DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.



THEEE SONNETS BY POST WHEELER.

Let her but love me, Lord, and loving, Near, ever nearer where my bare

merely as branches. For during the last twelvemonth English books publish don Lond in have often found their most remunerative market here and not in England. If such bat a scenar for a year wat may heart is. Deeming at length that naught can

count save this-The touch of loved lips, meeting in ove's May.

So shall my bitterness pass quite away And I, who have done many things Shall feel Thy loving kindness in her k188.

And, knowing heaven here, shall learn to pray.

Let this but be for me! Lord, I will hark To her soul's whispers, guide her slen-

Hold up her hands and fold her at the When, for our rest, life's little leagues

are passed, And looking further, skies shall ope

While the dead world sinks into dreaming dark.

nearly a score of years ngo. When it is remembered what a long and honorable walling list belongs to "the" Athencum, one realizes the rarity of admission to its charmed and charming circle. Professor Matthew's "Vignettes of Manhattan" is very generally known, and his most recent novel, "The Action and the Word," was brought out by the Harpers last fall. He was born in New Orleans, and was graduated from Col-umbia college, where he is now profes. sor of literature.

Publishers complain of the scarcity of good books for girls, and their readers say that no successor to Louisa Alcott has yet come to view. Books like "Lit-tle Women" are as rare as "Trilbys." yet such books sell away up in the thousands; and with the large rewards offered, it is indeed difficult to understand why first-class stories for girls are not forthcoming. A recent article in a newspaper made the statement that girls read "boys" books" rather than the so-called "girls' books." The cason for this may be found in the fact that no namby-pamby sentiment is put into books for boys, and it is a mistaken idea to suppose that girls require that sort of reading. Such books as "Young Lucretia." by Miss Wilkins, and the works of Kirk Munroe, W. L. Alden, Ellen Dougtas Deland, and others are in constant demand because they are sensible, wholesome stories. The Harpers' "Select, I Juveniles" and "New Young People Series" isclude these and many other books which represent the best to be had for young folks' literature.

The question as to whether a novelist has depleted in his novel real people whom he has known, or has merely rawn from his general experience con posite photographs of a number of in-dividuals, is always a question for discussion, particularly so when the au-thor is himself well known. Reviewers re having a good time guessing at the haracters in "Days Like These," Mr, dward W. Townsend's new novel, just ublished by the Harpers. For exam-te, a conspicuous New York daily tates: "Mr. Townsend has made a very striking and daring use of his exie many universally known New York coople who appear in "Days Like These" very few are likely to be pleased over their portraits. . . . He has taken as his originals people whose ames and eccentricities are known wherever an American newspaper is read, and he has described them with unflattering fidelity that leaves not a vestige of doubt." If this be true, we may saftly assume that Mr. Townsend has no intention of applying for a polltical office in New York, as several of the characters in his novel are politicians.

. . . Henry Watterson, in writing for the Louisville Courier-Journal a long review of "A Sailor's Log." Rear-Admirsuch be the record for a year, what may The al Evans' autobiography, says; This portent is big with promise for the future. America possesses a larger population than the British isles and, Appletons builded wiser than they knew in reaching out after this admirable autobiography, and they made a verit. even proportionately, a larger number of educated and intelligent citizens. The growth in population and in educa-tion and intelligence is relatively (there. able contribution to the patriotic spirit of the time in its publication. No American boy can read it without wishing at once to serve his country, if not to run fore, a fortiori, absolutely) greater here than abroad. American readers, moreaway to sea." . . .

Messrs, Harper & Brothers are about over, are more cosmopolitin in their tastes than Europeans. They welcome to publish a new novel, entitled "Heart and Soul," by the well known author of "Espiritu Santo," Mrs. Henrietta rood books from abroad with the same hospitality they accord to the native product. They read good English books Dana Skinner. Mrs. Skinner is the daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr., who wrote "Two Years Before the as avidly as good American books. Nay, more; they are cultivating a taste for universal literature. It is not impossible, therefore, that within the lives of men now living the Mast." She resides in Detroit, where some of the scenes of her new novel are laid. The character of the story is not altogther historical-in fact, the United States may become the center of only actually historic sketch in the book is that of "Lacordaire." The main theme of the narrative is the dedistribution for the literature of the

HER BOOK TO BE SUPPRESSED.



