



## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

## WOMAN'S VERSION OF "THE VAMPIRE."

(With Apologies to Kipling.)  
BY FELICIA BLAKE.

A fool there was, and she lowered her pride,  
When you and I, D.,  
(We saw the faults that could not be denied)  
But the fool saw only his manly side  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the love we laid on our own heart's grave  
With the care of our head and hand,  
Belongs to the man who did not know  
(And now we know that he never could know)  
And did not understand.

A fool there was, and her best she gave  
(Even as you and I),  
Of noble thoughts, and a prolonged grave  
(And all were accepted as due to the grave)  
But a fool would never her folly save  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the stabs she hid, which the Lord  
Had ever been really planned.  
We took from the man who didn't know  
(And now we know he never knew why)  
And did not understand.

The fool was loved while the game was new  
(Even as you and I),  
And when it was played she took her cue  
(Pleading along as much as a game)  
Trying to keep his faults from view  
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the ache of the heart or  
Its break  
(Even as you and I).

## NOTES.

Julian Hawthorne whose reminiscences of his father, Nathaniel, have just been issued by the Harpers under the title "Hawthorne and His Circle," is sometimes confused with his father in the minds of certain readers. When a few years ago, Nathaniel Hawthorne's great romance, "The Scarlet Letter," went out of copyright, it was reprinted by many publishers all over the country, and thousands of readers became acquainted with it for the first time. Readers are not always very observant of the precise nature of authors, and one day Julian Hawthorne received a request for an autograph from a lady who professed herself one of his most ardent admirers. I think she wrote, "that I have read everything that you have produced; but I must say that that last thing of yours, 'The Scarlet Letter,' is by far the best work that you have ever done." "Did the lady get the autograph?" was asked by one of the friends to whom Julian Hawthorne related the story. "Oh yes," he replied; "and I told her that, so far from that being my last work, it was published when I was only four years old."

Mr. J. Storck Clouston, author of the new humorous novel "Our Lady's Inn," at the request of his publishers, the Harpers, has sent them the following "biography."

"Born 1870—educated at Merchant and Magdalen College, Oxford—called to the bar at the inner temple, but beyond writing has never done any honest work—after a prolonged irresponsible youth, has married, settled in the Islands of Orkney, and released into a justice of the peace.

"Works: 'Vandir,' a Viking—intended for a romance and published as a boy's story.

"The Lunatic at Large"—intended for a comedy and hailed as a farce.

"The Duke"—intended for a romantic satire and generally unread.

"The Adventures of M. D'Harcot"—intended for a satirical comedy and again greeted as a farce.

"Our Lady's Inn"—intended as a contribution to serious literature, but the Lord knows what it will be considered.

"Miscellaneous: Admired by his family."

David Harum at last has forced his way into the parliamentary arena. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking to a large and enthusiastic audience of Liberals at Bolton on Oct. 15, made the following reference to David and his philosophy. "The subject under discussion was Mr. Balfour's policy of a retaliatory tariff, and Sir Henry added: 'Mr. Balfour's maxim is this: We must do to other countries what they always do to each other.' I am familiar with another maxim: 'Do to other men what you would they should do to you.' I have yet a third maxim in my memory, the maxim of David Harum. Have you ever made the acquaintance of David Harum? I would like you all to make acquaintance with him. David Harum was a money lender or banker in the city of New York, and was accounted a particularly cute man in monetary transactions, and he laid this down as a rule of life: 'Do unto the other fellow the way he would like to do unto you, and do it first.' I think that is worldly wisdom. I think that is the maxim that Mr. Balfour's, and it is to be observed that Mr. Chamberlain is of the Harum school. He is going to do it first, to put an all-round duty of 10 per cent at least upon all manufactured goods, irrespective of this question of retaliation altogether. But after all I prefer myself to fall back upon the antiquated maxim of Scripture that it is better we should do to others as we would that they should do unto us."

## BAKER'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

have held the market for 122 years with constantly increasing sales

(1) because they are pure and of high grade; (2) because they yield the most and best for the money; (3) because they are unequalled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor.

Our trade-mark is on every package of the genuine goods

Walter Baker &amp; Co.

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

## THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

This poem is more familiar in its musical setting by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan than as a poem by Mrs. Procter.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if we were lost to seas.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand amen.

