#### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.



NOTES.

The press of the country shows re-misable unanimity in singling out it. Townsend's "Days Like These" as a most important novel of New York is since Mr. Ford's "The Honorable studies" appeared a few York a since Mr. Fords The Honorada ter Sulfing" appeared a few years a What the New York Times' Satur-y Review said of it recently, that to novel of New York life since "The morable Peter Stirling" appeared sheen so deserving of serious atten-" has been reiterated in yarjous has been reiterated 1- various ters of the land. Finally there an article in the current Book an by Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, & author of "New York in Fiction," a which article he declares that, "for r audacity of characterization, it asses anything that has appeared some time, and, on account of this, a success is as certain as was that of fr. Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirlgt" Mr. Maurice goes on to say that "Tays Like These" Mr. Townsend as written "a strong and a good wel" and "that this book will have dinary vogue there is no use strying to deny.

The vexed question is frequently met by the publisher, "Doeg or does

horse in his own country in Mr. onurchillis case. The gampse which he gives in The Crisis of the German colony of St. Louis is something new in our literature. Americans with a kind of national feeling lump their German fellow citizens together in speaking or writing of them. With keen discern-ment Mr. Churchill has drawn a plcture of the life and devotion of the men who fought for the Union because it represented to them the struggle against a class (yranny which had driven them into exile. Down there in the German suburb were to be found gentlemen and scholars, men of whom Germany should have been proud but whom she drove harshly from her fron tier. This is but one of the phases of manifold American life that are to be found in The Crisis but it is an important one-a tribute to German Americans such as no American novelist has yet offered.

from Saxony of one Ludwig, a tallor, living and dying humbly at Chemnitz, who claimed to be the son of the Eaglet, and therefore the grandson of Napole-

on. A few papers in his possession confirmed rather than refuted the truth al claim, the

#### THE END OF HENRIK IBSEN NEAR?

coast which not only takes a place of its own in the literature of a country, but in the hearts of its people. Mrs. Sarah P. McL. Greene, the author of this delightful book, has been for some years at work on a new novel, which, like the story just mentioned, also portrays life among the primitive byways of an isolated seashore hamlet in Maine. It is believed to be the author's best work, as it is the longest and the most ambitious novel that she has yet written. Like "Vesty," it is full of the pathos and humor of life's little comedies and tragedles, thrown against the simplicity and crudeness of their natur-al surroundings. Like "Vesty," too, the al surroundings. Like vesty, too, the dominant note in the book is a note of joy, and the uplift continually one of hope. Mrs. Greenc's forthcoming novel, which will be published in the early autumn, is to be entitled "Flood-Tide."

the primitive shores of our eastern

After "Alice of Old Vincennes." Harold MacGrath's "The Puppet Crown." This rattling novel of adventure has now advanced to second place in the now advanced to second place in the lists of best-selling novels in this city. Its publishers, the Bowen-Merrill com-pany, are not merely lucky in their choice of books: an almost unbroken list of successes from "When Knight-hood Was in Flower" to this latest ven-ture is not to be credited to chance. This once "obscure Western publishing house" has organized victory in a sehouse" has organized victory in a re-markable way, which has not yet received adequate attention. Its possesison of great keenness of judgment in the matter of books needs no dem-In the inter of books needs no dem-onstration: its career is proof enough. Where credit is mostly due to it is in its development of new territory, but im-perfectly covered before its advent, its cultivation of an enormous class of readers, whose purchasing powers were tested to the full with "talka of Old tested to the full with. "Alice of Old Vincennes," written by the late Maurice Thompson at the suggestion of Messrs Bowen-Merrill, The exceptional read-ableness of this story gave it a wider audience, and made it for six months the most popular book in the country, but it had its inception and early stor in the thorough knowledge of its public of the Bowen-Merrill company. 2<sup>th</sup>e strategy and tactics of modern pub-lishing are an interesting study: the In-dianapolis publishers have mastered all their details. BOOKS.

