give me your advice."- MES. GEORGE TRAUE, 113 Miller St., Elizabeth, N.J. (Dec. 1, 1899.)

"DEAR MRS. PINEHAM: - I have now taken four bottles of Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I had finished the first bottle.



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races and roller mills.





LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

¹՝ մալու՝ ոքա <mark>անանակարակակ</mark>անական անական հայտնական անական անական անական անական անական անական հայտների հեն էն

. . . .

JOHN SPENCER IN AN OLD TIME PART. This picture shows the popular singler and comedian in his role of the soldier in the opera of "The Child of the Regiment," produced many years ago. It was the nearest approach to grand opera of anything our amateurs have ever brought out, but Mr. Spencer, of course, had the comedy part,

Co. In handsome only green limp leather binding, stamped in gold with gilt top and decorated title pages in two colors. The new form will be much more at-tractive for library and general use, while still being sufficiently durable to serve for the purpose of study. The sei-was originally published by Harper & Bros, but later passed to the American Book commany, through whose courtesy Book company, through whose courtesy the present edition is put forth. It will

To both she was the sun be sold in sets boxed at \$36 net per set Mrs. Nancy Huston Bank's novel. Oldfield: A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century, is now in its third edition. The charm of the story has been uptly described by a reviewer who says that "as you turn over its pages you get something of the feeling you have when

I saw the color rise And hover like a breath-I saw the callenge of his eyes-And I-I prayed his death.

> Tonight, her tell-tale red 1, Martin, wake to play-But God-He heard me-John is dead, And I-Idare not pray.

That Mr. Cheney can write a good sonnet he has proved several times, as

Grieve not, beloved, that a space too

gate, I feel your heart beat warm against

my breast. Henceforth we are each other's host

and guest. Shall we then lack when love heaps up

The vantage ours of silence. None may

our bliss,

day, With heaven ever ready in your kiss.

he draws an instructive parallel be-tween betting and dueling. A little an-ecdotal article on "The Boyhood Home of Mark Twain" contains some ple-tures of Mr. Clemens' old home in Han-

There was never a more fascinating tharacter in American fiction than Lin McLean. The glimpse we get of him in The Virginian" is tantalizing, but even re he captures the reader's fancy and makes him long to know more about him. And the reader need not long in vain. Mr. Owen Wister's first novel, a masterly piece of American action, and fresh and spontaneous in its trighality, had for its hero no other than Mr. McLean, and is entitled Lin Melsan. A genuine son of the plains, a typical cow -puncher, there has never ten his like in fiction, but it has taken the public some time to find him out. In the pages of his adventurous history yeu will find old friends-the Taylors. you will find old friends-the hap-and the Virginian, and Molly Wood-and this couple about which the author is reticent in the later book. Mr. Wister indeed, has a way of introducing his favorite characters into all his stories, to that one follows up the trail from ther adventures. ok to book in pursuit of their fur-

Stevenson has said that "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes the hum of metaphysical divinity." Every is mother's desire for her son is that te shall some day ascend the pulpit. Doubtless this was the case with Mr. Crockett's mother, who put the seal of

REGAIN HEALTH.

During the past fifty years hundreds d slekiy people have been restored to tealth by the use of Hostetter's Stom-Ach Bitters, and it will do the same for yet today. Try a Bottle. It will be enough to convince you of its wonder-fal value as a cure for Diziness. Indi-Guarai Weakness. The genuine has our Private Stamp over the neck of the bette. you today.

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to its fiftleth thousand within six weeks of its publication. In the literary mag-

azines and weekly reports it stands at

the head of all the hits of the popular

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Com-

number, has been gathered. Ina Cool-brith, whom Harte considered the sweetest singer of her time, has con-

books of the day.

price.

English theatrical managers. Negotia- 1 you open a long shut drawer in which tions have been going on for some time, but it is now announced that the something very fragile and delicate has been packed away in lavender and dried popular actress, Marie Tempest, has serose leaves." cured the English dramatic rights and will give it an early production in 1903.