The late Rev. E. Walpole, Warren, to whom his father, Dr. Samuel Warren, committed the original manuscript of "Ten Thousand a Year," has in turn bequeathed the family heirloom to the care of his son Alfred, with the stipulation that it shall never be sold except on the consent of all four children, and then only after it shall have been offered to the British Museum.

The late Julian Ralph's autobiography, "The Making of a Journalist," is announced by Messrs. Harpers & Bros. In this book Mr. Ralph, one of the greatest journalists of our day, does not attempt—as he himself explained—to teach his readers how to become newspaper men, who are born not made, but the recital of his own remarkable career reflects the variety of experiences which goes to the making of one. It is suggested that this book is unconsciously an argument against the possibility of training journalists in colleges.

The French translation of Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" began serial publication in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* on Sept. 15, under the title "La Fille de Lady Rose," the author's name being given as Mary A. Ward, instead of the usual form adopted by the novelist.

When Miss Mary Manning, author of "Judith of the Plains" (Harpers), was staying in the Catskill mountains recently, in a neighborhood where the rate of consumption of hard cider is a noticeable feature of domestic life, she met a boy gathering apples. He said he was gathering them for hard cider, and that his father intended to make 12 barrels of the same. Miss Manning, suppressing her surprise, asked him if he was sure that he was gathering them for hard cider, and he replied: "Oh yes," said the boy, earnestly, "cos we don't use 'it' for colds!"

Hamlin Garland's chief diversion when he is engaged on a novel is in carpentry work—not on mere amateur grounds, but substantial pieces of furniture. All of the furniture in Mr. Garland's library at West Salem, Wisconsin, was made by his own hand, and it is of the best and most durable variety, artistic in its simplicity and strength. "My idea of furniture," said Mr. Garland, a few days ago, "is that it should be of the kind that isn't afraid of what a child might do to it. Let it be so solid that the activity of children could not impress it." If the children could be consulted upon this point, how they would acclaim the idea of the author of "Hesper!"

Julian Hawthorne's description of the friendly but curious relations subsisting between his father and Emerson is one of the most interesting reminiscences in his "Hawthorne and His Circle." "My father read Emerson with enjoyment," writes the son, "which more and more I have done in life. He was disposed to question the expediency of stating truth in a disembodied form he preferred it incarnate, as it appears in life and story. But he could not talk to Emerson's pleasure in his society did not express itself in that form. Emerson, on the other hand, cultivated my father's company, with the exception of a few times, talked to him continuously; but he could not read his romances; he admitted that he had never been able to finish one of them. He was a humorist and clear insight he preserved a noble faith in everything that is American."

"There is no doubt, I suppose, that if some one should get up a voting contest to see who is the most eminent living American author, Mr. Howells would get away with most of the coupons," writes a reviewer of *Letters Home*, in the *Syracuse Post-Standard*. "Whether he reads him or not, people know about him and like him, or, as the expressive phrase goes, 'stand for him.' I guess the secret of it is, for one thing, that every one has a strong faith in Mr. Howells' genuineness and Americanism. He does not go to Italy for his scenes and characters as Marion Crawford does; he does not retreat into the past as Mr. Churchill and most of the other romance writers do. He deals with the here and now, with Broadway and Beacon street, with Iowa and central New York, with the electric, Mayor Low and the tram movement. He handles all these familiar, commonplace, and homely things, and makes good stories of them—no easy task. And with all his humor and clear insight he preserves a noble faith in everything that is American."

Miss Mary Johnston's romance, "Sir Mortimer," which after a long postponement, begins in Harper's Magazine for November, has been written under unusual circumstances. The story was to have been published in May, 1902, and the first instalment had been placed in the hands of the artist, Mr. F.

C. Yohn, for illustration. Just at this time Miss Johnston fell ill, and was unable to continue the work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers then announced the necessary postponement of the novel. Meanwhile Miss Johnston had been ordered to Bermuda by her physician, and, as soon as she was permitted to write for an hour each day, pluckily resumed her work, expending, as is her custom, the most minute care upon her writing, until every paragraph recited its due polish. Not content with the usual work of revision, however, is remarkable under the circumstances that Miss Johnston has completely rewritten many pages of the revised proofs, so anxious has she been to make "Sir Mortimer" her greatest novel. Evidence of this careful work is quite apparent in the November instalment, which is not only exquisite in diction, but has more of the natural spirit of the language of Queen Elizabeth's court—than almost any modern work that comes to mind. The heroine is a lady-in-waiting upon Elizabeth, the hero, Sir Mortimer, an officer in her majesty's fleet, commanded by Sir John Nevill.

