DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1905.



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

TO A PESSIMIST

Thou seest by the lowering cloud, I mark the silver lining ; I hear the happy voices loud, Thou but the sad repining. Thou seest vice, and crime and sin, The beast still rule the human ; I see each century usher in A nobler man and woman. Thou hear'st the anguished martyr's cries, The brutal mob's glad shouting ; I see the godlike human rise Above all self and doubting. Thou seest the weak consumed with pain, The present woe and sorrow ; I see the strong that make the gain, The happier race tomorrow. Thou seest the close of all things here. Of striving and of sinning ; I see beyond another sphere, And death a new beginning. Cease, friend, to fit thy thoghts tonight, And, gloomy humors scorning, Come, watch with me the world grow bright, The night break into morning, -Alexander Chamberlain.

NOTES.

There were many distinguished peo-ple present at the Cervantes tercenten-sty dinner at the Hotel Metropole in London on Jan. 19, among them being Mrs. Craigie, Anthony Hope, Edmund Gesse, Clement Shorter, Austin Dobson, Emund Clodd, Sidney Lee, Justin H. McCarthy, Sir Henry Irving, Professor Day Lankester and Geourge Framme. 46Carthy, Sir Henry Irving, Professor I, Ray Lankester, and George Framp-on. The Spanish ambassador, in re-ponding in his native tongue to the cast of "The Immortal Memory of Yon Quixote," pointed out the idealism bai Quixote had destroyed and not left pain without noble ideals and high these had been heauther. man, But these had been brought in-to accord with the demands of modern life and progress. The Spain of today was not as some travelers thought, a country of visionaries or of vain he most part, were flourishing and resperous. Some years ago some count of distrust existed between ain and England, but now he was giad to say that the most cordial and happy relations existed between the Each work is provided with an intro-duction, in which the editor attempts to we countries. In proposing prosperity the literatures of England and Spain, fr. Gosse declared it had always been We usse declared it had always been his opinion that it was Spanish influ-ence which implanted upon the plain and rather dull stock of Elizabethan imma its love of splendor, color and the only actor who has ever layed Don Quixote, replied for the ama. In the course of his speech mentioned that "The Merchant of ce" was written in the lifetime of antes. And there was another great English play which was associat point of time almost exactly with he tercentenary. "A certain announce ment which appears today," he said, eminds me of all the years that have passed since first I essayed the inter-pretation of Hamlet-a glorious task which, as I learn from the newspapers, to be committed to a young actor in whom I take a pardonable interest, and whose career has already won so large a measure of your sympathy." This was of course to his son, Henry B. Irving.

never is and never can be original. He never is and never can be original. He should have fair play in these early days, and never be squenched by the awful mandate: "The Stardust never prints this kind of thing." Under that imperious mandate much of Eu-gene Field's "Sharps and Flats" would have been edited out of existence "Imagine Kipling," he says, "serving his newspaper apprentleeship in the office of the Evening Post! He never would have been permitted to publish would have been permitted to publish a single 'Departmental Ditty' in even a single 'Departmental Ditty' in even the newspaper walf column; and as for Mrs. Hauksbee and Mulvaney, they would have been spurned from the Saturday supplement as vulgar. But Kipling had a free go on his little paper in India and he found himself. No doubt judicious editing in those days might have rid him of some freaks of style that still persist, but it would probably have squeiched Kipling. The trouble is that most editors have con-

trouble is that most editors have con-ventional minds." G. P. Putnam's Sons are preparing a century edition of the early novels of Benjamin Disraell, the first editions to be the books reprinted in each case.



