# DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.





#### MARY FINDLATER.

The name, "Mary Findlater," which appears on the title-page of the "Rose of Joy," which McClure, Phillips & Company have just brought out, is known to all who have any real acquaintance with books in England, and especially in Scotland, though we are but too little acquainted with it in America. Mary Findlater is one of two sisters who live in a little seaside cottage at Cockenzie, East Lothian near Edinburgh. They devote their entire time to their literary work and lead a very quiet existence, seldom being seen outside their little village. Very rarely you hear one name without the other; it is usually "Mary and Jane Findlater," and they are known in the world of letters as the "Brontes of the twentieth century" because their work is so similar to that of those famous sisters. In their books they make a keen understanding and sympathetic study of the middle class people that they find around them, and their work has gained them fame because of its exceptionally refined and artistic quality.

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Martin's "Emmy Lou," which is almost | his wife, "to edit the hell-fire out of as regular as "The Blazed Trail' in its | them." After Mrs. Clemens completes return to the press.

Marmaduke Pickthall, whose adven-turous novel of Turkish Palestine "Said, the Fisherman," has caused so much comment, is a marvelous linguist. He has done what very few Englishmen have ever done, namely, has mastered the dialect of Arabian spoken by the people of Asiatic Turkey. His friends declare that they would back him against any Russian to learn any mod-

by McClure-Phillips. It is as follows. "Dear Sir:—Pray accept my sincere thanks for the copy of Bruno Lessing's 'Children of  $M_{en}$ ' sent me a few weeks ago. I have read it with vivid interests. It is an extraordinary book, shot through and through with the red lines of humanity. No one can read these

of humanity. No one can read these fine stories without a deepening sense

new dramatic poem bearing the title

. . .

Aguste Sabatier, author of "Relig-ions of Authority," (McClure-Phillips),

always had on his desk when writing a

little bronze figure of an Alsatian wo

"David."

her important share of the work, their daughter copies them on the typewriter, for which her father pays her regular professional rates.

In response to the query, "Do publish-ers read unsolicited manuscripts?" propounded by a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Doubleday, Page & Company own up to reading and rejecting 569 novels alone in eight months. The 570th was published. It is Acquila Kemp-ster's love story of India, "The Mark."

graph?' he inquired, in all seriousness. I | ed to be greatly improved this winter. His physician, anxious to complete the good work of restoration, still forbids laughed and replied in the negative. 'Well, I ask a dollar aplece for mine,' he rejoined. 'They are worth it, Mr. Whitman,' said I, 'and much more.' But I could not help wondering a little at this peculiar thriftiness of the 'good. gray poet,' until he went on to say: 'I have a pet charity in town, which needs all the money it can get. When people write for my signature, I send them a circular stating that they can have it for a dollar, the money to go to the charity just mentioned. I am thus able to do some good with my poor old autograph, for a good many respond with the money."

Miss Mary Johnston, Author of "Sir Mortimer," "Audrey," "To have and to Hold," plans to sail for the Mediterranean this month, and expects to spend to year or more in Sicily.

Edward Stanwood's "American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Cen-tury" has just been published in England, where Mr. Chamberlain's tariff campaign makes it very timely read-

ing. The eighth printing is reported of Clara Louise Burnham's latest novel "Jewel," bringing it into its twentieth thousand. The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., also report the sixth printing of "Education and the Larger Life," by C. Hanford Henderson, author of John Percyfield; and the second printing of Bradford Torrey's "Clerk of the Woods," published last autumn.

Bjornson is at present at work on a new novel, which he intends finishing during his forthcoming stay in Rome.

Lord Tennyson has been telling some Lord Tennyson has been telling some stories about his father to a literary so-ciety in Australia. To a poet of that country the late laureate once wrote: "I have received your poems, but, un-like John the Baptist, I cannot live on locusts and wild honey." What in the world did he mean? The öther story runs as follows: "A gardener was con-versing with a friend of the poet. That Shakespeare's a great poet, isn't he?' said the gardener, and he was answered 'Yes,' 'And that 'Tennyson 's a great poet, isn't he?' asked the gardener again, and was again answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' says the gardener, digging his spade angrily into the clod, then I don't think nothing of nayther of them?"

