DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901.



HOME.

There les a little city in the hills; White are its roofs, dim is each dwell-And peace with perfect rest its bosom ing's door,

There the pure mist, the pity of the

Comes as a white soft hand, and reachand touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting

Lol where it lies, far from the clash

With quiet distance blurred, as if thro'

tears. Oh, heart that prayest so for God to

send Some loving messenger to go before And lead the way to where thy longings end-

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will

His kindest angel, and through that Into the infinite love will lead thee

home. -E. R. SILL

HEARTSEASE.

She is waiting for Sir Galahad. I think she deserves him; but if he does come I dare say she will wonder whether he deserves her.

It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love-it lays them under fewer obilgations.

I have always found that nearly every step we take in life is to be regret-ted—if we ever begin to wonder how many other steps might have been possibb

You may tell me that love is stronger than death, than destruction, than the world. You will scon see that it is not stronger than scandal.

He abhorred anything in the nature of satire-it seemed to him a conveni-ent name for offensive and unmistakable allusions to his own character and eareef

Girls appear to have no intermediate stage between the gulleless chicken and the coquettish hen.

A wife should be the one woman in the world with whom you can spend days and weeks of unreproved cool-

A reputation for virtue and wisdom (however gratifying to one's vanity) brings with it pains and penalties so various, so exquisite and so incessant that Job himself would seem a false

type of persecuted excellence, since he lived longer than his plagnos. His views on women were, perhaps, more remarkable for their chivalry than their reverence . That she lost her youth was a blot on creation: that she could lose her virtue made life worth Ilving. 10.10

"Yes cir," he said to the manuscript editor, "I fancy I have an historical novel that will fairly chase the masses to the bookstores."

To what period does it belong?" "I'll leave that all in your hands. Any old period will do. I thought at first I'd write it around the Black Prince, and then I jumped to Henry VIII Queen Elizabeth impressed me avorably, too. . I was going to have Shak speare masquerading as the hero and Hen Johnson carrying off the girl in the third chapter. But Til leave all that to you. It could be timed for the last years of the Revolution or the breaking out of the Mexican war, but you'll know test about that."

"What are the dramatis personae?" "Eh? Oh, yes. The hero is a buc-caneer who is cut down from the gibbet, on which he has been strung by his striking crew. The heroine does the cutting. She is a little flower girl who sells carnations and sassafras root in lawyers' offices, and thus meets the vl)lain and gives the hero an unusually good chance to come on. There are some pirates, too and a few Puritans and Indians and soldiers, and an old gurbage wagon driver who knows the true secret of the heroine's birth. Yes, and I've got the dialogue fixed so that the Indians could be turned into Roundheads, the pirates into Tories and the Puritans into highwaymen. scenery is fixed the same way, although

scenery is fixed the same way, atthough some of it could stand just as it is. Here on page 26 you see 'the hawthorn bushes were in bloom.' Now it would be dead easy to substitute golden rod or dandelions. Yes, sir, the whole thing is designed to fit any period from 1237 up." and the Public," Frederick Wedmore, the well-known literary critic, says: "Although the novel-reading public of one kind and another must now be infinitely larger than in the days of Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope. I doubt if it is as good a public. The better part of that good public of old days exists still, but it is swamped, its "Tastas are overwighd" it is to some ex-'How many pages?' "Two hundred and sixty pages of 200 tastes are overruled; it is to some ex-tent itself led away by that larger. words each." more superficially educated and mor thoughtless public which insures th

"Let me see. Yes, we'll print 200 copies of your book for \$500 spot cash-and let you choose your own historical riad. What do you say?" "You be blowed."-Cleveland Plain period.

unworthy, is, at all events, inferior." Dealer. A 10 A Upon reading Soldiers Three, Robert Mrs. Glyn, who at present is sojourn-ing in Egypt, is one among all the au-thors and authoresses who are most Louis Stevenson sat down and wrote congratulations to Mr. Kipling begin-ning, "Well and indeed, Mr. Muivaney, but it's as good as meat to meet in with you, sir;" Mr. Kipling replied in the character of Mulvaney addressing spoken about just now. Her new book, "The Visits of Eliza-beth," has sprung into great notice, and is selling in the most extraordinary fashion. It is hardly possible to keep

the

He

preface, then the novel, then another preface, followed by the play, and fin-ally by an essay on prize fighting. Altogether Mr. Shaw's new book promises to be more than usually dovel