One of the most entertaining books that has appeared for months is "The Kidnaped Millionaires," by Frederick U. Adams, which is issued by the Lo-throp Publishing company of Boston. It is a tale of Wall street and is strict-ly up to date in characters, scenes and all accessories. It would be a for all accessories. It reads like a farce comedy and it is so full of life and movement that one will never find it dull, except perhaps in some of the discussions of public questions which the millionaires indulge in during their enforced retirement from Wall street. The plot is improbable on its face, yet by sheer force of audacity it is made seem simple and natural. It is not difficult to recognize the thinly velled identity of the six kidnaped millionaires or of the newspaper which boasts of the eccentric special correspondent who decoys the Wall street magnates aboard his steam yacht and then ma-roons them on the Mexican coast. In all its details of the Wall street panic that followed the kidnaping the book

is written with an easy mastery of the subject, and the newspaper methods are depicted with a certain humorous cari-That is an interesting story coming cature that is very entertaining. Certainly yellow journalism was never held up to ridicule more defuly than this author has done it, while he pretends to be lost in admiration of its enter-

> The millionaires who are kidnaped much excellent fun in their talks on board the yacht and on the island where they are marooned. The man who represents old Russell Sage comes in for most of the jokes and his econ-omy is the subject of amusing gibes from the magnate who represents Jim Keene. Fanatics, by Paul Lawrence Dun-bar, is a story of the civil war by a negro. It seems like an ill-fated combination, and yet the demand for the book is considerable, for this is the best novel that Dunbar has written. It is not only an interesting story, but its theme is freer from negro grievances than one might expect. Fanatics is not as might be implied by the title, a portrayal of those arrayed on the side of the South or against negro freedom. but of those of both the South and North who, by abnormal infatuation of feelings, have been lead into party fanatical views. Like his brother-in-blood author, Charles W. Chestnutt in "The House Behind the Cedar," he does not neglect the opoprunity of magnifying what-ever good quality the negro displays. But then one must expect that. The incidents in the book concern a mob violence of the North; indeed, all the scenes in the book are taid in Ohio. The author is certainly courageous in utilizing for a background a locality that was admittedly the most friendly to the negro to show the hostility against the negro. But the book is dramatic and interesting simply as a clever piece of fiction, although there is no new theory advanced nor any solution of the negro problem advocated .- Dodd Mead Co., Publishers.

Here is the latest photograph of Henrik Ibsen, the famous dramatist and poet. In all likelihood it is also his last picture. The great writer is rapidly nearing his end and cannot last much longer.

LADYSMITH AS IT LOOKS TODAY

The Once Besieged City Revisited by a Correspondent of the London Daily Mail-Historic Scenes and Memories.

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but perhaps that is the fault of the too inquisitive visitor.

Fortunately the citizens of Ladysmith seem to have no objection to living the slege o'er again in fancy. On summer evenings, with a long feed whisky and soda beside them, they will talk dreamily of the days when the muddy water of the Klip was their one and only tipple. Or when the dining-room of the Royal is a place of lights and laughter and appetizing odors, they will recall the delicacies of a horseflesh menu, as they toy with an entree of the orthodox sort.

And really they do not look any the worse for their former privations. To enjoy the distinction of having "been through the siege" seems to have been earned easily enough by some at least of the civilians. I was assured by resi-dents of Ladysmith that there are peole living in the town now, British by birth, though evidently not by breeding, who, when the slege began, refused to join the Town Guard, or to do anything to assist in the deignse of the place,

They still talk siege in Ladysmith, | Devonshire Regiment, who fell in the gallant and successful charge made across this place by three companies during the fight on 6th January, 1900. Semper Fidelis." It would be an impertinence for me to add any words of description to all that has been said, and so vividly and earnestly said, on this subject. No mere words and could ever do full justice to the charge of the Devons, or to the undying fame which is the term

which is theirs. At the point where Wagon Hill joins the Cæsar's Camp ridge there is a depression, and here it was that the Im-pereial Light Horsemen were stationed. Standing on the edge of Cæsar's Hill, one looks down from the steep, rocky slopes to the level plain below, where stand Bester's farmhouse, embowered in trees. The dongas and water-courses in trees, The dongas and water-courses were dry; the sun blistered the parched veldt. One tried to imagine the scene on the afternoon of January 6-the blackness of the storm, momentarily lit up by appalling flashes of lightning, the marginess driving of the rain and wind merciless driving of the rain and wind, the dongas converted into raging tor-rents. These the fleeing Boers tried to ford or swim, while our men, mad with with joy, lined the cres of the ridge and fired into the fugitives until the mists and the night shrouded from their gaze this veritable valley of the shadow of death. Yes, January is, indeed, a day which it behoves the empire never to forget.



