DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904.



And if the gods care not for you, What is this foily ye must do To win some mortal's feeble heart? O fools! when each man plays his part, And heads his fellow little more Than these blue waves that kiss the shore. Take head of how the dalsies grow, O fools! and if ye could but know How fair a world is to you is given.

O brooder on the hills of heaven. When for my sins thou drawst me forth, Hadst thou forgot what this was worth Thine own hand made? The tears of men. The death of three score years and ten. The trembling of the timorous race-Had these things so bedimmed the place Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know To what a heaven the earth might grow. If fear beneath the earth were laid, If hope failed not, nor love decayed.

-William Morris.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

men

Only a day at a time. There may never be a tomorrow. Only a day at a time, and that we can live we know, The trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow. And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so: ily a step at a time. It may be the angels bend o'er us To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way; The step that is hardest of all is the one that is just before And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day.

NOTES.

Mr. Howells, whose new serial. "The Son of Royal Langbirth," is now ap-pearing in The North American Review, has gone abroad; and can only be reached through the London office of Harper & Brothers, in Albemarie street, A member of his family, who has re-mained in New York, has been kept busy forwarding him important mail or returning the less pressing commun-ications with the following printed slip: where the second to your enclosed communication." His mail includes poems from aspiring young girls, long manuscripts from people under the mistaken impression that he is an editor of Harper's Magszine, and who expect one of the bus-iest of authors to devote hours to their lest of authors to devote hours to their critical perusal; and of requests for as-sistance of all sorts. When Mr. How-ells is home, in addition to his regular work he gets through this mall in one way or another, but nobody knows

. . . A new edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," just published by Dodd, Mend & Co., is unique in that each stanza is accompanied by an explani-tory prose paraphrase. Inasmuch as the thought of this elegy is clarity itself, we must confess that we fail to see the need of the commentary here offered. Their author is crtainly welcome to his belief that he brings out "the main ideas and their logical se-quence with a clearness not always ap-parent through the glamor of the poet's language. The commentator is L. Mor-el, LL, D. The volume is attractively printed and bound. Notwithstanding the fact that James Notwithstanding the fact that James Whitcomb Riley explicitly declares that he wrote his "Leonainie" verses as a hoax and in imitation of Poe, Prof. Al-fred Russell Wallace occupies six pages of the April Fortnightly Review in a of the April Fortnightly Review in a vain attempt to sustain his original po-sition as the discoverer of a new Poe poem. The plain facts of the case are that Fref. Wallace himself is the vic-tim of a delusion, and he adds little to his position in the scientific world by Attempting perservsely to hold fast to a contension which has not the slightest reason for existence. By the inevitable circumstance of consummate genius. Ivan Turgenleff's pusit on as one of the Immortals is even more secure at the present moment than it was upon his death 20 years ago. To establish it even more firmly in the appreciation of Englishspeaking people is apparently the pur-pose of tre new international edition of his works now coming by subscrip-tion from the press of Charles Scribtion from the press of Charles Scrib-ner's Sorp. The first six volumes have a ready been mentioned in these col-umns, the seventh, eighth and ninth now carry it along still further to-wards completion. "Turgenieff," said M Heman, in his speech at the com-inctmentive service, "received by the mysterions decree which marks out hu-man vections the rift which is noble man vocations the gift which is noble beyond all others; he was born es-sentially impersonal. His conscience was not that of an individual to whom alture had bean more or loss of the second had been more or less generous; was in some sort the conscionce of was in some sort the conscionce of people. Before he was born he had yed for thousands of years; infinite accessions of reveries had amassed sometives in the depths of his heart. uccession: No man has been as much as he the in a whole race; generations lost in the sleep of centur. encestors he speechless, came through him to life and utterance." These lines, quot-ed by Hanry James in his general in-

treduction to this edition, eloqueatly express the feeling of all discrimin-

ating literary judges towards the great Kussian and his work. 'He seems to us impersonal," adds Mr. James, "because it is from his writings almost alone that we of English, French and Ger-man speech have derived our notions even yet, I fear, rather meagre and cr-roneous—of the Russian people. His genius for us is the Slav genius; his voice the voice of those vaguely-m-agined multitudes whom we think of more and more today as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization, in the gray expanses of the north. There is much in his writings to encourage this view, and it is certain that he in-corpreted with wonderful vividness the temperament of his fellow-country-

