



THE ENEMY.

Unshelved in Letters and in Arts un-
dered:
Ignorant of Empire; bounded in their
view
By the lone billowing veils where they
upgrew
Amid great silences; a people nursed
Apart, the far-sown seed of them that
erst
Not Alva's sword could tame; now,
blindly hurried
Against the march of the majestic
world,
They fight and die with dauntless
bosoms curst.
Crazed, if you will; demented, not to
yield.
Ere all is rest! Yet, mad though these
may be,
They have striven as noblest English-
men did strive
To strive for freedom; and no Briton he
Who to such valor in a desperate field
A knightly salutation can refuse.
—London Daily News.

A PSALM OF THE
STRENUOUS LIFE.

Let us then be up and doing,
All becoming money kings:
Some day we may be endowing
Universities and things.
Lives of billionaires remind us
That we've got to own the stock
If we want to leave behind us
Libraries on every block.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

NOTES.

Munsey's has the following to say of
"Terry Thou Till I Come," Eugene
Sue's romance of "The Wandering
Jew," recently re-published under the
above new name:
Among the books whose names stare at
us in the street cars and the news-
paper advertisements is one which
turns out to be a reprint, under a new
title, of a novel published in 1827. The
story, a semi-religious romance founded
on the legend of the wandering Jew,
had a certain success in its day, but
was long ago forgotten by almost every
eye except General Lew Wallace, whose
extraneous laudation of it is used by
some publishers after the manner of
a soap testimonial or a patent medicine
advertisement.
Is such a transaction fair to the pub-
lic? Without any actual false state-
ment, the advertisements distinctly
convey the impression that the book is
a new one. If the practice is to be in-
itiated, we shall never know what we are
buying. We may pay a dollar and
twenty cents net for "On a Desert Isle,"
and discover, when too late, that we
have bought a reprint of "Robinson
Crusoe," or we may invest in "Animals
Who Have Talked With Me," and find
that it is "Esop's Fables" with a new
title page.
Moreover, is it fair to the author to
appropriate and rename his novel?
On the whole the ethics of the enter-
prise must be doubtful—none the less
because the resuscitated novel is
published by a firm usually identified
with literature of the highly moral sort.

Josephine Caroline Sawyer, the au-
thor of "Every Inch a King," is a new
and exceptional young writer. She is
the daughter of Judge A. H. Sawyer, of
Watertown, N. Y., and was born in that
city in September, 1879. As a child her
delicate health prevented her from
sharing in the amusements of other
children, and in consequence she turned
to books at a very early age. As a
young girl at school she showed a literary
promise. It was while studying
Shakespeare that Miss Sawyer became
interested in the character of Prince
Hal, and while visiting the his-
toric parts of older London she sketched
out the romance which afterwards took
form in "Every Inch a King."

A certain young writer who had had
three books published, and who looked
upon publishers with a kindly eye, re-
cently completed his fourth, venture
with small doubt of the result. It was
truly the best thing he had done, and
he knew it. He then tried it for the
fifth time, and it promptly came back.
It happened that he had Dutch blood
in his veins, and the spirit of the folk
who opened their eyes was now awake in
him. He made him a list of twenty-two
prominent publishers in this country
and England, and set out upon a long
trip, sending the manuscript to each
in turn. In this way he consumed a
year, and a half, and exhausted his list,
the manuscript having twice journeyed
making of a new list, when a happy
thought struck him. He took up the
old list, and began it again; and the
second time, accepting promptly re-
sponded, blindingly inquiring if he con-
sidered it worthy more of the same
kind.
The name of this writer is now very
well known and deservedly honored, for

the book that traveled these rounds
made him famous.
This story, which is not false, but
literal fact, may seem to demonstrate
the virtue of persistence. As a matter
of fact, it probably shows only that
most publishing houses have more than
one manuscript reader.