gerial publication tend to promote meet in a work of fiction when it is pained as a book?" The only answer, whany degree of satisfaction in it, inclusion been arrived at, is that, in the and a poor story, " hurrs the sale de book, but, when the story is a paione, it helps it immenselv. There ms be some truth in this conclusion, WMessrs. Harper & Brothers report at interest in their two magazine rais Gilbert Parke's "The Right of by," and Miss Wilkins' "The Potion diabor," has already resulted in large mance orders for these two novels it. isk form which have exceeded stations, Indeed, in the case of Miss Tikins, the orders already received for book excel any advance orders they We ever received for their publica-issa by this author. Miss Wilkins' Taterstudies," by the way, has gone has a third edition, and in England the growing appreciation of her work the sevidenced by the quickened de-had for this barret of has backs and for this latest of her books.

Although her supreme merit has long ten aknowledged in Italy, Matilde kna's work has been slow in making It way outside her own country. te swiftness of American readers to eciate genius has already been hanfest since the appearance of her Land of Cockayne." recently publish-shy the Harpers. And now Mr. W. L. also, the critic who has long been umplaining of the neglect of Madame Sna by the Anglo-Saxon world, Mes in triumph from London to the New York Times' Saturday Review: Matide Serao is making her way here. Bernovel, "The Land of Cockayne," has had been published in a translation, as been published with the highest praise the press. If D'Annunzio will hencefurth confine himself to his true field-the writing of epic poetry-perhaps sens will come to her own, and be tagnized as the greatest living Ital-an novelist. She is already so recog-lied in France, and her position here till be seen as the second s will be secured as soon as she is widely

The seventh novel in the American Contemporary Novels Series from the Impers, was published on the 23rd an, will be by a new writer, whose first essay in fiction is an exciting tay of a backwoods railroad and lum-try of the B. & A." The authon, it yaughan Kester, is a brother of it paul Kester, whose dramatization of "When Knighthood was in Flow-"When Knighthood was in Flowand his and his own original comedy. Sweet Nell of Old Drury," provided the of the most popular actresses of the day, Miss Julia Marlowe in Englishing of the second Knighthood." Miss Ada Rehan in Nell" on this side, and Miss bila Neilson in the same play in Lona, with the foremost dramatic suc-Ester bids fair to win his spurs as successfully in fiction a his brother has the in play-writing, for his first novel is said to be not only ingenious in plot a incident, but strong in characterizabon and descriptive power.

The August novel in the American Catemporary Novels Series (Harpers) ind, although a first novel, the author is already well known in journalistic theles Mr. A. Maurice Low has been in many years in charge of the Washmany years in charge of the Wash-age bureau of the Boston Globe, the American correspondent of the don Daily Chronicle, the American a and has an established reputation a political writer and as an author-by on foreign affairs. His page in Bare's Weekly, treating of European.

dies under the title "Transatlantic big" is widely read and copied by mes of both countries, "The Su-me Surrounder" has its scenes laid Washington, and is a commanding to story with something more than a around of politics, for Mr. Low's sides of the inner workings of the def State Senate has enabled him be politic. h us politics with unusual intimacy as force in presenting us with a busy dramatic novel of national life al character.

The Hundred Thousand copies of The Hundred Thousand copies of The Sen published. It cannot the statistic the prophet is without The Gennine.

lute proofs have yet to be But a tailor!-in two generations the Napoleonic force reduced to the driving a needle through the small-clothes of Saxony villagers! Even Lord Rose-bery's "Napoleon: the Last Phase" took no cognizance of a possible tailer at the end. It is true that Gilbert Parker has rather beautified the profession per se by making a tailor of one of the most virile and unforgettable figures of current fiction-Charley Steele in "The Right of Way," now being concluded in