The Autobiography of Herbert Spen-cer, by all odds the most important book of the present season, may be expected at an early date from the press of D. Appleton & Co. The greater part

of it was written many years ago, and it was virtually completed long before his death. At one time, Spencer con-It was virtually completed long before his death. At one time, Spencer con-templated its publication in his own lifetime, but his own judgment and the advice of his friends led him to belleve that such a step would be injudiclous and impracticable. The first part of the work is devoted to his boyhood and his early life as an engineer; the sec-ond exclusively to his literary career. It is emachality circularity for the sec-It is especially significant that Spencer has always been more popular in American than in his own country, his American fame being originally due, without a question to the enthusiasm and labor of Edward Livington Youmans, who was one of the first scien-tists to grasp the overwhelming sig-nificance of the theory of evolution. Dr. Youmans' attention was first di-rected to Spencer in 1856, by an article in an English periodical reviewing his "Psychology," and after 18'60 the two men were in constant and intimate correspondence, till Youmans' death in January, 1887. During these years, Dr. Youmans labored night and day to bring Spencer before the eyes of all who were seeking for scientific truth. He lectured and wrote reviews visited England several times, and in the Pop-England several times, and in the Pop-ular Science Monthly endeavored in a direct way to popularize Spencer and other scientific writers. It was You-mans who secured the publication by D Appleton & Co. of the essays on "Education" in 1860, after the work had been refused by another house. In 1865, when Spencer anounced the 1365, when Spencer announced that on account of lack of means and the poor response to his efforts in England, he should be compelled to abandon his work Dr. Yourgans, he conserved that the second work, Dr. Youmans, by personal effort increased the American subscription and raised among Spencer's friends in and raised among Spencer's friends in the United States a large testimonial The Appletons continued to publish Spencer's books, and often at a loss, especially during the Civil war. Later there was a steadily increasing sale for them. Down to 1904 the sales had reached to almost three-quarters of a million volumes. million volumes. It is now some ten years since Cella Thaxter put all lovers of a happy sum-mer life in her geht by the writing of "An Island Garden." Only a few months "An Island Garden." Only a tew wouths later she passed into the unknown, her life and her work being held in con-stant remembrance by the personal friends and by the many inknown ac-quaintances the made through the gen-tle spirit of love and human kinship which pervaded all her writings. A new edition of "An Island Garden," published by Houghton, Miffiln & Co. brings us again the poetic temperament of Mrs. Thaxter, her, her love of nature, and her sympathy with humanity. "At the Isles of Shoals, among the ledges of the larges island. Appledore, lies the small garden which in the following nages I have endeavored to describe. Ever since I could remember anything, flowers have been like dear friends to pages I have endeavored to describe. Ever since I could remember anything, flowers have been like dear friends to me, comforters, inspirers, powers to up-lift and to cheer a lonely child, living on the lighthouse island 10 miles away from the mainland: every blade of grass that sprang out of the ground every humblest weed, was preclous in my sight, and I began a little garden when not more than five years old. From this, year after year, the larger-one, which has given so much pleasure to so many people, has grown. The first small bed at the lighthouse island contained only Marigolds, not Mari-golds fire-colored blossoms which were the joy of my heart and the delight of my eves. The stran of garden, literal-ly not more than a yard square, with the harbaric splendors of color. I worshipped like any Parsee." Few nature books are like this one of Mrs. Thatter's, an inspiration, a help, and a guide. It deserves wide circulation in its new and popular edition.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



NANCY YOUNG KENT,

Rare Photograph of Sister of President Brigham Young.

The foregoing very rare and interesting protograph is a picture of the oldest sister of President Brigham Young. Among her descendants are Mrs. Lulu Greene Richards of the Twentieth ward. It will be especially interesting now on the eve of the big reunion of the Young family, which will occur at the Granite Stake tabernacle on June 1st, for our readers to learn the names and relative ages of the sons and daughters of Father John Young, which are as follows: Nancy Young Kent, Fanny Young Murray, Rhoda Y. Greene, John Young, Nabble Young, Joseph Young, Phineas Young, Susan Young Little (Etilson), Brigham Young, Louisa Yung Sanford, Lorenzo D. Young and their half brother Edward Young.

