A CRUEL REVIEW.

Be cut it up root and branch—of that there can be no doubt. He gave it what he technically styled "a good slating" and as he threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair he muttered, "I think I've pretty well settled that disease's business."

He was a very clever young man—a little too obtrusively clever perhaps to be an ideal critic; he was not content to pass by foolishness and folly with a few mild, pitying words of condemnation; he rode at them with all his skill and fairness with that weapon which is "mightier than the sword," pierced them again and again with mortal wounds. Many a young author, taking up a damp, raw copy of The Censor from the breakfast table and searching eagerly for a review of his beloved novel, had read such scathing sentences, such cruel criticisms, such merciless mockery as had caused him to lay down the paper with trembling hand, damp pale brow and with crumpled heart, to push his untouched repast from him and to feel that for his breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper were henceforth exploded institutions.

Less folk might think that there was little less curious for a writer of the less curious for a writer than that just then George Charlton's prospects were looking particularly bright in every way. His post as the prosperous paper, The Censor, was an assured one. A five act play of his had just been accepted by Adolphus Bulter, the lessee and manager of the great Omnium theatre, and yesterday his own beautiful, adored Gertie had confided to him, as being tenderly pressed upon the subject, that June was her favorite month of the year and that Tuesday was her favorite day of the week.

Considering all things, therefore, one might say that he ought to have been kinder to the author of "Seared Hearts," but the lighter our spirits with the more we do we pity the different callings, and it was yesterday morning the man George Charlton was in a particularly bright and happy mood that the critic George Charlton was particularly "fit," and consequently particularly merciless in lash and twaddle.

The book, as it happened, came before him at an unlucky moment, and in truth "Seared Hearts" was a foolish, feeble, flashy story, with ethereal, impossible heroine and wild, reckless, Greek profiled hero complete; forced situations and weak, inflated style; fossil views of life; characters like nothing and for prose according ly give it, in his already quoted phrase, "a slating." Never was author flayed more mercilessly.

"This story," said Charlton, "in a more marked degree than any we can remember, seems to have been written for the express purpose of showing what the author cannot do. Can any one inform us why it is that the writers have the mark who have not even the talent to describe everyday occurrences with a touch of humor or of pathos, to draw a commonplace character with tolerable truthfulness, are generally those who undertake to show us life in its most tragic aspect and the human heart in its stormiest, most passionate workings? 'Hugh Ellis' is a masculine organism, but we doubt if the worst masculine literary sinner ever perpetrated quite so much folly as lies between the ornate covers, sprinkled with slightly scorched hearts, of the work before us. The cult of gentlemen who write with ease have, since Pope's day, been supplemented by an equally large cult of ladies who write, alas! with less greater ease, and it is among the ranks of these, we fancy, that the author of 'Seared Hearts' is to be found."

"For shame, Charlton!" we fancy a chorus of feminine voices crying. "If you suspect the book to be from a woman's hand, have you the heart to cut it up? You, so gallant, so devoted to us, so popular a squire of dames!"

Ah, ladies! He has his answer ready for you.

"Nonsense, my dear girls! No man is more devoted to women than I; but when you come before me as novelists you cease to be women and when I poise my critical scalpel in hand I cease to be a man—voyons vous! Introduce gallantry and chivalry into the arts and there is an end of all honest criticism!"

And taking up his pen again he goes for that unfortunate novel.

"The hero of 'Seared Hearts,' probably the most absurd creation that ever walked the world of fiction—even of ladies' fiction—possesses, we are informed, 'darkling, fateful, insatiable eyes.' What does this mean? 'Hugh Ellis' should have appended a glossary to his work. 'And a mouth that kept its owner's secret well—this is easier to understand; a man had evidently lost his teeth."

And so on to the bitter end, cleaving and smearing, with now and then a deep, sharp thrust, our Charlton's pen, until he concluded his review with these words:

"'Seared Hearts' is undoubtedly the worst novel of the season—a season fruitful of poor novels. To that 'bad eminence' has 'Hugh Ellis' attained, and it is to be hoped that, finding himself there, he will see fit to lay aside the pen which he wields so ill."

"I can't help it if the fellow or girl—whichever it is—is cut up," muttered Charlton, as he rose from his writing table in his sanctum at The Censor's office. "I must do my duty. It's the wretched stuff ever put between covers. We critics are literary poisonous, and it is our duty to 'move on' or 'run in' the crowd of foxes that choke up the avenues of fame."

