

LITERATURE



THE PARADOX OF TIME.

(A Variation on Bonsard.)

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
 Ah, time stays, you say? Ah, no!
 Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
 Time stays, you say? Ah, no!

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
 Time stays, you say? Ah, no!

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
 Time stays, you say? Ah, no!

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
 Time stays, you say? Ah, no!

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
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Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
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Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
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Strange that life's Registrar should
 write this day a day, that day a day!

Mine eyes, my brain, my heart, are sad
 —sad is the very core of me!
 All wearies, changes, passes, ends; alas!
 The Birthday's injury!

Friends of my youth, a last adieu!
 Happily some day we meet again;
 Yet ne'er the self-same men shall meet;
 The years shall make us other men!

The light of morn has grown to noon,
 Has faded with eye, and now fare-
 well!
 Go, vanish from my life as dies the
 twinkling of the camel's bell.

Anthony Hope has just sent the final
 "copy" for his new novel, "Quisance,"
 to the American publishers of the book.
 It will be published in book form by
 Frederick A. Stokes company in the
 early autumn, and will not appear serially,
 as the author prefers this course.
 In the case of this novel, which will
 display his versatility and strength in
 a decidedly new light.

Paderewski sailed for Europe on the
 16th of May, after a wonderfully suc-
 cessful season in America. During his
 travels he has been working upon
 "The Century Library of Music," which
 the Century company will soon begin to
 publish, with Mr. Paderewski as editor-
 in-chief. It will appear in twenty vol-
 umes, containing richly illustrated ar-
 ticles upon the great composers of the
 world, written by other composers, and
 with music which will include the cream
 of pianoforte literature, including
 Paderewski's entire repertoire, each
 piece newly fingered, phrased and ped-
 al-marked according to the latest and
 highest standards. The work is being
 prepared under Mr. Paderewski's per-
 sonal supervision. The first volume
 will appear in September.

Ever and anon Golett Burgess, de-
 parting from under the sign of the Purple
 Cow, takes an excursion into the
 regions of virile verse. His latest ex-
 cursion has resulted in a rousing ex-
 cursion in poetry to a certain Willy
 to "leave the lady" upon whom Willy is
 hopelessly dancing attendance, and to
 "come and have a man talk." It ap-
 pears in the May Criticism. Here is
 a stanza of this poem. Mark the
 swing and the stir of it.
 Leave the lady, Willy; you are rather
 young.
 When the tales are over, when the
 voices are sung of time,
 When the men have made you, try the
 girl again!
 Come along with me, Willy; you'll be
 better then.

Come and have a Man Talk!
 Forget your Girl-Divine Talk!
 You've got to get acquainted with a
 higher point of view!
 Girls are bound to fool you;
 We're the ones to school you.
 Come and talk the Man Talk; that's
 the cure for you!

In all the fury of popular approval of
 the historical romance, who has space
 for the modern?

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creep on in petty space from day to day
 And all our yesterday have lighted fools
 The way of dusty death."

Procrastination is the thief of health
 as well as the thief of time. There are
 few things in which pro-
 crastination is so much
 indulged as in let-
 ter writing. We
 mean to write, but
 "to-morrow creep
 on" and we
 neglect it.
 This is bad
 enough when
 pieces of the cor-
 respondence is
 social or busi-
 ness in its character, but when it con-
 cerns the vital issue of health it is
 infinitely worse.

This touches you, if you are one of the
 women who have felt inclined to take
 advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of a con-
 sultation by letter. You have
 studied the evidence which shows how
 other women have been cured. You
 cannot doubt that Dr. Pierce's Fa-
 vorite Prescription does cure diseases
 peculiar to women; irregularity, ulcer-
 ations, inflammations, bearing-down
 pains. You cannot doubt it, because
 of the force of the testimony of hundreds
 of thousands of weak women made
 strong, and sick women made well, and
 you mean to write to-morrow.