. . .

"Sigma." the author of "Personalia," was invited to meet Swinburne at lunch. The poet did not arrive until lunch was over. Before entering the house he engaged in a prolonged dif-ference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off, as if glad to get away. "The poet's got the best of it, as usual," drawled Howell (the host). "He lives at the British hotel, in Cockspur, and never goes any place except in han-soms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shill-ing. Consequently when, as today, it's case of 10 miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who, after five minutes of it, gallops off as though he had been rated by Belzebub himself." Swinburne always emerged from these disputes giving no sign of trouble. On this occasion he entered the room calm-ly.

Another large printing of the "popu-lar edition" of Dwight Tilton's "Miss Petticoats" has been ordered for the early spring trade by the C. M. Clark

Publishing company.

Notes are added to afford all needed help, and the vocabulary is complete. The health of Henrik Ibsen is report-

# WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.



him to undertake correspondence or to see many visitors. But he is nevertheless able to superintend, in a measure,

the approaching performance of his "Pillars of Society," with which Mr. and Mrs. Fahlstom will make a jubilee

appearance in April. This involves much more mental exertion than for many months past it has been thought

≈B90KS.≈

"Comments of John Ruskin on the

Divina Commedia," is compiled by

George P. Huntington, with an intro-duction by Charles Eliot Norton. A

thorough student of Dante has perform-

ed a useful service in bringing togeth-

er, within the compass of a small and attractive volume, all of Ruskin's in-terpretations and criticisms of the di-

vine comedy. Ruskin's varied and pro-found knowledge of the middle ages,

and the keen imaginative sympathy which he brought to the study of Dante, make whatever he has to say on

that poet of exceptional value. There are here collected enough passages of

varying length to constitute a compre-hensive account of Dante's work; and

notable feature of the book will be an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton.

whose too infrequent writing upon Dantean subjects is always cagerly

. . .

"Evelina: or, A Young Lady's En-trance into the World," with which now a century and a quarter ago, Fanny

series. The illustrations are by Pusa Thompson and the introduction by Austin Dobson, each of whom is a mas.

ter in his special field in matters re-lating to the days of patch and powder,

Austin Dobson says we have the testi-mony of Mrs. Thrale, given before she

this book, and of the manners of the present time," she said, and she fur-ther affirmed that it was written "by

somebody who knew the top and the bottom, the highest and the lowest mankind." Upon a question of this sort, Mr. Dobson says truly that Mrs. Thrale must be held to be unimpeach-

Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires," edited by C. Fontaine, B. es L., L. en.

School of Commerce, is just out. The adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis,

and D'Artagnan, which have delighted so many thousands of older readers,

are here presented in suitable form for class reading. The editor has skill-fully abridged the lengthy novel, but has left the thread of the story unbrok-en, so that this brilliant work of Dumas

may prove interesting and useful to both teachers and pupils. The omitted parts are summarized in brief Eng-lish synopses, so that the reader will be able to follow the plot throughout.

chairman French department, High

able authority.

awalted.

he could endure

Which Chlorosis, a Frequent Affliction of Growing Girls, May be Overcome.

Every mother knows that the danger line in the development of a girl is crossed at the point where girlhood and womanhood meet. Ills that lurk in the blood then disclose themselves and, if neglected, become seated diseases dis-turbing all the later life and frequently lead to consumption and the most frightful derangement of the nervous system. This critical point cannot be too closely guarded. Care insures ro bust health; neglect means living mis-

Mothers of growing girls can profit by the experience of Mrs. E. C. Young, of No. 303 Lynn street, Ithaca, N. Y., was safely brought through her girl-hood's critical period by a simple course of treatment, after physicians had failed to help her.