Nancy Young Kent, daughter and eldest child of John and Nabby Howe Young, was born Aug. 6, 1786, at Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Mass. She was married to Daniel Kent, Jan. 13, 1803; they had nine children, six daughters, who grew to womanhood, and three sons, who died in infancy. She with her husband joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1833, in the state of New York; they moved to Kirtland in 1836, and from there to Chester, Ohlo. Her husband died in 1853, when she moved to, and made her home with, her daughters in Lodi. Wis., till 1857, when she crossed the plains with ox team, in her nephew Wm. G. Young's company, arriving in Salt Lake City the 26th of September, of that year, the last company of that year's emigration. She died Sept. 22, 1860, firm and faithful to the truth of the Gospel she had embraced.

by letter to a New York author from a brother who lives in a little Okla-homa town. The Territory town is exhoma town. The Territory town is ex-ceedingly young and not over large, but it makes up in energy and optimism what it lacks in size and years. Recent-ly Andrew Carnegie who apparently doesn't understand Oklahoma systems of measurement, offered this town \$1,000 for a library, provided the citi-zens would contract to support the in-stitution. The citizens rose as one man to resent the insult. "Make the offer \$20,000 and we'll consider it." wrote the town officials to the ublianthrought.

town officials to the philanthropist. Oswald Fritz Bilse, the German ex-licutenant who is now undergoing his six months' punishment for publishing a novel of garrison life. Is only 26 years old. He is the son of the headmaster of a school in Thuringen. Forbach is the scene of his story.

the scene of his story.

The ten-volume edition of Franklin's writings which is to be published by the Macmillans in January, 1996, on the 200th anniversary of the sage's birth, will be a complete as which a collection will be as complete as such a collecti

days, the heroes of the Revolution, the war of 1812. The collection is particu-larly strong in reference to this period and many a stirring poem may be gleaned from the volume by the aspir-ing elecutionist. ing elocutionist.

On the other hand, the Pegasus of the authors seem to have shied at the civil war, as but two of the poems have to do with the troubled days of '60-'65. This apparent neglect is notable in a work that purports to cover the his-tory of the country. No such oversight occurs with the late Spanish war, how-ever. That epoch has inspired a strong array of verses, opening with Mr. Scol-lard's "The Men of the Maine," of which the following is the first strophe: war.

To the still under-seas, with fair re-



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Banish Pain And Inflammation and Avert Peril From the Vital Organs.

Erysipelas or St. Anthony's fire is a of the burning, the pain and the dis-figurement and is attended always by the danger of involving vital organs.

The case which follows will be read The case which follows will be fear with great interest by all sufferers as it affected the whole body, and refused to yield to the remedies prescribed by the physician employed. The victim, Mrs. Ida A. Colbath, of No. 19 Winter street, Newburyport, Mass., was in fact com-pletely discouraged when she began the ourse of treatment which led to her

'In June, 1903," she says, "I was "In June, 1903," she says, "I was taken ill with what at first appeared to be a fever. I sent for a physician who said I was threatened with a dangerow, and lingering sickness. He prescribed for me but his medicine had no percep-tible effect. One day he pronounced my discase chronic crysipelas and said it would be a long dwa before I would he would be a long time before I would be up and around.

"Inflammation began on my face and spread all over my body. My eyes were swollen and seemed bulging out of their sockets. I was in a terrible plight and suffered the most intense pain through-

surfered the most intense pain through-out my body. "The doctor said my case was a very severe one. Under his treatment, how-ever, the inflammation did not diminish and the pains which shot through my body increased in geverity. After being confined to bed for two months under the case, without any improvement. I his care, without any improvement, I decided to get along for a time at least

decided to get along for a time at least without any physician. "A few days after 1 ad discontinued the services of a physician, a friend from Maine, who was visiting me, spoke very highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and, on her advice, I bought a box, but with little confidence that they could help me when a doctor had failed to do any good. "I began to take the pills, however, two at a dose three times a day. After

two at a dose three times a day. After the second box had been used I was surprised to notice that the inflamma-tion was going down and that the pains which used to cause me such agony had lisappeared. After using six boxes of the pils I was up and around the house attending to my household duties as well as ever. I am profoundly thank-ful that Dr. Williams' Pink Pils were ever brought to my attention and am always ready to tell any one what they have done for me." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all dis-eases springing from an impoverished or vitlated condition of the blood, such as apaging from antiar scraftila.

or vitlated condition of the blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, scrofula, They make pale complexions ruddy and are the best of tonics in all cases of de-bility. They are especially helpful to women whose health is so closely de-pendent on the state of the blood. They are sold by all druggists throughout re sold by all druggists throughout

bre ones of depression, and infuses a bre ones of depression, and infuses a unity of interest which begulies the reader from page to page. An indica-tion of the author's scope can be judged from the titles of the stories contained in the volume: "A Meeting in the Mar-ket-Place," "The Book of Love," "There and Here," "His Enemy," "A Runaway Match," "The End of the Game," "The Miracle," "A Dream in the Morning," "The Tryst," and so on.

