### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.



### POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

Thomas Dunn English, poet and poli-tician, was born in Philadelphia, June 25, 1819, and died in Newark, N. J., April 1, 1962. He studied medichie and was gradu-ated from the University of Pennsylvania admitted to the bar. All his life he took an active interest in politics, but never held any very conspicuous office He was state representative in 1850. He was admitted to the bar. All his life he took an active interest in politics, but never held any very conspicuous office He was state representative in 1850. He was admitted to the bar. All his life he took man from New Jersey in 1850. He was always of a literary bent, and in 1845 made the hit-which comes to all writ-ers of note at some time in their lives-when he wrote "Ben Bolt." Mr. Dunu was a prolific writer, and his literary work was of subjects. His latest and most natable poems were "Ballads of Irish History" and "Legends."

### BEN BOLT.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,

Bolt. Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown, Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile. And trembled with fear at your frown? In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt. In a corner obscure and alone. They have fitted a slab of the granite so

And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, Together we've lain in the noonday shade, And iscened to Appleton's mill. The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben

Bolt. Bolt. The ratters have tumbled in: And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze Has followed the olden din

### NOTES.

1

Molly Elliot Seawall, who is a great Molly Ethot seawal, who is a great friend and admirer of Cardial Gibbons, made a special trip from Nauhelm, where she spent the summer, to call on his eminence at Rome at the time of the pope's funeral. It is said that Cardinal Gibbons read "The Fortunes of Fifi," Miss Seawell's new novel, in manu script form, and that he laughed heart-ily over the interview of the little French heroine with Pope Plus French heroine with Pope Plus Seventh. The Cardinal is a frequent visitor at Miss Sewell's Washington home.

The chief of the bureau of equip-ment has advised the Bobbs-Merrill company that directions have been given to the commandant, navyyard, Brooklyn, to add "The Flligree Ball," by Anna Katherine Green, to the list for crews' libraries in the United States navy.

Hamlin Garland's new novel, Hesper, is just published by Harper & Broth-ers. In this story Mr. Garland has por-trayed a western mining camp in the mountains, and a stern revolt of the miners, as it has never been done be-fore-vividly, and with an accurate re-ultant that makes the hook valuable for alism that makes the book valuable for its distinctive American quality. To come aspects—he has brought his heroome aspects—he has brought his pero-ine. Hesper, a girl reared luxuriously in all the artificial conventions of the east. From this suggestive theme Mr. Garland has written a profoundly dramatic

Mark Twain so seldom goes out of his

day gift

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"The Enchanted Island of Yew" is the title of a new book of fairy lore by that prince of story tellers, L. Frank Baum, whose previous books, "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" and "The Life and Ad-ventures of Santa Claus" have delight-ed many thousands of children, is thought by the publishers to be the most beautiful children's book of the year.

The story is of the delightful adven-

"The Enchanted Island of Yew" is the

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the pathless wood, And the button ball tree with its mot-ley limbs, Which nigh by the doorstep stood? The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek for in valn; And where once the lords of the forest waved Are grass and the golden grain. Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt. With the master so cruel and grim. And the shaded nook by the running brook Where the children went to swim? Grass grows on the master's grave. Ben Bolt: The spring of the brook is den:

The spring of the brook is dry; And of all the boys who were school-mates then There are only you and I.

CHARACTER.

Here, while the tide of conquest rolls Against the distant golden shore, The starved and stunted human souls Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art. Your triumps and your glories vain, To feed the hunger of their heart And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts, howling near, Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and

shame-Is there no room for victories here, No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can The foe that in your midst resides, And build within the mind of Man The Emipre that abides. --William Watson

the romantic times of which she writes. She is now in Richmond, recovered and

again busily at work.