8 8 8 Under the title "Yeoman Service, Ib-Under the title 'robins service, te-ing the Diary of the Wite of an Impeli-al Yeomanry Officer,' Messis, Smith, Elder, & Co. will publish immediately the experiences of Lady Maud Rolles-ton, who accompanied her husband, Lieutenant Colonel Lancelot Rolleston, honorary colonel of the South Notts Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, to South Africa, and was for some time in charge the convalescent hospital at Kimbercy before going to the front as a nurse or the wounded.

for the wounded, Her husband and Lady Rolleston had exceptional opportunities for conversa-tion with the leading officials, British and Boer, meeting many figures now prominent on the South African stage, and her diary is plentifully besprinkled with exceedence. with anecdotes.

Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O. has written especially for The Saturday Evening Post of May II. an article on The Sports that Make the Man. He places yachting high on the list, and rives some interesting anecdotes of his own career as an amateur yachtsman. Sir Thomas is hopeful, if not con-fident, of "lifting" the America's Cup next autumn. He says, however, that if it were a certainty he would not cross water; for there is no sporting interest in "sure things."

This article will appear exclusively in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia.

BOOKS.

In these days of the revival of the sense of civic responsibility it is pleas-ant to hear of a new novel that is to set forth in part, an example of cour-ageous honesty in official administration, as compared with the bravery of the firing line. The story in question is Owen Johnson's "Arrows of the Al-mighty." to appear shortly from the house of MacMillan. The hero is an of-ficer of the commissary department at Baltimore during the civil war, and the various efforts to circumvent him on the part of government contractors, as set forth in the story, are said to constitute a veritable grammar of rascal-ity. How these schemes are defeated is one of the chief motives of the book.

"It is perhaps difficult" says General Edward McCrady, "for one who was so closely asosciated with the events des-cribed in the novel "Who Goes There?" to be impartial in its criticism. It is to me intensely interesting, reviving as t does so vividly familiar scenes of in which I personally shared. I can testify to the truthfulness of those des. uibed from the time Jones joined Com-pany H. The solemn scene of Captain Haskell's evening prayer was often wit-nessed-there is no imagination in its composition. Captain Haskell's char-acter, too, is admirably portrayed—a braver, kindlier and nobler man has never lived nor died upon the field of battle. In the physiological account of the mental shock and gradual but slow overy of Jones from the effects of the wound on his head at Hanover, the author has accurately described the case of an officer of the regiment who was injured by the fail of a tree in camp. The story is most admirably told by one who was himself a most gallant oldier." This novel is now in its fourth edition.

Intermediate Arithmetic, by Wm. J. line, Ph. D., LL.D., president of the Milne, New York State Normal College, little book that has been prepared to meet the demands of schools where the st work in numbers is raught orally, begins at the point where students



THE LITERARY PATRON.

Mentioneor the poverty of rising au thors reminds one that it has lately been argued that the institution of the patron might have to be revived for the protection even of those who have made thrir mark. Probably the author who was neither a genius nor a cunce-and other all the great mainting of the tribe after all, the great majority of the trib must always be of this calibre-an-who could find a patron seventy year who could find a parch severity years ago, was quite as well off as he would be now. The only thing he had to look to was that he had plends who could really give him something worth his acceptance. Frains, of course, received acceptance. Fruns, of course, received an excloseman's place, which, although it may now seem no very great matter, was one much run after by the class from which he had sprang. But £5,009 was gubscribed for Borne Tooke's "Di-versions of Purley," while Ames Mill for his not very reactable "History of In-dia" was rewarded with a place in the India office starting at 2800 and rising dia' was rewarded with a blace in the India office, starting at £300 and rising to £2.000 a year. Lesile Stephen, who mentions these sums in his excellent "English Utilitarians," seems inclined to think them inadequate to the receiv-ers' merits, but, except for a few lucky ones who, like Sir Walter Besant, are earning the sataries of cabinet minis-ters have means of these who live by ters, how many of those who live by their pens can make such sums now? The fact seems to be that the patron of old times generally gave his approval for reasons which were not difficult to ilseover, and that either by real metric discover, and that either by real metri or by flattering his projudices, the wri-ter generally managed to bring him the wares which suited him. But Demos, though liberal enough when he is pleased, is in the habit of bestowing his patronage for much more cryptic reasons. One of his pet theories is that a statesman is the best authority on past times, a delusion which dates back certainly as far as the times of Guizot and Thiers. It was doubtless this oplines and Thiers. It was doubtless this, opine, the Pail Mall Gazette, that caused Mr Gladstone's lucubrations upon the Homeric age and the youth of the world to be welcomed and Lord Rosebery -"Napoleon" to sell like hot cakes. The ministers of all denominations, too, gen-erally know the foot they halt on, as the success of many reverend novelist goes to show. But it has been reserved for a German savant to show that when left to himself, he always prefer when left to himself, he always prefers certain well defined types of story, and Herr Petsch in his "Formelhafte Schlusse im Volksmarchen" has shown us how all these can be classified. First of all comes, he says, the tale of the "happy ending," when the good are re-warded and the wicked punished, the story ending at that point as if cut off with a knife. Then we have the story in which the career of the principal perin which the career of the principal per sonages is pursued a little further, o sonages is pursued a little further, of which type is "And they married and had many children and lived happily ever after." Then comes the class where the last sen-tences sum up the whole tale--a variefy which seems to be a little bor-ing. And last, the tale told by one of the percongress earling in the cancel the personages acting in it, the conclu sion in that case being often, he says, mere nonsense. One has seen all these types in novels, and the fact that Herr Petsch is talking, not of modern fiction but of what we call folklore, makes no real difference. Is the critical faculty really more developed in the ordinary subscriber to Mudie than in primitive