tramp until almost middle life-who has now won himself a professorship in literature at a leading Russian university, is of peculiar interest. know that I am worthy to lead a for-lorn hope?' In front of him rose the Culver Clift, sheer and awful, probably yet unscaled by man. The boy thought to himself-'If I can climb that I am Los Angeles attracts literary men

fit to be a soldier'--and he climbed it with the guils screaming in his face. But he did not go to the Crimea, and Los Angeles attracts literary men and women in numbers to her beautiful climate and hospitable homes. Only recently has the city been visited by Jack London, Jacob Riis, Steward Ed-ward White and Hallie Erminie Rives. Gwendolen Overton and Charles F. Lummis 'bave their homes here and Julian Hawthorne is making a pro-longed visit to the city. Elizabeth Miller, author of "The Yoke," is enjoy-ing a rest here and Myra Keiley Is announced as coming to visit friends soon. Surely, from this congress of authors there ought to be evolved by one of them a tale of Southern Call-fornia life that would rival the "Ra-mona" of Helena Hunt Jackson, the one book that represents this part of the country in standard fictional lit-erature. the world may be grateful for his mother's ruling. He lives today in com-plete peace, and with an entirely boyish delight, optimistic concerning England's destiny, and satisfied with his life's work."

4 6 4 Funk & Wagnalls company will pub-lish this month limited editions of the complete works of Thomas Carlyle in 18 volumes, and the complete works of W. 'H. Prescott in 12 volumes. Both works will be bound in cloth and half-leather, and will be sold by subscrip-tion. tion.

. . .

Ellen Thorneycrof "owler, the au-thor of "Kate of K Hall," has re-cently recounted the writing of that story in collaboration with her hus-band. "My husband and I wrote it to-gether," she said, "during the first years of our married life, each writing as nearly as possible exactly half of the book. But I defy anybody to point out where he ends and I begin, or vice versa. When once it was typed we could not ourselves always tell which of us was the author of particular pas-The publishers of a magazine, like newspaper editors are deluged with correspondence from their readers. Praise and criticism and comment, sometimes foolish, often wise and al-ways valuable, pour in and help the editor keep step with the great pro-cession. Curiously enough of all the stories and articles that move the pub-lic to letter-writing, none have brought in to the publishers of McClure's as many or as interesting episites as the stories of Eugene Wood. He stirs up memories of old times on the farm and of village life in the simple days of not so long ago. The sometime farm boy and the village lad have drifted city-word, but they have not forgotten. us was the author of particular pas-sages. It was only when the blue pen-cil came into requisition and it was prochi chine into requisition and it was pro-posed to cut out certain portions that the veritable author was discovered by his or her (as the case might be) reluc-tance to sacrifice that particular pas-sage. A modern instance of the judg-ment of Solomon!"

of the birth of Ber

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3 FORMA - LIGUID, POWDER, PASTE.

the first is the more attractive, containing as it does the account of Holmes' return to his old haunts, and discovery of himself to his old time mate Dr. Watson. After this, "The Six Busts of Napoleon" takes rank, though all are in the fascinating vein which make even commonplace plots and de-tails of interest. The book probabiy for this and many other reasons will enjoy the popularity achieved by the previous volumes.

Mr. Eden Phillpott's new novel, The Secret Woman, draws its tre-mendous power from the utter sim-plicity with which it lays bare the depths of love and passion. A man may love two women with different sides of an II-balanced nature; in this story he pays for his unwisdom with his life, but its engrossing interest does not lie in the incidents of the mirder or the shadow of the gallows. It is in the intense moral struggle in minds that in spite of sin are un-selfach, high of purpose and deserving of respect. selfish, hig of respect,

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

England, now published in America by Robert Grier Cooke, has won for itself the distinction of being the foremost art publication in the English language. Appealing as it does to connoisseurs Appealing as it does to connoisseurs and collectors, its scholarly articles are always welcomed in an art lover's lib-rary. Amongst the noted authorities on its editorial consultative committee appears the name of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who has succeeded the late Gen-eral di Cesnola as director of the Metro-nolitan museum New York.

olltan museum, New York. This magazine is particularly intersting to American connelsseurs, to colectors and to lovers of art in America generally. Its wide range of subjects, covering the entire field of objects d'art, takes into serious consideration, and exhaustively, many phases of art and art research. An investigation of ber,