'arners," the sensational book of Mrs. ertrude Potter Danies, which was ublished last April. Mrs. Daniels is a aughter of millionaire O. W. Potter. Society is aghast of the socialistic tone of the book and its author's evident familiarity with the seamy side of life.

is a young man possessing a most sen-sitive spirit and the highest ideals, who

proves his true metal by successfully passing through a crucible of sorrows

and reverses that would have consumed

a weaker man. The story opens in the South, shifts at once to Bohemian New

years he fought the grim batt e for lit-

and came in touch with the hope delay-ed and despair of literary aspiration in

all its phases, humorous, ironelad, tragic. Leaving his post on the Com-

panlon to gratify a hunger for new fields, Mr. Harben drifted to London,

where for over a year he wrote and

studied in that vast round, glass-domed

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cently published cannot fail to attract attention. While "The Woman Who Trusted" was running as a serial in matter of fact I do not think that fashions or crazes of this sort move in cycles, I think that it is all accident. You take the historical novel for in-stance. The public is sick and tired of it as such. But you give them a good historical novel and they will be just as well pleased with it as they were year and they so goild to dig. The average reader is inferested in ever wore, and just as quick to disthe vivid, artistic pertrayed of a strong character struggling egainst over-whelming odds, and Mr. Harben's hero

ver its merits. What the next sensation will be, who Perhaps a Zenda novel; hall say? that is, storles of imaginary countries ruled by ideal princes or princesses, where the writer can let his imaginaion run rlot as to situation and ad-

The religious novel, if there is anything in it at all, is always in demand, and a publisher may do as Messrs. Fonk & Wagnalls have done with "Salathiel." Take a popular old story, rechristen it and fill it full of new li-York, and terminates happily in Europe. There are few men in the United States better qualified for such an un-dertaking than Will R. Harben. For lustrations by a popular artist, and supply it with an introduction by a popular writer. The plan in this in-stance seems to have worked admiraerary recognition in New York, where his associates were men and women struggling like himself, but now known the world over. For two years he was bly. one of the editors of the Youth's Com-panion in Boston, where he learned the inner workings of a great pe iodical

11 A. A. A. Four editions of the book which they call "Tarry Thou Till I Come" have been sold within as many weeks. Curiously enough, though "Salathiel" is one of the best known books of its kind, and has had most unstituted praise, it has never sold to the extent of "Ben Hur" or "Quo Vadis," Yet it has nevertheless had a large audience,

. . . hive of literary industry-the British The author of Henry Bourland; the Museum, meeting almost every writer and artist in England. (Published by Passing of the Cavaller, while studying the history of Virginia during the Re-Henry Alternus Company, Philadelphia, construction period found an anecdole "A Sailor's Log" by Robley D. Evans-"Fighting Bob," is a book that should reach the hands of every Amerwhich is a humorous comment on the which is a numbroal comment of the negroes' conception of law at the time of their Emancipation. One morning, when Virginia was still under the military rule of the northern army, a man, riding along the read, saw a poor ican interested in the history of the vital affairs connected with the last old negro woman waiting by the way-side. On being questioned as to the

marriage is derefor completed."