Boston, is still interesting to the cas-ual visitor: the farm where he spent his youthful days, and the house where as a child he romped and played, are still among the great "showplaces" of New England; but this is the most in-teresting of all; for here the greater part of life was spent. The sun was half way down the west-ern horizon, as I stood by the fast rest-ing-place of the Poet of Freedom. Memory ran back to the last time I had grasped his hand at Oak Knoll. Danvers, and taken from him a cheery God-speed on my way. The 85 years of his grand life came thronging through my memory; his kindness, his bravery. Mark Twain's story in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine lay in his mind 20 years before he wrote it, and when he finally set it down on paper the when he finally set it down on paper the words came without a break, nor did he change a syllable of it after it was written. With one exception, he says, this is the only story he was ever able to write this way, as usually he has to work hard over his short stories, writ-ing and rewriting them. The story is entitled "A Dog's Tale," and begins thus: "My father was a St. Bernard, my mother was a colle, but I am a Presbyterian." The development of the story holds surprises for the reader. Since the publication of the new pop-ular success, "Peggy O'Neal." by Al-fred Henry Lewis, some people have started to defame the character of this beautiful creature in the columns of different point and the story holds of the story holds of the surprise for the reader. his wonderful genius, and, with it all, his never-failing modesty of thought and action. Here lay a part of the nation and its history; here were the fingers that penned "The Prisoner for Debt," "The Branded Hand," and "Bar-bara Freitchie." Here with all the family about him, the plain but mighty poet is sleeping today, under a clear September sky, with now and then a fleecy cloud throwing its shadows upon the grass that covers him."-Extract

beautiful creature in the columns of different newspapers. This has brought the relatives and descendents of Peggy O'Neal-Eaton to arms, and some inter-O Neal-Ea(on to arms, and some inter-esting facts about this historical char-acter have been revealed. A third cousin has just written a let-ter to one of the leading Metropolitan newspapers in which she says: "Not-withstanding the shadow cast upon 'Peggy O'Neal' at one time by society, I am satisfied she was a true and honor-able woman. Our family of whom see

able woman. Our family, of whom we have records for many generations, has never been disgraced by one of its daughters: Peggy O'Neal might have been thoughtless or wilful or regard-less of public opinion, but nothing worse. Verily, Peg's crime lay in being an inn keeper's daughter and in being beautiful."

In "Little Storles of Journalism" Ju-lius Chambers gives in the November number of The Reader Magazine sev-eral true instances of the fact that newspapers often do as much good as some people like to say they do harm. The testimony is strong, and includes the true tale of the famous "Herald Hoax." about the escape of the wild animals from the Central Park Zoo. The McCutcheon Cartoon, Bert Leston Taylor's "Reading Sauce," a humorous article ion "Passionate Punctuation," and a burlesque of Mr. Dooley would alone keep up the magazine's reputa-tion for high class fun, even were sev-eral other little bits of foolish verse and prose absent. The more serious side is held down by Bliss Carman's article

page and text pictures in crayon, pen and ink, and wash make a most at-tractive feature. The volume is beau-tifully bound and the text and illustraborders of flowers. The type pages throughout are printed in two colors, and on practically every page there is an illustration in tint printed under the type. tions make it a most desirable holi-

The thousands of children who are to get this new book at Christmas time have a most delightful treat in store for them. Published by Bobbs Merrill Co. On sale.at Deseret News book store. . . .

"Songs of the Trees" is a delightful child's book by Mary Y. Robinson. There has been in fact nothing since the Greenaway books that deserves the appelation of classic in child literature as this daintily artistic book. Each month is the year has a sonarde chan. The story is of the delightful adven-tures of three little maids and the fairy, Prince Marvel, on the Enchanted Isi-and. The Island, by the way, was like a mince pie, and it was divided into four quarters, also like a mince pie, ex-cept that there was a big place in the center where the fifth kingdom called Spor lay in the midst of the mountains. In this kingdom giants were said to month in the year has a separate chap-ter and each is devoted to a separate tree. January has the holly tree. The tree. January has the holly tree. The first full page color picture is a sil-houette of a little child, around which is a border of holly. The next page contains a descriptive verse. Then fol-lows a page of music about the tree, and then the tree's biography in which is told in very simple language some-thing of its history. There are three full page pictures in color for each month, one of which shows in detail the biossom or fruit of the tree for the month. The book is unique in every In this kingdom giants were said to live, also roving bands of robbers and a magician named Kwytofile, who had the unpleasant habit of changing people into grasshoppers and June bugs. The explorations of Prince Marvel, however, proved that these were really harmaproved that these were really harm-less and very companionable people. The many illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory are printed in color, 12 of them being full page pictures, surrounded by

### WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

"I have always been a pfigrim to lit- | number is altogether a most entertain. erary shrines but this was one of the

mest interesting of my life. Not when I stood in the little Scotch cabin that they say is the birthplace of Burns; not when stately Abbotsford unfolded A DOG'S TAIL. (From Advance Sheets of Harper's not when stately Abbotsford unfolded itself to the gaze; not when by dint of bribing and coaxing I penetrated the sacred precincts of a girl's boarding-school and found Southey's famous study, where although his "days among the dead" were passed. hundreds of ly-ing authors had stood and sat with him; not in any of the former dwelling places of great men and women, wheth-er kings and queens by the human right of inheritance or the divine right of genius-have I felt deeper thrills of intense interest than in this quiet cot-tage where Whittier lived and toiled. The place at Danvers which he made his "half-way house" on the way to Boston, is still interesting to the cas-ual visitor; the farm where he spent Magazine for December My father was a St. Bernard, my mother was a coolie, but I am a Presbyterian. This is what my mother told

and the tenderness disappeared, I could work steadily and for eight years I have had no return of the trouble. My whole family believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Both my sons use them. We consider them a household remedy that we are sure about." This is convincing testimony, easily verified, from a plain, earnest man who knows that he has escaped the clutches of a terrible disease and who is profoundly grateful and anxious to me; I do not know these nice distinctions myself. To me they are only fine, large words meaning nothing, My mother had a fondness for such; ske liked to say them, and see other dogs look surprised and envious, as wondering how she got so much educa-But, indeed, it was not real educa-

profoundly grateful and anxious to

elp others. Mr. Meukel is a thritfy miner, and a

well-known citizen of Dubuque. No

his seventieth year as he is seen going to his daily work with vigorous step and erect bearing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did more for him than simply give relief. They eradicated the disease by getting at the seat of the difficulty in the shoat. They end on the difficulty of tion; it was only a show; she got the words by listening in the dining-room and drawing-room when there was the blood. These pills are equally effi-cacious in the treatment of other oband drawing-room when there was company, and by going with the child-ren to Sunday school and listening there; and whenever she heard a large word she said it over to herself many times, and so was able to keep it until there was a dogmatic gathering in the neighborhood, then she would get it off, and surprise and distress them all, from pocket pup to mastiff, which re-warded her for all her irouble. If there was a stranger, he was nearly sure, to be suspicious, and when he got his breath again he would ask her what it meant. And she always toid him. He was never expecting this, but thought he would catch her; so when she told him, he was the one that looked ashamed, whereas he had thought it was going to be she. The others were always waiting for stinate troubles such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sclatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, anaemia and all forms of weakness other is made or formla The second either in made or female. They are sold by all druggists, or may be obtained directly from the Dr. Williams Medi-cine Co., Schehectady, N. Y., fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and a box a half. ed especially to organ-grinders. Pem berton's name appears amongst others signed to an appeal by this society which declares, "that thousands of or-gan-grinders should be permitted to

was going to be she. The others were always waiting for this, and glad of it and proud of her, for they knew what was going to hap-pen, because they had had experience. When she told the meaning of a big word they were all so taken up with admiration that it never occurred to any dog to doubt if it was the right one: and that was natural because. perambulate our streets and squares for the purpose of grinding out an undesir, ed noise, not only by day, but often far into the night, is little short of scanda lous." the grass that covers him."-Extract from Editorial Correspondence," by Will Carleton, in Every Where. In "Little Stories of Journalism" Ju-lius Charphase sites in the Neuerphere for one thing, she answered up so promptly that it seemed like a diction-

promptly that it seemed like a diction-ary speaking, and for another thing, where could they find out whether it was right or not? for she was the on-ly cultivated dog there was. By and by, when I was older, she brought home the word unintellectual, one time, and worked it pretty hard all the week at different gatherings, making much unhappiness and despondency: and it was at this time that I noticed that during that week she was asked for the meaning at eight different as-semblages, and flashed out a fresh defi-nition every time, which showed me that she had more presence of mind than culture, though I said nothing, of course. of course. She had

and which the sluger She had one word which she always kept on hand, and ready, like a life pre-server, a kind of emergency word to strap on when she was likely to get washed overboard in a sudden way-





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## **BIGELOW CARPETS**

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way to commend a current book that any opinion he expresses is inevitably of interest. "I wish to thank you pardeularly," he writes to Harper & Brothers, 'for the volume III of Poult. ney Bigelow's German History. I have not seen the other volumes, but I find this one thoroughly interesting. I am not aware that there is another Ger-man history that can be charged with having that quality.' In which last statement Mr. Clemens is in accord with the author, who, referring in his with the author, who, referring in his prepatory remarks to the wheelbarrow loads of German history he has had to read, exclaims. "That sort of history is immediately useful, and I cannot do without it." But may merciful Provi-dence protect me from having to read it a second time."