"Harper's History of the War in the
Philippines," which has been arousing
a good deal of interest lately and has
consequently increased in demand, re-
ceives the stamp of high approval in
the current number of "Annals of the
American Academy of Political and So-
cial Science." It declares that the edi-
tor is without prejudice and has full
knowledge of events, and that he has
presented convincing justification of
the American policy of protecting the
Filipinos against a designing minority
of their own race. The book teems with
quotations of "repressive measures ex-
ecuted by our troops," as well as an
evident combined with a quick observation
and keen analysis of human nature, es-
pecially human nature as studied in a
great city, actuated her to write this,
her first novel. In this story of Bohe-
mian life in New York she has ac-
complished a clever and finished por-
trayal of three distinct types of char-
acter. Her people are wonderfully hun-
man—they are living, breathing folk.
Miss Fane has a second novel well un-
der way, and will undoubtedly be heard
from again.

All the English literary lights seem to
be suffering from overwork and various
forms of breakdown. Sir Edwin Ar-
nold speaks pathetically of the paralytic
affection that has attacked his eyes. He
hopes, in spite of it, to finish his
life with a work that shall outrank all
that he has done hitherto. Gilbert
Parker, M. P., has broken down from
politics or literature, and has been or-
dered to Egypt for a change; while
the indefatigable Mr. Crockett has also
succumbed to the strain of writing as
many tales as the publishers will buy,
and has left England for the south of
Europe.
It is to be noted that only those of
assured royalties can afford the luxury
of overwork.

Max O'Rell, in his cabled London Let-
ter to the Literary Supplement of the
New York Journal, speaks in high
praise of "The Land of Cockayne," by
Matilde Serao, and pronounces it to be
"the best novel of the week." It has
just been published on this side by
Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and it will
be interesting to see whether this lat-
est Italian bidder for trans-Atlantic
honors will create a greater furor than
did her confere and compatriot Gab-
riel D'Annunzio. The story is a drama
of modern Neapolitan life, with a won-
derful play secret and a poignant love
story at the heart of it. Beyond and
above all this, however, it is really an
exciting novel of the great lottery game
in Naples.

In delicious contrast to the attitude
of relatives who wax great on their
connection with some famous man of
the same name, is the case of M.
Emile Zola of Plombief. He inserts
an advertisement in a French news-
paper as follows:
"M. Emile Zola of Plombief, inven-
tor of the spring nippers, notifies the
public that he has nothing to do with
his namesake, Emile Zola, the writer."
We cannot say whether this ingenu-
ous announcement was intended simply
to advertise the Zola nippers, or to
show their inventor's disapproval of his
namesake's attitude in the Dreyfus af-
fair.

Edmund Gosse has said of the author
of "The Land of Cockayne" just pub-
lished: "The most prominent
imaginative writer of the latest gen-
eration in Italy is a woman." He re-
ferred to Matilde Serao, whose remark-
able work is almost unknown in this
country.

If you want to
get rid of dys-
pepsia, or any
stomach ail,
take the Bitters.
It also cures
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Liver and
Kidney
Troubles,
and has done so
for the past fifty
years. Try it.

country. Some months ago, Mr. W. L.
Alden, in his London Letter, wrote to
the New York Times Sunday edition:
"I have several times spoken in these
letters of Matilde Serao as the greatest
living Italian novelist. I confess that
it has irritated me to see D'Annunzio,
clever as he undoubtedly is in his limit-
ed and erratic way, praised to the skies,
while Matilde Serao, who ranks above
him as surely as George Eliot ranks
above Richard Le Gallienne, is strange-
ly overlooked. Here is a
genuine literary jewel, and it has been
tossed aside by people who have un-
wittingly picked up the glittering paste of
D'Annunzio."