"Kupfer's Lives and Stories Worth "Kupfer's Lives and Stories Worth Remembering," by Grace H. Kupfer, M. A., Intended for pupils of the third year, this volume of the Eclectic School Readings aims to make children fa-miliar with some of the masterpieces of literature and with some of the world's most inspiring men and women. These works and lives will not only prove a works and lives will not only prove a pleasure and an inspiration to the pu-pil, but will be likely to encourage a wider reading of good literature and bi-ography as the child grows older. There ography as the child grows older. There are in the book purely fanciful tales, tales of warlike prowess, and storles of self-sacrificing devotion to duty. There are fables retold to emphasize some moral truth, stories of struggling some meral truch, stories of strugging genius, and stories of rare benevolence. The style in which these are told is simple and attractive, and the illus-trations of the book are numerous and pleasing.—American Book company.

I knock unbidden once at every rate; If sleeping, wake: if feasting, "ise beforg I turn away. It is the hour of fate. And they who follow me reach everv state Mortals desire, and conquor every foe Eave death; but those who doubt of hesitate. Condemned to failure, penury and wo Seek me in vain and uselessly im I answer not, and I return no more

About Jacques Le Lorrain; His Tragedy Don Quichotte.

#OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.#

Special Correspondence

ONDON, May 18 .- Jacques Le Lorrain, whose tragedy, "Don Quichotte," was produced successfully in Parls a few nights ago, has had rather a picturesque career. A year or two ago, M, Le Lorrain, who previously had attracted some attention by his lit. erary efforts, distinguished himself by starting in business as a cobbier, or shoe maker. Le Lorrain's father had been a cobbler, but his son tried his hand at this trade only because, though

his writings had brought him some fame, they had not produced bread and butter with the regularity that would have been desirable. The ex-writer's could have been desirable. The ex-writer's could be advertised it widely in verses of his own composition. Le Lorrain also wrote letters to the Paris newspapers in which he compared him-self with Spinoza, who made spectacles for a living while he iaid the founda-tions of his great philosophical works. But the trouble was that the amateur cobbler was only an indifferent work, man in that line, and the things he did

man in that line, and the things he did to their shoes specdily drove away such customers as his verses attracted. So Le Lorrain decided not to "stick to his last." He closed his cobbler's shop and became a schoolmaster, and it was while following that calling that he wrote the drama which has just been will on the stars. put on the stage.

and—affecting to misunderstand the critic's meaning—on the day after Mr. Courtney's speech the publishers quot-ed his remarks in all their advertise-ments, with the list of these works underneath it underneath it,

They believe in honoring their great nen on the continent. It was not so ong ago that the town of Nuremberg bought, in order to preserve it, the birthplace of Albert Durer, the artist, and now the municipality hopes to ac-quire the old home of Hans Sachs, poet, melstersinger, and shoemaker. The



acuse, which for many years was a butcher's shop, was put up at auction some time ago, and bid in, as it hap-pened by a butcher. Now it is coming into the market again and this time, will almost certainly become the prop-erty of the town. will almost town, erty of the town, Probably few of the folk at home whom "Trilby" delighted have entirely lost their enthusiasm over the novel, and those who have not will be inter-ested in what Val Princep, the Royat

ested in what Val Princep, the Royat Academician, has to say this month in the Magazine of Art. Princep studied art in Paris in 1850, commencing at tha Atelier Gleyre. Spenking of that fa-mous school, he says: "Du Maurier was a pupil of Gleyre's, and studied there with Poynter, Whistier and La-mont. They left just as I joined; but many of the stories in 'Trilby' come from the Atelier Gleyre. Whistler was tied to the ladder; and perhaps the president. Sir Edward Poynter, will for-give my mentioning that it was he who give my mentioning that it was he who sung the celebrated song about "Zese glaaves, zese glaaves-zey nevere be-

