DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

MISS BULL RECOVERS

FEARFUL DECLINE OF STRENGTH COMPLETELY ARRESTED.

Medical Skill Had Almost Exhausted Itself in Vain Attempts to Relieve Her-A Remarkable Result.

The recovery of Miss Gertrude L. Bull from her long illness, the begin-ning of which dates back to the spring of 1900, has not only relieved wide-felt anxiety among her many friends who had long despaired of any improvement In her condition, but, owing to the re-markable obstinacy of the case, is of great interest to the medical world,

The attack of pneumonia, which her already weakened system in November of 1900 and threatened to carry her off, was successfully resisted, after it had confined her to bed for a month, but a bad cough followed it and lingered all through the following sum-mer. It seemed impossible to break it up or to restore her strength which had been sadiy undermined. Allopathic and homoeopathic doctors

tried to help her but their best efforts could not check the steady decline of her vital energies. Then she used some advertised modes of treatment, but when she saw her condition daily grew more serious in spite of all that was done, she for a while discontinued all medicine and gave herself up to despair

"What was your condition at this time?" she was asked. "My stomach," said Miss Bull, "was

so weak I could not keep food down. I suffered from constant nausea. My kidneys were in terrible condition. My feet and ankles were swollen so budly that it pained me even to stand on them. I was very bilious. My heart was in bad shape so I could not go up and down stairs or stand any exertion, and I could not lie down in a natural attitude but I had to be propped up by pillows when I slept.'

"It seems a wonder that you should ever have recovered. How did it happen

"You may well call it a marvel," con-tinued Miss Rull, "but Dr. Williams" Pink Pills wrought it. None of my friends the 't I could live many months long. My parents had no hope. I could not have escaped death of at the bast more than demonstrations as I if, at the last moment, despairing as I was, I had not had courage enough left to try just one thing more. I learned of it by the merest chance, but it was the one thing I needed most, the one thing that saved my life. When a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Fale People was thrown in our door it was a great event for me. In our door it was a great event for me. These pills saved me from the grave. Within a week from the time I began to take them I felt better, and in three months I was entirely well. I do not know that I can say any more except that I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly and that I dearly hope that my experience may bring good to some other sufferers."

cured by this great blood remedy, resides at Union Grove, Illinois, Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills checked the fearful decline of her strength, and rectified the disorders which had disturbed nearly every organ of her body, be-cause they act immediately on the blood, purifying and enriching it and making it earry fresh vitality to every part. In the case of all debilitating diseases such as lung troubles, grip, fe-vers, and in all cases in which the system is thoroughly run down, these pills perform wonders. They are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Deliverance," has been styled the novel par excellence of the whole year; nonhave duled to it a fair share of dia-thretion. In England, where a book by an American author has to be very guod to be read, extended comment has been made upon its power in the delineation of elemental impulses of hu-man life. Truly, no book of recent years has had a wider reading.

Mary sohnston, the disciple of the historical romatice, has been open to leas unanimous commendation in the writing of "Sir Martimer." On both sides of the writer there have been sharp flings at what the critics termed the states there?" of the somethic had the "stage play" of its romantic dent. According to the list of "best sellers," however "Sir Mortimer" has kept well in the lead of the season's books.

* * *

By the vigorous expression of her views upon the "bourgeois" character of American literary in a recent number of the North American Review. Gertrude Atherton has at least defined that the failings are inherent in our fiction. Pettinesa of theme-one of the faults she pieles out-"Rulers of Kings" certainly has not, English comment finds in it too much rampant Amercanism to jump with the Briton's oride. It is considered Miss Atheron's most pretentious work.

BOOKS.

The system! That is the cry of Count Pini-Pizzatelli all through "Dorothea," the new morel- by Maarten Maartens,

In no publication of recent years has Monte Carlo's mad gambling fever been so realistically and impressively por-trayed. Mnartens has the gift of sketching a place, conveying its at-mosphere by the things people do there. Pages of description would convey less than Count Phil's ceaseless bargainings and chafferings with the Holy Virgin. The fover of his love for gambling curries him on to every gambler's ultimate fute. It is an artistic touch that the last we hear of him in the book is that he is winning. His wife has become infected with the fever, and it is sho who has made the most recent bargalu with the Virgin. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish the book, which is said to be one of the best selling of

the summer, _ . . .