Mary Catherine Crowley, the author
of "A Daughter of New France," which
Little, Brown & Co. have just pub-
lished, has been actively engaged in
literary work for the past ten years.
She is well known as a writer for the
young, and has also contributed to
various magazines and newspapers,
sometimes under her own name, some-
times under a pseudonym.
Miss Crowley is a native of Boston,
and had the good fortune to be born of
scholarly stock. Her father, John C.
Crowley, is an alumnus of Harvard
University; her mother is a graduate of
the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattan-
ville—later the daughter's alma mater.
With so favorable home and school
influences, a large circle of traveled and
book-loving relatives, a host of family
friends among the clergy, and, in due
time, a broad and varied social life, her
literary gift made rapid and symmetri-
cal development.

In 1892 Miss Crowley went abroad,
visiting Rome, Paris, Dresden and other
Old World cities. For the past eight
years she has lived in the West, a part
of the time at Detroit. She has traveled
in Canada, and is familiar with Quebec
and Montreal. Thus among her ac-
quaintances belonging to the old
French-Canadian families, and from
the pages of old memoirs and histories,
she gathered the material for the
groundwork of this romance, "A
Daughter of New France," which oc-
curred to her about 1894. It was be-
tween three or more years ago, laid aside
for other work, and finally taken up
and finished during the past Winter.

Miss Crowley was for some years a
member of the New England Woman's
Press association, and of the Woman's
Press Club of New York City.

Having abandoned for the present the
burning question whether Mary E. Wil-
kins is or is not to marry, the gossips
are telling another story about her.
Marion Crawford gave a reading of her
Brooklyn some time ago, and after it
was over the usual knot of women ad-
mirers gathered about to congratulate
and incidentally to look him over at
close range. One had a little thing
to say, but when it came her turn to be
introduced, being somewhat flustered, it
is to be presumed, by the near pres-
ence of greatness, she presented the story
writer somewhat awkwardly. She said:

"And this is Miss Wilkins, who
writes."
"Writes, eh?" said Crawford wearily,
having no idea who in the world the
young woman was. "That's good—
that's good," and turned to the next in
line.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe belongs to the
"great old woman" class. In spite of
her years—she is over eighty—she not
only takes a keen interest in all topics
affecting Boston and the country in
general, and the condition of woman,
but she reads a little Greek every day,
for mental refreshment.

That the minor virtues may coexist
with a high order of talent and with
the deepest gloom of life, is shown by
Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist.
He is as near as possible perfect in
a bank clerk, painstaking, never hur-
ried. He has certain fetishes, however.
On a tray on his desk are some tiny
carved figures—a wooden bear, cats,
and rabbits. He is reported to have said
that he never wrote without having
these neatly set out before him, and
that it was impossible for him to write
without their inspiration.

It is an interesting commentary on
the effects of a high civilization that
the Poles, whom the rest of Europe
probably does not regard as a highly
advanced nationality, are the only peo-
ple who have been able to produce a
writer since the days of the Renaissance.
What England has now and then
done for a man who has in-
creased her territories and decreased
the number of her subjects, Poland
has done for a mere writer. It has
given him a castle, and has filled it
with rare and wonderful gifts. The
prince of the old Polish families have
made it their greatest pride that to
bevel from their castles, in "the mas-
ters' pen. A jubilee such as the
highly cultured nations of the farther
west reserve for the celebration of
slaughters was given to a man whose
battles are all in books. Altogether,
the Sienkiewicz celebration leads one to
believe that there is among the Poles
that disinterested and impersonal pas-
sion for art, the lack of which in more
businesslike communities has been so
much deplored. And even in Poland it
was the more primitive passion of
patriotism that helped to arouse the
magnificent enthusiasm.

The man for whom his country went
mad in so picturesque a way is de-
scribed as the finest type of the Polish
gentleman.
It is frequently said by Americans,
with a sigh of discontent, that we have
no literature of our own, as distinct
from English literature. There is a
certain flavor of truth in the complaint,
and the fault, if fault it can be called,
often lies with our American writers,
who have a habit of running away and
identifying themselves with the other
side of the water.