23

The three friends in "Trilby' were, I "The three friends in "Triby' were, I believe, purely imaginary-unless, in-devel, "The Laird' was drawn from La-mont, who was a Scotchman, and a fellow student of du Maurier's. Taffy was evidently the realisation of du Maurier's ideal man. He always pro-digiously admired the physical side of man's nature. Men or women could not be too tail or strong for his idea; and so greatly did he carry his admiration of physical perfection that I have heard him declare that to hear a perfect hu. him declare that to hear a perfect hu, man voice was to him the highest pleas-ure, even though the possessor of that organ was not by any means a great artist. Yet du Maurier himself sang charmingly, and delighted in music."

charmingly, and delighted in music." Rudyard Kibling, who, accompanied by Mrs. Kipling, arrived at South-ampton from the Cape day before yes-terday, brought his motorcar with him. Kipling has done a lot of motoring of late, or at least as much as the atro-clous condition of the roads in Cape Colony make it possible for one to do and remain same. This is a sore point with the author of "Soldiers Three," who told the Automobile club of South Africa et a dinner recently, that it might be fittingly said that motoring on light be fittingly said that motoring on their roads was progressing "by leaps and bounds." Kipling added that he would like to take members of the gov-comment responsible for the roads out for six hours a day on a steam lorry at a page of 35 miles an hour.

Eden I-hillpois, who scored recently with "The American Prisoner," is working on a new novel of English country life which is named."The Farm of the Dagger," and W. Pett Ridge tells me his new volume of short stor-ies will be called "Next Door Neigh-bors," HAYDEN CHURCH.



\$3.00 and \$3.50

Greatest Line on Earth.

Prices here.

obinson Bros Co.

124 MAIN STREET 'PHONE 2191

No Juggling of

the world.

Not in the dire, ensanguined front of

Conquered or conquerer. 'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go



can be made. Professor A. Smyth is going to England in search of unedited materials. * * * How many novels can one who has a fiction mania devour in a year? A London librarian mentions a femining

acquaintance who has averaged 1,100 volumes in that period. A famous scientific man is said to read six novels a week. . . .

Charles Scribner's Sons have in press for issue late in spring "Great English-men of the Sixteenth Century," by Sid-ney Lee. The volume will contain the lectures delivered by Lee during his tour of American universities last spring. . . .

Every month certain literary maga-zines announce the "most popular nov-els" or "best-selling books" as shown by the actual sales all over the coun-try, but few people realize how many factors besides merit are involved in the struggle for place. The other day, for example, a member of a New York publishing house dropped into a small bookshop just off lower Broadway to bookshop just of lower Broadway to see how one of his firms latest' books was selling in the busy office district.

Chartres's "Winning Him Back," the story of a young matron's laughable campaign of extraordinary artifices for regaining her husband's affections. A regaining her husband's affections. A single question started the dealer, a middle-aged German: "I haf sold many, und only von remains; I sell you dot von at cost! I don't vant it here! No. I haf not read it mineself, but my vife, who is young und foolish, she read but half und den she stopped und said she herself vould do it too. I know not yot she ment but since then she is. she herself vould do it too. I know not vat she maant, but since then she is crazy-how you say -boog-haus! All de time she faints; to smell coffee makes her sick; she veeps, she laughs und vears green clothes und smells of queer things! She is crazy und so is der book und so vill I be too, already! I sell de book at cost if you take it mit I sell de book at cost, if you take it mit

you. "Sing me the songs of a nation," de-clares a sage, "and I will tell you of its people." The folk song of a coun-try or a people crystallize its heart-throbs, depict its most intimate life. America has none too many poems of the folk lore variety. It is too compos-ite to have evolved much of distinc-tive verse of this order. So when an addition is made in this line of litera-ture, it meets with a welcome, perhaps one warmer that it may merit. However that may be, in the present . . .

However that may be, in the present volume of verse of Clinton Scollar and Wallace Rice there is a contribu-tion not to be overlooked. "Ballada of Valor and Victory" it is called, a not inappropriate title, considering that the little volume comprises songs and poems descriptive of the heroic doings of Americans on land and sea.

Each of these writers has contrib-uted 25 sprightly ballads, beginning with a spirited invocation to "Mother-Land," by Mr. Scollard. Mr. Rice fol-lows with verses to "The First Ameri-



Yet you toss about all night, unable to sleep. It's your nerves that are un-strung. Weak nerves are starved nerves and you therefore need somenerves and you therefore need some-thing to nourish and put vim and vital ity into them. For this particular duty Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly endorsed by physicians. It is also in-valuable in cases of Poor Appetite, In-somnia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Weak Kidneys, Billousness and Malarial Fever and Ague. We hope you'll try it at once. it at on

To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.