"What was my surprise," writes the descendant of an effete civilization who is the author of "As a Chinaman Saw Us," recently published by D. Appleton & Co., "to see a huge, overgrown, useducated Irishman, gross in every par-ticular, who used the local 'slang' so fiercely that I had difficulty in under-standing him. He had been a police officer, and I understand was a 'graf-

This is an educated Chinaman's first

impressions of a political boss, "This man had a fund of humor," continues the writer, "which was displayed in his chapping me on the back would be interesting to learn the Chi-and calling me 'John.' The 'Boss' ap-peared much interested in me; said he "toppy," and "bum."

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Dix, Edna K. Wallace, Owen Oliver, Elizabeth Duer and Beatrice Hans-

Ainsiee's novelette in the October number is by Anne Warner, who, though a comparatively new writer, is already the author of a successful book, "A Woman's Will." The nevelette to it is one of the most entertaining stories, long or short, that has appeared in a long time. Its title is "The Maid and the Widow:" it has the great ad-

introduction, which has just appeared without a word of abridgment, in Hen-ry Newboll's "Monthly Review,"

F. Marlon Crawford, who spent the months of May. June and July in Rome, has left the Eternal city for his vilia at Sorrento, where he is finish-ing his new novel, "Whosever Shall Offend." This is a story of present day life in Rome and Sicily, its here be-ing a bright Italian child of whom has a bright Italian child, of whom however, certain persons attempt to make a criminal. This will be Mr Crawford's thirty-eighth romance, one or more of them having appeared eve-ry year since he began novel-writing with "Mr. Isaacs" in 1882.

Rider Hangard has not stopped think. lug about his queer dream in connec-tion with his dog, Bob. In fact, he hasn't been allowed to, people from all over the country having been writ-ing to him concerning it. The ques-tion as to whether this animal, in dying, communicated with its sleeping owner, is still being discussed in th newspapers, and a few days ago it was announced that the Physical Research society intended to investigate the matter. Meanwhile the author of "She" in a letter to the Times, declares that the many letters he has received seem to prove almost beyond question that to prove almost beyond question that telepathic intercourse does exist he-tween man and dogs, horses, cats and event birds. But by far the most inter-esting part of Mr. Haggard's second letter is a theory which he puts forth as to the possibility that the same sort of soul exists in both human be-ings and animals. "What is there," he asks, "to show that man has reached finality in his knowledge of such woninality in his knowledge of such woners? Surely the daily increasing stor I science indicates that revelation i still have much to learn as to fl indamental openess of animal life, o idead, of all life? A flame set in ase of pure glass shows brightly: 1 a vase of porcelais, dimiy; in a vase of rough clay, not at all, or only through its cracks and imperfections. Yet the flume may be identical-of the same neat, light, power, and size; it is but the surrounding material that varies or, in the case which I strive to illus

Young Lady-Yes, and isn't he a trate, the groas or less gross physical body of the particular creature whereby peach? Ah, he's a peachering, and don't you forget it. that flame--i. c., the animating and in-spiring principle which comes we know not whence and goes we know not whither--happens to be enclosed." Young Ludy (passing a friend-Ah, there! Why so toppy? Nay, nay, Paul-ine! This in reply to remarks from a

friend; then turning to me, 'Isn't she af jim dandy? Say, have you any girls Certainly English writers have been having weird experiences of late. Mr. Haggard's dog story was run close by the ghostly experiences of Stephen Phillips at Egham, but they are both outclassed by the things Mrs. Cump-bell Praced has to tell about her com-munications with a reincarnated Ro-man maiden. When Mrs. Praced's new book, "Nyria," which has to do with the Eternal City, appeared recently, there was a statement in the introduc-tion that the romance had been practic-ally dictated by an English girl in in China that can top her? "These are only a few of the slang expressions which occur to me," continues the anonymous writer of "As a Chinaman Saw Us," recently published tion that the romance had been girl in ally dictated by an English girl in whom the soul of an early Roman dam, sel evidently dwelt, but, of course, no sel evidently dwelt, but, of course, no one took the thing seriously. Mrs. Praced, however, declines to be disbe

lieved, and now she has given the ex-act details of how she made the acquaintance of the reincarnated one and

quaintance of the reincarnated one and how they wrote a hovel in partnership. The real "Nyria," it seems is a "well brought up young lady, who moved in excellent society, but who doesn't care for personal publicity." Mrs. Praed and her "find" met at a hotel abroad, so the writer says, but nothing was said about old Rome until, one day, antiquarian matters came un-der discussion. In these Mrs. Praed is

one day, antiquarian matters came un-der discussion. In these Mrs. Praed is deeply interested. "Now," she says. "It so happened that I had with me two stones. One of them was a stone that I had myself picked up from the Temple of Jupiter Capito-linus at Rome. The other came from Ceylon. I showed them to her. She