Mrs. Humphry Ward came near los-ing an interested reader in Lady Rose's Daughter, now appearing in Harper's A dramatization prepared by Onoto Watanna and her husband will be used Magazine, by offending the Sabbatarian after certain changes have been made traditions of a dear old Puritan lady, according to the New York Sun. She had got as far as the July installment Cosmo Gordon Lenox, a well known English dramatist, and the husband of the star. Although published last Christmas, the book has never been so when her niece, a college girl interested in her aunt's education, found her shaking her head ominously over the July Harper's lying in her lap. "Tut, tut! I don't understand this." It is interesting to note that while al-

said the aunt. "The idea of Lady Henry knitting on the Sabbath!". "Oh, aunt. I think you must be mis-

ken." hastened the niece. "Listen,' the aunt remarked, pointing out lines here and there with a stern

out lines here and there with a stern forefinger. "It was late on Sunday af-ternoon before Sir Wilfrid was able to present himself in Lady Henry's draw-ingroom. And now good-night. Wilfrid. good-night! Lady Henry sat alone in her brightly lighted drawingroom for in her brightly lighted drawingroom for some time. Lady Henry coldiy com-manded the observer and her knitting." You see," said the aunt. "But," urged the niece, "Lady Henry

'could neither read nor write nor sew, you remember. Don't you think the poor old lady might have the comfort of knitting?" "It isn't offered with an apology. It

is rather as if knitting on Sunday er is rather as a matter of course. I don't be-lieve I'll go on with this story." "Oh, please," said the niece. "Maybe

that was a mistake. There aren't many such close readers as you, aunt. Very likely Mrs. Ward herself didn't notice Very

likely Mrs. Ward hereelf didn't notice what day of the week she set Lady Henry to knitting." "That may be." the aunt granted, "but it was very careless on her part. However. I believe you may as well give me the August number, after all. I'd like to see if any more mistakes occur, you know."

pany are now printing a new edition of "What is Worth While," by Anna R. Brown Lindsay, Since this inspiring booklet appeared a few years ago the demand for it has caused numerous edi-The vote of confidence which has brought about Gen. Alger's candidature brought about Gen. Alger's candidature for the senate seat in Michigan made vacant by the death of Senater McMil-lan is not only a distinct justification of the man's worth, but an Illustration of the way in which history comes to the defense of truth, if somewhat tardy in the process. In 1898 and 1899 Gen. Alcer was the target for unresconter tions. The present printing brings the total number of copies to 200,000. The Century company will begin this autumn the publication of a new series of books for boys and girls, to be called Alger was the target for unreasoning and unrestrained abuse. But he held on to his post during the national emer-"The St. Nicholas Series," made up of long stories which have appeared in the gency of the Spanish-American war, and did his plain duty while accepting quietly and with dignity the injustice St. Nicholas Magazine. That periodical began this past year to dispense with serials and instead has given a long complete story in each number. The new series will include "Sir Marock," by Allen French: "The Cruise of the Dazzler," by Jack London; "The Boy and the Baron," by Adeline Knapp: "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch," by H. Conclude and "Tommy Remington" of his critics. When he stepped out of office, a great change took place in public opinion, and even may of his bit-terest assailants have since then come to recognize him as the brave man and self-sacrificing patriot he was. There Canfield, and "Tommy Remington's self-sacrificing patriot in the Span-was much in his History of the Span-tsh-American War (Harpers) that Battle," by Burton E. Stevenson-all sh-American richly illustrated and issued in uniform helped on this change—a work, it has been well said, that "will make his-tory," and which must take its place and attractive binding at a popular tory," and which must have a story as the one authoritative, official story In the old Overland Monthly of 1868of the war. But viewed now as bear-69 Bret Harte gathered around him some of the brightest minds of Ameri-can letters and it is from these that the ing witness to the splendid qualities of the man who directed the energies of him the nation with one hand while ward-ing off its blows with the other, no reminiscent material for the September better testimonial could be imagined. It is a monument of vindication upon which history now sets its avail number of the Overland Monthly, which will be the Bret Harte memorial