They struck no bloy Gainst an embattled foe;

With Valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood They stood not as the Essex sailors stood. So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay; Yet no less faithless they, These men who, in the passing of a

breath. Were hurtled upon death.

Fifteen of the poems have their rai-son d'etre in the events of this war. Dewey's victory, Hobson's brave at-tempt, Wheeler's brigade at Santiago, the trip of the Oceson (the latter in Mr. Rice's best vein), and other incl-dents are made the themes of the musc ents are made the themes of the muse denies are mile to the result is a stirring series of verse that are of decided value from the viewpoint of folk literature.

≈B99KS.≈

The success of Miss Alice Brown's earlier books "Tiverton Tales" and "Meadow Grass," justifies the state-ment so often made that she has the ment so often made that she has the peculiar faculty of interesting people in short stories, a difficult achievement, as everyone knows. In "High Noon," her new book which appears under the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the impirint of Houghton, Minin & Co., one sees the art so rare among short story writers of leaving a reader as anxious to read the next story as he was to know the denouement of the last one. The volume contains some last one. The volume contains some of her most characteristic and most brilliani work. Humor, pathos, re-venge Miss Brown handles with a skill-ful touch that adds a charm to the stories in a lighter vein, robs the som-



The June number of Cassell's Magazine will be found of remarkable interest. Encouraged by the great success of the colored pictures in the Christmas number, the publishers have decided to print a unique set of 13 illustrations of the Tower of London, drawn in color, by H. E. Tidmarsh, to accompany a brilliant literary article on that fascin-ating subject, written by Mr. D. H. Parry.

WHO WROTE "OPPORTUNITY"

In the June issue of Suggestion, (Chi-cago) a magazine of the New Psychol-ogy, the startling claim is boldly made that Juo, J. Ingalis did not write the sonnet "Opportunity" com amous nencing

"Master of human destiny am I."

In a letter to the editor of Suggestion In a letter to the editor of Suggestion Rr. Nicola Gigliotti, an Italian scholar and reformer, now living in Erie, Fa., claims that he wrote the original ver-sion of "Opportunity" and that the same was published in several Italian journals prior to 1887. Dr. Gigliotti's original poem was entitled "The Fate," the first line being

'Arbitro io sono dell' unan destino," English:-

"Master I am of human destinies." Dr. Gigliotti does not claim that In-galls willfuily plaglarized "Opportuni-ty" but explains that the late senator often made free translations of bits of foreign verse which appealed to him, foreign verse which appealed to him, and that after his death, his devoted and 'oving but undiscerning widow, carefully gathered up many of these fragments and included them among the products of her husband's pen. Dr. Gigliotit states that the poem "The Fate" was not included in his (Gigliotti's poems) as he did not con-sular is proseced sufficient literaway

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS





Our Lands are in the Fertile Snake Diver Valley, are rich, well supplied with water, and range in prices from \$15.00 to \$50.00 per acre. We have excellent schools, sugar factories, a healthy climate and an inexhaustible water supply. For information write to or call on the company at Blackfoot, Idaho.

These pictures represent a high standard of art, which will be greatly prized. The June number will also contain the first of a series of numerous short stories entitled "The Chronicles of the Eurglars' Club," by Henry A. Hering, Mr. H. Rider Haggard's mag-nificent serial, "The Brethren," will be continued until the close of the year, Rarely has this gifted author achieved a work so universally appreciated and so popularly successful.

came from Ingalis' pen is a very power-ful and masterful piece of literature, but if Dr. Gigliotti's statements are not disproven, it must be acknowledged that "Opportunity" is only a very fine translation of "The Fate," Dr. Gig-liotti's free translation of his verses are as follows:are as fallows;-THE FATE.

Master I am of human destinies, Fame, greatness, love are my servants. Cities and neids foolishly I waik. I knock at every door but once, and I run to new pathways. If sleeping, wake. If feasting You try to kill your troubles with wine and sin. Rise and follow me. I am the fate. Wee To whom does not follow me. I give him horses. Gold, fame, honor, women and pleasure.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I Fame, love and fortune on my foct-steps walt. Clitics and fields I walk: I penetrate Deserts and fields remote, and, passing by Hoyel and mart and palace, soon or late,