DESERET EVENING NEWS; SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

TWO OPERATIONS. First You Must Cure the Grip,

Then Banish Its Alter-Effects-"I was worse after the grip had gone

than I was when I had it," says Mr. than I was when I had it," says Mr. J. L. Hamalle, proprietor of the Cos-mopolitan hotel, at No. 115 South Mad-ison avenue, Peoria, 111. Many others who are still suffering from the effects of an attack of the grip will appreciate the statement. Mr. Hamalle contin-ues: "The disease left me in a bad shape. I had night sweats, sleep did not refresh me, I could not eat, grew weak and had severe chills. Then, worst of all, rheumatism set in and nearly crip-uled me.

pects that one of its funniest and clev-erest jokes comes from the fertile brain of Harold MacGrath. Many will in-stantly recall the Ade adaptation from 'After spending considerable money

for medicines that only made me worse, I began taking Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. Then I began to im-prove and by the time six boxes were taken I was well and strong again. Since then I have always kept Dr. Wil-Since then I have always kept Dr. Wil-liam's Pink Pills on hand and my family has ' ... en them at various times, al-ways with good results." ways with good results." After every attack of grip the health is shattered—the blood becomes poor, the flesh falls away, the sufferer grows irritable, and even slight exertion caus-es shortness of breath. These are dangerous symptoms and indicate that the system is in a state that invites proceeding becachille on a point

pneumonia, bronchitis or even con-sumption. A specific, however, has sumption. A specific, however, has been found which not only will quickly restore the health after an attack of the grip and expel the lingering germs but, working through the blood, will render the system proof against the disease. In hundreds of cases it has been shown that Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People have accomplished this result. The power of these pills in the vast number of diseases due to im-pure blood or to derangement of the

The fool thinks it honey; Eut when the sin ripens, Then, indeed, he goes down into sor-row. —Dhamma-pada, All ex-newspapermen like occasional-ly, to talk about "old times" in that fascinating profession. The author of "Under the Rose," Frederic S. Isham, is no exception to the rule. Among the many experiences he tells, is one in which he mystified the "other fellow" —the man on the other paper, of course. They were both out in the state in a All ye whose hands are weary With tasks of the long, long day, And solled and hard and bruised and Though your hands are sore with striving To meet life's many needs They are whiter far than the white They were both out in the state in a certain town in Michigan, covering a special assignment. The "other fel-low,' however, ran across something "large" quite another matter than the affair both were working on. The more sacredly to guard his scoop, he hied him out of town to an adjoining ham-let, and from the latter place, telegraph-Whose days and years are stained with ed his story. Mr. Isham was seated in the telegraph office, smoking his cigar Give heed to the things I say: Though your hearts are bruised and Than the empty heart that feels no

stantly recall the Ade adaptation from the original which is as follows: A year or as ago MacGrath visited his publishers in Indianapolis to talk over the plot of his new novel, "The Grey Cloak." One evening after he had ex-hausted the town's summer entertain-ments, he climbed late a hack at the curb, and in truly heroic style demand-ed to he define about town. The evecurb, and in truly heroic style demand-ed to be driven about town. The eve-ming was cool and refreshing, the day had been hot, and MacGrath was en-joying the indolence of riding in the dark with his thoughts for company. After an hour or so of wandering alm-lessly, the driver called back to his force.

'And where'll I take yez now?" MacGrath gradually aroused timself, oming back from a castled kingdom of

"Oh, I don't care; take a migdom of "Oh, I don't care; take me to Muncie, where the magazine comes from," and relapsed into silence and sweet dreams.

in Shakespeare. Several years ago Mr, Alien was engage" upon a novel, which was announced as leaving the title "The Mettle of the Pastus," "In the eastern seas a long historical nove of Kentucky life, Various reasons led as author some years since to change his merose in re-gard to finishing and publicing it. Out of it has grown a new novel, may not the stead-rase title, but bearing no relation to the historic field of the early study. The new novel is designed to contain a mod-ern American story simply.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Pour" went into its twentieth thousand iwo days after publication.