And emerging a few minutes later from the office of The Censor, George Charlton mounted into a passing hansom and was whisked away to his club. If the young critic had felt any slight touch of compunction regarding the severe treatment he had meted out to the author of "Seared Hearts," and the probable sensations with which that literary aspirant would read the review which would appear in the course of two or three days, the feeling did not remain long with him, and he had quite forgotten it when, as the evening wore on, he found himself in beauty's circle, proudly pay, at a "small and early" at his Gertie's home.

It was an unpretentious affair, but very pleasant—music and singing in abundance, be it observed, which in some drawing rooms is a most wise and necessary one, a little carpet dance and a supper. At one hour and midnight George Charlton and his fiancee were taking a tender farewell in the hall. It was a difficult business—parting. Five goodbys had been said and the sixth was now in progress.

"My boy, my boy! Has he been working very, very hard today? How adorable she was, he thought, in her crimson silk frock, with its square cut bodice and short sleeves; her auburn hair curling round her brow and knotted at the back of her head; the dimples coming and going in her fair cheeks; her little hands reaching upward to turn up the collar of his overcoat as a defence against the night wind. "Has my boy been working very, very hard today?"

"Tolerably hard, my sweet Gertie. I have to make my way, you know."

"And how well you are making it, you dear, clever old boy, what with your play and writing for the newspapers. Have you been writing articles today, George?"

"What does a little fairy like you care to know about newspapers and articles? Your little curly head was never meant to think of anything but love and kisses!"

"No, but really, love"—the curly head lay against his shoulder now and the rosy mouth was just set free again for speech—"I do take the greatest interest in your work, George," in a mysterious whisper, "suppose I were to tell you a little secret!"

"And suppose," in a like mysterious whisper, "that I were to tell you a little secret! I think I can guess the gist of both little secrets—that we love each other."

"Yes, dear George; but I shouldn't have called that a secret, because we each know that well, don't we? My secret is one that you don't know—one that shares my heart and my thoughts with you—one that would surprise you very much, and that, if you knew it, would, I think, do away with your notion, that I am a silly, empty little thing."

"My notion that you are a silly, empty little thing! My darling child, what are you talking of! I think you the sweetest woman I ever met!"

"It is very dear of you to say so, but I fancied you thought me just a little—no, I won't say it again, if it vexes you. I will content myself now saying that if you knew this secret of mine it would perhaps raise me to a higher place—not in your love, dear, but in your—in your—I shall have to say esteem, though that is not quite the word I want."

"And what is this grand secret! The little woman has not been hatching plots to overthrow the government, I hope?"

She did not heed his jesting words. Her head was raised and she was looking at him with a bright, earnest look; her lips opened, then she shook her curls and sighed. "No. I haven't the courage to tell you tonight; perhaps the next time I see you I shall have summoned up enough. It is so late now we must part."

A minute later George Charlton was walking away down the street lighting a cigar.

"Little witch!" he muttered. "She was more enchanting than ever tonight! What is this wonderful secret of hers? Then, after a pause—"The idea of her saying I thought her a silly, empty little thing! She is just what a woman should be—pretty, bright, amiable and with taste to dress her charming figure to perfection. No female genius for me, thanks," said Charlton, puffing at his cigar. "I may be behind the spirit of the age in saying so, but I don't like 'em. A woman has no business with genius, and I don't admire it in her any more than I do other accidental masculine qualities—a bass voice, for instance, or a beard. By Jove!"—with a chuckle—"I suppose my life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase if I made public these sentiments at a meeting of the shrieking sisterhood."

* * * * * *

It was two or three days before George Charlton saw his betrothed again. When that time had elapsed he called in Nugent Gardens one evening with some tickets for a concert. He was shown into the drawing room, where he was joined by his prospective mother-in-law.

"I don't know whether Gertie will be able to see you," said the latter, who looked troubled. "Something has upset her sadly today and she has been shut up in her own room for hours."

Charlton expressed much concern and sorrow. "May I not know what it is that has grieved her?" he said.

"I am not sure whether I am at liberty to tell you," rejoined Mrs. Holmes. "Perhaps she will tell you herself if she feels fit to—you are her lover, remember, George, that if you can give the poor child any comfort, you will. I will go and tell her that you are here."

Left alone in the room, George Charlton paced up and down once or twice, somewhat disquieted to hear of his pretty fiancee's sad mood and wondering what the cause of her agitation might be.