Interesting Dickens Letters To be Sold in London.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Feb. 15 .- Some of the most genuinely interesting letters by Charles Dickens in existence at the present time will be sold at auction in London this month. They were written by the author of "Pickwick" to George Cattermole, who illustrated "The Old Curiosity Shop" and 'Barnaby Rudge." Cattermole was one

as his close friend. The letters show what detailed suggestions Dickens was in the habit of

rent, it is not a gloomy book, so greaty is its tone relieved by the minor haracters, racy, quaint-speaking, slow put original, peasants of Dartmoor. but original, peasants of Dartmoor. And its setting is in such an atmosphere as few are able to create, from the first chapter aglow with the light and fragrance of young May in the heart of the Devon woods, to the close of the book in the majesty of the Christmas dawn on Dartmoor. Its incidents are clear-cut, its inter-est is concentrated, and the book as a whole is fascinating in its dramatic

est is concentrated, and the book as a whole is fascinating in its dramatic intensity.—Macmilian Co., publishers. A book of a most unusual character entitled "Casual Essays of The Sun" is announced for early publication by Robert Grier Cooke. This volume con-tains a large number of the representa-tive editorials that have appeared in the New York Sun during the past twenty years. No American newspa-per has done so much towards interest-ing and influencing public opinion as ing and influencing public opinion as has the Sun, and its precepts and inter-pretations are fully worthy a perma-nent place in literature, particularly as they are clothed with the philosophy of the sunny side of things. These edi-torials embrace varied subjects, touch-ing upon topics in the alpha and omega of human interest, whether in the dis-cussion of the president's title, success

in life, good English, matrimony, or happiness in general. It is especially appropriate that these editorials, which have far more than an ephemeral in-terest, be perpetuated in the book Mr. Cooke is issuing.

nay love two women with different dides of an ill-balanced nature; in this tory he pays for his unwisdom with is life, but its engrossing interest loes not lie in the incidents of the marker or the shadow of the gailows. It is in the intense moral struggle in index that in spite of sin are un-hinds that in spite of sin are un-telfish, high of purpose and deserving of respect. Yet in spite of the tragic undercur-

The Burlington Magazine of London, | this consideration is necessary to a thorough, understanding and apprecia tion of American collections, composed, as hearly all of them must be, of objects

and hearly an European sources. In view of the plans for forthcoming numbers of the Eurlington Magazine, embracing the art of colonial America and the fine arts generally of the new world, it is interesting to note that this periodical has more than doubled its circulation in America since Mr. Cooke has become its publisher.

. . .

The Youth's Companion for this week is a Washington birthday number and comes out with a cover of patriotic de-sign, showing soldiers of the revolu-tionary war on the march with the old-fashioned muskets across shoulder. Various patriotic stories, and other in-teresting material make up the numteresting material make up the num

#OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.#

sation. He didn't display a great deal of energy, and he obviously avoided most of the games played on ship, though once or twice he took a hand at quoits with Mrs. Kipling. Generally he was planking the deck talking, or siting reading quietly. Sometimes he wrote in the smoke-room. He smoked pipes and cigarettes and never played cards, though he admitted casually on one occasion that he had "heard of bridge." one occasion that he had "heard of bridge." One morning he was seen playing with one of the new pneumatic toy motor cars and evidently extract-ing a good deal of amusement from the manipulation of its steering apparatus. "But on the whole his chief care seemed to center on his wife and child-on and when he must deal childof Dickens' favorite illustrators as well



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19

the author of "Abou Ben Adam" was harrassed constantly by money-trou-bles. Soon after his change of resi-Dies. Soon after his change of resi-dence, however, Hunt's annoyances were brought to an end by the grant to him of a pension of \$1,000 a year from the divil list and the receipt of an annuity of \$000 from Shelley's son. "A heaven-fall," he called it, "one of the wishes of my beloved friend, Shelley," At the Edwardes Square house, Hunt did most of his best work including "Pattern" of his best work, including "Palfrey," the "Jar of Honey," the "Old Court Subarb," the "Stories from the Italian Poets," much of his autobiography, and a good deal of miscellaneous work. HAYDEN CHURCH.



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THE WAY OF THE WORLD



Fiction nowadays often masks a ser-lous intent. Who would imagine, for instance, that "Mrs. Protheroe," Booth Tarkington's delightful story in the surrent McClure's, was the product of the author-ligislator's desire to deal with the problems of clvics? He intended at first to make a series of es-says out of what his political experiace made him burn to say. Then ecognizing that his power lay in the acdum of fiction, he wisely modified purpose, and the short stories of altical life are the result.