Right of Way, Harper's Magazine. Mr. Will N. Harben's "Westerfelt," published simultaneously in London with its appearance here, a few weeks ago, is meeting with keen appreciation in England, and recalls the fact that when his stories entitled "Northern Georgia Sketches" were published on the other side the book evoked a letter from Mr. Frank Harris, at that time

editor of the London Saturday Review, The letter contained a very characteris tic comment on American and English literary appreciation, which is well worth quoting. "It is altogether a notable book," wrote by Mr. Harris. "Not a weak or poor story in it. I do not agree with you that tastes differ greatly between your people and mine, Appreciation of good work of any sort is most rare on both sides of the Atlan-While this is true, it seems pertinent to add that appreciation of all good things, whether American or English, is more general on the American side of the Atlantic. Compare, for instance, the large number of English authors, with or without dialect, who are read and enjoyed in America, with the few American authors who have any general vogue in England. The latter can be counted very readily, and they are usually men or women who depict what the English are pleased to consider typical American life. Bret Harte and now it appears that Mr. Harben's "Westerfelt," which is rich in the spirit of rural Georgia life, is also finding favor in the eyes of the English public.

So it would seem that, with less prejudice and broader sympathy, the American reading public is capable of more generous and general appreciation of good books, without respect of race or persons, than are our English cousins.

An elderly, blind white horse used to furnish the power that drove some of the presses at Harper & Brothers in the early 30's of the last century. In those days publishers, like the rest of the world, were not so much in a hurry as they are now. The old horse was hu-manely chosen for his blindness, as his work was to be performed in a cellar; and there he spent the remainder of his life and died an honored member of the firm. The pressuren of those placid days would gaze in bewilderment at the modern machinery of a large publishing house, with its electrical appliances and its transformed and appliances and its tremendous productive capacity.

That the author of "Vesty of the Basins" has not lost her grip on Amer-ican readers is evidenced by the con-tinued interest in this book, of which a leading contemporary wrote the other day: "No book of American life and character study of this decade merits new editions more than 'Vesty of the Basins.'" It is one of those inimitable studies of human nature to be found on

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stomach. If you suffer from Dyspepsia. Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver and Weak Kidneys, you'll find a sure cure in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will also prevent insomnia and nervousness by keeping the stom-ach in a healthy condition. Don't fail to give it a trial and you will not be disapp.inted.

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### BEST LAWYER IN TOWN.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely. You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam.

"Yes, sah." "Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me \$50 if "He didn't speak in the third person,

did he? "No, sah, he tuck good care dat dar were no third pusson 'round; dar was only two-us two."

I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?" "I was the fust puson myself, sah." "You don't understand me. When he

was talking to you did he say: "I will pay you \$50?"

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was the best lawyer in San Antone to fool the jedge and de jury—in fac' you was de best in town to cover up reskelity." For a brief, breathless moment the

trial was suspended .- Detroit Free Press.

## A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED.

#### At Panama, Columbia, by Chamberlain's Colle, Chelera and Diarrhosa

Remedy. Dr. Chas, H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Columbia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad at-tack of dysentery. Everything I pre-scribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die.

She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoes Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was, effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well."

#### GRIM MEMORIALS.

In the smoking-room and the hotel unge you get the comedy of the siege. The tragedy needs no telling. No words are wanting to impress it on the im-

agination of the visitor. The wonder is that there is so little to show in the way of destruction for all the energy of the Boer Long Toms. The Royal hotel was certainly well peppered. The doors and walls display plentiful signs of bormbardment, and the management wisely refrain from re-papering and redecorating these historic places. From my bed-room window one stared straight across at table-topped Bulwana, and the walls of the room were fairly ripped up with fragments of shell

The tower and the belfry of the Town Hall also stand as they have stood since they made the acquaintance of a weighty billet-doux from the Boer gunto the battered masonry holds ners. together is one of those little puzzles thoughtfully provided by the munici-pality for the benefit of tourists. A corner has been chippeds off a church, too, and the vestrymen are as thought-ful as the councilors. They leave the thing just as it is-even to the pile of stones in the pathway. The guardian of antiquities in the Roman Forum could not be more careful to preserve unimpaired these relics of an agitating past.

The town of Ladysmith itself has but few interests and but little attraction for the stranger. A dull, dirty, slat-ternly little town: sprawling shamelessly and shapelessly beneath its tall blue gums and beside its arid kopjes. The mean coolie hovels, the architectural squalor of the Highstreet, the unpic-turesque open spaces, the dusty, straggling hedges, the stunted thorn trees, the turgid, noiseless, earthy riverthese things combine to make a somewhat unfavorable impression, until one remembers all that lies behind, the entendid deeds that here were done, the quiet endurance, the heroic fortitude of the half-starved garrison, and, remembering these things, even the com-monplace and the ugly become glorified in the light of an honest and worthy patriotism.