Henry James, whom some consider
the greatest of all, is at the same time
the greatest of our own. He has lived in
England for more than thirty years,
and in consequence knows little of his
own country. The development of so-
cial life in America is exceedingly
rapid, and during the last three de-
cades we have become very sophisti-
cated indeed. That Mr. James does
not realize this is evident from his
books.

Yet there is nothing English about
Henry James. He writes of English
people with a critical understanding
that can only be the result of an out-
sider's observation. Of his own people,
he writes with a critical something—
certainly he criticizes the one he
most highly civilized critics. The aver-
age American is hurt because he feels
that he is misrepresented. The aver-
age Englishman is hurt because he is
too well represented. In all his
peculiarities are recognized and re-
produced by a man who has no national
feeling to blind him to defects.

A STRANGE WOMAN.

SHE MADE A PROPHECY WHICH
HAS COME TRUE.Over Four Years Ago She Told a Young
Girl What Would Come to Pass
and gave Her a Piece of
Advice.

"More than four years ago, an un-
known lady came up to me and told me
something which has made me very
happy," said Miss Mary Lyle Mc-
Lachlan of No. 72 E. Third South street,
Salt Lake City, Utah, to a reporter.
"Yes, it was a prophecy and it came
true and I shall always be grateful to
her for the advice she gave me," she
continued. "From the time I was thir-
teen years old until shortly after I saw
this woman I was miserable. Every
month I suffered horribly and I became
weak and run down. Mr. head ached,
I couldn't eat and I had a very severe
cough all the time. I could scarcely
stand, and took fainting spells and was
always dizzy and tired. Besides this
my liver and kidneys were affected.
"You can readily see," she went on,
"that I couldn't get much pleasure out
of life. Then this lady, whom I never
saw before or since, came up to me and
told me that she knew how I felt and
advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People, for they had cured
her daughter who had been in a con-
dition like mine. I took the pills and was
better before I finished the first box. I
am entirely well now but I always
keep them on hand and take them
whenever I do not feel as good as usual.
"I have a 14-year-old sister with my
mother in Scotland who was having a
serious time. I wrote and told her of
what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People had done for me and she began
to take them. The last time I heard
of her she was able to be out and was improv-
ing rapidly as a result of this good
medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-
ple will not only cure cases similar to
that of Miss McLachlan, but contain-
ing as they do, all the elements neces-
sary to give new life and richness to
the blood and restore shattered nerves,
they will cure a wide range of diseases.
They are an unfail-
ing specific for such diseases as loco-
motor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheu-
matism, nervous headache, the after-
effects of the grip, pallor of the face,
heart, pale and sallow complexion, and
all forms of weakness, either in
male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People are sold by all
dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid on
receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six
boxes, two dollars and a half by ad-
dressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co.,
Schuettecity, N. Y.

fight with Wambush—who is jealous of
him and of Harriet—who the girl
whom he secretly loves and who really
loves him watches in terror from the
veranda. "The blood had left West-
erfelt's face, and he looked like a
desperately; disarmed, he looked less
a man than an infuriated beast." Finally,
the men are separated, but not before
Westervelt has received a serious knife
wound. He is assisted into Harriet's
house, where she and her mother care
for him until he is well. Even then they
do not reveal their mutual love. From
this time on the story is full of exciting
incidents.

Dr. Asel Ames, a Pilgrim antiquarian
and enthusiast, by study of the history,
model, rig, charter, officers, crew, pas-
senger list, quarters, provisioning, lad-
ging, etc. of the Mayflower, has been
enabled to reconstruct the "log" of the
famous little vessel's first voyage to
America, and has arranged for its pub-
lication through Messrs. Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., under the title of "The
Mayflower and Her Log." This treat-
ment of the voyage gives to it a relish-
ing flavor of reality and invests an old
event with new interest and importance.
The volume is printed in a handsome
style corresponding to its character.

MAGAZINES.

