

LITERATURE

Sarah E. Carmichael Williamson



In an apparently unvisited grave in one of the upper avenues of our city cemetery, a grave overgrown with rank wild grasses and weeds, and over which the headboard—the name upon it hardly decipherable—already slopes to its fall—lies the body of Sarah E. Carmichael Williamson. That neglected spot, however, is hallowed in being the last resting place of a sweet woman and a true poet. This mountain valley, at the time when the pioneers were yet struggling with adverse conditions, was hardly a fit place for so frail a being to blossom forth, so frail a being and dowered with the fire of poetic genius. One might say of her, as she herself said to the "April Flowers":

"Pale flowers, pale flowers, ye come too soon;
Ye come too soon, pale flowers!"

For like the flower that came too soon, that was touched with a chilly blast, was her life. Death should come, to use the thought of another poet, gently to such as she. But it was the fate of Sarah E. Carmichael to drink deeply of the cup of sorrow, and to know at least, mental anguish and pain.

In 1886 a few of Miss Carmichael's friends, kindly interested in the writer and her ability, published at their own expense a small collection in book form of her then extant poems. In this thin volume, now very scarce, will be found the beautiful lines, "April Flowers," from which we have quoted. "The Wounded Bird," an exquisite work of three verses; "Amputated," a very strong poem to have been written by a young woman; "Good Bye, Light Arm—Good Bye!" "Sorrow," and the dainty lines called "Stanzas," besides "The Stolen Sunbeam," included by William Cullen Bryant in his famous "A Library of Poetry and Song," but by him called "The Origin of Gold." These and several others. But these poems are by no means all that were written by our subject.

Some are to be found in old newspaper files—the Telegraph and the "News"—some exist only in manuscript form and others, alas, were never committed to paper, and perished when the light of the poet's life went out. Perished! And have they perished? "The song is most unto the singer and returns unto him." Is it so with the unwritten songs of Sarah E. Carmichael? Are those songs which she heard, in those hours when the dark cloud was lifted temporarily from her brain, forever lost? Many of these were beautiful indeed. Some were far more beautiful, more sad, more passionate, deeper, richer, more filled with that divine fire we call inspiration, than those that yet exist for us. The brain that conceived is dust, the lips which uttered are mute—but the vital spark?

While to one earthly ears shall never come the words, which the poet heard, the words which she linked in subtle harmony, as she lived her life of loneliness, her life of isolation, shut out by her terrible malady, from the lives around her—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—still we can find in the appended poem, a prophecy of what those words would be. Miss Carmichael—Mrs. Williamson—looked upon the wild nature around her—these skies, these mountains, and streams—and loved it; but better she loved to look into the human heart. "Dead Roses" was written before the shadow fell upon the writer's life, but already the poem breathes something of its approaching doom. The poet knew the inevitable. She voiced it in one of her most pathetic pieces, but in the poem before us—the first time it has been published here—there are only indicated the first premonitions, there is only the gentle plaint of one who has learned and accepted in a brave sorrow, yet resignation, what the end must be. ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

DEAD ROSES

(By S. E. C. Williamson.)

Roses, ye kissed me with lips that were brighter
Than these that ye touched ere the yesterday passed,
But now they are colder, and stiller, and whiter,
Than others that trembled awhile in life's blast.
No matter. They weep not for blossoms that wither
Who bear in their bosoms the deep scar of graves;
Yet any sad whisper may summon thoughts hither
That mingle our tears with Eternity's waves.
Is there no summer land where the breath of the flowers
Increases in sweetness, forever and aye,
Or pass their faint sighs from this bleak world of ours
To thicken its vapors of passing away?
Is there no summer world where the heart cometh nearer
To all that it yearns for and misses in this,
Where beauty and love are intenser and dearer
And wedded forever in widening bliss?