Apropos of this, the most book-ridden country in the world at present is Ja pan. She produced last year 25.00 books, of which 2,000 were novels, while can only boast of a yearly average 890. The corruption of Japan by f 890. Western institutions certainly goes on

A LITERAL APPLICATION.

A couple of tourists who were journeying on horseback in the rural dis-trict of the South had ridden many



Have an Abiding Faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



After years of struggle to attain and merit public confidence, with a firm and steadfast belief that some day others would recognize in us the truth, good faith, and honesty of purpose which we know we possess, what a genuine satisfaction it is to succeed, and to realize the uplifting influence of the merited confidence of a vast army of our fellow beings.

Thus stands the Pinkham name in New England, and all over America, and nowhere is the faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound greater than in New England, its home. Merit, and merit alone, can gain this.

ORGANIC INFLAMMATION.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : -- I was troubled very badly with inflamma-tion of the bladder, was sick in bed with it. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. A friend gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me. I have now taken three bottles of it, and I am entirely cured. It is a God-send to any woman, and I would recommend it to any one suffering as I was. I think, if most of the women would take more of your medicine instead of going to the doctors, they would be better off. The Compound has also cured my husband of kidney trouble." MRS. MABEL GOOKIN, Mechanic Falls, Maine. Box 160. NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

"For two years I suffered from getting worse instead of hetter. nervous prostration, the result of female weakness. I had leucorrhoea very badly, and at time of menstruathat I had better go to the hospital. tion would be obliged to go to bed. Also suffered with headaches, pain across back, and in lower part of abdomen. I was so discouraged. I had read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and concluded to give it a trial. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, and received a very nice letter in return. I began at once the use of her Vegetable Com-MRS. H. S. BALL, weakness. pound and Blood Purifier, and am now 461 Orchard St., New Haven, Conn. feeling splendid. I have no more pain at monthly periods, can do my own \$50000 REWARD. -We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any per son who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genu-ine, or were published before obtaining the writerie mendal membraisme work, and have gained ten pounds. I would not be without your Vegetable Compound. It is a splendid medicine. I am very thankful for what it has done -MRS. J. W. J., 76 Carolina writer's sp for me. er's special permission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass. ● If Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure these women - why not you - you cannot tell until you try it. If you are ill, and really want to get well, commence its use at once, and do not let any drug clerk persuade you that he has omething of his own which is better, for that is absurd. Ask him to prod tee the evidence we do.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

GOOD WIFE! YOU NEED

PAINFUL PERIODS. "I cannot help but feel that it is my duty to do something in regard to recommending your wonderful medi-

cine. I must say it is the grandest medicine on earth, and have advised a great many suf-fering with female 1200 - The state H S BALL With S BALL Toubles to take it. I tell people I wish I could go on the platform and lec-ture on it. "My trouble was painful

ation. The suffering I endured pen cannot describe. I was treated by one of our most prominent physicians here for five months, and found myself At the end of the fifth month he told me he had done all he could for me, and

" My sister advised me to try your Vegetable Compound, as it cured her of backache. 1 did so, and took it faithfully, and am now cured of my trouble, and in perfect health, many thanks to your medicine. I cannot praise it enough, and would recommend it to all who suffer from any

which, however, primarily deals with the hero's struggle with more subtle and stubborn foes within himself.

man l apace.