says

Harper's Magazine for June is notable among other things for its color illustrations, of which there are six. One is a reproduction in colors of an oil painting of Howard Pyle, and the other five dalnty colored reproductions of water colors by W. T. Smedley, IIof water colors by W. T. Smedley, H-lustrating a charming short story by Thomas B. Aldrich, "A. Sca Turn." Officer Parker's serial, "The Right of Way," increases in_interest and has stready shown evidences of its being by far the stremest and best work of tals author. There is another install-ment of the nevel by Mary 15, Wilkins, and there are the desire should be by nd there are flys short storted by

story by David Gray. The unique cover design, by Kenyon Cox, is reproduced in miniature in another column. Thomas A. Janvier, Mary Appleth, waite Bacon, W. W. Jacobs and Cyrus Townsend Brady. These, with the story by Aldrich, already mentioned, and the two serials make the number strong in fiction. The special articles include a paper by Prof. Brander Mat-thews on "The English Language: Its Debt to King Alfred;" one by Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos on the "Reciprocal Duncau Quackenbos on the "Reciprocal Infinence of Hypnol'sm?" an account by Lucia Purdy of her visit to "The Hidden Republic of Andoria?" an ac-count by Pouliney Bigelow of his ad-ventures when "Wrecked on the Shores of Japan," and "Republic of Andorra?" an account by Wheeler, re-calling one of the famous love stories of Oriental history.-Harper & Broth-irs, New York.





A man should be strong-strong physically and mentally. Nature in-tended he should be. If you are Weak you must be built up-your Nerves must be strengthened. Electricity is the proper remedy for you. It arrests Physical Decay, It Tones and Makes Healthy every organ of the body. It is Healthy every organ of the body. It is nature's Remedy—it is the Remedy the Creator provided for all Nervous Ail-ments and Bodily Weaknesses and Im-perfections. Electricity is the Nerve and Vital Force of every human being, and when you are Languid, Sick. Weak, Nervous and Run Down there is a di-mintable of Floatistic in your system minishing of Electricity in your system, and before you can again becomestrong and Full of Vitality, Electricity must be supplied. My Electric Belt is to supply this Lost Electricity, and it will not fail to cure you. I guarantee that, No one but myself uses my method of applying Electricity, for the United States Government has given me the exclusive use of this method as a re-ward for my discovery. My books, which are free, will explain all to you. Dr. BENNETT'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT

Child," we called her, knowing not if He Had shaped her frailly to require her

(So delicate-sweet she seemed for life's bluff dune Putting on grace like a pale, little tree); And when she passed, through girlish

May, to be Rarer, more womanly from noon to

"God's Child," we called her still. So

Looked level love from her deep eyes to

God's Child! May she lie ever in His sight

Folded and guarded by His loving Only-the while she loves this earth

of Thine Give me to hold and comfort as I might Let me look at her, God, this little

while Let me but dream Thy little child is mine!

. . . If Night should take you from me, lit-

And the grave's ice should turn your red to grey.

While I, unsummoned, lonely, still must stay Within the faded Summer and sad

I would not long to die, but, just be-

I would live out my love. I would not

pray Forgetfulness, but light each difficult

Remembering all the dear days that were done.

If it were well, you would be near me

If ill-if I could never, never touch Your soul with fire-if love dies with the breath,

Why-till my full fate's stars were sunk

Would cheat the dearest pang of coming death.

From the windows of the chapel oftly sounds an organ's note. And the quiet and the firelight And the sweetly solemn tunes Bear me dreaming back to boyhood

When we gathered in the parlor, In the parlor stiff and grand Where the haircloth chairs and sofas Wh Stood arrayed, a gloomv brand,

And the shells upon the whatnot

With the quaver in its tongue, Seemed to tremble in its fervor As the sacred songs were sung, As we sang the homely anthems, Sang the glad revival hymns Of the glory of the story And the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper And the evening settled down. And the lamp-lit windows twinkled In the drowsy little town. Old old and young we sang the chorus And the echoes told it o'er In the dear familiar voices,

From the windows of the chapel Faint and low the music dies, And the pitcture in the firelight

NOTES.