Roses, ye speak not—the death spell is on ye,
Ye breathe not, ye blush not, ye tremble no now;
And though to the touch of my lips I have drawn ye
There mute as my own stifled heart-beats ye bow;
But something too sweet to be dust on the morrow
Fills fingers about the pale forms that I press,
'Tis something akin both to joy and to sorrow
That clings to my soul with a passion's excess.
Only dead roses, yet proud brows have worn them,
With smile jewels hiding the point of each thorn;
And tender true hearts have unflinchingly borne them,
And veiled them with laughter to hide them from scorn.
Only dead roses! Yet strong spirits tremble
And bow by a breath of their sweetness oppressed;
And brave honest lips, little used to dissemble,
They hold to a lie of a truth unconfessed.

Only dead roses. Yet, who shall restore them
To summers departed and youth that is passed,
Or bring to the saddest of lives that deplore them
A hope that is sweet as the shadow they cast?
Roses—ah, poor, blighted roses!—yet sweeter
For trial that left ye so faded and changed—
Love passing the grave hath existence complete;
Affections death chastened are never estranged.
I have one changeless trust in the changing FOREVER,
There must be perfection in God's work complete;
I have dreamed of an isle in the ocean called NEVER,
Where the souls of the birds and the blossoms shall meet;
I have dreamed of a shore to the soundless DEATH RIVER
Where love proves its moral of NEVER IN VAIN;
Where 'tis not the cross, but the crown of the giver
And the dead roses gather their incense again.

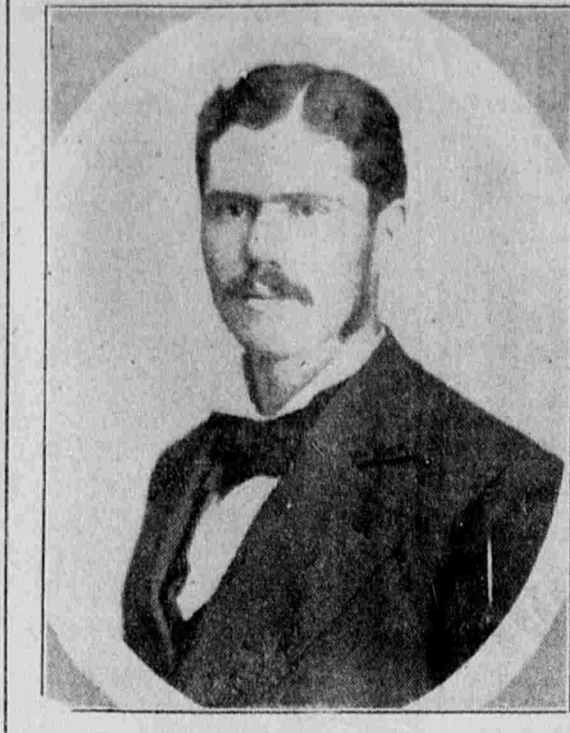
NOTES

"The Awakening of Helena Reich" is to have a dramatic hearing very soon. Before sailing for Australia in the latter part of the month, Miss Ang-

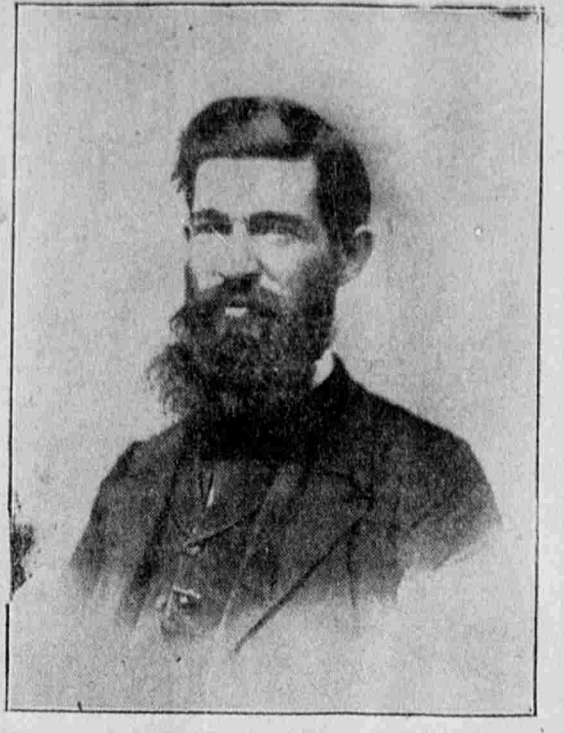
lin will appear in a few performances of the play which Miss Charlotte Thompson has arranged from Mrs. DeLand's most popular novel. Miss Anglin, who gives up her part in "The Great Divide" to Edith Wynne Matthison of "Everyman" fame in order to take a second company on tour, is leaving the present company many

Leaves From Old Albums.