An early notice of "The Young Ten Whalers," a book for boys, by Winthrop Packard, comes from the old halting city of New Bedford, where the Mercury described it as "a widely realistic story, in which fact is made to contribute a valuable element to fancy. We are glad to be able to say that it is an eminently wholesome story for boys." The *Pittsburgh Chronicle* says "the story will be read with avidity by the average American lad who loves adventure."

Nobody thought of having an American girl born in Japan and rearing her

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



AN INTERESTING GROUP OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

Beginning with the first row, reading from left to right, friends will recognize the features of Mrs. Nettie Y. Easton, Miss Villate Young, Mrs. Nabie Y. Clawson; behind them Mrs. Rhoda Y. Mackintosh, Mrs. Den Benedict, and in the rear Judge Le Grand Young and the late Henry Snell.

there under Japanese conditions until Onoto Watanna did this in her new novel, "The Heart of Hyacinth." The result is "a fascinating compound of American beauty and Japanese education," as a New York reviewer describes Hyacinth. Did the Japanese author believe in the crossing glory for an American girl could be acquired through education in the tender and gentle ways of Japanese women? Whoever heard of a Japanese girl who would be a lady and master with a pretty petition to be allowed to vote? Yet if Hyacinth had been born and reared in Colorado or Wyoming she might have done as well in that case as she has been such a fascinating compound? What is a "fascinating compound" in woman?

It is reported that Blanche Walsh is considering Maeterlinck's play *Monna Vanna* for production in America, herself to play the title role. The English version of the play was recently published by the Harpers, and has been widely reviewed as if it were a popular work of fiction. The actress who produces here will put the play under great obligation. Miss Walsh was at one time associated with Mrs. Fiske, who has just presented Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* for a week in New York to large audiences.

## BOOKS.

A charming volume for all times and especially for holiday gifts is "Hill Town of Italy," by Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

The book is handsomely bound and is beautifully illustrated with cuts of many of the places described, and the text itself makes the work alone do.

## WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Youth's Companion comes with an interesting list of contents this week. The stories being as usual delightfully entertaining, and the poetry and other departments being up to the excellent standard—Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

The November Century will contain the first published account of the first tunneling through the Hudson River tunnel. One of the most puzzling problems confronting modern engineering skill has been the necessity of tunneling not under but through water. How the problem was solved and at what risks and cost will be the subject of H. Addington Bruce's "Fighting the Hudson." Work is going on also on a twin tunnel, immediately to the south of the first. This second tunnel runs parallel to the first, both entering the river at the foot of Fifteenth Street in Jersey City and emerging at the foot of Morton Street in New York, between the piers of two steamship companies. It is thought that within a year both may be available for the purpose for which they are

strable. A narrative is given of a journey through central Italy, with visits to the hill towns which will prove of special interest to students of art and history.

Although this region was the birthplace of the Renaissance and abounds in beauties both as regards scenery and art, it has been, until very recently, strangely neglected by tourists on account of the lack of modern comforts. Soon, however, the picturesque country with its rocky eminences, deep ravines, and feudal castles will be visited, and the many monuments to Roman, Etruscan, and mediæval art will be admired. In the mean time this volume will serve as a valuable guide, with its attractive and lavish illustrations. It is also an authoritative description of central Italy.—Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

"A Touch of Sun and Other Stories," is a new volume by Mary Hallcock Foote, author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Cœur d'Alene," etc. In this book Mrs. Foote has brought together four of her delightful tales of the west, characterized by the same qualities that made her a favorite author long ago. "A Touch of Sun" shows how a young girl won the unwilling favor of her lover's mother; "Pilgrims to Mecca" relates an episode in the life of San Francisco girl whose mother plans to send her to a private school in Boston for the sake of getting her among eastern young ladies; in "The Mad's Progress" a very trying situation is ingeniously worked out into happiness for an attractive young couple; and the title of the fourth story, "The Harsh Bride," is in itself sufficient promise of good things. Mrs. Foote's fertile imagination and keen sympathy save her from repeating situations or characters, and the reader

thor long ago.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a new remedy but have been used for years throughout the civilized world. As a blood builder and a nerve tonic the pills have no equal and they have cured many cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Sphinx, had been the most successful of his recent books, which is rather interesting as the work is claimed by its author as one of the only two real novels which he has written—the other being "Whom God Hath Joined." Besides these, Hume has written nearly 70 books, but the latter he prefers to call just "stories."