"Ugly Mack" is the title of the open-
ing story in the Youth's Companion
for this week, and is the tale of a boy's
course in the fighting power of the
train from destruction to the risk of
his own life. "The Talent and Genius of
Luelle" is the charming story of a
gifted young musician who gives up the
opportunity of winning fame abroad
for the sake of her love, another, who
had ruined her own chances for be-
coming a musical artist in saving her
child from burning to death as a child.
"The Warden's Recruit" is a true story
of a young criminal who was redeemed
from a life of evil by the kindness of
the kindness of his father, and the
rest of the issue abounds with good
things.

A KISSING FETE.

The ancient town of Hungerford,
in England, is the scene of a curious fete
each year on the first Tuesday after
Easter. Under a primeval and time-
honored arrangement the authorities
exact a tax from every male and fe-
male inhabitant within certain bound-
aries—the masculine tax being two
cents per head and the feminine levy
—a kiss! Two burly bundles carrying
masses of wood of office proceed from
house to house levying the quaint
taxes, and it is generally recognized
that on the day in question any youth
may with impunity embrace any
maiden he encounters. The result is
that a veritable carnival of osculation
takes place yearly in Hungerford, and
the business attracts various visitors to
the quaint little town, many of whom
participate, though not entitled to do
so, in the delicious day.

In the various Hungarian villages
kissing fetes are held from time to
time, but a time limit is set for the
bestowal of these amatory offerings, it
being understood that promiscuous
kissing is only to be indulged in be-
tween the hours of noon and 6 p. m.
Lovers naturally flock in great crowds
to these peculiar gatherings, being able,
of course, to imprint salutes upon the

FIGPRUNE
Cereal54%
Fruit
46%
GrainsA Perfect Food Drink
Made from the choicest
fruits and cereals grown
in California.
Possesses a delicate flavor
and aroma not found in
any other Cereal Coffee.
All grocers sell it.SOUTHERNERS AND BOOKER
WASHINGTON.

Booker Washington is largely re-
sponsible for the increased respect paid
to his race, and I refer again with
pleasure to the universal confidence and
admiration that is expressed every-
where for that man. I heard the other
day of an Atlanta lady of Southern
birth and Southern prejudices who had
a Northern philanthropist as a guest at
her dinner table. He several times al-
luded to Mr. Washington. She tried
to hold her temper, but finally broke
out and exclaimed:
"If you don't stop calling that nigger
'mister' I don't know what I will do."
"What shall I call him?" inquired the
lady.
"We'll call him 'Prof.' Washington,"
she replied.
And that reminds me of another story
of an old-fashioned Southern gentleman
at Tuskegee, who, referring to the same
subject, said:
"We have too much self-respect to
call a nigger 'mister,' and we have too
much respect for him to call him
Booker Washington without a prefix,
once we call him 'Professor.'—Chicago
Record-Herald.

AN ACCOMMODATING CLOCK.

"Do you remember the old-time song
about grandfather's clock that 'stopped
short, never to go again, when the old
man died,' " asked a man employed in
the clock department of a Chestnut-
street jewelry store. "Well, there's a
family living on South Fifteenth street
that has a rather mysterious clock. It
used to be in the sitting-room mantel,
but some time ago it was moved down-
stairs to the parlor. It had never kept
good time, and when changed to its new
quarters it refused to go at all. For
three months it has been purely orn-
amental, but one evening last week
while the master of the house was
seated in the parlor, he was surprised
to hear the clock strike 9. He pulled
out his watch, and found that it was 9
o'clock to the minute. The master
He got up and wound the clock, and it
has been keeping good time ever since.
Strange, isn't it, that when it did make
up its mind to start it should have
started exactly at the right time?"—
Philadelphia Record.

A Cure for Summer Complaint.
Summer complaint is unusually pre-
valent among children this season. A
well developed case in the writer's
family was cured last week by the
timely use of Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of
the best patent medicines manu-
factured and which is always kept on
hand at the home of the physician. This
is not intended as a free puff for the
company, who do not advertise with
us, but to benefit little sufferers who
may not be within easy access of a
physician. No family should be with-
out a bottle of this medicine in the
house, especially in summer time.—
Lansing, Iowa, Journal.