In the course of a discussion of mod-The course of a discussion of mod-era literary conditions which he con-tributes to Collier's Weeekly, Robert Bridges holds that there is little differ-ence between the modern journalistic conventions of England and the United States. He claims that the Wester tates. Ho claims that the Western allior has done not a little for Ameri-can writers by allowing a degree of reedom and spontaneity not tolerated the eastern states, "I do not bethe eastern states, "I do not be-eve," he writes, "that there is an oldnewspaper in the east that a given Eugene Field, or Riy or Ade, or Dooley, or William Allen White, a chance to let himself go." a opposition to the general opinion. Bridges asserts that a precocious dopment of the critical faculty is lutely deadly to a writer of creative The young man, he reasons, ever conscious of Lowell and Emerson looking over his shoulder,



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45 HICHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

duction, in which the editor attempts to trace the circumstances of its composi-tion, to show the part it played in the author's life, and the part Disraeli him-self plays in the story. Each is further to have a few explanatory notes at the end and an index. The volumes will be bound in red cloth, with gold dec-orations cell tons and uncut leaves Apropos the new and definite edition of Swinburne's poems, which the Harporations, gilt tops and uncut leaves, and printed in large type. The editor is Lucien Wolf, who is writing the introductions.

For those who wish to know more about Maxim Gorky, the Russian writer who has put his life in peril through his efforts in behalf of the through this choice in behalf of the people before, and during the St. Pe-tersburg "massacre of the innocents," there is a detailed life to be had in English. It is written by J. E. Dillon, the well-known English traveler and fournalist, who had unusual facilities fournalist, who had unusual facilities for sathering his material, both from Gorky himself, and his friends. In view of the facent events the blogra-phy of this man- born practically in the gutter, reared among the lowest and most vicious surroundings-a

of Swinburne's poems, which the Harp-ers have just published, a friend of the great living poet writes this anecdote: "He told me once how he had longed to fight for England in the Crimea. It was in the days of his boyhood, when, for his passionate love of cliffs and des-olate shores, he was called the Sea-Guil.

erature.

olate shores, he was called the Sea-Guil. The tale of Balaklava was firing Eng-land when he left Eton and hastened to his mother with an eager entreaty that he might draw the sword for his country and lead Englishmen into the smoke of battle. To all his entreaties, however, Lady Jane Swinburne turned a deaf ear, and the schoolboy—to whom the army was then the only profession worth a rush—went out from her with a bursting heart. But it suddenly oc-curred to him: 'After all, how do I

. . .

The publishers of a magazine, like

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, known to her friends as Mrs. George Christopher Riggs, founded the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains, and is the author of "The Story of Patsy," "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," "Penelope's Progress," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and now of "Rose o' the River," serial publication of which commences in the March Century.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is known as a generous friend of free kindergartens, and as a writer of popular and delightful books, stories which leave the reader's heart warmer and more tender. The scene of her latest work, "Rose o' the River," serial publication of which begins in the March Century, is laid along the beautiful Saco River, which flows near her summer home in Hollis, Me.

amin Disraeli is to be commemorated ot only by the subscription edition of is complete works mentioned last but also by the publication, early in March, of an elaborate new issue of his four most important political nov-els, "Vivian Grey," "Sybil," "Coningaels, "Vivian Grey," "Sybil," "Conings-by" and "Tancred." Messrs, L. C. Page Co., who make the announcement romise exceptionally handsome vol-mes, with photogravure frontispieces and an elaborate editorial equipment of 'forewords" and introductory critical essays.

TPhe

Besides the tercentenary of the pub-lication of the first part of the "Don Quixote." and the centenary of the death of Schiller, on May 9, the present year will mark the hundredth anniverary of the birth of Hans Andersen, or April 2, and of that of De Tocqueville, n July 29.

English literature will celebrate the English literature will celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of two minor lights, Edmund Waller's, on March 3, and Sir William Dugdale's on Sept. 12. It is not likely that these events will be marked by a new edition of the poe-ry of the one, or of the other's great try of the one, or of the "Monasticon Anglicanum."

