



TOO LATE.

In summer while he's softly: wide open stood the door, and the worn old body pass through, and out, once more; the soul had gone before it to find that distant home from which the weary traveler need no more return.

At the farmer-son stood gazing upon his placid face, that nevermore would greet him from the accustomed place; he saw a tremor shook his body, as a tree shaken in a gale, beneath the sunshine's bronzing his face was deathly pale.

But called you dear, to shake so, when you looked at father last? And the goodwife of her husband, when that day was overpast: his face was sweet and peaceful, he bled us all as he died.

"I would have done our best—" "No more of that!" the farmer roughly cried, thought of all the long days when we'd let him sit alone, and of us silent to him, yes, silent as a stone,

gazing to each other, nor caring if he heard, answering if he spoke, with a shortly spoken word.

"I thought of how he'd thank us for every little thing; I have a hand to help him, how his hand would clasp and cling, how the orchard, the cows, the bees in the hive, everything, for one more day with father here alive!"

THE LADY OF POPPIES.

Our Lady of Poppies, take my hand, And lead me down to the Opal Sea, There lies a boat on the languid tide—No lifting, lifting, loitering tide—Waiting for thee and me.

Our Lady of Poppies, loose the sail, Our course to the purple West is set, And we are off for the beautiful isle—The dreamy, mystical, marvelous isle—Where the sorrowful go to forget.

Our Lady of Poppies, the wind is fair The beryl water is cool and deep, And this boat that silvery rices and glides—And trembles and lifts and falls—Ridely its name is sleep!

After away, thro' the purple mist, A pebbly shore of an island gleams, It is kissed by the lips of the sea—By the cool, wet, pleading lips of the sea—The mystical islands of Dreams.

Our Lady in the Woman's Home Companion.

NOTES.

A Boston young woman, Miss Mary Browne, whose book "A Daughter of New France," has been one of the successes of the season, is now one of the social favorites of Detroit.

Most of the scenes in Miss Browne's story are laid in Detroit in the early colonial days, and the book has naturally found many of its greatest admirers in that city.

This was the writer's first novel, and she had written mostly short stories.

This simply illustrates once more how Boston discovers and brings out talent.

In this connection it is worth while to mention that Miss Mary Johnston, the now famous author of "To Have and Have Not" and "Prisoners of Hope," both Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, brought out two and three years ago, about to add another book to her list—"Audrey."

Three years ago Miss Johnston was unknown. Now her name is familiar throughout the country. Nearly 400,000 copies of her first two books have been sold.

Miss Johnston is of a quiet and retiring disposition. She has not been noticed in the least by her sudden success.

This summer she is at a secluded spot writing the final chapter of "Audrey," now running serially in the Atlantic Monthly & Co., of New York.

The complete book will not come out until next spring. Judging from the magazine chapters which have already appeared it will be full of already famous, and as dramatic as her two books.

In quite a different field another new talent for a Boston publishing house is being shown in the sale of his books by the hundreds of thousands. This is Edward Stratemeyer, the new "father" of such a man.

Edward Stratemeyer, formerly editor of a boys paper, had been writing boys' short stories for several years when he was picked out for trial. How well he has succeeded may be

charmingly animated manner. Her first real fame came to her after the appearance of her "Love Affairs of an Old Maid." Among her later works are "The Under Side of Things," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," "From a Girl's Point of View," "Insults of Step-Fatherhood," "As Seen by Me," and "The Expatiates." "Sir John and the American Girl" has just been published in Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories.

Mr. Zola, in declining an invitation to a banquet given in his honor by the French Society at Paris, for the purpose of celebrating the success of his latest work, "The Earthquake," wrote the following letter: "I am not with you, it is because it seems to me more modest, more logical, that the man be absent. It is not I who am important—nor my work. That which you celebrate is the struggle for more justice, the effort to fight for the happiness of humanity. These seem the words of a true humanist. In 'The Earthquake,' Zola has embodied the cause of the workman in a story of the lower classes. The French edition of the book is having a phenomenal sale.

Emile Zola will be sixty-one years of age in August. His father was an engineer, who died when Emile was a small boy. "My mother, a most excellent woman," he says in the July Literary Era, "was of a Bretoner family and like Saroy, was born at Bourges. She had the qualities of the Englishman's manners, and his replies are the most natural in the world, as if the conversation had been taken direct from life—as it probably was."

Mr. Stratemeyer is now turning out three books a year. The last one was "Under MacArthur in Luzon," which came out in the spring. His next book to appear in September will be "With Washington in the West," a story of historical adventure for boys.