Fergus Hume's name has been a familiar one for so long that most people suppose him to be an old man. As a matter of fact, he is only 32 years of age, and his success in the literary world is a very recent one. He was born in Scotland, and his first success with "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was made when he was only 22. The story of how this romance came to be written is an uncommonly interesting one. As a boy of 17 Hume, who originally had settled in his mind to be a lawyer, got his inspiration toward authorship through reading "Monte Cristo," but his first try for fame was made with a play. It was disastrous. Then the young man decided to try his hand at a novel, but being of a practical turn of mind, he had no idea of wasting time upon unprofitable forms of literature, so he went to a Melbourne publisher and asked frankly for what kind of stories he would like to see. "Detective stories, especially Gabriel's," was the reply of the man of books. Hume had not read the Frenchman, but he promptly bought a copy of "Detective Stories," and started in to find out how successful detective stories were written. That he did find out "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is proof enough of Hume's reputation, and the young author lost no time in following up this first success with "Madam Midas," "The Man Who Vanished," and "The Girl from Mars," all of which used to be favorites at home.

Hume came to England in 1888, and since then has lived and worked down in Essex. He is a fair, compact of frame, and a great walker. His hair is dark, he wears a heavy mustache, and his face is virile, with a strong jaw and firm chin. Writing is a business with Hume. He goes to his desk every morning as regularly as a business man goes "down town," and generally works eight hours a day. All his work is done on typewritten notes, but he has returned to his first love—dramatic authorship, and with success. A play of his in blank verse having been accepted by Sir Henry Irving, and another called "Honora Divided," by another London manager.

Hume is full of stories about his experiences, but none of them is as interesting as the one which relates how the author once unintentionally frightened an old lady out of a railway carriage. Traveling down toward London with a friend one morning, in a first-class carriage, which was also occupied by an elderly dame. Hume was discussing a literary difficulty in which he suddenly found himself. "Really," he said, "don't you know how to murder any one in a new way?" He noticed that the old lady picked up her ears, but, interested in his subject, went on. "I've killed at least 20 people, and I'm looking for a new method. It must be brand new!" The elderly female got out at the next station.

It is a long time that Mr. Zaneville, occupied as he has been with his Zionist work, has treated readers to his views on current topics, and the safety of nations has suffered in consequence, but he is about to do so once more. In the columns of the *London Weekly*, "Today," of which Jerome K. Jerome used to be editor, a lengthy series of articles will contribute a famous Jewish writer's proposals of peace, events, and be called "Without Prejudice."

The statement has been challenged here which was made by the late Frank Norris to the effect that George Meredith "has only written the last few years made more than \$600 out of any one of his world famous novels." It is stated that the price of the first edition of his publisher for a romance was between \$2,000 and \$2,500. The surprise of the sale of the famous "Shelley" book for \$2,000 at Sotheby's the other day was that none of the several American agents were successful in bidding it in. The prize was, of course, the pamphlet of "Original Poetry" by Victor and Charles Cazotte, the sister of which only two copies exist. This copy was given originally by its printer to Charles Phillips, the collector. At the auction, Robert's was filled with a crowd of book dealers and connoisseurs, and the bidding was lively. The first offer of \$600 was ignored by the auctioneer, and the next bid was \$1,500. Then the price went up rapidly, \$50 at a time, the Americans being especially eager, but finally the latter dropped out and a competition followed between an English private collector and a dealer, the former finally winning. Oddly enough, this gentleman, T. J. Wise, also possesses the other copy of "Original Poetry." By the way, this sale brought out the fact that the highest price ever paid for a book was \$22,750, this sum having been given for a volume of poems at the famous Syson Park sale in this country.