"When I was seventeen," she says, "I began to fail in health and, in spite of all the medicines our family doctor gave me, I continued to grow worse, Neither he nor another doctor who also the grouping of these passages upon one subject will also prove suggestive to readers of Ruskin. Not the least Neither he nor another doctor who also attended me seemed to be able to reach the cause of my trouble. It was chloro-sis, they said, a form of anaemia with which girls of about that age are often afflicted. I was troubled with shortness of breath, hadn't a bit of color and couldn't go upstairs without being all tired out. My limbs were dreadfully swollen and my appetite entirely gone. I had nervous headaches for which a swolen and my appetite entirely gone. I had nervous headaches for which a doctor recommended glasses, but the glasses did not cure them. Each month I suffered a great deal of pain and was very irritable.

Burney-afterwards Madame D'Ar-blay-made her own entrance into the literary world, has been issued by the Macmillan Co., New York and London, as a volume in their "New Cranford" This condition kept growing worse for three years until finally it became intolerable and I began to hunt eagerly for some remedy that could effect a cer-tain cure. Finally I found a friend who said she had been cured of a similar trouble by Dr. Williams' Pluk Pills for Pale People, after her case had been pronounced hopeless. Upon her strong curled wigs and artificial manners, when human passions were about the same as at other periods. As to the accuracy of Evelina's social sketches, recommendation I decided to take this recommendation I decided to take this remedy. Relief was almost immediate and after using the pills for a short time I was cured altorether and I have remained perfectly well and strong ever since." The value of such a remody is beyond the power of words to express, for it determines the happiness of a lifetime, and it is fortunately within the vach of which has sometimes been questioned, had made the author's acquaintance. "There's a good deal of human life in

and it is fortunately within the teach of all who need it. These pills have also cured locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neural-gla, rheumatism, nervous headache, af-ter effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness in either male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists, or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half.

der doctor's orders of late, set sail this week for Egypt with the expectation of returning early in the spring feeling fit to begin work on a new novel. He has just finished six stirring stories dealing with further adventures of that de-lightful outlaw, Stingaree, with some ingritul outlaw, Sungaree, with some of whose exploits Mr. Hornung's read-ers are already familiar. The Ameri-can success of his dramatization of his own novel, "The Amateur Cracksman" will probably lead to a production of the play over here in the early spring. I believe there was some talk of H. B. Irving in the part of Raffles. Mr. Hor-nung has never been in America and

At the dinner at the Author's club,

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## NOTES.

Father of light, when my light is gone

Probably no writer today is wider or. his literary labor than was Auguste Sabatier, whose book "Religions of Authority," has just been brought out by McClure-Phillips. He was connected as an editor with the great Paris newspaper. Le Temps, and every morning went to the newspaper to do his daily stint; in the afteron he went to the Protestant Faculty Theology, in the University of Paris, of which he was dean, to give his lec-ture every Thursday he wrote a literary review for the Journal de Geneve; every Saturday h<sub>e</sub> gathered together a class of Sunday school teachers and exblained the lesson for the following Sunday: and besides all this found time to conduct classes in the history of early Christian literature at the Ecole des Hauts Etudes of the Sorbonne. This prodigious labor he kept up practically to the time of his death, about three years ago.

. . . The third edition of Henry Harland's new book, "My Friend Prospero," is now on the press. This book promises to outsell Mr. Harland's other sucesses. Its publication was delayed to fill the heavy advance demand and this third edition comes within ten days of the publication of the first.

Thomas Nelson Page will assume new literary form in the March McClure's, changing his familiar role of fiction writer to that of student of affairs in a discussion of "The Negro" as the Southerners' problem. In his opening paper he is to review the days of slav-ery, war and reconstruction in describing the old relations between the white and black races in the south.

Lincoln Steffens is spending some ime in Ohio in search of material for an article on political conditions in that boss-ridden state. In a new series on "The Misgovernment of States" he is planning some more such revelations as made his discussion of the cities in McClure's of sensational interest.

President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently while in Germany spent som studying the experimental electric read in the environs of Berlin upon which the uniform high speed of from 100 to 130 miles an hour is maintained. He writes interestingly of his impressions for the March McClure's.