TWO SALT LAKE BANKERS



CHAS. S. BURTON, 1875.



W. W. RITER, 1865.

days earlier for the express purpose of trying the part of Helena Reich before she sails. Mrs. DeLand states that she is extremely interested in the production herself, although having no part in it whatsoever.

The American "Squaw Man," of which William Faversham made a success and his wife, Julie Opp, a novel, has created a great impression in London. Among all the press comments there seems to be no dissenting voice. The English critics proclaim that the play is "truly American," which is understood by one of them to signify "faithful representation of the wild and woolly west." A judicious and rather uncommon arrangement has given all the American parts to American, and the English parts to English players. The book has, of course, had to meet the change of title, and Mrs. Faversham has completed her arrangements with the Harpers for an edition under the new name. The English reason for dropping the "Squaw Man" is in the fact that its purely colloquial meaning was lost in London; while the reason for choosing "A White Man" is advanced by a London critic, who says it is because the hero is a thoroughly good fellow, true in love, straight in all his dealings, and chivalrous to the backbone. Evidently this meaning is not far removed from the American slang phrase, "He's white." The sudden English demand which the Harpers have experienced for three small Niebelungen story books by Anna Alice Chapin, is only part of a more general call in England for popular literature on the "Ring." There is no doubt that the cause lies in the approaching production of the four Wagner operas at Covent Garden, for the first time in the history of the "Ring" in England. As the first performance of the Niebelungen Ring took place at Bayreuth in August, 1876, it has taken 32 years for the English Americans to experience the need of translating it into the popular tongue.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, author of "The New Theology," "Christianity and the Social Order," etc., delivered a remarkable sermon in the City Temple, London, one recent Sunday. His subject was the miracle of Christ feeding the multitude. "The men who told the story were Oriental," he said, "and would not be deceived in the least. They used it to illustrate the spiritual value of Jesus to the world. The feeding of the multitude was not the feeding of the body, but the feeding of the soul with the bread of life. If Jesus came to minister to us today and did not say who He was, do you think His own Church would receive Him gladly? I am perfectly sure it would not. It would regard Him as a dangerous revolutionist, as engaged in upsetting order in the church and state."

"If Jesus came to London today He would not go down to the East End and talk to the children dancing to the organ out in the street, say He would minister to us today and did not say who He was, do you think His own Church would receive Him gladly? I am perfectly sure it would not. It would regard Him as a dangerous revolutionist, as engaged in upsetting order in the church and state."

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managed to get the Arabs to pose for her, said that with rare exceptions they would not permit their pictures to be taken. Whenever they saw the Kodak they turned their backs or else lowered their heads until only the tops of their turbans were visible. In order to get good figures for the plates two of her companions kept the attention of the Arabs while she unobtrusively focussed and took the picture.

An anecdote related by Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urussov in his Memoirs of a Russian Governor, which the Harpers have published, seems to show that the dire problem of how to respond to a tourist is no less difficult for the Slav than for the Anglo-Saxon. When Prince Urussov, then governor of Besarabia, was entertained at the Roumanian court, he had to respond ex tempore to an address of welcome. "I recall just now," says the prince, "the chill down my back and the pulsation at my temples when I uttered the first words. Mr. President, the Council of Ministers! I had not the least idea how to continue amid this perfectly silent company who with eyes riveted upon me were prepared to listen to my post-prandial address. Nevertheless, a strong effort of the will suggested such expressions as called forth repeated exclamations of approval and a volley of applause at the end. On the next day all the local papers had a long speech by the Russian envoy, phrased in great elegance and coherence, and containing, among others, some of my own expressions."