Charles Darwin's second son, George Howard Darwin, is one of the contributors to the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine. His article deals with "The Birth of a Satellite." Mr. Darwin, who is Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental physics at Cambridge, England, is also a great-grandson of Josiah Wedgwood, the last of the famous potters of Stoke Newington, and is the author of many valuable scientific treatises, chiefly upon astronomical subjects.

## OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.  
London, Nov. 3.—Whether or not they read the novels which he still is turning out indefinitely, Americans who delighted in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" may possibly be interested in hearing something of its author, Fergus Hume, as one finds him today. The latest of Hume's romances, if one re-

members rightly, was "The Silver Bullet," but as the author writes on an average of five books a year, it is a little hard to keep track of them. He never has duplicated his success with "The Mystery." It is true, but he has an immense public in this country, as many readers in the United States—where one of his stories recently was published serially—and in his former home, Australia. "Woman, the

## AT RED JACKET.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Indigestion Cured and Flesh and Strength Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

An item that will interest many readers comes from the little town of Red Jacket, near Calumet, Mich. Mr. William Munday, a well-known resident, tells the story as follows:

"For many years," he says, "I suffered from indigestion and, as a result, fell away in flesh and strength. Through reading an article in the paper in which they were recommended, I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and they did me so much good that I continued with them till they cured me. At the end of four months I had gained in weight about ten pounds, my appetite returned and I felt perfectly well. I am recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all my friends and if there is any doubt in the mind of the best one, to whether these pills will cure a case like mine, you may refer them to me."

Mr. Munday's address is No. 815 Pine street, Red Jacket, Calumet, Mich. His case is but one out of thousands that have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Any reader who is suffering from stomach trouble should send for a copy of Dr. Williams' diet book, entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat." It is free whether you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or not and it has helped many to find renewed health and vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a new remedy but have been used for years throughout the civilized world. As a blood builder and a nerve tonic the pills have no equal and they have cured many cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Sphinx, had been the most successful of his recent books, which is rather interesting as the work is claimed by its author as one of the only two real novels which he has written—the other being "Whom God Hath Joined." Besides these, Hume has written nearly 70 books, but the latter he prefers to call just "stories."

Fergus Hume's name has been a familiar one for so long that most people suppose him to be an old man. As a matter of fact, he is only 32 years of age, and his success in the literary world is a very recent one. He was born in Scotland, and his first success with "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was made when he was only 22. The story of how this romance came to be written is an uncommonly interesting one. As a boy of 17 Hume, who originally had settled in his mind to be a lawyer, got his inspiration toward authorship through reading "Monte Cristo," but his first try for fame was made with a play. It was disastrous. Then the young man decided to try his hand at a novel, but being of a practical turn of mind, he had no idea of wasting time upon unprofitable forms of literature, so he went to a Melbourne publisher and asked frankly for what kind of stories he would like to see. "Detective stories, especially Gabriel's," was the reply of the man of books. Hume had not read the Frenchman, but he promptly bought a copy of "Detective Stories," and started in to find out how successful detective stories were written. That he did find out "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is proof enough of Hume's reputation, and the young author lost no time in following up this first success with "Madam Midas," "The Man Who Vanished," and "The Girl from Mars," all of which used to be favorites at home.

Hume came to England in 1888, and since then has lived and worked down in Essex. He is a fair, compact of frame, and a great walker. His hair is dark, he wears a heavy mustache, and his face is virile, with a strong jaw and firm chin. Writing is a business with Hume. He goes to his desk every morning as regularly as a business man goes "down town," and generally works eight hours a day. All his work is done on typewritten notes, but he has returned to his first love—dramatic authorship, and with success. A play of his in blank verse having been accepted by Sir Henry Irving, and another called "Honora Divided," by another London manager.

Hume is full of stories about his experiences, but none of them is as interesting as the one which relates how the author once unintentionally frightened an old lady out of a railway carriage. Traveling down toward London with a friend one morning, in a first-class carriage, which was also occupied by an elderly dame. Hume was discussing a literary difficulty in which he suddenly found himself. "Really," he said, "don't you know how to murder any one in a new way?" He noticed that the old lady picked up her ears, but, interested in his subject, went on. "I've killed at least 20 people, and I'm looking for a new method. It must be brand new!" The elderly female got out at the next station.