close her name at this early date. "The interesting note in a here was no longer wickedness but goodness. That was the work which Guy Mor-ville did for his generation." This is Miss Chrisabel Coloridge's summing up of the effect of the appearance of "The Heir of Redelyffe" upon the English public. It appeared just 50 years ago: and ,as Miss Coloridge records in her volume on "Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters." "scholarly gentlevolume on "Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters," "scholarly gentle-men wept over Guy's death," and "try-ing to be very good was made interest-ing and romantic to thousands of good girls," 'Events were few in Miss Yonge's long life, but tho personality reflected in these pages is in the highest degree delightful. As into as 1865, when Miss Yonge made a visit to Oxford, the en-thushesm for her among the under-graduates was surprising. The volume is illustrated with a number of benugraduates was surprising. The volume is illustrated with a number of beau-tiful photogravures, and contains Miss Yonge's autobiography (a fragment) and a selection from the best of her chatty letters to her friends.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four" is the first to appear of the MacMillan Series of Little Novels by Favorite Au-Series of Little Novels by Favorite Au-thors. Two weeks hence we are to have the second—Mr. Crawford's "Man Overboard!" and early in June we will come a clever novelette by Winston Churchill, "Mr. Keegan's Elopement." Mr. Crawford's story is like bis "The Upper Berth"—a grim tale of the sea! but the other two abound in humor, laughter and good spirits.

It is an old saying that every man in Indiana is a politician. In recent years this has been paraphrased to read, every man and woman in Indiana is an author. The fashion of combining these two delightful and exciting occupa-tions, making every indianan an autions, making every indianian an au-thor and a politician, which was set by Booth Tarkington, seems to be con-tagious for it is reported that Meredith Nicholson, whose nevel "The Main Chance," is making the latest bid for popularity is hear ultral of a for

Chance," is making the balact old for popularity, is being talked of as a pos-sible candidate for mayer of indianapo-lis. Just what the relationship betwe n interature and politics is, is a little ob-scure, but whatever it is the Housiers seem to have found it.

eth a statement from one of the larg-

mand a river steamer, but in reality, prompted by his curiosity to see what life actually was in that "Heart of Darkness." He returned stricken with

went into its twentieth thousand two days after publication.
The success of Sheriock Holmes has turned the attention of theatrical managers to the dramatic possibilities of high class detective stories. The announcement has already been made that Kyrle Bellew will appear as Raffies in the Amateur Cracksman; and now it is reported that a play is being made out of Anna Katherine Green's thrilling novel, "The Filigree Built."
which, in many ways, is better suited to stage production than either of the other two books. One of the younger actresses who has had a remarkable success in her few seasons as a star and who has shown unusual ability in emotional roles, has been selected to portray the "exceptional Cora Tutle." The interesting note in a hero was no longer wickedness but goodness. That was the work which Guy Mory ville did for his generation." This is

hel on Resistance to Infaction. The work presents the results of in-valuable and painstaking scientific re-search, and forms a distinct contribu-tion to our knowledge of the subject. It will be remembered that the last volume in this series. "Substitutes for the defore," was published some two the Saloon," was published some two years ago and caused a wide discussion of the subject, and incidentally four editions of the volume were nocessar to supply the demand.

FROM NEW NOVELS.

"Every one who can hold a pen is condient of his ability to criticise, and to criticise superiorly. It never oc-curs to the average citizen that, to speak modestly, almost as much artists speak modestly, almost as huch as to needed to write a book as to adulterate a pound of tea. . . They say that life is short. To those who look back per-haps it is, but to those who look for-ward it is long, endless,"-W. S. Maugham in "Mrs. Craddock.