Gertrude Atherton, despite her patriotic attachments, is in her element on London soil. To books and society she has added to her list of accomplishments the other side to find herself already a member of the "Ladies' Athenaeum," the smart women's club of London. Hitherto Mrs. Atherton has avoided club interests, and has not even now really adopted them, but the function of every day tea, as folks observe it over there, lends downright convenience to a club for the entertainment of one's American friends. Mrs. Atherton's Ancestors is creating enough of a stir to strengthen the London favor of the writer, which has always been very great.

That a prophet is sometimes honored in his own country is evidenced by the recent election of Meredith Nicholson, the author of "Roseland at Red Gate," to the presidency of the University club of Indianapolis, his native city. The club is one of the most famous social organizations in the west, and has an individuality as marked and a hospitality as hearty as that of the Hoosier capital itself. To be elected to the highest honor in the power of a club whose membership includes, or has included, such names as those of Benjamin Harrison—the club's first president—Vice President Fairbanks, General Leavelle, Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Hugh H. Hanna, George Ade and Booth Tarkington, is certainly a certificate of high regard.

BOOKS

Somerville Elementary Algebra, by Frederick H. Somerville, the William Penn Charter school, Philadelphia. American Book company, New York.

This book is planned to meet every real need in teaching elementary algebra in secondary schools, including the present requirements of the college entrance examination board. The statement of problems is consistent use of the idea of "translation" the natural order and grouping of the type-forms in factoring; the logical plan of the introduction to factoring; the economic arrangement of the simultaneous equations; the introduction and the classification of the new forms in the theory of exponents; the consistent and teachable presentation of quadratic equations; the clear introduction to the practical treatment of logarithms. In the early chapters, the written exercises consist of frequent, but carefully graded, and the numerous reviews are constructed on

Madame Helena Phillippe, whose charming photographs have been in the new edition of "The Garden of Allah," when asked how she

of the Royal Academy, in the latter of which he took the Armes and several medals together with several other prizes, and tried for the gold medal for historical painting in 1884. For nearly 30 years he has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and his drawings were features of the best English illustrated periodicals, such as

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the lines of recent entrance questions of the leading colleges. The treatment of graphs is full but not perplexing, and is accompanied by diagrams of a superior character. The book responds to the growing demand for an introduction of the simpler formulas of the physical laboratory.

Tuckerman's Reader of French Pronunciation. By Julius Tuckerman, head of the modern language department, central high school, Springfield, Mass. American Book company, New York. A simple and very rapid method of the ordinary resources of the public, but to her intimate friends she displayed qualities and feelings which bound them to her. Amongst such was the late Earl of Lytton, a man of fastidious taste, and others might be named whose appreciation of her merits would be accepted without reserve. "Ouida" had none of the ordinary resources of women. She tried her hand at painting, but did not achieve much; she was fond of music, but played no instrument; I never saw her with a needle in her fingers, and she detested cards with such thoroughness that I connected this dislike with her mysterious, mathematical father; but I may be wrong. She attracted more than women, because she liked to discuss that which interested the former, and disliked talking on many subjects which her own sex thought of paramount importance. In the conduct of her own life imagination played so great a part that she was exposed

Everly, Blount and Walton's Laboratory Lessons in Physical Geography. By L. L. Everly, A. M., department of geography, state normal school, Wilton, Minn.; Ralph E. Blount and Calvin L. Walton, Ph. D., instructors in physical geography, high schools, Chicago, American Book company, New York. These ninety lessons constitute a year's course, covering such physical geography topics as can be taken up to advantage in the laboratory. Drainage, land and coast forms are made clear by the aid of sand modeling, the study of well-selected topographical maps, and the making of profiles from these maps and other data. Simple lessons are outlined for the examination of mineral specimens and for experiments with light, heat, magnetism, the gases in the atmosphere, air pressure and the barometer, evaporation, humidity, etc. An understanding of the length of day and night, standard time, the simplest map projections, distribution and range of temperature, weather maps, rainfall, and winds is assisted by the making of graphs and maps. Cross-section paper and map blanks are provided.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman, musical critic of Harper's Weekly, has an article on Greig in the current North American Review, which aims at a conservative estimate of the Norwegian's genius. Mr. Gilman's book, Stories of Symphonic Music, has been made of special interest to concert goers by this season's choice of orchestral repertoire, which has been strangely in line with the book's selection of symphonic themes to be interpreted.

