Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

Following are two sonnets from the pen of Loyd Mifflin who has won recognition as one of the most polished of contemporary sonneteers in the language. Of the American singers of the day Mr. Mifflin alone has won an undisputed place in England, readily given him without protest or reservation; accorded to him indeed, with the generous acclaim which is bestowed upon the best alone.

SEPTEMBER.

Within the wood September sunlight lay
Dappling the golden soil: there was no sound
Save the acorns dropping to the ground.
Or now and then the bugle of the jay.
At times, a squirrel from the bending spray,
Leapt to the chestnut limb with venturous bound;
Or on some wooded crest the lonely hound
Woke the reverberations far away.
The corn was ranked in many a tasseled tent,
And bluest haze slept on the peaceful hills
Where once the Sagamores had fought and slain.
Anear, the plodding farmer slowly bent
Across the umber stretches, while the drill
Scattered the blessings of the future grain.

Among the nobles of Mr. Mifflin's sonnets will ever remain.

DELAY, O LIGHT.

Delay awhile, delay, O sinking light!
Linger, a solace in the fading sky;
Spread not those golden pinions as to fly,
But stay for me, who watch upon the height,
Remain! for soon—too soon—will come the night,
When from the crags around me here on high
Shall fade the sunset colors; all shall die,
And shadow spread her universal blight.

Eternal Darkness, fold thy fateful wings!
And let the twilight we call Life—that spark—
A brief time longer last; that he who sings
May strive, with bleeding plumes, to touch his mark;
Delay! for he has high imaginings
Imperative to utter ere the dark.

NOTES.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has evidently had much difficulty in naming her new novel, whose serial publication is to begin in the November number of the "Century." In the September issue of that magazine it was announced that the story would be called "Fenwick's Ambitions;" now a cable message from the author brings a change to "Fenwick's Career."

The story is that of an artist who leaves his young wife and child in the country and goes up to London, on borrowed money, to seek his fortune.

* * *

The final volume from the pen of the late Lafcadio Hearn will be published this fall by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is called "The Romance of the Milky Way, and Other Studies and Stories." The first paper in the collection deals with the Japanest mythology of the heavens; another is based on Herbert Spencer's "Ultimate Questions," and gives Hearn's own views about the mysterious problems which occupied Spencer during the closing years of his life; a third deals with Japanese goblin and ghost poetry, and there are more Japanese stories and discussions of Japanese topics. Mr. Yone Noguchi says of this last work that "There is nothing foreign about the book: Hearn's art is nothing but the best Japanese art."

* * *

The following is from a paragraph on the late Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, in the London Spectator:

"We must not forget to mention his very distinguished gifts as a man of letters. In four or five dialect poems, 'Jim Bludso, 'Little Breeches,' and the rest of the 'Pike County Ballads,' it is not too much to say that he made a real contribution to the poetry of our race. Whether he or Bret Harte was actually the first in time to show the world this new mood in verse we are not sure; but since then it has played a great part in literature. Though Mr. Kipling's genius is essentially original, he unquestionably drew inspiration for the type of poetry which we now regard as specially his own from the verse of Mr. Hay. Jim Bludson handed on the torch to Gunda Din."

* * *

A statue of Tennyson by G. F. Watts was recently unveiled on the Minister Green in the city of Lincoln. The London Athenaeum complains that the event attracted less attention than would have been expected from the combination of the two names. Members of the Tennyson family were on the platform. One of them, Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, briefly seconded a motion of thanks to the widow of the sculptor. Lord Hallam Tennyson was present, but did not speak. The chief orators were the Bishop and Dean of Lincoln. The latter in Tennysonian phrase described the statue as "molded of Arthur, made by Berlin." Its inspiration is found in the lines of Tennyson quoted by the bishop:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

It shows the poet with bent head pondering on the flower he holds. A dog by his side looks trustingly and lovingly up to his face, seeking, as Watts himself explained, for that guidance to the secret of the larger life," which the poet sought to wrest from the flower.