A Conan Doyle, in his new book evia contains at producing something more than a volume of interesting and exciting stories. His purpose appears to be to reproduce a period of history ac-curately and with such attractiveness as to arouse the interest of the reader in the nerical test. in the period itself. It seems that, since his writing of the 'History of the Great Boer War,' Mr. Doyle has taken up the historian's point of view. In his preface to the volume of tales of the ulventures of Brigadier Gerard, follow-ng the army of Napoleon, Mr. Doyle

"I hope that some readers may pos-tibly be interested in these tales of the Napoleonic soldiers to the extent of fol-owing them up to their original sources. The age was rich in military ma-terial, some of the most picturesque and the most human that I have ever read." Mr. Doyle gives a long list of "Mem-oirs" and 'Souvenirs" of Napoleonic of-ficers that he has read, records of men from the Dragoons, the cavalry, the Cuirassiers, the Chasseurs, each rep-resenting the point of view of the part of the service to which the writer was back given a way comprehensive view ook gives a very comprehensive view of the spirit that animated the follow-ers of the "Little Corporal." The im-pressions of historical accuracy that the stories leave will probably give them an importance and a value beyond that which they have as merely bright and clever stories by Mr. Doyle.

Miss Mary Johnston's romance, Sir Miss Mary Jonnaton's container, on Mortimer, which, after a long postpone-ment, begins in Harper's Magazine for November, has been written under un-usual circumstances. The story was to have commenced publication in May, 1902, and the first instalments had been placed in the bands of the artist. Mr. F. C. Yohn, for illustration fell ill, and was unable to continue the work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers then announced the necessary postponement of the novel. Meanwhile Miss Jonhston had been ordered to Bermuda by her physician, and, as soon as she was per-ultted to write for an hour each day, pluckly resumed her work, expending, as is her custom, the most minute care upon her writing, until every paragraph upon her writing, until every paragraph received its due polish. Not content with the usual work of revision, how-ever, it is remarkable under the cir-cumstances that Miss Johnson has com-pletely rewritten many pages of the re-vised proofs, so anxious has she been to make Sir Mortimer her greatest novel. Evidence of this careful work is quite annarent in the November instalment. apparent in the November instalment, which is not only exquisite in diction, but has more of the natural spirit of the language of Queen Elizabeth's court -of the true Shakespearian languagethan almost any modern work that comes to mind. The heroine is a lady-in-waiting upon Elizabeth: the hero, Sir Mortimer, an officer in her majesty's feet, commanded by Sir John Nevil. It read and absorbed to enable her so richly to preserve the very aroma of

. . . It is claimed that there is a growing demand for things strictly American, and when a style can originate and en-dure in this country without bearing the "European Hall-mark," it seems that this claim has in truth some foun-dation.

dation. The Janice Meredith craze overran the young women of the country three years ago. But Janice is dead! And now we have Peggy O'Neal! You have read the new book—you know how fas-cinating she was. Peggy O'Neal prom-ises to be the rival of Janice Meredith. One of the things that no one can ex-plain is just why certain heroines of fact and fiction suddenly, sway the fashion of the day. The quaint dress.

fact and fiction suddenly, sway the fashion of the day. The quaint dress-ing at the Philadelphia horse show last week made it a by-word that the Peggy O'Neal syste had indeed become the vogue. The fashion started at New-port last spring. Philadelphia's lead-ing Newport belle appeared last week in the loose drooping, sleeved waist, and many flounced skirt of the Peggy many flounced skirt of the Peggy O'Neal attire. She also wore the Peg-gy O'Neal coral necklace and Brooch. An exchange says: "My Lady Mod-ish looks like an old time portrait this O'Nealisms threatens. At the Bellevue in Philadelphia, they are serving a Peggy O'Neal punch, and Peggy O'Neal bonnets are to be introduced by the young ladies of the Central high school,

dation.