In "My experiences with Railway Rates and Rebates" in the March Century, Andrew Carnegie will tell just how the practise of "special rates" grew up writing from two points of view: first as a secretary and telegraph operator of Thomas A. Scott, superintendent Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad, and second, as head of the Carnegie Steel company. Books

An excellent special article appears in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion as one of the staff series, dealing with "Progress in Physical Science" by T. C. Mendenhall, L. I. D., one time professor of physics in the imperial university of Japan and occupying a dozen other positions of distinguished trust. Besides this are two or three interesting short stories, the third installment of Arthur Stanswood Pier's serial, "The New Boy," and the good Academy and his partners. Perry Mason Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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the Illustrated London News, the Graphic and the Sphere. For a man of less than 50 to have covered such a range as he did in portraiture, landscape and nature, and to have turned out besides a large amount of first rate black and white illustrations, shows enormous application as well as enormous versatility.

Paget, whose good nature was a byword in London's Bohemia, was married, and has left a widow and four children. Soldiering was his hobby, and he was a member of two volunteer regiments in Middlesex. He was a member of the staff of the Strand Magazine when that periodical bought the first of the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and was especially chosen by its editor to illustrate them. Doyle liked the drawings that resulted and would have no one else to illustrate his later stories of the detective. The author and the artist became intimate friends and Paget was frequently a guest at Haslemere, Sir Arthur's country home, near Hindhead.

OUIDA LIKED AMERICANS.

It has frequently been stated that "Ouida" had a great aversion to Americans, but, according to a writer who within a fortnight of the death of the unfortunate authoress received a letter from her in which she addressed him as "My oldest friend," she numbered many Americans among her intimates. It was in 1869 that he first made the acquaintance of "Ouida" and her mother, who were then staying at the Langham hotel in London.

"It is scarcely correct to say," he writes, "that she disliked Americans. The painter Brerstadt was one of her earliest friends, and many of his friends became hers also. It must, however, be borne in mind that during a great part of the time when Ouida lived at the Langham hotel it had for its manager an ex-colonel of the Confederate army, and that consequently it was not much in favor with northerners. Nevertheless, it was there that Longfellow stayed, and I owe to Ouida the pleasure of having once been in his company."

THE REAL "OUIDA."

Of the real "Ouida," as he knew her, he writes:

"Enough—perhaps more than enough—has been said of the guise under which 'Ouida' appeared to the public; but to her intimate friends she displayed qualities and feelings which bound them to her. Amongst such was the late Earl of Lytton, a man of fastidious taste, and others might be named whose appreciation of her merits would be accepted without reserve. 'Ouida' had none of the ordinary resources of women. She tried her hand at painting, but did not achieve much; she was fond of music, but played no instrument; I never saw her with a needle in her fingers, and she detested cards with such thoroughness that I connected this dislike with her mysterious, mathematical father; but I may be wrong. She attracted more than women, because she liked to discuss that which interested the former, and disliked talking on many subjects which her own sex thought of paramount importance. In the conduct of her own life imagination played so great a part that she was exposed

to many disillusion; and it is not to be wondered at if towards its close she became embittered against the world which had once seemed so bright, but in the end became so grey."

ORIGINATOR OF LIMERICK.

The recent anniversary of the death of Edward Lear recalls the fact that he was the originator of "limericks," though not, of course, of limerick competitions which, now beginning to wane here, are still in full swing in America.