This summer Mr. Stratemeyer is spending among the Adirondacks, with rod and gun. Though seemingly bent on pleasure he has his notebook always at hand to jot down thoughts as they come to him, or even whole chapters of another book that he is to have ready for his publishers by November 1.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the ever popular Boston poet and story writer, is about to start for Europe to spend the rest of the summer. He has been passing the early part of the season at his picturesque home at Punkapog, on the edge of the Blue Hills, and near the Mary Wilkins place, at Randolph, Mass.

He will not be at his Maine place at Tenants Harbor at all this season. For two or three years Mr. Aldrich has written only a few short stories for New York magazines, and some poems.

New honors have come to Miss Sarah Orne Jewett within a fortnight. The popular story writer now has the distinction, quite rare for a woman, of being a doctor of letters. This degree having been conferred upon her by Bowdoin College, Maine.

A book that is promised by the Lothrop for this month is "Agulnado" by Edwin Willard, Vice-Consul at Hong Kong during the critical times of the Spanish war. Here at last, it is said, will be presented a faithful and unbiased picture of the Philippine leader, by an American who knew him well. The true story of the promises and understandings between Dewey and Agulnado is promised to be revealed in this book.

"Gail Hamilton's life in Letters" is another book with a political tinge that will come out with the early fall publications. The sister of "Gail Hamilton," quite rare for a woman, of being a doctor of letters. This degree having been conferred upon her by Bowdoin College, Maine.

Gail Hamilton was a stateswoman, and her correspondence with Blaine and other great leaders on affairs of national importance will doubtless reveal many secrets of state during one of the most critical periods of the country's history.

Mrs. Arthur Hoyt Bogue (Lillian Bell) was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of Major William W. Bell, of the Thirtieth Illinois Cavalry. At the early age of sixteen she began writing stories, and before long she became a frequent contributor to the magazines. She is tall and handsome and has a

Strong Again.

The woman who knows the full value of health is the woman who has lost it and regained it; the woman who from being weak and sickly is once again made a strong woman. Half a million weak and sickly women have been made strong and well by the aid of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

It cures the illness which weakens women. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling humors, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

It nourishes the nerves and so cures nervousness. It promotes a healthy appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. J. J. Brown, of 243 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ill. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' When I commenced taking this I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before."

"I was so bad I would be in a day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had lateral inflammation, a disordered brain, nervousness, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

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distinctive flavor—the scene might as well be laid in one place as another—and they fail to give that vivid picture of politics on a broad scale which is to be found in Washington. And from politics Mr. Low has written a long story of such commanding interest that women who, as a rule, care very little for politics, will read it with as much pleasure as the most inveterate politician. The book is certain to create talk and discussion, and to be quoted for its epigrammatic dialogue.

Mr. A. Maurice Lowe, the author of "The Supreme Surrender," was born in London, but has spent the best years of his life in this country. He was educated in London and Austria, and, after leaving college, entered an architect's office in London. Some business interests of his father's brought him to this country, his intention being to remain only a few months, but once here the months ran into years, and he sealed his affection for his adopted country by marrying an American girl. The first years of his life in America were spent in commercial pursuits, but a natural love of writing caused him to drift into journalism, and for some years past Washington has been his home. As a Washington correspondent he has a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, due to some very notable journalistic "beats." In England he made the first publication of the agreement by which the Venezuela boundary dispute was to be arbitrated, and the full text of the Other-Panama general treaty of arbitration. In this country Great Britain's determination to resist further capture of her sealers in Bering Sea, the resolution reached by President Cleveland to compel a settlement of the long-standing Venezuelan boundary dispute, and several other important matters were first made public through Mr. Lowe's dispatches. For many years he has been in charge of the Washington bureau of "The Boston Globe," the chief American correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, the American editor of the National Review of London, and a frequent contributor to the leading American and English reviews and periodicals. He has an established reputation as a political writer, and is an authority on foreign affairs. His page in Harper's Weekly on European politics, under the title "Transatlantic Topics," is widely read and copied.

Although "The Supreme Surrender" is Mr. Lowe's first novel, it is not his first work of fiction, as he has written several short stories, but the latest story is a form of literature which he dislikes. A newspaper man's training insures versatility, and this faculty Mr. Lowe possesses in a marked degree. He is equally at home whether he is writing a political convention, or picturesque telling how a president is elected; delving deep into statistics to trace the movement of the world's commerce covering a quarter of a century, or it may be, describing a picture of war as he saw it for the first time in Cuba. An account which he wrote on the battle-field, with the dead and wounded around him—a courier impatiently waiting to take the "copy" to the coast—was so graphically and tersely written that a French newspaper considered it worthy of translation and a well known writer has incorporated it in his history of the war with Spain.