19

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FOR REMOVING WRINKLES It is without an equal. FOR DEVELOPING THE BUST or restoring a wasied breast lost through aursing or sickness, MAKING THIN CHEEKS PLUMP, and filling the hol-lows of a scrawny neck, there is no other preparation in the world that has any comparison. SPECIAL OFFER.—The regular price of Dr. Charles Floah Food is \$1.00 a box, but to introduce it into thou-sands of new homes we have decided to send two (2) boxes to all who an-swer this advertisement and send us \$1.00. All peckages are sent in plain wrapper, postage prepaid. FREE.—A sample box which con-toins enough of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food for anyone to ascertain its great for anyone to ascertain the great for anyone to ascert to pay for cest of mailing. Our book, "Art of Massage," while contains all the cor-rect movements for massaging the face, neck and mms, and full direc-tions of developing the bask, will also be sent with this sample. **DD CUADICC ON** 108 Fellon St.

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A third large English edition of E. praheim's ingenious novel of , "Anna, the Adventuress," ha just been printed to supply the infourth American edition was might out by Little, Brown & Co., Bates, some time since, and it conbe one of the best selling boks of the day.



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

The following beautiful poem, though written by a man comparatively un-ineed of lefters, is justly entitled to rank as a classic in poems of motion. It has been widely copied and quoted and it is with pleasure that we are in to these readers hitherto unacquainted with the poem; are in to these readers hitherto unacquainted with the poem;

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the Valley of Silence-Down the dim, volceless valley-alone! And I hear not the fall of a footstep Around me, save God's and my own; And the hush of my heart is as holy As hovers where angels have flown!

Long age was I weary of volces Whose music my heart could not win; Long age was I weary of noises That freited my soul with their din; Long age was I weary of places Where I met but the human-and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly; I craved what the world never gave; And I said: "In the world each Ideal, That shines like a star on life's wave, Is wrecked on the shores of the Real, And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect. And still found the False with the True; t sought 'mid the Human for Heaven, But caught a mere slimpse of its Blue; And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal Velled even that glimpse from my view.

And I tolled on, heart-tired of the Human; And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men; Till I knell, long ago at an altar And I heard a voice call me:-since then I wilk down the Valley of Silence That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley? The my Trysting Place with the Divine. And I foll at the freet of the Roly. And above the a voice said: "Be mine." And there arose from the depths of my spirit An echo-"My heart shall be thine."

Da you ask how I live in the Valley? I weep-and I dream-and I pray, But my tears are as aweet as the dewdrops That fall on the roses in May; And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers, Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence i dream all the songs that I sing, and the music floats down the dim Valley, Till each finds a word for a wing, that to hearts, like the Dave of the Deluge, A, message of Peace they may bring.

But for on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach: And i have heard sonas in the Silence, That never shall float into speech And I have had dreams in the Valley, Teo lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley-ahl me, how my spirit was stirred! And they wear holy vells on their faces, Their footsteps can scarcely be heard; They pass through the Valley like Virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley. Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care? It light afar between mountains. And God and His angels are there. And one is the dark mount of Sorrow. And one is the bright mountain of Prayer! And one the bright mountain of Prayer! -ABRAM I. RYAN.

NOTES.

dello (page 454 of the three-volume edi-tion of Browning's works, London, 1863):

