

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

The following poem which was a favorite one with the late Dr. John R. Pack has a peculiar history.

A reward of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered more than three-quarters of a century ago, for the discovery of the identity of its author was as unsuccessful in attaining its object as had been the search made by the literary world of Great Britain, and it now seems scarcely likely that the person who wrote this remarkable poem will ever be known as its author.

The story of the finding of the manuscript is to the effect that in the year 1829 an attendant in the museum of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, in London, came upon a couple of sheets of paper lying near a human skeleton. Glancing at the sheets, he saw that they contained verses. The ink with which they had been written was scarcely dry, and the idea occurred to the finder that they might have been penned by some official of the institution. Accordingly he took the sheets to one of his superiors, and in the course of the next few days the manuscript passed through the hands of several well known medical men who were wont to visit the college. One of these gentlemen copied the verses and sent them to the Morning Chronicle, which promptly printed them.

The poem made a marked impression on the public mind, and earnest efforts were made by several prominent literary people to discover the identity of the author.

ANONYMOUS.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat,
What beautiful visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

NOTES.

Doubleday, Page & Co. believe in distributing their books through the year. They will soon have ready for publication "The Frog Book," an "authoritative" work on that subject by Mary C. Dickerson; "How to Make a Fruit Garden," and "Cotton," a "complete" book by Charles W. Burkett and Clarence H. Fox. A work of historical importance is "Recollections and Letters of George Washington," which gives a picture of the home life of the great man, and contains a number of unpublished letters from Washington to his confidential secretary, Tobias Lear.

It is commonly supposed that the English books republished by American houses some 20 or 40 years ago were usually pirated. This was, in fact, too often the case, but the more honorable firms paid well for the property they took. Harpers, for instance, paid Dickens \$1,000 for "A Tale of Two Cities," \$1,500 for "Great Expectations," \$1,000 for "Our Mutual Friend," \$250 for "Little Dorrit," \$250 for "Bleak House," \$250 for "The Pickwick Papers," \$250 for "The Newcomes," \$100 for "Henry Esmond," \$250 for "The Virginians," and \$200 for the unfinished "Dombey and Son." Some of the payments to Anthony Trollope are interesting. Thus, \$25 went for "The Bertrams," \$250 for "Castle Richmond," \$250 for "Ralph Hey," \$250 for "Phin-

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ALFRED EDWARD WOODLEY MASON.



Comparatively little is known on this side of the water of the personality of Alfred Edward Woodley Mason, though his work is exciting keen and growing interest. The author of "Miranda of the Balcony," "The Four Feathers," and a number of other novels and plays, was born in 1855, and was graduated from Trinity College, Oxford. He has been writing since early in the nineties, mountain-climbing and sailing being the pleasures of his holidays. Mr. Mason's new novel, "Running Water," a character study and tale of adventure, the scenes set chiefly in the Alps, begins serial publication in the August Century.

"Necron, Teller of Tales," by C. Bryson Taylor: A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.—This very beautifully printed and beautifully illustrated volume is a story of Roman Britain, the story of a Roman to whom was given, at birth, the great gift of the story teller, a gift that thrilled his comrades by the fire-side and in camp. This teller of tales, humble by birth and fortune, loves the lady he comes to serve in Britain in his humble place; and she, who is ever so childish and innocent of heart that she is thought of little yet, loves him also. But all that they have of their love is the telling of it and the sweet knowledge, each of the tenderness in the other's heart; for there is a great gulf between them. And in the end the Roman is slain in battle, and the woman that loves him finds him dead and lays upon his dead lips her betrothal kiss.

This is the gist of the tale, but there is much of circumstance, for the story covers more than 400 pages. And it is somewhat long and a little diffuse, but remarkably well written, and full of the spirit of old romance. It lacks somewhat in rapidity and interest of action, its movement is a trifle sluggish and condensation would improve it; but it is nevertheless good work, possesses too, somewhat of that charm of mode in which the earlier romance writer dreamed out their slow, imaginative fancies.

"Chip, of the Flying U," by B. M. Bower: G. W. Dillingham company, New York; price \$1.50.—"Chip" is so called because of a small admirer of that popular article of modern diet, the potato chip; and the story chiefly concerns himself and the sister of his employer, a student of medicine, who practices a little on him and on his horse, tantalizing him for awhile with a certain Dr. Cecil Granger, to whom she writes (really a fellow-practitioner of her own sex)—but finally confesses to her preference for his society. The story improves as it progresses, and while not of first rank, either in style or in character study, is entertaining and wholesome and full of fine and tender feeling.