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MAGAZINES.

A choice number of the Young Woman's Journal is issued for August. The first page has a poem, "Truth, the Immortal," in the best style of the well known poet, Bishop O. P. Whitney. Major R. W. Young contributes a sketch of "The Philippine Woman," which is full of interesting information. "Florence Nightingale," is the subject of a paper by Miss Alice Louise Reynolds. An author of rare ability, under the title "Thoughts by the Wayside," treats the principle of gratitude in a manner that is earnest and uplifting. Prof. Paul's "Philosophy of the Beautiful," deals with illustrations of the beautiful and the rich in line thought. The "Editor's Page" and the "Golden Lessons" recommend themselves to Y. L. M. L. A. members. In addition there are Mrs. Lash Dunford's cookery lessons, excellent stories, and miscellaneous matter—Young Woman's Journal, Salt Lake City. Price \$1.00.

The August number of the New Thought magazine, Mind, opens with a glowing article on the American newspaper from the pen of the Hon. Boyd Winchester, L. L. D., late minister to Switzerland. It is called "The Fifth Estate." "Development of the God Idea" is the title of an excellent paper by Edward Hodges Thompson. A mental science article on "Hearing and Doing" is contributed by Charles Brodie Patterson, one of the editors. J. Elizabeth Hotchkiss describes her "Ideal Man," and is followed by C. H. Woodward in a superb poem on "Education." Edward A. Pennek has a fine article on "Paradoxes of Life," and A. A. Haines writes allegorically on "Life Thoughts." The August installment of Isabella Ingalls' occult story, "Mata the Magician," comprises three thrilling chapters. John Emery McLean discusses "Summer Schools of Philosophy," with special reference to Greenacre, and Matilde H. Turner considers "Nature's Potencies." The Rev. Helen Van-Andersen writes the interesting monograph "Teaching" in the Family Circle department, which contains five other contributions. Editor McLean's "Reviews of New Books" completes the number. The Alliance Publishing company, 568 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Youth's Companion for this week opens with a short story by Francis Lynde entitled "John Kenter's Opponent," and other interesting material. It is a clever and entertaining short story in the number. The children's page is unusually interesting and there are the usual number of bright anecdotes and some excellent poetry in the issue.

What Not to Say. Do not say, "I can't eat." Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, "I am hungry all the time, and food never hurts me."

Never say to your friends that you are tired in the morning as at night. If they happen to be sharp they will tell you Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling.

Do not say, "My face is full of pimples." You are quite likely to be told by some one, "There's no need of that, for Hood's Sarsaparilla cures pimples."

It is improper and unnecessary to say, "My health is poor and my blood is bad." Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you good blood, and good health will follow as a natural consequence.

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THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

These woods are never silent. In the hush Of the high places, solemnly there goes In endless undertone the stately rush And ebb and flows of melody that grows And ebbs and changes in uncertain time.

As if some pensive god tried here apart Vague snatches of the harmonies divine Before he played them on the human heart.

JANUARY. When garden plots are pinched and brown Because the sun itself is cold; When streams are sullen, freighted With sudden drift and the red mold; When plump trees, stripped of leafy gown, Toward the salt mist lean branches down.

Then hey, my heart, and ho, my heart, The turning of the year. When crows fly low and ducks are gray, And mists lie fleecy on the hills; When walks are white at break of day, And from the hedge a robin calls, When leaf buds feel the rising play Of spring's intoxicating brew, When hey, my heart, and ho, my heart, The year begins anew.

This has the true lyrical touch, and reminds one of those immortal songs scattered through the Shakespearean comedies. The power poems on the seasons, some of which are in this measure, are all admirable. The little volume is beautifully printed and tastefully bound. It deserves a generous reception from the public, for Mr. Cheney is a genuine California poet, with far more

will regulate the menstrual function perfectly and eventually make the generative organs strong and healthy. Pregnancy and childbirth have no terrors for the woman who takes this pure Wine. A strong healthy womb will bring its precious burden to maturity with little or no pain. A healthy woman need not fear childbirth. Wine of Cardui completely cures all these troubles familiarly known as "female diseases" and equips the sensitive generative organs for pregnancy and childbirth. It will save any mother much pain and suffering. All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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