asked her what were the two finest

lines in the language. He answered his own question by quoting from Soi-

As the king-bird with ages on his plumes Travels to die in his ancestral glooms. Another poet who exercised the strongest influence upon Swinburne was Ros-setti. Speaking of the friendship be-tween them, W. J. Stillman has writ-ten in his "Autobiography of a Journal-"I have heard Swinburne say that but for Rossetti's early poetry he would never have written verses; but this, I think, must be taken conditionally. Swinburne has the poetic tem-perament so decided and so individual. nd his musical quality so exalted, that t was impossible that he should not have shown it at some time; but it is possible that Rossetti furnished the spark that actually 1 died the fire. Perhaps Swinburne himself cannot trace the vein to its hidden sources, and confounded the mastery of Rosserti's temperament and the personal mag-netism he exercised on those who came into those relations with him with an intellectual stimulus which, strictly speaking, Rossetti did not exercise. He was too specialized, too exclusively ar-tistic in all his developments, to carry much intellectual weight, and Swin-burne was more fully developed in the purely intellectual man; but the warm-est friendship existed between them. I often saw Swinburne at Cheyne Walk, and when they were together the paint-cr's was certainly the dominant per-sonality, to which Swinburne's attitude was that of an affectionate younger brother.' . . . Will Irwin, co-author with Gelett urgess of "The Reign of Queen Isyl" Burgess of "The Reign of Queen Isyl" and "The Picarcons," is an almost ido-latrous worshiper of animals. During his life he has had almost every kind of a pet, from a white mouse to a cow. His three times. dearest animal chum was a black cat who, from her prowling, thievish hab-its was given the name "Picaroon," which served later as the title for the last Burgess-Irwin book. The Picaroon was a great inspiration to Mr. Irwin during his writing and used to always sit by the typewriter and play with the rubber eraser that hung from it by a string. Mr. Irwin, when he came east a few months ago, was obliged to leave Picaroon behind in San Francisco. Only a few days ago he received n heart-breaking telegram telling of Plcaroon's untimely death, and he de-clares the demise of his favorite has robbed him of all desire to write. In a discussion which has been going on as to the supposed find of a new poem by Charles Lamb, there seems to me to be too great a readiness to decide against its claims, says Walter Jerrold in the academy. The piece in question is entitled "Dick Strype, or the Force of Habit, a Tale by Timothy Bramble." and it appeared in the Morning Post of Jan. 6, 1802. The prime evi-dence in favor of Lamb's authorship is dence in favor of Lamb's authorship is a sentence in a letter which he wrote to John Rickman (Jan. 14, 1802), in which he said, referring to his connec-tion with the Morning Post, "I shall only do paragraphs, with now and thes a slight poem, such as 'Dick Strype.' if you read it, which was but a long Epigram." On the other side it has been mointed out that is one of several ap. pointed out that in one of several any thologies published about the middle of the century under the title of "Casket of Gems." the lines are credited to one Charles Westmacott. The evidence in favor of Westmacott is no strongen than that in favor of Lamb. The ediable. tor of the "Caskett" took the plece from a volume published in 1823 with the a volume published in 1823 with the title "Points of Misery; or, Fables for Mankind: Prose and Verse Chiefly Original. By Charles Westmacott" (Il-lustrated by Robert Cruikshank). There is nothing to differentiate the original from the borrowed items-except in one instance, that of an article almost bodiinstance, that of an article almost bodi-ly lifted from a magazine of a few months earlier--and I feel convinced that "Dick Strype" was among the lat-ter. There are a few slight changes made from the Morning Post version; half a dozen topically pointed lines are omitted, the line "And curs'd Rebecca" is altered to "And scoided oft Rebe-ce," while the name of the tobacconist referred to becomes "Wishart" instead of "Kirkman." In the omitted lines are sathic references to Pitt and Wilber-force, both of whom Lamb referred to in another letter as "public and fair same." I have been unable to ascertain the date of Westmucott's death, or to

ome other sufferers." Miss Bull, who was so remarkably

us with a new and symbolical cover design in colors, by Dan. Beard, the celebrated cartoonist. It contains four timely papers that will be of special in-terest to the public since the eye of the world is now centered upon Russia and