#### HISTORIC SUBURBS

The story of the slege, however, is as-sociated rather with the outskirts of the town, with the perimeter of rocky, reddish, low-lying kopjes held for so many weeks by our troops. And of these the one which the stranger naturally de-sires most to visit is the long, gently undulating range, originally called "Platrand," but immortalised since the slege as Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill. Every luch of the ground is historic, every stone has almost sacred associations for the Briton, and I might also add, for the Boers as well, for on that grim, harsh 6th of January the Boers fought as valuatly and as well as we did. There, on this bare, stony, most unromantic hill, Briton and Boer faced each other with equal bravery and almost equal tenacity for fifteen long awful bours long awful hours. On the extreme eastern spur of Wag-

on Hill, hard by a solitary mimosa, stands a simple stone catra. Here feil a few of the engineers who were engaged few of the engineers who were engaged making the emplacement for a couple of naval guns at the very moment of the Boer attack. On January 6 there were practically no defences on the hill. The stone schantzes to be seen now these stone schanizes I discovered a few yards down the southern slope of the hill a hole dug in the earth, with a few stones piled in front. This had evidently been used by one of our marks-men, who took pot shots at the Boer snipers on the hill opposite. About two feet below the hole was a slab of stone and almost every inch of this stone was marked by Boer bullets. The slab must have been plastered with lead. For fifteen hundred yards range that might be called fair shorting: might be called fair shooting. THE BRAVE THAT ARE NO MORE.

Passing along Wagon Hill one comes STETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS Plump cheeks, flushed with the soft glow of health, and a pure complexion make all women beautiful. HERBINE imparts strength and vitality to the system, and the rosy hue of bealth to the cheeks. Price, 60 cents, Z. C. M. L

Some five or six miles from Lady-smith lies Nicholson's Nek-a place not so frequently visited, but well worth a visit.

#### IN THE CEMETERY.

Leaving Ladysmith, one passes on the left, first, Observation Hill, from which Ladysmith watched the battle of Spion Kop; then Surprise Hill, where a Boer gun was destroyed; Pepworth's Hill, a miserable mound of earth, being some little distance to the right. The collinb up the hill abutting on Nichol-son's Nek is a stiff one, as the grass conceals the rough stones, which are everywhere, and the angle is acute. Upon arriving at the summit of the hill an undulating plateau, covered wit grass 6 feet high-one realizes how un tenable was the position held by Co onel Carleton and his men. The small entrenchments hurriedl

thrown up by our men are still there and in the middle of the long grass ar some stone obelisks marking the lone ly graves of the Gloucesters and th yal Irish fusiliers who fell in action Altogether a very sad and solitary hill crest. The wooden crosses on the grave are without names, and no names ar as yet on the monuments, the place in the masonry reserved for a marble tab-let being unfilled. Some kindly dis-posed person has planted wild flowers, and the blooms lend color and beauty to the desalation of the yald.

to the desolation of the veldt. Near Devon Post, at the foot of the by the silent Kilp river, les the Lady-smith cemetery. The blue gums and cypresses stand sentinel over the rough, simple graves below. The swish of the autumn air makes plaintive music in the patches of long grass. So many good men sleep here. G. W. Steevens, Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V. C., the Earl of Ava, are all within a few yards of each other. Plain white wooden rosses mark their last resting-place Away out there across the level veldt looms Bulwana, lit by the setting sun. and lying like a dull crimson cloud on the dominating horizon. How complete. ly, how hopelessly, that horizon must have dominated beleaguered Ladyerrith

One thinks of the words of poor Steevens: "Beyond is the world-war and love. Clery marching on Colenzo, and all that a man holds dear in a little island under the North Star." Alas! that so many were destined never again to know that world beyond until "death Maw they sleep in peace!

# AUCTION OF UNCLAIMED COODS.

The following goods remaining on hand unclaimed or otherwise described as below, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder at the office of the undersigned, No. 47 Commercial Block, Sait Lake City, Utah, on Thurs-day, August 15, 1901—if not called for and charge and costs paid before said date. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m. and to continue until sold.

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