Ray Stannard Baker has returned Colorado, where he has been udying the miners' strike as a chapter



flicts." He has much of interest to reern out his nationality being discovered, that is if there is any modern languages worth learning that Mr. Pickthall does late concerning his experiences under the rule of martial law, and lawlessness. . . .

in his history of "Great Labor Con-

-By Nancy Byrd Turner.

not know already. In the case of Ital-ian, it is said that Neapolitans always supposed him to be a Tuscan, and that Tuscans took him to be a Venetian, but A new motive in literature is the rar-est of the rare, but "Heart of My Heart," by Ellis Meredith, which Mc-Clure-Phillips will bring out this month no Italian ever imagined that he was born outside of Italy, so completely had he mastered all the shades, not only of the Italian barts certainly touches on unbroken ground. The theme of the story is mother-love. It is, in fact, a romance of ma-ternity, a diary kept by a mother for her son, before her child is born, the Italian language itself, but of its dialects. Mr. Pickthall, in addition to speaking the dialect of Syria, also writes it fluently. showing the development of her soul, through its inward joys and trag-edies. The author has touched this It is grateful to record such ready appreciation by one student of man and life, for the work as another as is sacred subject with emotional sympa-thy and a most understanding reverrevealed in the following letter received by McClure-Phillips. It is as follows: ence.

Henry Seton Merriman's last published novel was "Barlasch of the Guard," brought out by McClure-Phil-

orbit of the second sec

of the dignity of man and the pathos of life. Bruno Lessing is in the road; he is a man to be reckoned with. Sin-Among the historical books of the season probably none has had a greater popularity than Martin Hume's "The cerely yours (Signed) Edwin Markham. ove Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' Cale Young Rice, whose dramatic poem, "Charles di Tocca," was so well received inast year, will publish through McClure-Phillips this year a (McClure-Phillips), but a month ago imported a second edition and are now importing a third.

Books on the Orient are in high pop-ularity today. The demand for Clarence Ludlow Brownell's book on Japanese life, "The Heart of Japan," has been so great that the publishers, McClure-Phillips, have put a third edition to press. . . .

The anonymous little volume ex-pressing the Chinaman's point of view, "The Letters from a Chinese Official," published by McClure-Phillips, has now reached its third edition.

Marmaduke Pickthall's story of the orient, "Said the Fisherman," has sprung into immediate popularity. The second edition of it is being published, less than thirty days after the first was off the press.

. . . McClure-Phillips announce their reg-Edward Whites "The Blazed Trail." This makes sixteeen editions in the six-teen months since it was published. The same publishers also announce an-other new edition of George Madden ular monthly new edition of Stewart Edward Whites "The Blazed Trail."

The New York Ghetto can boast

of the possession of a novelist, N.

M. Saikewitch, who is the author of

at least 300 novels. At the present

time he has novels running in four

of the Yiddish newspapers of New

And for all those four novels now

running daily the writer has not a

line prepared ahead. He writes as

Every day he makes the rounds of

the papers and supplies them on the

spot with an installment. In some

cases the installment takes a page. And all of Saikewitch's novels are complicated in plot, crowded with characters and covering an amazing

Therefore, among his friends he is called the Octopus, for they say that such prolificness seems to de-

mand the possession of several pairs of arms. Saikewitch knows nothing of such aids to ready writers as the

typewriter, stenographer and phon-

ograph. Saikewitch's career is in itself a page from the history of the origin and progress of Yiddish literature. He is a Russian, about 50 He began

extent of ground.

ograph.

he goes, says the New York Sun.