A new novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is among the early announcements of the year. Mr. Thomas Dixon Jr.'s tale the year. of the Ku Klux, "The Clansman," will appear this month in a first edition of 50,000 copies; "In the Arena" will be appear this month in a first edition of 50,000 copies; "In the Arena" will be the title of Booth Tarkington's forth-coming Hoosler story. Dr. Conan Doyle's new volume of detective stories will appear at an early date under the name of "The 'Return of Sherlock Hoimes." Moriey Roberts, whose "Ra-chel Marr" has given him a place among the leading novelists of the day in England, has written a new story, "Lady Penelope," which is to be pub-lished this spring. lished this spring.

≈B90KS.≈

The idolaters at the shrine of Sher-lock Holmes sent forth paens of praise to author and publisher when it was announced that the great classical genius of detective literature had come out from his dark places of exile and was at work again at the old stand in Baker St., London, and had donned harness for new achieve-ments in his peculiar realm of art. In "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," Machine, Dhillip, Co. have given to McClure. Phillip Co. have given to this large and impatient world of admirers, the results of the magicianadmirers, the results of the maglelan-detective's renewed efforts along his own lines, and no whit of disappaint-ment follows their perusal. Sher-lock's personality is the same vivid, restless and fascinating one that brought the reading public to his feet in past times, and one finishes the book with the some old feeling of insatiate interest and enforment whose vocal Interest and enjoyment whose vocal clamor raised Doyle's hero from the alpine abyss, where else he had been left forever. Of the stories perhaps



lers.



making regarding the pictures for his novels. The following one, written by Dickens to Cattermole in 1841, refers to a drawing for "Barnaby Rudge;

of the

'Can you do for me by Saturday eve-"Can you do for me by saturday eve-ning-I know the time is short, but I think the subject will suit you, and I am greatly pressed-a party of rloters (with Hugh and Simon Tapperit con-splcuous among them) in old John Wilspleuous among them, in duor taps to let's bar-turning the liquor taps to their own advantage-smashing bot-their own advantage of lemons sitting astride on casks-drinking out f the best punchbowels-eating the father."

of the beest punchedware appes, &c. &c-John Willet, fallen backward in his chair, regarding them with a stupid horror, and quite alone among them with none of the Maypole customers at his back. It's in your way, and you'll do it a hundred times better than I can

do it a hundred times better than I can suggest it to you, I know." Evidently he did, for in another let-ter to Cattermole, dated Aug. 19, 1841, Dickens says, "John Willet's Bar is no-ble." Then he outlines another "Bar-naby Rudge" picture, as follows: "When Hugh and a small body of the rioters cut off from the Warren un-beknown to their pals, they forced into a ramshackle postchalse Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale, and bore them away with all possible rapidity; one of their company driving, and the rest running beside the chalse, climbing up behind, sitting on the top, lighting the way with their torches, etc. If you can express the women inside withway with their torches, etc., etc. In you can express the women inside with-

you can express the women inside with-out showing them—as by a fluttering yell, a delicate arm, or so forth, ap-pearing at the half-closed window—so much the better. Mr. Tappertit stands on the steps, which are parily down, and hanging on to the window with one hand, and extending the other with great majesty, addresses a few words of encouragement to the driver and atendants. Cattermole's drawings for "The Old

Cattermole's drawings for "The Old Curiosity Shop" drew the highest sort of praise from Dickens. "It is impossible for me to tell you," he wrote, "how greatly I am charmed with those beautiful pictures, in which the whole feeling and thought and ex-pression of the little story is rendered to the gratification of my inmost heart; and on which you have lavished those amazing resources of yours with a and on which you have lavished those amazing resources of yours with a power at which I fairly wondered when I sat down yesterday before them. I took them to Mac, straightway, in a cab-and it would have done you good if you could have seen and heard them. You can't think how moved he was by the old man in the church, or how proud I was to have chosen it before he saw the old man in the church, or how proud I was to have chosen it before he saw the drawings. You are such a queer fellow, and hold yourself so much aloof, that I am afraid to say half I would say touching my grateful admiration. So you shall imagine the rest." These Dickens letters are part of a valuable collection of literary and musical relics made by the late Julian Marshall. It includes one letter by Matthew Arnold and two by Robert Browning, not to mention manuscripts