English publishers, who have hitherto established no branch houses in America, will speedily open them. It is even intimated that some of the greater

Not only English authors, but German, French, Russian, Italian, and other authors will have to tend their MSS. for approval and acceptance, not to the great citles of their own land, but to Fhiladelphia, to Boston, to New York, mayhap to Chicago and San Francisco,

world

houses, long represented here by branches, will transfer their headquar-

ters to the country which has begun to be the depot of their largest sales.

They will retain their London offices

e expect from the next decade?

A well-known literary critic publishes the following in a recent issue of an

One day, at Lakewood, while sitting at a little table in the big Rotunda hall, drinking afternoon tea. I met Mr. W. D. Howells and had a delightful conversation with him. After knowing the personality of this famous author one onjoys his writing fen times more-he is so magnetic and his conversation so interesting and "breezy," "Yes," said. "I always advise any one who has an inclination for it to try to write.

One shouldn't expect to have the first things one does published, but one must keep on trying. It is an excellent plan to set down something one has seen in every-day life, and try to get a story at of it. Indeed, it's the best way to

"Writing is mostly drudgery," he continued. "I have to force myself to go into my library to work, and I find myself putting off the hour as long as ossible."

"But when you once sit down?" I rentured "Even then it's hard work for a while until I get into the swing. Let no one

imagine the muse comes without a sum-mons and without a good deal of urging! At least she never does to me!"

The recent reception of Brander Matthews into the London Athenæum club after eighteen years of waiting for the distinction, is an honor of no mean im-portance. Professor Matthews was originally nominated by Matthew Arnold

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and

erseverance in its use will work won-

lers for the most hopeless woman. I

Mrs. Newton, whose letter is given

below, had not persisted in its use, she

might never have known the happiness

of perfect health. Perhaps the reason

for her persistence was because she used

"Favorite Prescription" as a "last y sort." Physicians had failed. If "Favor-

ite Prescription" could not help there

was nothing to hope for. It did help. It

always helps and almost always cures.

It establishes regularity, dries weaken-

ing drains, heals inflammation and ulcer-

I'd hug my little hope and, glorying

Saturday Evening Post.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

brough the wintry Sabbath gloaming Drifting shreds of music float, And its Sunday afternoons;

Where each queer oil portrait watched

us With a countenance of wood, In a dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ,

ation and cures female weakness, It imparts strength and elasticity to the organs of maternity and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

Hushed or scattered evermore.

Fades before my tear-dimmed eyes, But my wistful fancy, listening. Hears the night wind hum the tunes That we sang there in the parlor On those Sunday afternoons,

baby's advent practically painless.
"When I consulted you in April, 1899, I was in poor health," writes Mrs. E. H. Newton, of vanburen. Aroostook Co. Maise "Had been sick all winter and to add to my trouble was on the road to maternity, which the doctor satisfies and the satisfies of the satisfies of the satisfies and t It is reported from London that many Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

elopment of the hero's character, who s tried as by fire, through a series of momentous circumstances. It is said that the book will be found of especial interest to the people of Detroit, on July 24th, will celebrate the bi-centenary of the founding of their city

y La Mothe-Cadillac. eastern magazine:

According to the returns received by the New York State Library, in reponse to letters of inquiry addressed to braries throughout the country, the ollowing titles, with the votes received, ppear as the best six books of the car 1900, in a preferred list of fifty: "Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Seton Thompson (The Century Co.),

> "To Have and To Hold," by Mary Johnston (Houghton, Miffin & Co.), 130

> Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller Lathrop Pub. Co.), 127 votes, "An American Anthology," by E. Stedman (Houghton, Miffin & Co.),

26 Votes. "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Mau-ce Thompson (Bowen-Merrill Co.), 21 votes.

'Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward Harper & Brothers), 108 votes.