Freezing Weather in July
Would cause great discomfort and loss,
but fortunately it is seldom known.
A vast amount of misery is caused at
this season, however, by impoverished
blood, poor appetite and general debility.
These conditions may be reme-
died by enriching the blood and toning
the stomach with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
This medicine seems to put new life
into the whole physical system, simply
because of its wonderful power to
purify, enrich and vitalize the blood,
create an appetite and invigorate the
digestive functions. We advise you to
get a bottle and try it if you are not
feeling just right. It will do you more
good than a six weeks' vacation. It is
the best medicine money can buy.

Saponifier.

Pennsylvania Saponifier is the origi-
nal and old reliable
Concentrated Lye
for family soap mak-
ing and general
household use. It is
entirely safe and
entirely free from
dangerous contents.
The success of this
article has induced
unscrupulous parties
to imitate it. None
genuine unless Penn-
sylvania Saponifier
Manufacturing Co., Phila-
delphia, is stamped
on the wrapper.

Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

PUTNAM

New York, Nov. 12, 1890.
PUTNAM NAIL CO.
Dear Sirs,—
In reply to your favor I
would state that I have used the Put-
nam Nail for several years, and have
advised my friends to use it only.
It is hardly necessary for me to add
that I prefer it to all others.

Ours truly, Albert Ammons.

NAILS AND SUNOL.

New York, Nov. 12, 1890.

PUTNAM NAIL CO.

Dear Sirs,—

In reply to your favor I

would state that I have used the Put-

nam Nail for several years, and have

advised my friends to use it only.

It is hardly necessary for me to add

that I prefer it to all others.

Ours truly, Albert Ammons.

The Putnam Nail enjoys the distinction

of being the only Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed

nail made by machinery, and which imitates the

old hand process.

ROBERT BONNER

INSISTS ON ITS USE.

All others are COLD ROLLED and SHEARED,

an examination of their edges near the

point will show, and are liable to SPLIT or

SLIVER in driving, to injure and perhaps kill

the horse.

The above picture, from a photo

representing Mr. Bonner in the act of

handling his smith a Putnam nail,

while superintending the shoeing of

dear, 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.

PUTNAM NAIL CO.,

NEPONSET, BOSTON, MASS.

For sale by Z. C. M. L. Clark, El-

dredge & Co., Salt Lake Hardware Co.,

and George A. Lowe, Salt Lake City,

Utah.

Talked
into taking cheap washing powders in the
belief that they are equal to PEARLINE!
Grocers who want to work off unsalable goods;
peddlers, prize-givers, etc., all say "This is just
as good," "much cheaper," "same thing."
Don't be deceived. The most effective,
most economical, best made, is
Pearline: unequaled

DESIGNERS
HALF-TONE & ZINC ETCHERS
DeBOUZEK
ENGRAVING CO.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
TELEPHONE BOX 2555
2555 FIRST ST.

'DIRT IN THE HOUSE BUILDS THE HIGH-
WAY TO BEGGARY.' BE WISE IN TIME AND USE
SAPOLIO

SALT AIR BEACH,

JOHN A. M'ALISTER, Manager,

Most Famous Bathing Resort in the World.

Largest Pavilion in America. Fresh Amusements and

Attractions Daily. Magnificent Orchestra, Dancing

Every Day and Evening.

TRAINS AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.

Saltair Restaurant and Lunch Counter

First-Class Help and Service.

Courteous Treatment to Patrons.

ALL DELICACIES AT CITY PRICES.

BLANKE'S

Faust Blend

COFFEE

Is the only Coffee served at Saltair Beach and many of the leading

hotels and restaurants in America and England. The hardest test any

coffee has to stand is constant use in these hotels. Faust Blend has

stood this test, and has found its way into thousands of homes through its

superior drinking qualities.

C.F. BLANKE TEA AND COFFEE CO., St. Louis.

St. Louis.

St. Louis.

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