MAGAZINES.

Robert Kennedy Duncan, author and scientist, has gone to the Canadian woods for a quiet summer in order to finish the series of articles, "The Chemistry of Commerce," which he is writing for Harper's Magazine. Prof. Duncan recently returned from abroad, where he spent an entire year investigating great continental industries in order to find out how far America had been outstripped in the practical application of scientific discoveries to the uses of commerce. His first reports have already received wide attention, (one reason for Germany's progress is that her large manufacturing plants profit by the practical assistance of scientific scientists, retained by them at high salaries).

A posthumous paper by Dr. John Foster Kirk, the author of "Charles the Bold," arrests attention in the July number of Lippincott's Magazine. Under the title "Words, Words, Words," Dr. Kirk talks about the English language as it is spoken on both sides of the Atlantic. He takes up words and phrases in common use, particularly the "Americanisms." The author sums up his subject by saying, "Although English (as she is spoken) or written, will perhaps never be quite the same on the two sides of the Atlantic, the general tendency is probably toward assimilation rather than the reverse, such being the common result of closer association and greater conformity of conditions. The innovations, real or supposed, have been mostly on this side where, however, they are now less extreme than formerly, especially as regards spelling and pronunciation. There is a conservatism that still, with or without reason, resists such forms as 'center' and 'theater'."

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and "theater." On the other hand "favor," etc., are more likely to find currency in England than to be disestablished here, though one word of this class, "savior," in its specially sacred sense, did not assume this form without an occasional protest. The famous Cambridge professor, Mr. Nichols, whose corrections used to be the terror of the Atlantic writers, once said to the first editor of that periodical, Mr. Lowell, before I would print the name of my Redeemer without the u I would consent to be d—"I was not told the final word."

The Home Magazine claims to have ascertained the facts about Dowling, the slave of his life as seen from the inside by one who has lived in Zion City. The July number has an article by James Osman, who visited the colony and interviewed many of Dowling's associates, etc. Home Uses of Electricity, by Dr. Ernest L. Canham, E. is a pleasing and interesting article disclosing the possibilities of that subtle influence in the home. The article is abundantly illustrated by photographs showing the uses of electricity in a modern domestic home. Those interested in horticulture and the artistic embellishment of the home the article by Eben Rexford, "Adorning the Home Grounds," is of special value. It is not only helpful and instructive, but is genuinely entertaining. Thomas Feltis, in his illustrated article on "The Evolution of the Porch," contends that the American porch is an architectural enigma and supports his statement with ingenious facts. Of more decidedly feminine interest is the article on "Vintage American Women," which continues in the Home Magazine from month to month.

The midsummer number of Suburban Life contains a combination of practical and entertaining articles on subjects relating to the homestead, indoor and out-of-door life in general. The leading and perhaps the most important article of this number is entitled "Houses Built of Solid Stone," and in view of the great interest in the use of cement in building, it is likely to prove of more than passing consideration. Another valuable contribution is from the pen of J. Horace McFarland, and is entitled "The Camera in Summer." Written in Mr. McFarland's humorous vein, it shows the amateur camerist the reason for many of his non-successes in picture making. Another humorous article in this issue is written by Edward H. Forbush on "The Farmer vs. the Crow." This is told in the form of a debate, the crow pleading for himself in the first part of the article, the farmer stating his case in part two, and the crow putting in a rebuttal. This unique article is supplemented by a poem, written by Holman Day, "The Song of the Bearded Crows." The articles on the various breeds of dogs that have already appeared in Suburban Life have received much valuable comment and in this number a paper on the collie, written by the noted dog expert, Harry W. Lacy, is likely to prove of interesting as the preceding articles, the collie being one of the most popular breeds of dogs for the suburban home. Suburban Life for July, coming as it does at the height of the season of outdoor life, will be found full of suggestions as to how to make the most of the midsummer month. The pleasures that may be enjoyed on the porch or piazza have been considered in a practical article, written by Miss Grace B. Faxon and entitled "Out-of-Door

Living-rooms." Illustrations of well-appointed piazzas help to make the text comprehensive and practical.