Write to-day. Your letter will be read
 in private, its contents guarded as a
 sacred confidence, and an answer
 promptly mailed you in a plain envelope
 without any prying upon it. Address
 Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"When I wrote you about my ailments I was
 living in Richmond, Va.," writes Mrs. M. V. Va-
 time, of 62 South Liberty Street, Galesburg, Ill.
 "I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite
 Prescription, four of the 'Golden Medical Dis-
 cussion' and four of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pel-
 lets. Before I had taken four bottles of the
 Favorite Prescription my heart felt grate-
 ful, but will confirm the truth of all I say if
 those who will kindly stamped envelope for
 reply."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are a natural ad-
 justment to beauty. They clear the complexion.

a thought to the probable feelings of
 Mr. Howells over the assemblage of all
 that is antagonistic to his theories of
 art? Nothing could be more opposed to
 the realist's creed than the principles
 on which historic fiction is based, and
 if union is strength, why should the ro-
 manicist, each sleeping jauntily on
 his single way, carry the day so over-
 whelmingly before the sturdy band that
 so long held the field? At a recent din-
 ner given by the National Sculpture
 society and the Society of Authors, Mr.
 Howells had an opportunity to de-
 clare both the optimistic and de-
 pressed reflections to which the present
 condition of letters has brought him.
 He said: "When I see people reading
 the nine hundred and ninety-ninth
 thousand of the latest historical ro-
 mance, my heart sinks; but I do not
 lose my faith that, when some great
 novelist divides how to report human
 nature as truly such romance re-
 port it falsely, people will read him,
 too, in the nine hundred and ninety-
 ninth thousand."

Mr. Howells' inference by comparison
 of the wholesale departure from life in
 romance is rather sweeping and unjust,
 in view of some of the excellent char-
 acter-drawing to be found in some of
 these apparently popular books. If a
 figure not only stands on its feet, but
 moves, acts and speaks in a way to
 impress a personality upon us in any
 memorable way, then we may be sure
 that he is as much like life as many of
 the people we drift against in the hu-
 man tide of towns. But if by "human
 nature" Mr. Howells means the true
 environment, the atmosphere that peo-
 ple of a given time create for that pe-
 riod, then we would, with some timidity,
 refer him to the June Scribner's, where
 he may find his contempt on an article
 on "What is Historic Atmosphere," by
 the author of "When Knighthood Was
 in Flower."

Mr. Howells, by the way, makes a re-
 turn to his old publishers, Houghton
 & Mifflin, in the two little plays which
 that firm has just brought out in ar-
 tistic form, "Bride Roses," which came

with one of the most perfect pieces of
 literature which the world has ever
 seen, and we earnestly hope that it will
 be widely read.—American Book com-
 pany, New York, Cincinnati, and Chi-
 cago.

"The Art of Optimism as Taught by
 Robert Browning" is one of the hope-
 ful, helpful books whose very title is
 enough to draw those who believe in
 facing the light of those who would
 like to believe in a light to face. It is
 the title of an address by President
 William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin Col-
 lege, which is just coming from T. Y.
 Crowell & Co.'s press.

BOOKS.

The Monk and the Dancer is the title
 of a new book by Arthur Coslett Smith.
 Some light, interesting stories, with
 the charm of humor and keen observa-
 tion in them. The monk from the
 Monastery of La Trappe, who falls in
 love with a dancer, deserts the brother-
 hood to follow her, and is deserted by
 the wayward lady in the case because
 of his too innocent devotion, is a char-
 acter indeed. Although he could speak
 four languages he still had much to
 learn, and as the dancer said, "The
 language has no name and no words,
 but it is universal," and then she gave
 him a lesson as she put her arms about
 his neck and kissed him. He follows
 the faithless one to Paris, and sees her
 dance at the Folies-Bergere, and re-
 turns to the monastery. Other tales in
 the volume are humorous and enter-
 taining, excellent summer reading, but
 nothing to give the reader any head-
 ache from the strain of thought.

"Chickens Come Home to Roost" is
 the title of a novel by Mr. L. B.
 Hillis, whose scenes are laid in Vir-
 ginia before and during the Civil War.
 The opinion quoted below of one fami-
 liar with the locality described and with
 events and incidents upon which the
 narrative hinges, will amply atone for
 a review of the book. S. R. Hall, writ-
 er of it in The Free Lance, Fredericks-
 burg, Va., says: "Readers who delight
 in books with quaint titles will surely
 find one in a new novel of the season,
 which bears on its front cover the above
 familiar old maxim. Nor will its
 quaintness of title be the only feature
 in which lovers of good fiction will de-
 light. Although its first appearance
 was in September last, it is already in
 a late edition and bids fair to have
 an immense sale."

"The interest of 'Chickens Come Home
 to Roost' to book-lovers in this section
 of Virginia, and the motive prompting
 this review, lies chiefly in the fact that
 the scenes of the story are laid on the
 banks of the Rappahannock river, about
 fifteen miles from Fredericksburg, and
 the tale throughout abounds in scenes
 and incidents familiar to the readers of
 the Free Lance."