Hast thou a thought in mind. Something to help mankind, Something to help a weak and struggiing lif Something to ease its harsh and bitter strife?

Tell it.

Hast thou a hidden Joy. thing can e'er destroy, That to a suffering, burdened human May sweetest peace and healing balm

impart? Share it.

Hast thou a hope divine, Which in thy soul doth shine, That may arouse the spirit long opposed. And to it give anew a long lost rest?

Live it. -HENRY E. BAKER.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

When eddycation makes a man ill so ciernal wise That he can't bear ter walk about In ordinary guise, When he must wear a shiny hat Ter keep his idees in. It seems ter me that l'arin' is A folly an' a sin,

I see the college chaps in town A-swellin' round in style, A-lookin' mighty dandyfied, As though they knew a pile; An then I read, when I git hum, O how they done some trick That would have put ter shame the

O' any lunitic.

Sometimes I see them college chaps A-marchn' up an' down With night-dresses an' night-caps on-Ther call um cap an' gown— An' some uv um go in for sports, An' some go in for canes; It makes you feel real sorrowful That and the sport of the sorrowful That more don't try for brains.

My notion is that heart an' head Should both be uniform; That when the head is made more wise The heart should be more warm; That eddycation should not make A man stuck up so far That he would turn his nose up at

His daddy or his ma. For "hearts are trumps," that's what

An' though your head is full, In heaven they won't take account O' what is 'neath your wool:

An' sin't that just about the size O' what the world complains? It wants more love an' tenderness

More than it wants for brains.

NOTES.

Of the six short stories in the April Scribner's three are by writers new to magazine readers, which is another illustration of the fact that the magasines are on the alert for new talent whenever it can prove its interest and

3 8 6 The Century company announces that

The Century company announces that Miss Runkle's stirring story now run-hing in the Century, "The Helmet of Navarre," will be published as a book on May 1st. It will have the Castaigne flustrations.

1. 16 18 "The Railroad" is the title of the next volume in McClure, Phillips & Co's se-ries of tales from McClure's Magazine. They all relate to railroad life and work in one They

work, in one way or another. They have already published in the same se-ries "Love," and there are still to come "Comedy," "Polities" and "Youth."

Andrew D. White, Embassador to Germany, has a remarkable article in McClure's for April entitled "Walks and Talks with Tolstol." It gives a clear lifes of the strong personality of the great Russian, who has just been excommunicated from the Greek church for his heretical opinions. municated from the Greek church

Walter A. Wyckoff, the author of

Stevenson as Alan Beck. Stevenson re-sponded in a characteristic letter lately printed. "The gentleman I now serve with assures me you are a very pretty fellow, and your letter deserves to be remarked. tells me, besides, you are a man of your hands. I am not informed of your weapon, but if it all be true it sticks in my mind I would be ready to make exception in your favor and meet you like one gentleman with another.

"The Workers," has written nothing

on that subject for the past three years. He reappears in the April Scribner's

with the first four or five papers found-ed on his experiences as a day's la-

porer. Each of these papers will cla-

borate an episode which will have all

the personal interest of a good story

In the course of a paper on "Fiction and the Public," Frederick Wedmore,

commercial success of work which, if

not by any means always vulgar of

well told.

a postscript he adds: "If either will survive we may grow better acquaint, for your taste for what's martial and for poetry agrees with me.

The art of epigram will never be lost while Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hob-bes) survives. Her remarkable pow-ers of observation, insight and wit and her talent for putting these qualities into a phrase are very much in evi-dence in "A Birthday Book." compiled from her writings by one Zoe Proc-

Usually birthday books and similar collections of passages torn from their context make dreary enough reading. but Mrs. Craigies jewels of speech suf-fer little in being detached from their settings. They are of a fully rounded perfection and complete in themselves. Here are a few samples selected at random:-

His face was not at first sight sympathetic, but, on the other hand, he did not have the aggressive air of one who is conscious that he must be known to be appreciated. I make it a rule never to regret anything; regret is a bore. I merely call

ny mistakes experiences. She did not convey the irritating impression of having been a beauty in her youth, but looked as though she had been born with an elderly expres-