Successful cultivation of arid land without irrigation, it seems like an impossibility, does it not? Reclamation of 500,000 acres of land, at present unproductive and comparatively worthless, not through irrigation, but through education, this, too, seems like a chimera. But successful dry farming, scientific soil culture by what is known as the Campbell system, according to John L. Cowan, easily makes possible results that at first seem incredible. Mr. Cowan's discussion, in much interesting detail, of this new method of producing bountiful crops without irrigation, is a valuable feature of the July Century.

The magazine Farming has also an article on "The Possibilities of Dry Farming," by Mr. Cowan. Angora goats and alfalfa are the subjects of two other papers in this issue, while H. H. Charles writes on "Pollen Heredity," and Frederick Bonstetter on "Getting the Full Value of the Hay Crop." In the "Farm Kitchen" is an article to interest the modern ranchhouse mistress.

The people who live in the scanty settlements on the edge of the South American jungle are believed to be still shaking their heads and wondering about Caspar Whitney, Braving the dangers of starvation and fever in the unknown jungle at the headwaters of the Amazon and the Orinoco, and the hostile Indians who have always refused to let the people of the settlements. Mr. Whitney completed, about the first of June, his journey of 1,900 miles, 1,500 miles of which were covered by canoe, in a little more than two months. Some of the time he traveled night and day, and on that portion of the journey which, whether white men had made he is claimed to have broken all records. What one man had taken a number of months to do, years before, through the more civilized country, the American explorer is announced to have done in twenty-two days. He packed around rapids at such speed that the Indians of his party called him with awe "The Man Who is Never Weary." And the Outing Magazine proclaims him as the first white man to bring out of the jungle to the hostile Indians of the upland accurate human information in respect to Orinoco. Mr. Whitney's story of this most exciting trip he has ever made will appear later in the Outing Magazine, of which he is the editor.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 25 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, July 30, 1906.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brown-In and Around Venice. Burroughs—Bird and Bush. Dresser—Health and the Inner Life. Ellwanger—The Rose. Ellwanger—From Servitude to Service. Hardy—Dynasts, pt. 2. Lacy—Poems and Dialogues, 2 vol. Morris, Ed.—Saga Library, 6 vol. Newbolt—Island Race. Newbolt—Sailing With the Ships. Paulsen—German Universities. Pepper—Panama to Patagonia. Reed—Brothers' War.

BIOGRAPHY.

Benson—Walter Pater. Burleigh, Ed.—Leo Tolstoy. Brady—True Andrew Jackson. Griffin—Matthew Galbraith Perry. MacLean—Henry Moore, R. A. Wilson—Joseph Jefferson.

Why a London Publisher

Sent for Arthur Marchmont.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 17.—Arthur W. Marchmont, whose stories of adventure are popular on both sides of the Atlantic, has just been telling an interviewer some interesting things about his first efforts in the genre of novel-writing. And in this connection, he has a quaint story to relate about an early romance of his that never was published, but which aroused quite a feverish interest in the first publisher to whom it was sent.

The novel in question was Marchmont's second attempt at romance writing. It bore the alluring title, "How We Won \$10,000 at Monte Carlo," and it had hardly been dispatched to a publisher, when the publisher's house before its author received a letter from the head of the firm inviting him to call. Naturally he was elated, but this sentiment changed to surprise when the publisher demanded eagerly: "Is this story true, Mr. Marchmont? Of course it was the veriest fiction, but the budding author thought indefiniteness the wisest course, and so made some evasive reply. Whereupon the man of books explained that the story was so realistic that he thought it must be true, and if so, he was particularly anxious to get some further information about the 'system' by which the \$10,000 had been won! He added naively that his firm was just about bringing out a Bible, and therefore could not well bring out a gambling novel at the same time, but just the same he was mighty keen over Marchmont's mythical 'system.' 'So,' says Marchmont, 'we discussed the 'system,' and I brought my MS. and my disappointment away with me.'