Few writers outside of our South-
 ern authors have taken the Old Domi-
 nion, with its days of chivalry and hos-
 pitality as a warp on which to weave
 a tale of love and tragedy. One does
 not doubt, after reading this book, that
 the author has more than a superficial
 knowledge of the country around the
 historic Rappahannock, Fredericksburg
 and the battle field of Chancellorsville.

"One of the most praiseworthy fea-
 tures of the novel is its artistic and
 beautifully descriptive qualities. The
 time is that of the great civil strife
 and the interest of the story at the be-
 ginning clusters around the family of
 Phineas Strong, a Quaker, who had
 moved into Virginia just before that
 memorable period, and whose simple,
 peaceful life had been shattered by the
 war. The hero is a little drum-
 mer-boy in the Federal army, who
 fought in the battle of Chancellorsville,
 and was taken from the side of his
 father's dead body at the close of that
 disastrous conflict, to live with the
 Strong and to become acquainted with
 Phoebe Strong, the heroine. But to
 many readers the most thrilling part of
 the book is that of the trotting race at
 the County Fair, in which the hero and
 his pet mare—Dewey Iris, are the chief
 figures. The description of the race is
 truly the work of a master hand. In
 the author has attempted something
 rarely, if ever, attempted by any other
 writer, the feat of bringing a climax
 into each of the three heats of a race.
 That he has succeeded needs no further
 evidence than the fact that the reader
 is held in almost breathless suspense
 from the time the necks of the speedy
 racers dash under the wire down to the
 tragical finish near the close of the
 third heat."

MAGAZINES.

C. A. Stephens contributes an inter-
 esting story to this week's number of
 the Youth's Companion. The title is
 "The Remarkable Diploma of Newton
 Marsh," and the story tells in how
 humble a way a sturdy young fellow
 obtains an insight into civil engineer-
 ing and the unique diploma awarded
 him for his clever attainments through
 the mere chance of "looking on" at the
 work done in an Institute of Technol-
 ogy. The Professor's Club is the story
 of a fight in Arizona between the Uni-
 ted States soldiers and the Apache In-
 dians, and the excellent service done
 in the fray by an eccentric individual
 who had been the laughing stock of the
 party. A third of the interesting in-
 stallment of "The Cushing Brothers" is
 the serial, and the usual number of
 bright articles and children's stories
 make up the number.

The Juvenile Instructor for June list
 has an interesting list of contents be-
 ginning with a sketch of the "Life of
 John Henry Smith in the Lives of our

Leaders" series, and followed by the
 interesting serial by Neph Anderson
 entitled "Marcus King, Mormon." "A
 Trip to Lake Valhalla," by W. H.
 Chamberlain, and "A Hand From
 Heaven," by Jay Max, among the
 new articles. "A Ballad of Vegetables,"
 and "The Missionary's Photo" com-
 prise the poetry in the number and
 "Editorial Thoughts" and "Topics of
 the Times" with an interesting child-
 ren's departmental make up the issue.

The Engineering Magazine for June
 is even unusually rich in timely and
 important articles. Admiral Highborn,
 chief constructor U. S. N., leads the
 number with a splendid illustrated re-
 view of the submarine Boat, discussing
 it ably both as a mechanical develop-
 ment and a tactical factor. He gives
 striking and little-known facts as to the
 long-demonstrated success, and argues
 convincingly for its adoption by the
 United States as an essential element
 for the defense of a long and insuffi-
 ciently protected coast line. Another
 authoritative military feature is an il-
 lustrated article on "The Disappearing
 Gun Carriage," by G. H. Powell, sec-
 retary of the board of ordnance and forti-
 fications, U. S. A.

James O'Connell, president of the In-
 ternational Association of Machinists,
 contributes a paper entitled "Piece
 Work Unnecessary for Best Results in
 the Machine Shop," summarizing the
 labor view of the advanced system of
 wage-fixing and works management.
 The Magazine editorially explains the
 importance of understanding the em-
 ployer's position, but makes a strong
 answer showing that new methods are
 the corollary of modern machinery.
 Hugo Diemer contributes an important
 series of articles on "The Commercial
 Organization of the Factory," his initial
 paper discussing Classification of Shop
 Orders." R. P. Bolton presents an il-
 lustrated discussion of "The Power Equip-
 ment of the Tail Office Building." J.
 Esdaile Florence, in another illustrated
 article, sounds a word of warning re-

Our paths lead closely by the paths
 of the sun;
 We two, we two, we live in love eter-
 nal.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cen-
 tury.

IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine
 hour.
 To sow in and reap. Is it thistle for
 flower?

'T is the seed is at fault, though Jove's
 hand stayed the shower.
 Make way for thy comrade with double
 thy power.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee
 grace
 To begin with the best and their re-
 cords efface.
 Had thy sandals been winged. Step
 down from the race;
 One swifter than thou art would run
 in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy
 chance,
 Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off
 mischance?
 Let fall thy vain weapon; a thousand
 advance
 To rush on and conquer with thy broken
 lance.
 —Grave Denio Litchfield, in the Cen-
 tury.

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLE-
 NESS, NEITHER SHADOW
 OF TURNING."

It fortifies my soul to know
 That, though I stray, Truth is so near.
 That, however I stray and range
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steeper step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
 —Arthur H. Clough.

Don'ts for Book Lovers.

Don't borrow books from private libra-
 ries.
 Don't lend books. No one will treat
 your books as you yourself do if you
 love them.

Don't leave a book "face down," i. e.,
 open.
 Don't shut a book up with anything
 bigger than a narrow ribbon in it.
 Don't turn down corners.

Don't mark a book in any way unless
 it's your own.
 Don't scorn cheap books if you cannot
 afford better publications.

Don't buy cheap books if you can af-
 ford better ones.
 Don't keep books on open shelves if
 you can avoid it.

Don't forget that bookcases with
 dust-proof glass doors are the best
 company in the world if read un-
 derstandingly and appreciatively.

Very Old.

A brick dating from the fortieth cen-
 tury before Christ is surely an object
 to be treated with respect. Such a
 brick, which is believed to be the oldest
 in existence, was not long ago exhib-
 ited at the Academie des In-
 scriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris by
 Monsieur Henzey, the keeper of the
 Louvre.

It is curved in shape, and although it
 has been baked, shows no signs of hav-
 ing been pressed or modelled. The
 maker's mark is upon it, but that mark
 is very primitive in character, being
 merely the impress of the manufac-
 turer's thumb. As brickmaking was one
 of the earliest of the arts, this brick
 must date back almost to the dawn of
 civilization.

This interesting relic of early times
 was discovered at Tello, the ancient
 Sumerian city, by the French
 archaeologist, Dr. Sarze.

Medallion Coupon

A \$20.00 Enamel Me-
 dallion Free with
 a dozen photographs if
 you present this cou-
 pon this month.

Shipley & Son,
 The Up-to-Date
 Photographers,
 Hooper Block

THE MISSION

OF SAN CUBO AND SAN CUBO CA-
 THARTIC TABLETS is to prevent and
 cure Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and
 all Uric Acid diseases.

For years I was tortured with rheumatism,
 I tried many remedies without getting re-
 lief. Some months ago I commenced tak-
 ing the famous CALIFORNIA'S MISSION
 REMEDIES. I followed directions carefully,
 taking SAN CUBO, applying CALA CACTUS
 LINIMENT to my stiffened joints and using
 SAN CUBO CATHARTIC TABLETS to drain my
 system of impurities. At first I experienced
 little benefit, but after giving the medicines
 a fair show I seem to be PERMANENTLY
 cured. Judging from my own experience
 these remedies will do for others what they
 have done for me, if given a fair trial.

J. F. GRIMES,
 Head House Painter,
 Pelican Building, San Francisco.

California's Mission Remedies.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qual-
 ifies a person to give ad-
 vice 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 thou-
 sand cases come before
 her each year. Some per-
 sonally, others by mail.
 And this has been going
 on for 20 years, day after
 day and day after day.

Twenty years of con-
 stant success—think of
 the knowledge thus
 gained! Surely women
 are wise in seeking ad-
 vice from a woman with
 such an experience, es-
 pecially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle
 of Lydia E. Pinkham's
 Vegetable Compound at
 once—then write Mrs.
 Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Our paths lead closely by the paths
 of the sun;
 We two, we two, we live in love eter-
 nal.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cen-
 tury.

IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine
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 To sow in and reap. Is it thistle for
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'T is the seed is at fault, though Jove's
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Don't turn down corners.
 Don't mark a book in any way unless
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Don't scorn cheap books if you cannot
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 Don't buy cheap books if you can af-
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Don't keep books on open shelves if
 you can avoid it.
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