In the days following the baby's birth there is often a long up-hill struggle to recover strength, and the nurse busies herself in the preparation of jellies and broths for the invalid. When Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripmarried life,

tion is used as a preparative for mother hood the baby's advent is practically painless, there is abundant strength to nurse and nourish the child, and a rapid recovery from the shock and strain inseparable from maternity.

separable from maternity. "I was pleased that Dr. Pierce answered my letter," writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of ar South Regent Street (Lee Park), Will, share, Penn, "When I had those mishaps I began to think I would never have children. My back used to almost break and I would get sick at my stomach and have such headaches I did not know what to do. they used Le set me nearly crazy, and I used to dread to Tet up, I felt so bad; then I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When have as expected I took it all the time I was that way. I felt fine all the time, and I never get hose dizy spells now. I hardly ever have a nervous headache any more. I have a perfect rough a boy, he is the light of our home. I am now twenty wears old and my baby is almost eight months old. I now feel well, and weigh is pounds, and the have at pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both heddhy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

pace with the amazing demand. The publishers are getting edition after edi-tion printed. In society circles in particular it is the book of the day. Not to have read it or not to be reading "The Visits of Elizabeth" is to be

quite behind the times. In the absence of publications of any special note, the month has seen some remarkable sales of old books. The most curious was the auction at Puttick & Simpson's rooms in New York, of a number of rare and quaint specimens of Americana, which brought rather big prices, One of the most important was Raphe

Hamar's "True Discourse of the Pres-ent State of Virginia," dated 1615, which was knocked down for £50 (\$250.) Au even brisker competition took place for the work containing the discoveries of John Lederer in three several marche from Virginia to West Carolina, 1672.

The hammer fell for £55 (\$275.) An-other important price, £15 (\$75), was given for Richard Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Volages and Discoveries of the English Nation Made at Sea." printed in 1598. Richard Witbourne's "Discourse on the Discovery of New-foundland," 1622, went for six guineas. Mather's "Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England," 1676, fetched £19 (\$95.) For a MS, containing details respecting the early Ameri-can colonies, dated 1721, the bidding stopped at $\pounds 21$ (\$165.) The lot was bought in, a much heavier price being the reserve.

On the whole it was considered a rather remarkable sale.

. . . In all circles great regret is felt at the denth of Mrs. Godfrey Burr. She was quite in the bloom of youth, and was a bride only nine months ago. Mrs. Burr's maiden name was Katharine Douglas King, the name under which she published several novels. One of these by the way, "The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's," was returned in the MS, by an eminent publisher on the plea that he did not publish theology. The next publisher read it and so, a little later, did the public at large. Mrs. Burr herself was the daughter of a publisher, the late Mr. H. S. King, who added to Indian banking the glories of issuing Tennyson's poems, and also those of Lady Harriet Baillie Hamilton. an admiral's daughter, whom Mr. King married

The Kate Barlass ("L Katharine, am a Douglas born") of whom Rossetti sings in his ballad, was an ancestress of Mrs. Burr. who bore her names. She had something also of the nature imputed to that heroine and the snirit of ready self-sacrifice. On the day of her wedding to a hardworking Staffordshire icar, her dedication gave poignancy in he eyes of some observers to the festirities on the borders of Epping Forest.

In fact, her stories were written under the pressure of money being needed for the East End Hospital for Sick Chill dren, to which she had devoted the most eager, generous hours of her un-* * *

It is pretty well known that Mr. Hadon Chambers had at one time an exring, but it will surely be news to most recopic that for two or three years of his meteorie career, Mr. Bernard Shaw cultivated the "fancy," so that his novel 'Cashel Byron's Career" is like a historical novel, fiction founded on

fact The success of several American pirated versions of the novel induced Mr. Shaw to prepare a new edition. which Mr. Grant Richards has now got in the DTPESS.