As already explained, this Monte Carlo romance was its author's second effort in the story-writing way. He wrote first what was termed a "close study of morbid psychology," and paid for its publication. It was reviewed in about a hundred papers and received both extravagant praise and blame. One reviewer, who is now well-known as a man of letters, declared that it would be read and remembered when the majority of the then current novels had long been on the dustheap. Another pronounced it the feeblest of trash. "Net result," says Mr. Marchmont, "a sale of 50 copies, the loss of my money, a head half swollen and half withered, a very modified opinion of the infallibility of reviewers in general, and a determination to persevere." Marchmont's next venture after the Monte Carlo story was a binding psychology and action. But the action was not rapid enough to make the psychology go with the publishers, and they all rejected it. After that he abandoned psychology, morbid and otherwise, and devoted himself to stories of incident and adventure, his first work in that line, "By Right of Sword," making quite a hit on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is not generally known that Thomas Hardy was an architect before he took to writing novels. That his first love still claims his attention is shown by a paper he wrote recently on church restoration for the Society of the Protection of Ancient Buildings. His views on church restoration may be summed up in a sentence. He does not believe in it. If he were a practicing architect, he says, nothing could induce him to tackle the job of restoring a church. But he has very pronounced notions as to how it should be done, if it is done at all. The ideal method, he thinks, would be to enclose the old church in a glass structure like the Crystal Palace, which would protect it from wind and rain and build a new church alongside. "But," he adds, "even a parish composed of such opulent members as the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings would be shocked by such an undertaking." He told some funny stories of the blunders made by church restorers of which the best is the following: "The church of a town of 150 miles from London has in one corner a vault containing a valuable altar and his tomb, in another corner a statue representing the remains of a former venerable vicar, who abjured women, and died a bachelor. The mural tablets, each

over its own vault, were taken down at the refurbishing of the building, and refixed, the stone of the theatrical couple over the solitary divine, and that of the latter over the pair from the stage. Should disinterment ever take place, which is not unlikely nowadays, the excavators will be surprised to find a lady beside the supposed reverend bachelor, and the supposed actor without his wife. As the latter was a comedian he would probably enjoy the situation if he could know it, though the vicar's feelings might be somewhat different.

The human interest in an ancient edifice, Mr. Hardy holds, ranks before its architectural interest, and therein lies the whole difficulty of restoration. But crystal palaces for every old church that threatens to tumble down

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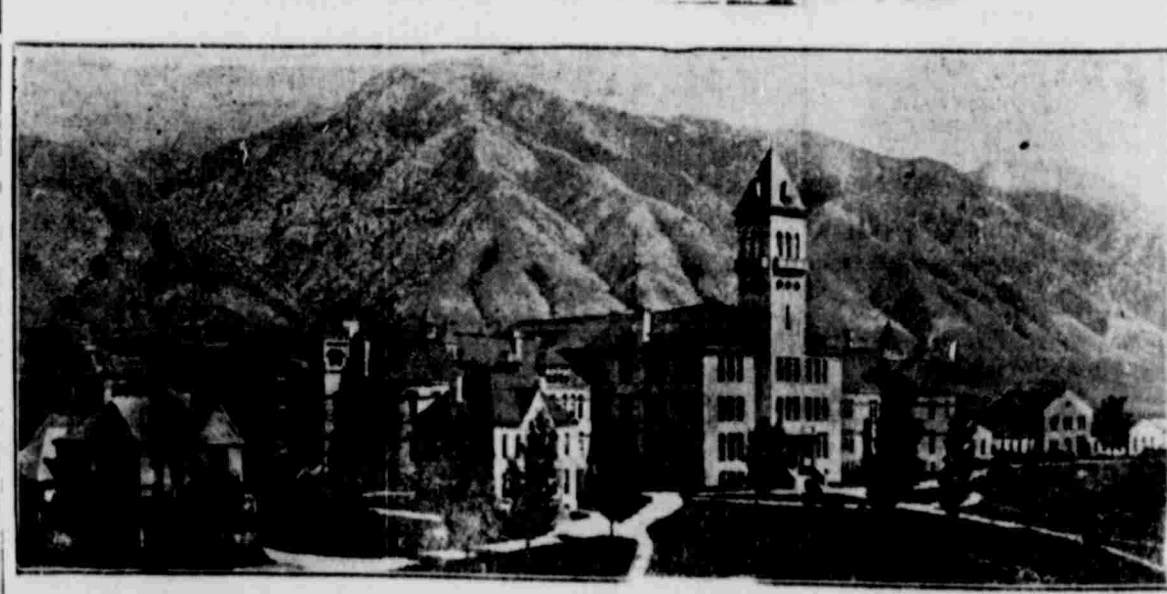
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