In Mr. Will N. Harben's novel "Wes. erfelt," which the Harpers will issue his month, as the sixth of their Amer-can novel series, the author has introduced a rather original feature in the second chapter-that is to say the sudden drowning of the girl whom the reader is led to believe is the hersing of the story. The interest begins with the first line and continues to the last which cannot be said of every book. Westerfeit, the hero. is also a new type, and a fascinating one for women, it is said. He is brave, daring, and handsome, but he doesn't understand the other sex. "'You think, then, Luke,' said Westerfelt# 'that a good

woman-a real good woman-could love twice in-in a short space of time?' 'Gee whillikins! What a question: they kin love a hundred times before you kin say Jack Robinson with yore nouth open.'

Mrs. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly," comes of a family where mathematics and music are the princial accomplishments. She plays the dano like a professional, and she has a grip on mathematics that a profes-sor of that branch of science might envy. Her husband is a Pole, I believe, and like most good Poles, a patriot. He was at one time an exfle in Siberla but now he is a dealer in rare books, nostly those that belonged to the fif-

eting. Our characters are the results

themselves to us as such slight, shad

wy, evanescent things, coming and

and going, and, as we fancy, leaving no trace behind them, that we fail to

gether to attach to them the import-ance which they deserve. "The Great-est Thing Ever Kown" unfolds the se-eret of our underlying power, and

points out how we can realize the pur-

going to be the next craze in fiction. As

oses of our being.

present

our thoughts. Thoughts

in her black books.

centh century, and lives in London. Mrs. Voynich is thoroughly in earn toward

The shores mysterious of the Western

est in everything that she writes and everything that she does, but she has the temperament of Nihilist, and re-ligion and the powers that govern are The phosphorescent asure of the sea Would therm their sleep with its mirage of gold;

They saw ascending in an unknown sky New stars from out the depths of

born in Mount Morris, Ill., in 1866, He (Published by Small, Maynard & Co., worked his way through college, for which he prepared with the wages of Boston. . . .

praise and possesses rare ability as a writer of short stories. His novel re

ay labor, wood chopping, etc., in and about his native village. His "Every Utving Creature" is an eloquent appeal for justice and mercy to our dumb fellow creatures. In "Character Build. ing Thought Power," the author shows how by daily effort we may train ourelves into right ways of thinking and

Richard Le Gallienne has the following to say of the future novel: He would be a wise and, I may add, a rich publisher who could state what was TONICS. TONICS.

BOOKS. "The Trophies of Heredia" is a little olume of sonnets, and seems to have stepped in from the classic past. They are by Jose Maria da Heredia, a Cuban poet, son of another Cuban oet by the same name. The younger, the one with whom we are concerned, is now 59 years old, and his recently published collection shows the flame f youth tempered by mature arl. His early education was received at a Roman Catholic college in France. Later on, after a stay at the University of Havana, he returned to Pails. Frank Sewall, to whom we are indented for the divining translation of the poems, Heredia took up a course of paleo graphic studies, the fruits of which appear in the exquisite elaboration of his later work. He became associated with Leconte de Lisle and others of the poet circle of the 'Parnassiens,' and in his atmosphere were produced, at first for private circulation, the remarkable sonnets, 'Les Trophees,' which in 1893 won for the author his admission to the academy and which have alone suf-

fieed to place him among the most et inent of the French poets of any ago. The poems appeared here and there in the Revue des Deux Monoes, but were too refined in their supreme beauty to appeal to those outside of a select cir-cle; and therefore the poet has remaind "illustrious and unpublished.' 'Les Trophees' have at last received the pub-lic's recognition and have passed

through many editions." Jules Lemaitre has covered the sonn to broad y when he has said: "Each one includes much dream ng-all the beauty of a myth, all the spirit of epoch, all that is picturesque in a civ-ilization." And Sewell calls attention to the hot Spanish blood traceable in "fervent description on the Heredla' hot lands of the south, and his periray-

al of Cartagena," Given this ardor, has been chiseled, polished in the school of oldworld art, and the result is found n poems like this: Like flight of falcons from their native

crags, Content no more in their high solitude. From Palos or Moguer the captains sall-

ed, Half drunk with dreams of deels herole and wild.