York.

man. He was a citizen especially loved by the people of Alsace because of his efforts to preserve the French spirit and language in Alsace after the Franco-Prussian war by preaching and lecturing. When he was driven out of the town by the German authorities, the people held a large meeting and voted him a testimonial which took the form of the little bronze figure which he always kept with him. . . . Although Mark Twain is sojourning

YORK GHETTO AND HIS LIGHTNING METHOD.

his literary career in Russia, where

he was one of the first writers to make use of Yiddish as a vehicle to

He wrote novels that were im-mensely popular-sensational, melo-

dramatic penny-dreadfuls that were

seized upon eagerly by readers with

whom stories were scarce. His nov-els were brought out in book form

in those days. They sold in great

Yiddish was soon utilized by other

writers, and Saikewitch's pre-emi-nence was disputed. Finally he de-

cided to come to America, where, he argued, the tide of immigration

must have carried thousands of his

About seven years ago he landed in New York. He went to work at

He got control of a little printing

the got control of a fittle printing press on East Broadway and began the publication of serial novels in weekly parts. It was very much the same method as that employed

by the great English masters-Dick-ens and Thackeray-but Dickens

ens and Thackeray-but Dickens and Thackeray never dreamed of doing what this Yiddish novelist did.

At times he had as many as six

novels running at once in weekly

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in Italy, he is nevertheless hard at work on a new novel, which was begun many years ago and laid aside. He

reach the public.

numbers.

admirers.

once.

THE YIDDISH NOVELIST OF THE NEW

Apropos of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the New York Times says that when Miss Eleanor Robson was in England last summer she was a guest several times at Mrs. Ward's town house in Grosve nor square, London, and also at Stocks, her country home near Tring. "I found Mrs. Ward a delightful hostess," said Miss Robson, "and not at all what I had pictured her in my imagination. You know you always do form an imaginative portrait of an author whose books you are reading, and I had thought of Mrs. Ward as an extremely

intellectual being, a rather small wo-man with a large head and a retiring manner. But she wasn't anything of the sort. On the contrary, she is a large, handsome woman, and she carries herself like a grande dame. She is an ideal hostess, too. She has a way of making you feel that she is conde-scending to meet you at all, and at the same time of putting you at an at the same time of putting you entirely at your ease. Yes, I know that's a little paradoxical, but it's just what Mrs. Ward does. I saw her first at her town house. Her husband, you know, is an art critic, and the house is full of the most interesting masterpieces. When I went down to Tring she took me into her den, where she does most of her writing. It is a small room, of her writing. It is a small room, with a big desk in the center, low book-cases all around, and a few chairs. There are pictures here, too, but I was chiefly interested in the garden. We went out there after luncheon, and Mrs. Ward read me a part of the play she has written for me. We sat under a tree near a low wall that divided the meadowland from the garden and sev-

meadowland from the garden, and several cows-the cleanest cows I ever saw -came up and stuck their heads over the wall and listened, too, apparently with much interest.' . . .

The other evening, as Will Carleton, author of "Songs of Two Centuries," was chatting with some literary friends, conversation turned upon Whitman. "I was in his unique little home at Camden, N. J., one day," he said, "and we fell to talking about auto-graphs. He asked me if I always responded to requests for mine. I re plied, always, when asked personally and by people whom I knew, and generally when strangers wrote for them. If there were upon them any of the ear-

parts. He would sit in his office

writing all day long. The foreman of the printing de-

partment would come in and say

The Prince of Babel; or, Back

The composer would look at his proof and read, "He gave one look at the flaming blood dripping sword,

and swung it on high-To be con-

tinued in our next." "All right." Saikewitch would say,

"just take down a few lines so you won't be idle."

And he would dictate: "And the

And he would dictate: "And the sword descended on the guilty head of the miscreant." etc. Then he would rush on and write out the rest of the installment. Per-haps in the middle of it another

compositor would enter with a re-

quest for copy. And so it would go on week after

week, month after month. The oc-topus novelist, sitting in his chair,

with a pot of Russian tea at his el-bow-as Balzac used to have his

coffee-and cigarettes constantly burning, skipped around in fiction

to all parts of the globe for the pleasure of his readers.

that he wanted an installment. "What are you working on?" Saikewitch would ask.

'Where are you now?'

From Exile.