* * *

In Harper's for September, Mr. Alden makes some interesting statements on the relations of author and editor:

"When all has been said, it comes to this, as far as magazines are concerned, that the best of them must insist upon the thing rather than the name, to such an extent, indeed, that they more eagerly welcome the thing without the name. Hence the inconsistency of the claim sometimes made by an author, and made with every appearance of modesty, that his reputation, fairly won, entitles him to the unquestioned acceptance of a contribution which an editor has in general terms solicited. As a writer of marked distinction plus it, 'I, years ago, ceased to submit stories on approval.' Another writer, of equal distinction and greater popularity, claims that only on the ground of moral impropriety can an ordered story be declined. Still another makes it a condition that his stories shall be paid for, at the price agreed upon, on the delivery of the copy—that is, before the editor has the privilege of even reading it. The assumption is that, in such a case, the author must be the sole judge of the acceptability of his story. The position, frankly and honestly enough taken, manifestly puts the editor at an unfair disadvantage, and would probably never be assumed but for the sanction given it by the custom of periodicals which are confessedly satisfied to secure the distinction of the author's name irrespectively of the intrinsic value of his contribution."

* * *

That George Ade's inimitable negro character "Sas'fras," in the County Chairman, is true to the life is corroborated by a recent experience of Charles N. Crewdson, the author of "Tales of the Road." He has a great fondness for the "darkies," who were connected with his family when he was a boy in Kentucky and he looks after their welfare as carefully as if they were still direct dependents. He was sitting out on the porch of the ell of the house where he had spent his childhood when he caught sight of Kate, his old darky nurse, trudging up the maple-shaded street. In her arms she carried a bundle.

"Hello, Kate," said he.

"Why, young marse, is dat you?"

"Sure, Kate," he answered. "aren't you coming over to see me?"

"Cose I's a gwine ter come ovah and see you, young marse; dey ain't nary rope in dis heah town strong nuff to tie me away."

When Kate came in Mr. Crewdson asked:

"What's that you have in the bundle, Kate? Washing?"

A smile enveloped her genial face as she answered: "I'll show you what I'se got in dis heah bun'l"—and with this she took out a big, fat picaninny—a black boy baby.

"What is that, a girl?" the young master asked.

"A gal? A gal? Look at dat chile wid yo' eyes once an you won't ax dat foolish qushun no mo'."

"Well, if it's a boy, Kate, what is his name?"

"Well, well, young marse," said Kate, stammering and expectant, "he looks so much like you did, young Marse Cha'les, when you was a baby, Ah jes' named him Cholly."

And a bright silver dollar fell into Kate's palm as a reward for her ready diplomacy.

Mr. Crewdson is ready to give Mr. Ade a testimonial "from actual experience" as to the accuracy of his character drawing of "Sas'fras," who names his latest baby after all the men in the town who are able to give material appreciation of the honor thus conferred.

* * *

McClure-Phillips have placed an edition of Booth Tarkington's latest book, "The Beautiful Lady," in England.

* * *

McClure-Phillips announce for publication on September 16th a new book by Charles Wagner, "Justice." Mr. Wagner points out in this little volume that it is not only necessary to live the simple life, but also to live the upright life; and that we must consider justice not only in regard to our fellowman, but also in regard to ourselves, not only in regard to our acts but also in regard to our thoughts.

* * *

McClure-Phillips are publishing a fifth edition of Stewart Edward White's "The Claim Jumpers," a third edition of Guy Westmore Carryl's "Far from the Maddening Girls," a third edition of Hugo Munsterberg's "The Americans," a second edition of Peter Kropotkin's "Russian Literature," a new edition of Ida M. Tarbell's "Madame Roland," and a fifth edition of Miss Tarbell's "Napoleon and Josephine."