Japan. The first of these deals with "The Situation in the Russian Interior," and is written by a German journalist who has but recently completed exten-sive travels through Russia. While there, the author made careful and crit-ical investigations of the political, sotal, and economic conditions, the result vantage of novelty, for it takes the of which appears in this well-consider- reader far from the beaten tracks and of which appears in this well-consider-ed paper. The other contributions deal with Japan. Prof. John Ward Stimson discusses the Japanese Renalssance; Robert Hyson writes of the Electoral Wisdom of Japan, and Prof. Edwin Maxey opens a series of three papers dealing with great crises in Japanese history. This first paper is concerned with the opening of Japan to the world, accomplished through the instrumen-tality of Commodore Perry. Among other papers that will appeal to thoughtful Americans in this issue of "The Arena" are "The Reign of Graft and the Remedy" by Congressman Baker; "The School and Certain Social Tendencies" by Prof. Winthrop D. Sheldon, LL. D., of Girard college of Philadelphia. "The Church and Stage After Five Years, 'by the Rev. George Wolfe Shinn, D. D.; "The Athens of Pericles" or "The Most Socialistic City of the World," by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, and "New York as an Art Center," by F. Edwin Elwell, director of ancient and modern sculpture in the Metropoli-tan Museum of Arts. This last paper is magnificently illustrated. There is also a vigorous discussion of the presi-dent, Mr. Knox, and the Trusts by Allan L. Benson, who for some time has been the editor of "The Detroit Times, while Dr. Charles C. Abbott contributes a delightful nature study of animal character as seen through the "Win-dow of the Soul"-the eye, There are two complete novels, seven short stories and six serials, including a new one, in the 194 pages of the Oc-tober Popular Magazine. Surely quan-tity is here, and a glance at the titles and authors shows that there is quality and authors shows that there is quality also. 'Chip, of the Flying U.' a rattling good story of ranch life in the far west, by B. M. Bower, and "In Which O'Rourke Saves a Throne," a spirited romance by Louis Joseph Vance, are the complete stories; and the serials are by such sterling writers as E. Phillips Oppenheim, Max Pemberton, Richard Marsh, Burford Delannoy, Frederick R. erty. Burton and Hugh H. Lusk-the latter an Australian novelist of great promise. The short stories are as follows: "The Case of the Boss Mason,' by Scott Campbell: "The Blantyre Stable," by Campbell: "The Blantyre Stable," by Charles Steinfort Pearson; "Empty Sleeve's Daughter," by W. Bob Hol-land; "The Fast Mall Contract," by George Ethelbert Walsh: "The Invest-ment of Camp Elyslum" by H. Addison Bruce; "The Wizard Toy Concern," by W. L. Wendell; and "Griffing, Guard-ian of Bidseye's Honor," by Osgood H. Williams.-Street & Smith, New York. vol. Williams .- Street & Smith, New York.

by the Appletons. It inclines one to speculate us to what charming board-ing school afforded the young lady such thorough and intimate knowledge of The book consists of translations of letters written in Chinese by an educated Chinaman to a friend at home. If

A FATAL ERROR

his offair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is

how to get rid of him and his business. You

cut him short with, "I am not interested."

SOZODONT

is essential to one whose breath is not pure

and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices,

it deodorizes, sweetens and purifies them,

and makes you feel genteel and clean-out,

3 FORMS, LIQUID, POWDER PASTE.

had heard I was no 'slouch,' and knew I must have a 'pull' or I would not be where I am. He wished to know how

we run elections on 'the Ho-Hang-Ho.' When I told him that a candidate for

a governmental office never obtained it until he passed one of three very

it until he passed one of three very difficult literary examinations in our nine classics, and that there were thousands competing for the office, he was parelyzed—this is, he said he was, and volunteered the information that he would not be in it' in China. I thought so myself but did not say so. Many governors in China do not have the same power and influence us this

the same power and influence us this

Here is another sample of American

dassical conversation as recorded in

Heathan Chinee-It is very dull this

Young Lady, (sententiously)-Bum.

Heathen Chinee-I hope it will be less

Young Lady-It's all off with me all

right, if it don't change soon, and don't

Heathen Chinee-I wish I could do

Young Lady-Well, you'll have to get

a move on you, as I go back to school omorrow; then there'll be something

Heathen Chines-Have you seen ----

the book:

Week, Miss-

ou forget H

lately!

A man steps into your office, draws up

The first important novel to be pub-lated by the Macmillan house this au-tuma vill be "Captains of the World." Mis Gwendolen Overton, the author of "The Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne unel," begins if this novel a series of atometed studies of modern Ameria life and conditions. The various duses of the contest between labor and rapital are her theme; and her book as very real addition to the recent instrial novels. The heroine is aghter of a capitalist, who forces her to an engagement with an Italian mightforward, honest labor leader. Rebook is by far the most important. wk which Miss Overton has done.