Browning, not to mention manuscripts by Handel, Bach, Haydn, Donnizetti, Sounod, Spohr, Gluck, and Chopin, One the Browning letters is addressed an amateur poet who wrote asking

to an amateur poet who whole asking his advice about publishing a volume of verse. One paragraph runs: "It sounds strangs and almost sad to me that I should be imagined of au-thority in this kind. I who for years could not get a line printed except at my own expense, and I began half a

The sale of these letters and manu-scripts should not escape the atten-tion of American collectors.

One of Rudyard Kipling's fellow passengers on his recent voyage to the Cape says of the novelist: "Kipling made a delightful impression on everyone on board. He was cheery and courteous, and not at all averse to conver-

ren, and when he was not with the former he could generally be found playing with the latter, chatting gaily with them and thoroughly entering inte their enjoyment. On Christmas day he joined vigorously in a game of 'follow my leader,' and on one occasion he was observed taking lee creams from the dinner table to his children in their cabins. Miss Elsie Kipling, aged 8, is the elder, and her brother John is a year younger. They are both pretty children with good features, a happy and judicious bland of mother

Cosmo Hamilton, known in America chiefly by means of his entertaining magazine stories, seems to be very much "in it" over here at present. He bas just been made editor of that staid and fashionable unillustrated w "The World," his musical comedy Th Catch of the Season," is having a re-markably successful run; he has more orders for plays than he could turn out even if he were two or three Cosmo Hamiltons; and he has just finished a society novel entitled "Duke's Son" which is to be published immediately. He tells me it deals with the fashionable business of making a living out of cheating at bridge.

The coming Whistler Memorial exhi-The coming whistler Memorial exhi-bition in London, which opens on Wash-ington's birthday, promises to be an un-commonly complete and representative collection of the American artist's work n every style. Practically every Whist-er picture of note will be on view, ex-epting the portrait of Lady Archibald ampbell with which the trustees of the Philadelphia museum are not allowed by law to part. The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Grav-eurs which is organizing this exhibition -and of which Whistler was first president-appreciates greatly the genrous treatment which it has received from owners of the artist's works the world over-Americans in particular. Perhaps the ploture which will have the

greatest interest for connoisseurs will be that known as "The Large White Girl," owned by Mr. Whittemore of New Haven. This is the picture which was painted by Whistler in the early staties and rejected at the Salon in 1863, but later shown in the Salon des Refuses side by side with works by Manet, Fantin Latour and others. It went to the United States soon after. Other famous works of Whistler at the exhibition will be "The artist's Moth-er"-loaned by the Luxembourg author-Ities, who rarely make such a conces-sion-the "Carlyle" from the Corpora-tion Gallery in Glasgow, and the "Sarasate" from the Carnegie gallery, Pitts-burg, Most of the gems of the magnifi-cent collection of Whistier etchings owned by Howard Mansfield of New York, will also be on view.

Still another of London's landmarks s doomed, and this time one especiall is doomed, and this time one especialit well known to Americans—Leigh Hunt's house in Kensington. The house, which stands in Edwardes square, is to be torn down to make room for a proposed flat building. Here Leigh Hunt lived for 11 years, which were the most pros-perous, the most industrious, and the perous, the most industrious, and the most happy of his life. Up to 1840, when he moved to Edwardes square, Hunt lived at 4 Upper Cheyne Row, in Chel-sea, where he had Carlyle as his near neighbor and friend, and in these days



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room at the top, and a good demand for a high-class Horseshoe Nall, we wish to bring it to the attention of the trade that we are making but one grade of Horseshoe Nafl (THE NEW PUTNAM), which is first-class in every respect, and superior to any that have ever been previously offered, and that we are, therefore, maintaining prices, and that our machines make no seconds or inferior nails with which to flood the market and create unsatisfactory and unprofitable condi tions; nor have we an overstock to dump to add to the demoralization. this relation, it should be borne in mind that the difference in price between our nalls, and that the very cheapest now sold amounts to only the per horse.