* * *

Among the many new and interesting things recently issued by Robert Grier Cooke, much attention has been attracted by the very artistic brochure designed by Mr. Cooke for the Peary Arctic club. This contains a portrait of Commander Peary, and a picture of "The Roosevelt," which staunch craft Peary expects will bring him to the North Pole. This little booklet was distributed by Commander Peary to the many guests who came to bid him Godspeed, and elsewhere. It has done much in forwarding an interest in the expedition. Another noteworthy work which Robert Grier Cooke has in hand is a beautiful volume of the proceedings at the Nineteenth Annual Lincoln Dinner of the Republican club of New York, which will be issued privately by the club in a limited edition. This volume contains President Roosevelt's notable address, and the splendid and instructive speech Senator Dolliver made on that occasion, which fired to patriotism every one of his enthusiastic listeners, and also Senator Knight's address in response to the toast, "The Republican Party."

* * *

Mary Hamilton O'Connor's fascinating story of the Oregon woods, "The Vanishing Swede," which Robert Grier Cooke issued during the opening months of the Lewis and Clark exposition fair at Portland, continues to delight its readers, and is also one of the handsomest works of fiction, typographically, issued this year. Oregonians take an especial pride in it, inasmuch as it gives so true a description of life in the great timber region of their state.

* * *

It is interesting to note that what is probably the most perfect example of American color-work is found in the sumptuous volume de luxe designed and issued by Robert Grier Cooke for Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. This remarkable work which bears the title "Chinese Porcelains," was strictly limited to 250 copies for private presentation by Mr. Morgan to his friends and to art institutions, and contains over 70 plates in many colors.

* * *

Robert Grier Cooke is also issuing a most attractive print in a limited edition, on Japan paper, in colors, the "Portrait of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt," drawn from life by Gardner C. Teall, which will prove of unusual interest in anticipation of Mme. Bernhardt's forthcoming American tour. Each copy is numbered and signed by the artist.

* * *

"Casual Essays of the Sun" which was brought out a few weeks ago, by Robert Grier Cooke, is being taken up in educational circles as an auxiliary volume in many courses in English. The interest, terseness in expression and good English, for which this famous collection of the best editorials of the New York Sun is noted, forms a valuable adjunct to the student of literary expression, and promises soon to be found in many class rooms. Prominent after-dinner speakers hail the book as a source of inspiration, its jubilant humor being a stimulus to thought. Legislators, newspaper men and readers generally have showered congratulations upon the publisher for bringing forth so welcome a volume.

* * *

An interesting coincidence is found in the fact that the authors of two of the most popular and widely discussed of the new books stood in the relation to each other, a few years since, of teacher and pupil. And, strangely enough, the books have at least two points of similarity; they both deal with the methods of modern commercial life and they were published simultaneously in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post.

The teacher-author referred to is Prof. Robert Herrick, of the English department of the University of Chicago, whose "Memoirs of an American Citizen" is rated as his greatest novel. Charles N. Crewdson in 1900 took the English course under Prof. Herrick. It is said that the teacher failed to discover any particular literary genius in this pupil, who had "come in off the road" long enough to learn something about the English language. If the teacher thought that his "drummer pupil" would score a brighter success as an author than as a commercial traveler he did not announce it to the class.

Beyond doubt both Mr. Crewdson's teacher and his classmates were surprised when his "Tales of the Road" made their appearance in the Saturday Evening Post side by side with "The Memoirs of an American Citizen"—and when the great American public welcomed them with equal eagerness. In these days, and especially in America, it is not safe to conclude that because a man is a brilliant success as a salesman he is too commercial in his tastes to make a hit in literature.

BOOKS.

Matrimonial Primer, with a Pictorial Matrimonial Mathematics, is a series of epigramatic pearls of humor and wisdom by V. B. Ames, supplemented in an unusual manner with illustrations and decorations by Gordon Ross. Set in large, plain type, that all may read, with illustrations done in two colors; bound in dainty fabric or gay gingham, poster label, price 75c net; bound in flexible suede with crushed title panel, boxed. Price $1.50 net. San Francisco, Paul Elder & Company.

"A Little Love is a Dangerous Thing."

The Matrimonial Primer, just published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco, although designed particularly for the enlightenment of those fresh in the joys, mysteries and problems of married life, is sure to be read, quoted and enjoyed by a wide variety of readers. While the weaknesses and foibles of husband and wife are freely exposed and dealt with as frankly, still the purpose of the book is generous and wholesome, and its humor free from any objectionable liberties, with many a bit of good common sense salted in—sparkling with naive epigram, clever satire and shrewd wisdom.