This week's issue of the Youth's Companion is a special Washington's birthday number and comes with cover done in the red, white and blue, and with a half length figure of Washington in regimental costume as its chief emblem. A special article entitled "Bel-voir on the Potomac" is furnished by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and there are some interesting stories of patriotic motive or suggestion which with the usual good poetry and department matter make a most interesting number.—

Perry, Mason Co., Boston. The American Boy for February with its title page showing boys snowballing, its skating story, "The Honor of the School," its "How to Hunt Muskrats," School," its "How to Hunt Muskrats," and its first chapter of a biography of Washington, is a model February num-ber for a boy's paper. Other timely features are an illustrated article en-titled "Get Ready for the Flowers," written by Dr. Hugo Erichsen, a short biographical sketch of Lieutenant-Gen-eral Adna R. Chaffee, and a description of "Tarbucket night," Connecticut's pet name for Washington's birthday, furstory, "The Blue Dragon," the editor's | Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

en him.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER. announ announ announ announ annound the Heart," (some of them have been

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Feb. 10 .- It may seem rather late in the day to be writ-

ing about Hans Christian Andersen, but more should be said than is likely to be told by cable concerning the romance of the great Danish writer's life, which has just become known to his own countrymen It always has been understood that the fascinating writer of fairy tales had an unhappy love affair, and the story generally has gone that his affections were given to his sweet-voiced compatriot Jenny Who was the real lady of An Lind. dersen's heart, however, has just been revealed by the discovery of letters writin to her by the author of "The Princess and the Swineherd.

Hans Andersen's sweetheart was named Riborg Volgt. She was the pretty daughter of a rich merchant of Feeborg in the island of Fuenen, and when Andersen first met her, was just twenty-four. Andersen's boyhood home was Odense, the chief town of Fuenen. He was sent to study in the University of Copenhagen, and there he met and made friends with Riborg Voigt's brother, Christian. One vaca-tion Andersen went to visit Voigt at his home, and so met his sister. The two young people fell desperately in love with each other at once, but there was no hope for them, the girl being al-ready engaged to a young forester of Fuenen, and a betrothal being regarded at that time as no less binding than marriage itself. The thing is supposed to have black-

ened Andersen's life. He poured out his regret in a series of poems to his lady-love, which he called "Melodies of

Your Stomach and Bowels. So much depend upon them. Your health, hap-piness, and even your life is controlled largely by these organs. It is therefore very important at the first symptom of the stomach becoming weak bowels constipated that you take a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.



Three Yankee Boys in Ireland," "The has never seen his own play

Drawing Room Magician," and "How to Become Strong" appear in this num-ber. Other stories which serve to make the paper one of the most interesting given to Sir Oliver Lodge this week, the distinguished guest said there was has yet appeared are "The Life of Blackbird the Omaha," an Indian story; "Spike Hennessey," a dog story; "A Crack Military Company," telling of the Mountain Springs Riffes: "A Boy's Voice and How to Preserve and Train It," "Teaching boys and girls how It." "Teaching boys and girls how to use both right and left hands." "Quakers try to solve the Doukhober problem." Uncle Sam's young men in King Menelik's court." "A Winter En-terprise." "A Prairie Adventure." "On the Little Sweet Water." "Through the ice on a duck hunt." The first half of a two-part article on "How to Make Tac-kle for Trout and Bass Fishing." by J. Harrington Keene. will attract the Rie for Trout and Bass Fishing," by J. Harrington Keene, will attract the boys' attention. All the regular de-partments are well represented, viz., "The prize contests," "The Order of the American Boy," "Stamps, Coins and Curlous," "The Boy Photographer," "Boys at Home and School," "Boy Money Weber and School," "Boy Money Makers and Money Savers," and the American Boy Lyceum, and a spien-did puzzle department.-The Sprague

neck a small leather case which

His will contained instruc-

held the only letter she ever had writ-

tions that both letter and case should be burned. Riborg Volgt's daughter is alive still, and she has testified recent-ly to the remembrance in which her mother held the man whom she had been unable to mark the man whom she had

been unable to marry. Among her trinkets, after her death, was found a

withered boquet which Andersen sent her soon after their first meeting, and

also other slight relics of the writer who gave the world "The Tin Soldier" and "The Emperor's New Clothes."