BOOKS. There comes in a thin octayo, with a

sweetest singer of her time, has con-tributed a beautiful poem, as has Joa-quin Miller in his touching "Good Night, Bret Harte, Good Night." "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the three stories which made Bret Harte and the Overland Monthly San Francisco imprint, a new book by Warrren Cheney, in what we suppose is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS STOMACH BITTERS

nibal, Mo., to which are annexed scriptions in the humorists inimitable William Watson, the English manner. poet, is the subject of a critical article by Prof. George E. Woodberry, the American poet. The number also contains an admirable example of Mr. Watson's work in "A Ballad of Sem-merwater," which embodies an old illustrated and decorated by legend. Henry McCarter. There are four stories of distinctively humorous character-"Old Jabe's Marital Experiment," by by Thomas Nelson Page, with a picture by A. B. Frost; "The Proving of Lanni-gan," by Chester Bailey Fernald, au-thor of "The Cat and the Cherub," a story with an unusual situation; "Rusticators at the Cove," by George S. Wasson, and an extravaganza of "pure wasson, and an extravaging of pare fooling" by Gouverneur Morris, author of "Tom Beauling," entitled "The King of Bad Bad," for which Mr. Frederic Dorr Steele has drawn a series of amusing sketches. In the September Atlantic Emily V. Mason revives some pathetic reminders of "the other side of war" during the

rebellion, in the first installment of her

E.

"Memories of a Hospital Matron:"

H. Russell contributes some highly in-teresting "Bits of Unpublished Corres-

Father Hecker," and Charles M. Har

ger, a brilliant and instructive article on "The Kansas of Today." W. E.

Burghardt Du Bois opens the number

with an impressive article on the "Training of the Black Man;" Talcott

Williams, LL.D., describes the "New Navy of the United States," "A Na-tional Standard in Higher Education." Hiller C. Wellman tells "What Public

Libraries are Doing for Children." and

Vida D. Scudder contributes "Demo-

cracy and Society" in her able series of papers upon "Democracy." There are timely outdoor papers, some good

"Movarity's Meadow" is the title of

the opening story in the week's issue of

Youth's Companion and "Country's Victory." "Adrift on the Salwin River"

and "Alice Andrews, Surveyor," are the other pieces of fiction. Honorable Chas,

Emory Smith, ex-postmaster-general

ontributes an interesting article enti-

tled "Heroes of the Postal Service," and

there is the usual good matter in the

MELBA'S LUNCH GOWN.

Mme. Melba lunched at Delmonico's,

shortly after her arrival here, in a pink

and white striped organdie frock differ-

ent in cut from anything of its kind

heretofore seen. The material itse'f had stripes of delicate pink an inch

just touched all the way around and was edged with inch-wide ruffles of fine

white face. Two six-inch overlapping gathered ruffles of the organdle, each

edged with inch-wide ruffles came next,

and over the top one extended the straight tunic of organdic, edged also with a narrow lace ruffle. This tunic

was fitted at the waist by goring and a

very few gathers. The girdle was a shaped band of plain plnk organdie,

and each side of the center back a half dozen strips of black velvet bebe rib-

bon were fastened, the shortest stripes in the middle. The bodice pouched

hardly any in front, but was not fitted.

and had insertions of lace and a lace stock. In the back it fitted closely and

had three perpendicular insertions of white lace, each an inch wide. The full

bishop sleeves were gathered into two-inch lace bands, and each had three in-

sertions of white lace from shoulders to wrists. Her large black hat was

broad brin rolled at the left. This brim was edged all around by tiny bunches of green leaves that stood up

wide; these were broken with and between each of these wide p nk stripes ran a line of white. The skirt

fiction, poems and literary reviews.

Victory."

lepartments.

Between Henry Thoreau and

that lump I wrote about grew smaller and has now gone entirely. I feel that I do not need any doctor beside your medicine. Your Vegetable Com-********** pound has cared all my pain, soreness and bearing down. The benefit I have received from it is wonderful. You and you alone will be my guide as long as I live."-MRS. GEORGE TRAUB, 113 Miller St., Elizabeth, N.J. (Jan. 27, 1900.) * **REWARD** Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuine-ness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permis-sion.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.



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ADVERTISERS____ SHOULD USE THE

SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

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The Putnam Nail enjoys the distinction of being the only Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed sall made by machinery, and which imitates the aid hand process.

ROBERT BONNER

All others are COLD ROLLED and SHEARED, as an examination of their edges near the point will show, and are liable to SPLIT or SLIVER in driving, to lajure and perhaps the the horse.

The above picture, from a photo representing Mr. Bonner in the set of handing his smith a Putnam nail, while superintending the shoeing of Sunol, will be sent in the form of a half tone, size, 5x8, on thick, white paper, with wide margin, on receipt of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.



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