The illustrations by Gordon Ross are unusually clever with a humor as delicate and fresh as that of the text. Never has cupid been presented in as many and as attractive guises as in this volume.

The Primer, by virtue of its freshness, originality and attractive form has already received a flattering advance sale and bids fair to outsell even that little book of surprising popularity, the Cynic's Calendar.

Following we quote some of the Epigrams:

"When you are married, be a good comrad, if it breaks every canon of your church and ancestry."

"If you selected your wife because of her style, don't growl when the styles change."

"When your husband seems willing that all economy shall be at the home end, insist upon laundering his shirts yourself."

"Use your best conversational powers occasionally at your own dinner table."

"Elevate your husband's sports by participating in them."

P— is the general Public,
And the Public generally knows
About everything it shouldn't
Except where to keep its nose.

The woman who charmed you with her bright vivacious wit may not be able to keep it up three hundred and sixty-five days in every year. You were a stimulant, but you've become a steady diet."

X— is the Ten you lost when
The coal in the bin was low;
Or it may be the bill that went to fill
Her soubrettity after the show;
Or possibly, now, it played that cow
Called the favorite on the track;
Or it may be was caught where Horatio fought,
At the bridge, against the whole pack."

"There are nagging women and profane men; it is to be hoped they will all marry each other."

Z— may stand for zero;
In spite of the axiom taught
That in marriage, two are one,
The result is often naught.
Compound your interest daily.
Subtract all fear and doubt,
Multiply your joys, add more love;
The sum's worth figuring out."

MISS KATHERINE A. CARL.

Miss Katharine A. Carl is the American artist who lived eleven months in China's imperial palaces while at work on portraits of the Empress Dowager. In the October Century begins Miss Carl's story of her unique experiences—she is the first person from the western world in history who has been received into the intimacy of the imperial palaces.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Ainslee's for October is a brilliant number of this enterprising magazine. It has a very full and varied table of contents, and will provide a collection of absorbing tales. The novelette is a western mining story by Beatrice Hanscom, called "Young Carrington's Career." An unusually strong short story is "False Equivalents," by H. F. Provost Battersby. The first story in the series of "Ellen Berwick's" adventures in New York, by Anne O'Hagan, is one of the features. Another series, "Conversations with Egeria," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, also appears; this is called "The Feminine Temperament." Miss Marie Van Vorst's new novel, "The Warreners," is begun in this number, and promises to be as remarkable in its way as "The Deluge" was. So far, it is very strong. Mary H. Vorse has an amusing story with a good point in "Mrs. Masingbyrd Interferes." Another very striking essay by Anne Rittenhouse is "America's Social House of Peers," which deals with the two oldest dancing societies in the world. Lucia Chamberlain has an original and interesting story in "The Wrecker." Grace Macgowan Cooke, whose book "Huldah" had great success last year, has a typical story in "Our Lady of Succor." Joseph C. Lincoln, Ainslee's perennial favorite, has one of his characteristically funny tales in "The Mare and the Motor." The poetry is genuine Ainslee poetry.—Ainslee Magazine company, New York.

* * *

People seem to have formed the habit of sitting up and taking notice whenever a rumbling sound from the southwest indicates that William Allen White, out at Emporia, Kansas, is saying things. Mr. White has an article in the Reader for October. Its title is "The Kansas Conscience," and in it Mr. White tells why Kansas has inaugurated a crusade, the object of which is to secure a square deal for every man, with no more favor shown to Standard Oil than is given to the storekeeper at the cross-roads village—a crusade which the rest of America, having learned the way from Kansas, will join in, to the ultimate discomfiture of the system of unequal dollars and unequal opportunities. A short time ago Norman Hapgood said editorially in Collier's Weekly that William Allen White writes about the best English that is being turned out nowadays. The article in the October Reader is a testimony to the excellence of Mr. Hapgood's judgment.