Presently there was a flutter on the stairs outside, the rustle of a dress at the door, and she entered. She wore a tea gown, her bonny curls were pushed back partly from her brow, her cheeks were white, her eyes heavy and disclosed with long weeping. She came hastily across the room—came into the arms ready to receive her—and then her tears burst out again.

And in broken words, interrupted by sobs and gasps, she began to speak:

"You remember that I told you"—sob—sob—"that I had a secret. The secret was that I had written a"—sob—sob—"had written a"—sob—"a—a—novel"—sob—sob—sob. "It has been a dream to me"—a long sob—"in the air—for months"—sob—sob. "I thought it was so—so good!—a—so—clever! and that when it appeared, and every one was praising it—you would be so—so proud of me—as well as fond of me! And now—now—oh, the dreadful review!" She pressed her eyes to her lover's shoulder, and her voice was lost in a storm of sobs, amid which the words "The Censor" and "cruel wretch" alone were audible.

Charlton held her from him suddenly and looked into her face, and his unusual pallor and tragic aspect frightened away her sobs effectually.

"What was your novel called?" he said, "and what name did you write under?"

"It was called—Seared—Seared Hearts," and I—wrote—under the name of 'Hugh—Hugh Ellis'"

"Great heaven!" he ejaculated involuntarily. "Why wasn't I told?"

He would have given anything to recall the words, but they were out; it was too late.

Gertie drew her arm away from its position around his shoulder, stepped back a pace or two, threw back the curls from her brow, looked at him with flashing eyes and cheeks that had suddenly grown crimson. "Was it you who wrote that shamefully cruel review? Yes, I see it was. It is your hand that has dealt me the most agonizing blow I have ever felt. It is you who have torn down my castle in the air. It is you who, with your wicked, mocking, unjust"—

"Gertie, spare me! On my knees I ask for pardon. Consider, love, that I had no idea who 'Hugh Ellis' was."

"Consider? No, sir, I will not!"—dashing away with an angry hand the tears that would come. "That is but a fresh insult. That means that had you known I was the author of 'Seared Hearts' you would have concealed your real opinion—your spiteful, malicious, unjust, red opinion! But a million critics, with all their spite and malice and injustice, though they could hurt me, could not shake my faith in my own power! 'Seared Hearts' is a good novel!"—sob—sobs—"and a well written novel"—sob—sob—"and a very interesting novel!"—sob—sob—sob. "And I mean to write heaps of others. There!"

"Gertie, you do not mean to leave me in anger?"—for she was moving toward the door.

"Yes, I do mean to leave you—and forever! You are not the George Charlton whom I have loved—that I came to for comfort a quarter of an hour ago. You are a cruel, mocking, conceited, utterly unforgiving man, with whom I have nothing in common! If, as a woman to man, I could have any weak thoughts of forgiveness of injuries, as novelist to critic I am implacable!" There was a pause as she drew a ring from her "engaged" finger, a flash of light as the diamonds went flying through the air and fell at Charlton's feet. "From tonight we are strangers," she said—and left him.

And they were, sure enough, which shows that the course of true love, troublesome to keep smooth under the most favorable conditions, is particularly apt to get out of order in the case of a fair novelist and a witty young critic.

Gertie is married now to a good, easy going man, of no great intellectual attainments, who is very proud of his pretty, agreeable wife, and takes her literary talents on trust.

She is an indefatigable novelist. "Seared Hearts" has already had several successors, all boasting the distinguishing characteristics of that masterpiece, one or two even rather "more so."

And when these novels come up for judgment before the caustic young critic of The Censor, he—gives them a "slating," did you ask? Ah, no! There is a little roughness left, here and there, in his work, but growing, mechanical days. And when those feeble, foolish, flashy stories come before him, George Charlton remembers how once, while a soft arm clasped his neck and a rose-wet face lay on his breast, a little voice sobbed: "Oh, George! oh, George! help me to bear it, dear! My heart is broken!"—and, as he cannot praise them, he passes them by in silence.

Mr. James A. Spurgeon, who has been appointed to succeed his brother at the London Tabernacle, has for some time been assistant minister there, and has gained the reputation of being an excellent business man.

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Contraction of Muscles not cured with Wood's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, 40 pills, 25 cents. If unscrupulous merchants offer you a substitute for our Pills, insist on having them. They are the best family medicine in the world. Wood's Medicine Store, 48 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALA, Jr., Cayuga, Illinois Co., Ills. 6

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

KIRK'S

SOAP

A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY

DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP.