Through the Daily Mail Mr. Shaw says his novel has been dramafized in America entirely without his consent. and in order to protect himself in England he had himself turned the book inho a play. As he had to do it in a great hurry, he has written it in Shakesper-ian verse. This is Mr. Shaw's first appearance as a poet, and he states that he himself is surprised how extraor-dinarily easy is writing verse. The book will consist first of a long

onter upon the study of what is commonly called stains a simple, logical presentation of the topics manage, within its scope, and yet is comprehensive enough to

muct the needs of those who are obliged to leave school early, but nevertheless desire to gain a knowledge of the principles and processes of arithmetic relat. to practical life. An abundance of written exercises has been supplied to cure experiness in computation, and a great number of oral examples to inspire the pupil with confidence in his ability to reason correctly. The book serves a double purpose-it is a comprehensive elementary text-book, and a thorough preparation for the more rigid work of the author's Standard Arithmetic.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. John Kimberley Mumford has written in the May World's Work an authoritative and interesting account of Russian political methods, partleularly as shown by the gradual assimilation of Persia and the struggle for Man churta. Striking pictures illustrate the text, and a map shows Russla's rapid encircling of India. "Peacefully," says Mr. Mumford,

"blandly, but relentlessly and with the Biblican 'wisdom of the serpent," b skilful utilization of the native ele-ments, as well as by the introduction of new forces, a Russian leaven is being distributed throughout the entire Per-sian loaf. The murmuring of the van-quished in the countries the Russians has overcome is never wholly stilled the prophecy of revolt is continuous, but the Cossack is a sedative of won-drous efficacy. The Russian knows the drous encary. The russian knows the peoples he holds sway over. He con-cillates native agencies at every step. He 'assures men of the friendship of Russia,' He annihilates memories; he weans peoples from regrets. He plays upon their vanity until it is transmuted into loyalty; he grafts upon his already consionerate speech something of the language of the conquered, and the next generation speaks with the tongue of Moscow. In brief, he finds a barbarism, and moving, leaves a Russian That is what he will ultimately do in all of Persia. The Russian believes in his mission. That he aspires to the possession of all Asia there seems no longer any room for doubt. There are great obstacles in his path; he removes

them. He has one way in Manchuria, another in Iran. But he is building warships as fast as he is taking up land in Asia. He aucoors them now in Port Arthur next in Bushire and Fin-der Arthur next in Bushire and Finof Calcutta and Bombay?"

The opening story in the week's issue of the Youth's Companion is entitled. The College Course of Hiram Allen." and is the pathetic story of a man's yearning for a college life which, disappointed in his youth by the responsi-bilities which come to him in the care of helpless reatives, he tries t in his later years only to find himself barred at the outset by failure in his examination. His fate is made all file more pathetic by the success of a lad who has been under his tutelage and the takes his examination at the same time: A number of the elever stories and the usual entertaining departments make up the number.

DISOBEDIENCE.

In the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old stab with the following inscription: Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to

Ye call me Master, and obey me not; Ye call me Light, and see me not; Ye call me Way, and walk me not; Ye call me Life, and desire me not; Ye calle me Wise, and follow me not; Ye call me Fair, and love me not; Ye call me Rich, and ask me not; call me Eternal, and seek me not: Ye call me Gracious, and trust me

not: Ye call me Noble, and serve me not: Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;

miles when they came to a small lo cabin, out of which children of all size and ages came swarming like bees from a hive. The tourists were tired and ra venously hungry. Hailing an old negr-at the cabin gate they told him that they had come to take dinner with him "Yo' is welcum, gemmen!" he said. " ain't got much ter eat, but I'll do the ve'y bes' I kin fo' yo', gemmen." Then raising his voice to a shrill yell, he said: "Hi yo, Judas Iscariot, you' run catch a chicken fas' ez yo' laigs kin carry yo'." "What do you call thu carry yo'." "What do you call that boy?" asked one of the tourists. "Judas Iscariot, sah." "What did you ever give him such a name as that for?" "Dat's a Bible name, sah, an' it has a meanin', ash los cat forther on day's all got sah. Ise got fo'teen, en dey's all got Bible names, case de Bible names bas a meanin', sah." "What is the meaning of Judas Iscariot "" The old man was ery reticent about giving further information, and it required a good deal of persuasion before he finally said: "Well, I'll tell yo,' sah, Hit's like dia Yo' see I'd had fo'teen chillun befo Yo' see Id had to teen childs there Judas Iscarlot was bawn, an' fo'teen chillun is a mighty big fam'ly fo' a po' man ter raise en keer fo', 'thout habin' no mo', so when Judas Iscarlot came erlong, I gib 'lm dat name, caze you know de Rible hlt sav it'd be hettah fo' Judas Iscarlot if he'd nebbah been bawn,"-Detroit Free Press.

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