Certrude Atherton, author of "Rulers "Kings," has recently returned to Manich from a visit to the little village Waal, where she witnessed an admir-is presentation of the Passion Play the peasants. The play is given there th the same sincerity and simplicity scharacterized Oberammergau at the mining. The peasant players are of laborers and domestic servants to cheerfully return to their work aft-the play is over. Mrs. Atherton and at party recognized in the principal marater of the reverent performance tyres eask who prepared their meals. Is was the father of 12 children, eight whom figured in the play. The cos-

mes of the actors were rich and beau-

Anne Warner, the creator of the in-mitable "Miss Clegg," is in private life Nrs. Charles Ellis French of St. Paul, Mins, "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," and, "The Marrying of Susan Cleas, able appeared in the Century maga-the last November, was her first short way to attract attention. The book willed "Susan Cleag and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," which will contain en-train provide the summand for testy new material, is announced fo ableation early in October by Messre. Ittle, Brown & Co. " 'Miss Clegg' is to stable a creation as 'Mrs. Wiggs.' but as unlike the 'Lady Bountiful of the blage Patch' as she is unlike any o blage Patch' as she is unlike any o Miss Wilkins' New England types, tars Jeanette L. Gilder in the Critic.

Swinburne's enthusiaam for Brown-is survived the loss of many of his utler illustons. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff gives us in his "...otes from a Diary" an interesting little illustra-tion of this preference: "A lady men-thand, at dinner that Swinburne had



find any biographical particulars about him. Were such ascertainable, they him. Were such ascertainable, they might help to decide the question.

Will Carleton while traveling recently in a stagecoach among the Green Mountains is said to have fallen into a literary conversation with a prosper-In the course of converous farmer, sation the farmer, who had no suspi-cion of the author's identity, quoted from Mr. Carleton's poems to illustrate some point he was trying to make. "Oh, that's from Carleton!" said the poet, that's from Carleton!" said the poet, "and I never have been in the habit of believing half he said." The farmer eyed him a moment somewhat con-temptuously, "Well, stranger," he re-torted, slowly, "I don't know yu, hor I don't want to be uncivil, but if you ever know half as much as Will Carle-ton does you'll know twice as much as you do pow." you do now."

. . . Mr. F. Marion Crawford has spent the summer on his estate in Sorrento. He has finished his new novel, "Whoso-ever Shall Offend," and it will shortly be published by the Macmillan com-pany. Its scenes are laid in modern He Rome and Sicily.

The Century company reports that the third edition of "The Rose of Old St. Louis" is now on the press. The sixth edition of "Tillic: A Mennonite Maid." has been issued, and the tenth edition of "When Patty Went to College" has just come from the press. Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Four Roads to Paradise" has been printed

. . . Thomas Hardy continues to inspire other writers to make books about him and his work. The late Lionel John-son's interesting study of the Wessex novels was followed by a work on their scenes by Mr. Windle, and now Charles Harper, who has written many typo-graphical books, announces a volume on "The Hardy Country." It will be

lavishly illustrated.

It is announced that the English memorial to R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," has not only been fully paid for by the subscriptions, but the committee reports a surplus of £20, which has been presented to the pen-sion fund of the Authors' society. As memorial funds are prone to run short of rather than to exceed the required sum, the popularity of the memorial is

. . .

Among the books of the year that have been counted good by common consent of the best critics stand three, written by women; these are "The De-liverance," Ellen Glasgow's novel of the tobacco fields; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston, and Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings." Some have been moved to comment upon the fact that a constantly increasing class of women writers has begun to usurp the honors of the literary laurel, hereto-fore so closely guarded by men, claiming that the feminine mind is better capable of grasping and portraying the significant facts of life in their many manifestations. For such the circum-stance of these three authors' successes probably comes as evidence indisput-

> By some Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The As a health HOSTETTERS maker, tonte and monthly regulator, the Bitters will be found qualled. That's

. . .

STOMACH

Ainslee's for October contains an or-iginal and highly entertaining novelette entitled, "The Maid and the Widow," by Anne Warner, who has recently published a clever novel, "A Woman's by Will." Other contributors whose names are familiar to readers of fiction

familiar fields of fiction into an entirely new atmosphere, among new people and new scenes. It is an extremely

clever piece of work. Ainslee's standard of humorous fic-tion is well sustained, if, indeed, it is not exceeded in a story called "The Wrath of Man." by M. H. Vorse, in the October number. It was manifestly written by an American, for, though it has a foreign setting, the situations are such that it must average the set are such that it must appeal irresistibly to the American sense of the ridiculous.