"Could that laugh of his have survived a dishonor? The open forchead, the curly locks, the pleasant smile, the hundred ingratiating ways which we carry with us out of childhood, they may all remain when the innocence has fled, but surely the laugh of the morning of life must go. I have never known the devil retain his grip on that. Surely a spirited old lady may be the prettiest sight in the world. . . . If the mouth has failen sourly, yours the blarme, all the meanness your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the nextly thoughts and

But the pretty thoughts sweet ways and dear, forgotten kind-nesses linger there also, to bloom in your fwilight like evening primroses." -J. M. Barrie in The Little White Bird.

"There are moments in life which pass like the scorching of lightning upon the tree over the soul of man. The instant comes and goes, and man. The be stored by description. The fishwife who learns after the night's storm that her shus have been swept into the vorinterature and politics is, is a little ob-scure, but whatever it is the Hoosiers seem to have found it. The Indianapolis publishing house in changing its name from the Bowen-Merrill company to the Robbs-Merrill company does not seem to have lost any of its judgment in selection or any of its energy in promotion that have made it consplicuous in the past. In fact, its novels published this syring, called forth a statement from one of the larg. it knows nothing, the world would soor come to a standstill, and never move ugain, like the ass in the fable, that died of hunger in its stall between tw bundles of hay, unable to decide which to eat first."-F. Marion Crawford in "All women but you are stupid. How an I look at another? The women one meets—what are they but books one has already read? You're a whole library of the unknown, the uncut." helped her. Henry James in The Wings of the =₩. S.= YOUR OLD May be made as good as new, alost, by our skilled repairers, at a oderate price. We do everythin, ssible to improve the ar the serviceable. Bring them New stock of improved "Thistle," "Fulton" and "Andrae" Bleycles at former low prices. Meredith's Trunk Factory, 155-157 Main St. Never in the history of medicine has anything been discovered to make a country. COMPLETE CURE OF CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLE until NAU'S DYSPEPSIA CURE was found—it goes to the seat of the trouble— it removes the cause. "I have suffered at different times during the past 10 years with the most severe attacks of indigestion and stomach trouble and until I took Nac's Dyspepsia Curemothing really benefitted me to any extent. I consider it a great remody and and thankfulit was brought to my attention." (Signed) Mrs. W. P. SCOTT, 155 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y. For sale by druggists or direct. PRICE \$1 A BOTTLE; 6 BOTTLES, \$5. The F. Nan Company, 203 Broadway, N. Y. Send for booklet. and Portland, Ore. AND A COMPANY OF PROPERTY RACES AND AND AND Sold by F. C. Schramm, Druchl & Franken, Hill Drug Store and loading druggists. Lewis' 98 % Lye,

ne easily

PENNSYLVANIA SALT M'F'G, OO. S'repriators, Palia., Pa.



19



Every sick and ailing woman,

Every young girl who suffers monthly,

Every woman who is approaching maternity,

Every woman who feels that life is a burden,

Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health without success, Every woman who is going through that critical time - the change of life --Is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent absolutely free of cost.

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience -experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success - think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman w "h such an experience, especially when it is free.

Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

" DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : - I have been under doctors' treatment for female "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: ---I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."-Mus. E. F. HAYES, 263 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKUAM :- I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, together

with your advice, carefully followed, entirely expelled th

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



pure blood or to derangement of the system, has been demonstrated in thousands of instances. No one who s suffering can rightfully neglect this way to restore health. way to restore health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-ple are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, (they are never sold in bulk or by the bun-dred) by addressing Dr. Williams Medi-cine company, Schneetady, N. Y.

tears. Give head to the things I say: Though your hearts are bruised and broken, Yet better their strife and sting Than the empty heart that feels on smart From the wounds that love may bring. the telegraph office, smoking his cigar that evening when the operator -faith-is sending some hot stuff. Whew! The wire is just sizzling.'' And jokingly read the message as it clicked acrossthe keyboard from the neighboring burg. It took about half an hour to read and when the obliging operator reached



LION AND BEEHIVE HOUSES IN 1858.