The first patrons of "limericks" were the members of the noble house of Stanley, for it was to amuse the children of the "Book of Nonsense" and great-grandchildren of the thirteenth Earl of Derby that Lear composed his books of "Nonsense Verses," with their equally quaint drawings. At one time rumor attributed the actual authorship of the verses to Lord Derby, and Lear relates with gusto how he discomfited an elderly gentleman in a railway carriage, who had insisted that the real author was Lord Derby, the name "Lear" being merely "earl" transposed, and that there was "no such person at all as Edward Lear." The reply of the author of the "Book of Nonsense" was to finish upon his would-be extingisher a number of personal articles, all inscribed with his name, together with several letters addressed to himself.

WROTE "LEARICKS."

Lear first attracted the interest of Lord Derby by his colored drawings, with the result that his patron found him the means to visit Italy and there foster his art. This was laid the foundation of an enduring friendship between the Knowles family and the author-painter. The "nonsense verses" were originally dubbed "learicks," a happier designation, it would appear, than "limericks." But the latter word had already established itself as the generic name for a certain type of stinging popular at river picnics, of which a favorite version was:

"Won't you come up, come up, come up,
Won't you come up to Limerick."

The name at first attached to this description of nonsense chant became grafted later upon the more enduring nonsense verse invented by Edward Lear. He died at San Remo, Jan. 29, 1888.

Warrington Dawson, son of the late Captain Dawson, editor of the Charleston, S. C., News and Courier, his written another novel which with his first novel, "The Scar," will be published here in England, although it doubtless deals with the United States as his previous novel did. It is to be brought out here almost immediately by one of the best of the English publishers, and is to be entitled, "The Scourge." The first book was not only well reviewed here, but also had a good sale. The author, who is one of the best known newspaper men in Paris, is the representative there of the United States Press.

CHARLES GODDENS.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and cures the throat from the system as it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed. The genuine is in the yellow package. P. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Nerve Substitutes."



STEPHANE LAUSANNE

PARIS EDITOR TO STUDY AMERICANS.

New York, Feb. 25.—Stephane Lausanne and wife are in America to observe how Americans live. Mr. Lausanne is editor-in-chief of Le Matin, of Paris, and his wife was formerly Miss Camille Gros, of San Francisco.

"I have come especially to study newspapers, American life and American politics," said the Parisian editor.

"Le Matin is partly an American newspaper. We have adopted your titles and presentation (meaning thereby headlines and style of presenting news)."

"I desire to learn all I can about Americans, and especially New York journalism."

"We like very much American in France. They feared a little bit, I know not for what reason, war between the United States and Japan, and were rather anxious about it in Paris when I left."

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Of the party who was going St. Nicholas (new) For
to call me up about this McClure's
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HE ILLUSTRATED SHERLOCK HOLMES

Our London Literary Letter.

SPECIAL Correspondence.
LONDON, Feb. 18.—If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle ever writes more stories of Sherlock Holmes, he will have to find a new illustrator, for Sidney Paget, who made all the drawings for the tales that now are so famous, died this week, of consumption, after a plucky fight for life lasting over the past year and a half.

Probably most American readers of the Holmes stories will remember the "S. P." that appeared in the lower left-hand corner of each of the graphic, if somewhat rugged, drawings that accompanied them. Their author, who was as when he died, was one of the most remarkable of the great left-hand corner of each of the graphic, if somewhat rugged, drawings that accompanied them. Their author, who was as when he died, was one of the most remarkable of the great left-hand corner of each of the graphic, if somewhat rugged, drawings that accompanied them.

Sidney Paget, who also illustrated Conan Doyle's novel, "Rodney Stone," was the fourth son of a vestry clerk who served the London borough of Camberwell for over 40 years. The late artist who chose his profession soon after he was 16, passed rapidly through several London art schools, notably the British Museum, Heatherley's and that

Saponifier Lye

The Kind Your Grandmother Always Used.

Pennsylvania Saponifier is the original and old reliable concentrated Lye for family soap making and general household uses. Has many imitations but no equal. The genuine has Pennsylvania Salt Works Co., Phila., stamped on the lid.

Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

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