HEALTHFUL, AGREEABLE, CLEANSING.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Bite, Eczema and Pimpled Handcuff.

SAPONIFIER

Paint's Salt Manf'g Co., Philadelphia.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS,

Microscopic and Analytical Physician,

HAS PRACTICED IN SALT LAKE CITY

Sixteen years and the wonderful and world-celebrated cures of his efforts in that time prove the scientific principles on which his methods are based. Diseases of every character yield to the aid of the microscope, chemistry and the physical powers of man. Diseases of the Blood, Nervous Prostration, but will benefit Piles Hundred dollars for any case he takes under his treatment which he can't cure.

Men who are worn down with over cares, and whether YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED, the twelve pamphlets published on his health and vigor, sent free, for all the different diseases of men.

Liver and Kidney complaints and all classes of Blood Poisoning, Syphilitic Diseases and Skin Diseases, Tapeworm removed and guaranteed.

Office, 66 Rooms Hotel, Salt Lake City.

ANOTHER CHANGE

In Prices at

TEASDEL'S.

50c. Carpets now 40c.

75c. Carpets for - 60c.

GLOVES.

$1 Black Kids for 50c.

$1.50 White Kids, 75c.

LADIES' FINE PERCALE WAISTS.

$1.25 Grade now - $1.

$1 Waists for - 75c.

MEN'S SUITS.

$6.00 Reduced to $4.00.

$10.00 Suits to - $8.00.

Men's Stiff Hats.

NEW AND NOBBY.

$2.00, price now $1.50.

$1.00 Felt Hats for 60c.

BONA FIDE REDUCTIONS

—AT—

TEASDEL'S.

Star Horse Nails

Polished or Blued.

Have been used by Z. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guarantee to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a Shoe as longer than any other.

MADE BY THE

UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. AND RETAIL STORES.

G. H. TAYLOR, President. G. R. ROMNEY, Sec. and Treas.

TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO.,

DEALERS IN

LUMBER!

Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc.

Planing Mill and Yard, One Block East of U. P. Depot, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GEO. ROMNEY, Manager. G. R. ROMNEY, Assist. Manager.

Address all correspondence Box 504 & 505 W. South Temple Street

Deseret News Company

PIONEER

Bookbindery

OF THE WEST.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Bookbinding and Paper Ruling

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ABSTRACTS,

COUNTY WORK,

BLANK BOOKS,

AND SPECIALTIES.

COUNTY BLANKS.

PLANS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

JAVEY TAR BOARD and Best Grade of Materials Used to make our work durable.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

DO YOU WEAR HOSIERY?

We have Just Received an Agent's Line of Samples, comprising upwards of 1000 styles Ladies', Misses', Children's and Gentlemen's HOSE. Same will be placed on sale at about HALF REGULAR PRICE. Have complete stock of SHOES—all styles, prices, etc. Can save you money on Straw Goods, Boys' Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Prices Low as the Lowest. Our Terms: Spot Cash. Mail orders collected.

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 Main St.

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I. Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

JAMES-SPENCER-BATEMEN CO.

TINNERS

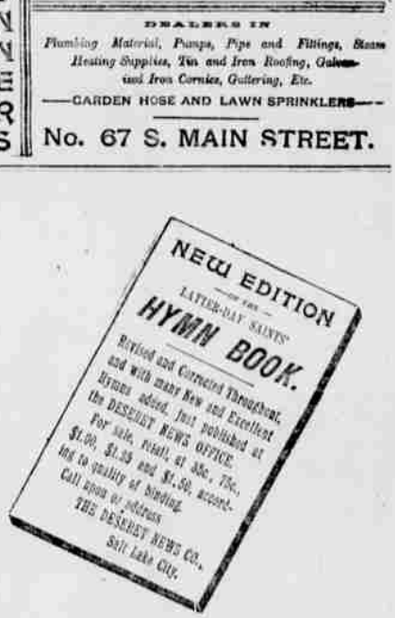
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

DEALERS IN

Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.

GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS

No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.



"CORTICELLI" KNITTING SILK. SUPERB WASH COLORS!!

"CORTICELLI" ROPE SILK, Wash, Embroidery Silk,

"CORTICELLI" ROLL DRESS BRAID ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

C. H. SAMPSON, Agent.