Eden Philpott, author of "The Human

Boy," walted to see his new novel, "The American Prisoner," through the press,

and to read a few of the flattering revelws thereof which have made their

appearance and then started for Men-

tone, on his way to Corstea, where he means to spend the winter.

Marmaduke Pickthall tells me his

next novel is to be very different from "Said, the Fisherman," which so sud-

nothing in science more wonderfud than the novelist's creation from nothing at all of characters that become immortal. It seemed to him rather a pity that novelists knowing so well how to write should so often choose such tri-vial subjects, while scientists who had such magnificent subjects should be, as a rule, so little able to write adequately about them. Sir Oliver touched on radium, of course, and that set off Ri-der Haggard, who maintained that it was he who had been the real discover-er of radium, and referred in proof of it er of radium, and reteries of energy in which "She" found immortal youth and radiance. The only trouble was that he hadn't had the luck to hit on the he hadn't had the luck to hit on the name. But if you want to see Rider Haggard moved to eloquence, get him started on the subject of "afforestiza-tion." He has become a typical coun-try squire, and seems to be much more interested in ideas about tree planting and providing amusements for the farmer and struggling with such prob-lems as the management of local tavrns than in such frivolous matters as

fletion.

A NEW LOCAL POET.

The following verses from the pan of Miss Judith Rice will inspire an in-terest in her readers to hear further from the same source. Miss Rice's first literary effort was a short story the Heart, (some of them have been set to music by Grieg), and there can be no doubt, now, to what the strain of melody was due that can be found in nearly all his work. He never forgot her. Until his last day he wore around published some time ago in a local jour-nal, which attracted much favorable comment. That her poetic muse shows no less signs of promise is evinced in the following:

THE DIRGE OF THE WASATCH. (As sung in the south.)

Cold symbols of the barren north, The Wasatch mountains lift on high Their rugged heads against the sky, As coldly, boldly standing forth, They bid definice from on high.

Rude giants of a desert land, Unbeauteous Cyclops, grim and bare, With furrowed sides and hoary hair, Rising from wastes of sage and sand, Facing the world with sombre air.

Grim, huge, uncouth, unloved-they face A world unbeautiful as they.

A dreary world, sad, bleak and gray, A world in which shows not a trace Of anything serene or gay.

Sad fate is theirs fore'er to stand Like gloomy sentinels, to guard A land so cold, so rough, so hard

A selfish, grasping, Yankee land, A land unsung by any bard.

THE PAEAN OF THE WASATCH. (As sung in the north.)

In majesty the Wasatch rise, Glad glants kissed by smiling skies, From heights sublime, they look below On pigmy men that come and go,

Kings of Immutability

A thousand years of time they'll see, And yet serene, unchange,d they'll stand.

monuments unmoved and God's grand.

Great bulwarks of the mighty west, Calm sentinels in grandeur drest, Oh! lift your snowy summits high, And proudly greet the glowing sky;

And let your noble vastness teach The greater things that we may reach.

The grander selves that we may be, And rise like you, sublime and free,

### Another Case of Rhenmatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

The efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism is being demonstrated daily, Parker Trip-lett, of Grisby, Va., says that Cham-berlan's Pain Balm gave him permanent relief from rheumatism in the back when everything else failed, and he would not be without it. For sale

E. W. Hornung, who has been un- by all druggists.

department of Isbister & Co. Is said to have made money, but the firm's new magazine "V. C." appears to have

been an expensive experiment.



DON'T NEGLEC fog.

There is hope that the good old firm of labister & Co., can be re-organized under a plan which will meet all oblior the ations and leave H. Perry Robinson in the chair of the managing director. Although he is English by birth, Mr. Robinson lived so long in Minneapo-lis that he seems a full fledged Amer-ican. Under his management the book department of Labiate 6. Generations

It is the best Stomach and Bowel medi-cine in existence, and positively cures Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia,Con-stipation and Malaria. Try it.