There is a good long laugh in it. The second part of Agnes and Eger-ton Castle's serial story, "The Heart of Lady Anne," appears in the October number of Ainslee's. The charm of the author's delightful style and their peculiar felicity in the drawing of fem-inine characters, which was so striking "The Incomparable Bellairs," and "The Bath Comedy," is even more in ce in his delicious tale of Lady Anne Day's experiences,

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 volumes will be added to the Public Library Monday morning, Sept. 26, 1904:

MISCELLANEOUS. Balzac-Love letters, 2 vols Bateson-Mediaeval England. Brown-Foe of compromise. Burdick-Mystic mid-region. Busbey-Trotting and racing horse

n America. Curtis-Republican party, 2 vols. Hulbert-Great American canals,

Kilburn-Chamber music,

Kinley-Money. Kuhns-Dante and the English poets. Leland-Alternate sex, McCurdy-Leoardi da Vinci, Reich-Success among nations,

Rinder-Old world Japan, Scherger--Evolution of modern lib-

Strange-English furniture and decoration.

Strange-French interiors, furniture

and decoration. Sturt, ed—Personal idealism, Taine—Life and Letters, 2 vols. Thwaites-Early Western travel,

Vizetelly-Emile Zola.

FICTION.

Bacon-Diary of a musician. Calton-Port Argent. Merriman-Last Hope. Morris-Pagan's Progress Parker-Ladder of Swords, Peattie-Shape of Fear, Reed-Love Letters of a Musician, Reed-Later Love Letters of a Musi-

Roberts-Rachel Marr. Truscott-Mother of Pauline.



to lose anything as the result of strength of the "foreword." introduction was submitted, however his recent trouble with the exthough it had been highly approved by ecutors of the late George Gissseveral of Gissing's friends, it did not at all please the novelist's executors. They refused, in fact, to have it in-corporated in the book. Wells, for his Gissing's two little boys, howwritten, so matters reached a deadlock, "Veranilda" is to appear minus the er remedies. It never fails in cases of Sick Headache. Cramps, Bloat-ing, Fainting Spells, Back-nche and Indi-grestion. Try a bottle.

instantly astonished me by telling me exactly where the stone must have come from in the Temple of Jupiter

come from in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. About the other-from Ceylon-she was hopelessly wrong. "Naturally I was quite amazed, es-pecially as I knew that my young friend had never been in Rome, so I asked her to tell me more about the temple, about which I knew most of what can be known, as I had been working up the subject for a book I wrote a few years before. "Imagine my wonder, when she de-scribed the whole temple as it must have stood in the days of Domitian,

scribed the whole temple as it mitao, have stood in the days of Domitiao, telling me to the minutest detail where everything was, north, south, east, and west. It was all exactly as I knew it must have been, and come details I have verified since.

"After that first talk I made a point of seeing her again, and of getting her to speak about ancient Rome. The more I heard the more I was amazed Nearly everything she said about the place I have verified. She spoke to me even about such things as Martial's little house by the Tiber-you know the house, mentioned in his Epigrams-and

nouse, mentioned in his Epigranis—and Juvenal's jealousy. "Gradually I began to find in her talk references to a certain Domina— the lady of the novel, and 'Nyrja's' mis-tress. I asked her about this, and so, little by little, draw, out of her the little by little, drew out of her the whole love story told in the book."

whole love story told in the book." Easily enough, apparently, for Mrs. Praed continues: "When once 1 had convinced 'Nyria' that she had no need to be frightened about my betraying her beloved Domina. I merely had to sit at my typewriter, and it was as much as I could do to keep pace with her. That was later on in the course her. That was later on in the course of the story. We had a 'Roman talk' nearly every day for two or three months. At first, I held Nyria's hand. Then I used to take notes in a shorthand of my own and transcribe them the next day. Finally I used to type-write from 'Nyria's' dictation almost straight away.

Mrs. Praed is hurt at the scepticism with which her story of these doings has been received and, like Mr. Haghas been received and, ince all this gard, she "welcomes all investigation." Meanwhile, horrible prospect! she is getting ready to publish the "actual notes" of her confabs with Nyria to demonstrate that she is no myth. HAYD. N CHURCH.



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ing. over, are to be the poorer because of it. The thing is especially unfortunate of it the reason that Gissing left little or nothing, in consideration of which fact it may be remembered, his children rewhy so many women use it to the exclusion of all oth-er remedies. It