They went to seize the fabled metal veins

Cipango ripens in her distant mines: The trade winds bent their latern yards

World. Each evening hoping for an epic morn,

Ralph Waldo Trine, whose "Life Books," published by Thomas Y. Crow-ell & Co., are reciving commendation as books which the world needs, was Or leaning o'er the caraval's white how.

Ocean

Will N. Harben has been given high

POOR APPETITE

means disordered digestion, and if not promotly attended to will develop into chronic dyspepsia. Hostetter's Stomaci Bitters will improve the appetite by strengthening the stomach, and curs indigestion, constipation, genera debility, nervousness, sleeplessness, and all disorders arising from an impaired digestion. If you have any of these troubles, don't fail to try it at once. Our private revenue stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

THE BEST HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

40 years of the country's life. Begin-ning his career with the opening of the civil war, the author's life has been ause of her sorrow she replied "my ole succession of momentous experience man has jest gone off. He say dat de connected with nearly all the important events of the country's history since civil law has done ceased and our that time. In his capacity of a ma-rine officer the hero of the autobio graphy has visited nearly every kno portion of the habitable globe, an nearly always as a chief actor in iplomatic affairs, and the mere re-ounting of his adventures in the simple seaman's phraseology that make up the records of his log book details romance enough to furnish material for a dozen or so novels to the wildest worker in realms of fiction. His experience in Behring Sea, protecting the seal fisheries is full enough of ad venture to make the book well worth reading, and even with that and other portions of the volume omlited, his de cription of the blockade and fight at Santiago is sufficient to place the book high among the important historical works dealing with that eventful affair. It was the Iowa, the battleship under Evans' command, which first discovered the attempted escape of Cervera's fleet from the bay, and which fired the first gun in the destruction of the fleet. His ship also furnished one of the men who went with Hobson to sink the Merrimac, and the author's account of the anxiety of the men on board his ship-to venture their lives in the attemptand also his description of the scene and details of Hobson's famous exploit are perhaps the most graphic and thriling that have ever been published. om beginning to end the book teems with adventures and when it is re-membered that the book is the exact record of a human life, and that the hero is a man whose life has been spent in the service of his country, it would be a wonder, as well as a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of Americans if the book does not become a central ornament in the Ibra-ries of every American household.--Published by D. Appleton & Co., Fifth Av., New York.



"A Costly Christmas Dinner" is the itle of the third of the series of stories ing in the Youth's Companion, and which occupies the front page of this week's number. It represents, in the tory of a county commissioner, the trempted frauds upon the community a "ring" composed of a majority the commissioners, and the attempted bullying of the new member, in order to obtain his site in carryag their fraudulent measures through The series are among the most im-ortant that have appeared in the companion for their exposure of the tishonest practices indulged in by ome polulelans to further their own, necess at the expense of the comnumity. "At the End of the Hainbow" s a clever tale by Will Allen Dromcoole, and the rest of the issue abounds n good things.



efebrated ancient and modern portraits of beautiful women. The frontisplece is appropriately the Gains-borough, "Duchess of Devonshire." Iosiah Flynt presents his third paper in 'The World of Graft' series. It i 'Boston, a Plain Clothes Man's Town. The King's Gold," by Robert Barr, is ne story of how James V of Scotland orsted a mountebank, Prof. Frederick Wright's scholarly article, "Geology and the Deluge," will be read with es-ceing interest by readers of the Jour-ral's Saturday Review, Clara Morris" ecollections of the Comedian, John Owens," are illustrated with porralia which add much to the interest f her story. Frank A. Vanderlin and arold Bolce tell "The True Story of cheth, the Aleut," or why President "Kinloy was petitioned to Sieskan Indian from the scaffold. Then there are chapter X and XI of Rudyara "inling's "Kim" act II of "Within the lates" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "Pike's Peak or Bust," a story of Wall "treet, by Edwin Lefevre: "A Born "armer," by Sarah Orne Jewett and

"Crowinshield's Brush," a fox hunting



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