### ≈BOOKS.≈

"Castilian Days," by John Hay, is published as a holiday edition byHough-ton Mifflin company. Secretary Hay's account of his travels in Spain is descriptive of the natural scenery, manners and customs of the people, public buildings, and the works of art, and has a wonderful charm for the render. Mr. Hay excels in description. whether of nature or humanity, and this book abounds in enthusiasm and vigor. Such is the conservatism of Spain, that, although written some years ago, the text covers practically everything a traveler would see today. In order to Unstrate this holdway of In order to illustrate this holiday edi-tion Mr. Joseph Pennell made a specia visit to Castile, and his numerous full.



prose absent. The more serious side is held down by Bliss Carman's article on "The Poet in Modern Life," and by considerations of the Danish sculp-tor Sinding, and of "The Haymaking of Authors." Among the poet's of the number are William J. Lampton, Ern-est Neal Lyon, Emery Pottle, and Mad-ison Cawein. There are also a dramatic article several short stories, and the est Neal Lyon, Emery Pottle, and Mat-ison Cawein. There are also a dramatic article, several short stories, and the opening of a new serial. "The Bishop's Carriage," and up-todate picturesque hovel, of which the heroine is a keen, well-mannered, and very feminine lady thief. But it is among the reviews that some people will find the hit of this month; for Mr. McCracken, the leading mouth-piece of Christian Science, reviews Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham's new Christian Science nov-el. There are many other reviews of books of current interest; and most prominent of all there is John Cecil Clay's portrait of William Dean How-

my memory; his kindness, his bravery his wonderful genius, and, with it all

### OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

London, Nov. 18.—When John Light, danchester "literary match-seller," died he other day, the town of De Quincy ost a genuinely picturesque citizen. The learned Armenian's incongruous wo employments of selling wax-vestas in the streets at night and engaging n profound literary pursuits by day nade him a well known figure, especial London, Nov. 18.—When John Light, Manchester "literary match-seller," died the other day, the town of De Quincy lost a genuinely picturesque citizen. The learned Armenian's incongruous two employments of selling wax-vestas on the streets at night and engaging in profound literary pursuits by day on the streets at night and engaging in profound literary pursuits by day made him a well known figure, especial-ly in the Manchester public reference library where he did most of his study-ing. No one knew just why this pov-erty-stricken but erudite Armenian had come to Manchester, but soon after he erty-stricken but erudite Armenian had come to Manchester, but soon after he became a fimiliar sight selling hils matches in the street it was noticed that he also was regular in his at-tendance at nearly every public place where works of reference could be con-suited. Most of the literary work he did was in the way of making transla-tions for his own satisfaction. He knew both ancient and modern Greek, Rus-sian, Latin and German, and was a loyal disciple of Tolstoy, whose works he used to read in various languages. On the subject of comparative religions

On the subject of comparative religions he also was surprisingly well informed, Nearly all his earnings from the sale of matches, the Armenian devoted to buying learned works, and a Sanskrit dictionary thus acquired was his dearest possession.

# It seems to be the general idea that A. Conan Doyle will have to put up a rattling good political fight if he suc-ceeds in his forthcoming attempt to get faito parliament. The doughty au-thor's opponent for the Hawick Europen-tion and the successful and the successful and the successful and the thory opponent for the Hawick Europenthat division at Westminster since 1892. He is also so good a lawyer as to have become a king's counsel and will be a hard man to beat. However, "Dr." Doyle is fighting under the Chamberlain tended of "Protection for England"

boyle is ngining under the chamber of the standard of "Protection for England," so perhaps he may be more fortunate than three years ago, when he "stood" for election in central Edinburgh, only to be defeated.

It was quite a happy thought on the part of the members of the Dickens fellowship of this country to elect as its new president Henry Fielding Dickens, the novellsts's only living son. Ap-propriate, too, for there is no more enthusiastic "Dickensite" in England than the prominent king's counsel, who literally knows his father's works by

she happened to fetch out a long word which had had its day weeks before and its prepared meanings gone to her dump-pile, if there was a stranger there of course, it knocked him groggy for a couple of minutes, then he would come to, and by that time she would be away down the wind on another tack, and not expecting anything; so when he'd hall and ask her to cash in. I (the only dog on the inside of her game) could see her canvas flicker a moment-but only just a moment-then it would belly out taut and full, and she would say, as calm as a summer's day. "It's synonymous with supererobooks of current interest; and most prominent of all there is John Cecil Clay's portrait of William Dean How-The Youth's Companion for this week is a Thanksgiving number, and has a cover design showing a colonial figure, in the costume of the early times, with open Bible in his hands, in suggestion of the Thanksgiving spirit. There are several interesting stories, and the had read "Martin Chuzzlewit." Heirry Fielding Dickens was the novelist's fifth son, and like all his brothers ex-cept the eidest, Charles, was named after one of his father's favorite writ-ters. The other sons were called Walter Landor, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tenny-son, Sydney Smith, and Edward Bui-wer Lytton Dickens respectively.

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