It is a long time that Mr. Zaneville, occupied as he has been with his Zionist work, has treated readers to his views on current topics, and the safety of nations has suffered in consequence, but he is about to do so once more. In the columns of the *London Weekly*, "Today," of which Jerome K. Jerome used to be editor, a lengthy series of articles will contribute a famous Jewish writer's proposals of peace, events, and be called "Without Prejudice."

The statement has been challenged here which was made by the late Frank Norris to the effect that George Meredith "has only written the last few years made more than \$600 out of any one of his world famous novels." It is stated that the price of the first edition of his publisher for a romance was between \$2,000 and \$2,500. The surprise of the sale of the famous "Shelley" book for \$2,000 at Sotheby's the other day was that none of the several American agents were successful in bidding it in. The prize was, of course, the pamphlet of "Original Poetry" by Victor and Charles Cazotte, the sister of which only two copies exist. This copy was given originally by its printer to Charles Phillips, the collector. At the auction, Robert's was filled with a crowd of book dealers and connoisseurs, and the bidding was lively. The first offer of \$600 was ignored by the auctioneer, and the next bid was \$1,500. Then the price went up rapidly, \$50 at a time, the Americans being especially eager, but finally the latter dropped out and a competition followed between an English private collector and a dealer, the former finally winning. Oddly enough, this gentleman, T. J. Wise, also possesses the other copy of "Original Poetry." By the way, this sale brought out the fact that the highest price ever paid for a book was \$22,750, this sum having been given for a volume of poems at the famous Syson Park sale in this country.

Charles Darwin's second son, George Howard Darwin, is one of the contributors to the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine. His article deals with "The Birth of a Satellite." Mr. Darwin, who is Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental physics at Cambridge, England, is also a great-grandson of Josiah Wedgwood, the last of the famous potters of Stoke Newington, and is the author of many valuable scientific treatises, chiefly upon astronomical subjects.

PEIRCE-INSURANCE

See us at our new quarters where we will be glad to meet and greet our old friends and as many new ones as care to save money on Insurance.

E. H. PEIRCE,  
The "INDEPENDENT" Underwriter,  
234 MAIN,  
"Keep Money at Home"—YOUR OWN HOME.

W. S. HENDERSON,  
267-269-271 So. Main St.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

GREEN, FANCY, IMPORTED AND STAPLE GROCERIES, FISH, CURED MEATS, POULTRY, ETC.

TELEPHONES: No. 344, No. 365, No. 966

Wholesale Trade Especially Solicited.

Each of the THREE DAILY TRAINS TO CHICAGO

OVER THE UNION PACIFIC AND CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL

CARRY THROUGH STANDARD SLEEPERS, TOURIST SLEEPERS, and CHAIR CARS.

C. S. WILLIAMS, Commercial Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

106 W. Second South, Salt Lake City.

SPECIAL PRICES ON Pianos and Organs

For Next 30 Days. Write For Catalogue.

DAYNES MUSIC CO. LEADING MUSIC DEALERS. 74 MAIN STREET.

There is a BEST in BIBLES as in other things.

The Bagster TEACHERS' Bible

has led every advance in Bible printing and binding for 100 years.

ALL DEALERS. WHY NOT GET THE BEST? JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

Bigelow Axminster are superior to any high price Carpets manufactured, and are produced in designs and colorings adapted to all requirements and styles in decoration.

The name "Bigelow" is woven in the back of the goods at the repeat of each figure, for the protection of the customer.

Bigelow Axminster are sold by all first-class dealers throughout the country.

MANUFACTURED BY BIGELOW CARPET COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Ask your dealer for Bigelow Axminster.

CURE VARICOCELE

In one week without the knife or radical surgical operation, without pain or detention from business, and there are thousands of people who have had the same experience that the statements I make are true. I also treat

Blood Poison, Hydrocele, Piles, Fistula and Reflex Disorders.

under a legal written guarantee to cure perfectly and permanently, or refund every cent paid for treatment. Delays are dangerous, and if you need treatment at all, you should accept none but the most reliable and trustworthy. I can furnish bank or personal references, as desired, and will take pleasure in doing so. Consultation at once at my office is free and no charge is made for the treatment. The cure will be entirely satisfactory to you. Address,

COOK MEDICAL CO., 111 So. MAIN, SALT LAKE CITY.

W. A. COOK, M. D.