One of the most interesting leaves from old albums thus far published in the Deseret News is the picture herewith reproduced. It shows the Lion and Beehive houses as they looked in 1858, with State street in the foreground. It will be observed that the Eagle Gate, which subsequently became the entrance to President Young's private property, had not yet been erected. The building on the east with windows and chimney was President Young's barn and the one in the extreme distance apparently midway between the Boehive house and the points of the mountain is the old arsenal or powder magazine as it was some times called. The clump of trees to the left or south is where the Gardo house now stands. The photograph from which this cut is made is the property of Mrs. Eliza B. Young, and is a rare and valued possession. It bears the imprint: "Negative by D. A. Burr, Oct.1, 1895; print by M. Cannon, Great Salt Lake City."

NOTES.

BRILLIANTS,

Would you have your heart! Build on the human heart! —Browning. Would you have your songs endure?

But if for any wish thou darest not Then pray to God to cast that wish

Some has meat and canna eat, And some wad eat that want it; But we has meat and we can eat, And sae the Lord be thanket.

It is the little rift within the lute, That by and by will make the music

And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

As long as the sin bears no fruit, The fool thinks it honey;

hands are

tears.

That spurn life's humble deeds.

All ye whose hearts are burdened

With griefs of the long, long way

-Coleridge.

Rurns

-Tennyson.

away.

The committee of the Chicago Principal's association at a recent meeting, prepared an elaborate report on the teaching of English in the schools and teaching of English in the schools and submitted a list of selected readings and reference books for every grade. There was a sharp contest in the com-mittee as to the relative values of Rob-ert Louis Stevenson and Eugene Field. It was finally decided that the Scotch-man "is near to children" than the American, and between the two Ste-venson was given the place of honor. In the bigher grades the greatest num-In the higher grades the greatest num-ber of selections was from Longfellow, Whittier and Hoimes. For the third grade L Frank Baum's "The Wizard of Oz" was recommended. Baum is said to be the most successful writer of fairy stories that this country has ever de-veloped. The committee closes by saying that the report is suggestive only and is so planned that the teacher shall not be hampered by excessive demands. on her limited time nor the pupil pre-vented from taking the justifiative in all forms of expression

Probably not one person, in the thousands that have enjoyed George Ade's tuneful opera "Peggy from Paris," sus-



"thirty"-the finale!-the author of Un- 1 himself with the well known and suc "Inity "--- the finale!--- the author of Ch-der the Rose promptly wired a sum-mary to his own paper. And ever since the "other fellow" has been wondering: he alone knew the story, and yet his cherished "scoop" was no "scoop;" his information mysteriously ceased to be "under the rose." cessful publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York, of which he has been made vice president. The title of the forthcoming novel by 'under the rose,"

Some one of Harold MacGrath's newspaper friends who received a copy of the limited edition of his new ro-mance, "The Grey Cloak," bound in soft grey cloth covers, asked the young au-thor how he chanced to select a grey cloak as the hinge on which to swing his brilliant story. MacGrath's reply does credit to his powers as a romancer. He says:

"A few years ago a number of men were digging about the shores of On-ondaga lake when they came across a rude coffin in which was a skeleton wraped in what had, at one far off day been a handsome cloak. That part which had not been destroyed by time was fine in texture and of a beauliful shale of soft, rich gray. Every one in the neighborhood was immensely intersted in the discovery and many began it once to search for whatever historical value it might have. Is seemed cer-tain that the bones and cloak were all that was left of some French gentle-man who had died at the mission at Onondaga in 1656 or 1657. Out of this discovery niy story began to grow. I searched through the archives in Que-

Mr. James Lane Allen has been chang-ed. Instead of "Crypts of the Heart," it will be called "The Mettle of the Pasture." The title is taken from a line

The full rich flavor, searched through the archives in Que-bec and Montreal and nearby cities, but could find in none of the Jesuit rela-tions of the period, any record of a sol-dier of importance who had died during the mission's existence. Many times I thought I was on the point of learning the story of the French gentleman and his grey cloak, but in the end was al-ways disappointed. Still the romance the uniform quality and

the delightful fragrance of

Golden Gate Mocha and Java distinguish it from all other coffee. It has the true flavor of the choice blends - that fine after