An illustrated article, "A Modern Hippodrome," by Montrose J. Moses, tells in attractive style the story of New York's new place of amusement where dimensions—stage room, curtain area, seating capacity—measure only in four figures, and where things are done with choruses and ballets that make the achievements of grand opera magnates and the Kiralfys look like child's play. George Brehm has made the drawings for the story.

Harvey J. O'Higgins has a whimsical little story, "Spring, the Sweet Spring," that is cleverly done. Arthur B. Reeve writes of "The Sociology of Sunshine," the article being illustrated from photographs, and showing in glaring contrast the conditions of those New Yorkers houses in tenements—the modern cliff-dwellers—in the old days and the new—the day of model tements.

"Especially Men" is by George Randolph Chester, and is one of the best things this popular writer of short stories has done. It is illustrated by Clyde Squires.

The October installment of Meredith Nicholson's story, "The House of a Thousand Candles," maintains the intense interest of the preceding chapters and leaves the reader keyed up with delighted anticipation of what may be in store next month.

Other fiction is "The Broken Knife," by Edwin Balmer; "Cupid at the Scribblers," by Charles Garvice; "The King and the Candy Cane," by Frank Waller Allen. James L. Ford tells "What London Offers American Writers," and "Chicago and Democracy" is the title of a short article by Edith Baker Brown. "The Leading Characteristics of American Literature" is the topic discussed in the Reader's Study, and "The Writing of History" is the title of a scholarly criticism by H. Addington Bruce. Verse in the October Reader is by James Whitcomb Riley, Arthur Stringer, Edwin Ufflington Valentine, Florence Earle Coates, John Challing and others. The cover design, one of the most artistic offered by any of the fall magazines, is by Franklin Booth.

"Ian Maclaren" is to Resume Literary Work.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Coorrespondence.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—It seems that further novels from the pen of "Ian Maclaren"—or the Rev. John Watson, as he is in private life—may be expected by his American readers before a great while. I saw the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" at his home in Liverpool yesterday, when Dr. Watson declared that his recent action in resigning his pastorate in that city was due entirely to a wish to give himself up to literary work.

"Ian Maclaren" has occupied the pulpit of the Sefton Park Presbyterian church, in Liverpool, since 1880. His decision to resign created dismay among his parishioners and every effort has been made to persuade him to continue his ecclesiastical work, but the author is firm, for he says he has found it true that no man can serve two masters. And being a Scotchman, withal a kindly one, it is not likely that he will change his mind.

Dr. Watson has published nothing since 1901, when his "Life of the Master" appeared. Before getting into the literary harness again, however, he is going to take a holiday, and is as yet undecided whether he will spend most of the time in Egypt, which he greatly enjoys, or in Sicily, which he has never yet visited.

Dr. Watson is a popular lecturer, and some of his American friends are trying to persuade him to visit the United States again next summer, with the idea of speaking at some of the Chautauquas. Whether he will be able to do so, however, the author could not say.

Marie Corelli is on the war path again. It seems that she has changed publishers, recently, and that the house heretofore favored with her business has been acting in what the authoress describes as a "most unworthy" manner. According to Miss Corelli the deserted publishers have "industriously circulated" a report that the new ones have secured only a short work from her pen, and that she is preparing a long novel for publication about the same time, which will quite overshadow the first book. This, it appears, is not the case. For, says the authoress:

"I have only to say on my own part, and in the most emphatic manner possible, that the novel I am at present writing will be the only one issued from my pen in 1906; that, so far from being a 'short' book, it will be of the average length (quite as long as 'Barabbas' for example) and that the publishers of this one and only book, will be Messrs. Blank & Co. Furthermore, that I have no intention of writing any other novel for any other firm whatsoever at present, having refused to sigh any contracts binding me to future work."

This authoritative announcement that only one book will be published by Miss Corelli in 1906 has been received with much relief.

* * *

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is among the writers who have taken to motoring, and she had rather a narrow escape the other day, no mention of which got into the newspapers. Rather persistent insomnia led Mrs. Craigie to take up motoring, and the other day near Framlingham, in trying to avoid a carriage, her chauffeur steered her car into a telegraph pole, which resulted in an upset into a ditch. Fortunately the authoress got nothing worse than a bad shaking up, but it took three horses to get the motor out of the ditch.

* * *

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison—"Lucas Malet"—who wrote "Sir Richard Calmady," was one of the guests at an old-fashioned "harvest home," held this week at Eversley on the estate of Sir Anthony Cope.

* * *

One of the most striking novels of the past year was "Sarah Tulden," by "Orme Angus," who had previously published several novels in rather the Hardy vein. The author, whose real name is J. C. Higginbotham, was married at Wareham this week to Miss L. C. Maher, of that city.

* * *

It must be almost a pleasure to have a manuscript rejected—in China. Brusque enough, in all conscience, is the familiar "declined with thanks" of western editors, but no such frigid formula offends the susceptibilities of the unsuccessful contributor of the flowery kingdom. On the other hand, if he does not feel that he is truly "it" when his manuscript comes back to him, it is not the fault of the editor. For example, according to the Paris Gaulois, an author at Peking who sent an article to a Chinese newspaper, received it back accompanied by the following letter:

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and of the Moon—We have perused your manuscript with celestial delight. By the bones of our ancestors, we swear that we have never met a masterpiece like it. If we publish it, H. M. the emperor will command us to take it as a criterion, and to print nothing that does not equal it. Since that could never be possible in ten thousand years, we return your manuscript, trembling and asking your mercy seventeen thousand times. Lo! my head is at your feet and I am the slave of your slave."

* * *

If to the making of books there is no end, there is none either, apparently, to the dodges for selling them. The latest is culled from the advertising columns of London evening journal of prominence and is truly a gem of its kind:

EXPURGATED EDITION.

"It has been pointed out by readers of —— by —— that it contains episodes which are too realistic for modern conceptions of propriety, and which prevent it taking the first place amongst the really humorous novels of the season. In addition to the imprint now selling, an expurgated edition is, therefore, being prepared which will be ready early in November, and will be suitable for placing in the hands of younger readers."

* * *

As usual Americans headed the list this season of foreign visitors to the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan. The total up to Aug. 31 was 1,479 as against 1,400 for the preceding year. Travelers from the United States were, in fact, in a large majority, with South Africans next and Australians third.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 80 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

Just a little thing may cause a lot of trouble. It's by watching the smallest details of manufacture of course starting with sound wheats that we are able to turn out such a fine flour as the Favorite brand. Ask any user of Favorite flour what success we have attained in furnishing a capital bread, cake and pie baker.

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The Best.

They are fitted with "MARIE, TODD & CO." Gold Pens. Made in all grades of points, from STUB TO EXTRA-FINE, thus enabling the writer to possess the most satisfactory

Fountain Pen

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Beautiful, rich, deep cut, genuine American cut glass bowl or nappie, sold by others for $7.50, our price—

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WANT HEALTH.

In the first place the stomach must be made strong so that the food will be properly digested, the bowells opened and the blood made pure. In the second place, we advise you to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters because it has proven time and again its wonderful value in all cases of Stomach troubles. It always cures Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Billiousness and Malaria. Try a bottle today.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

HERE AT HOME.

Salt Lake City Citizens Gladly Testify.

It is testimony like the following that has placed "the old Quaker Remedy" so far above competitors. When people right here at home raise their voice in praise there is no room left for doubt. Read the public statement of a Salt Lake City citizen:

Mrs. Alice Hardman of 272 west Eighth South, says: "If attacks of bearing down pain directly below the kidneys, always worse in the morning if I had overexerted myself the day previous and always in evidence if I stooped and which sometimes were so pronounced across the small of my back and over the hips that I was hardly able to get around; if these are any indications of kidney complaint then I had it for four or five years. Advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills convinced me that there might be something extra in their composition and induced me to go to the F. J. Hill Drug Co.'s store for a box. I found the results promised to be as represented. They gradually relieved the pain in my back and hips until an acute attack disappeared."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.