This is a good story whether true or not, and no doubt if MacGrath's attenflavor that lingers on the tion were called to it, he would insist that the cloth in which the limited edipalate. tion is bound, was taken from the orig-inal grey cloak found in the coffin on Sold in 1 and 2 lb. cans



urprised his heavers but which they surprised his hearers but which they found incossible to distrove when called on to "make good" their con-trary assertion. He said, "Cut of the six best and most popular novels is ue I this spring, four bear the Bobbs-M rrill imprint—"Under the Rose, "The Fill-gree Ball," "The Grey Cloak," and "The Main Chance."

The "Works of Matthew Arnold" are to be issued by the Macmillan company in an "cdition de luxe," uniform with the editions of Tennyson, Kingsley, Fitzgerald and Pater, which the same publishers have brought out within the last two years. Arnold's complete writings are to be comprised in 15 yolumes, the first of which will appear in June, while the others will follow at intervals of a month. The concluding yolume will contain a complete biblio-reacher of Motthey Armold's writings graphy of Matthew Arnold's writings. The edition will be strictly limited to 500 copies for England, 500 for the United States and 25 for presentation.

BOOKS. Is a hero worth more dead or alive? The old rule for story telling used to be that, whatever happened and how-ever great the carnage, the hero should

come out with his life. But the spirit of commercialism now points out a new way. A dead hero, especially if he is a beloved detective, is worth far more than a live one, at least according to the recent report now circulating, con the recent report how circulating, con-cerning a new book by A. Conan Doyle. Mr. Doyle has done some body-snatch-ing. He has exhumed the dead Sher-lock Holmes, and he is going to get a good price for it, much more, indeed, than he was ever able to get for Sher-tock bidgers he willow hum.

lock before he killed him. The runnor at least declares that for twelve stories of about 9,090 words each, Mr. Doyle was to be paid \$108,000 (shades of Charles Dana Gibson'), which would make the honorable au-thor's "ifs" and "ands." "thes" and "buts," worth almost \$1 a pleas. There "buts," worth almost \$1 a piece. There will probably be only eight stories, ac-cording to a later account, but the fate will be the same. After these notable tales have appeared in serial form, they will be published as a book by McClure, Phillips & company.

If Albert Sonnichsen, author of "Deep Sea Vagabonds," just published by McClure, Phillips & company, were suddenly asked what was his trade, he would probably be some time making up his mind just what would be his correct answer. No doubt he would finally declare himself a writer of books handly declare himself a writer of books by vocation, but it would be only after running over in his mind a long list of professions he could equally well lay claim to. In his twenty-fourth year now, he has successively been, since leaving home at sixteeen, trapper, cat-the backets solice art student. tle-herder, salior, art-student, com-positor in a newspaper office, prisonerf-war (if that may be classed as a or-war (if that may be classed as a profession), interpreter on General Young's staff in the Philippines, civil-ian scout in the United States military service, school teacher, actor, newspa-per reporter, author and lecturer—all with the scalad with verse A variad within a period of eight years. A varied experience certainly, and one from which he ought to be able to draw a vast amount of material for books.

vast amount of material for books. When Joseph Conrad, the author of "Youth," writes a story, he writes from the model. Everything that he has so far put on paper his been at least based upon a personal experience. The three stories in "Youth." "Youth." "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether," are, as it were, bits cut from his own life-almost auto-biographical. When a young boy, just after he had taken up the life of a sailor, he shipped on a ratile-irap of a boat, running between London and Australia ports. Out of the incidents of that voyage, and giamour of ro-mance which his youthful hunger for experience threw over all the dirty work and peril and hardship, grew the work and peril and hardship, grew the



ened the whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial." - MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley SL (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and menature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness.

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