

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE BLOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

O blood of the people! changeless tide, through century, creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempted by sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas:
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies:
Indian, Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the sounding unifies all!
One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men!

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arrogance stalks apart;
Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of the common heart;
Where the masses honor straightforward strength, and know when veins are bled.
That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's blood is red.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE BURDEN-BEARERS.

Say, growler, with the loaded hod,
You think you carry weight
Enough to crush you to the earth;
And curse the cruel fate
That puts the heavy load on you
While other men go free
Of all the burdens that you bear—
As far as you can see.

You think because a man is rich
And does not lug a hod,
That he has nothing else to do
But live and loaf and nod,
And wear fine clothes and eat fine food,
And whoop it up for fair—
Well, you don't know a little bit
About a rich man's care.

Look at the wrinkles in his face,
And note those tired eyes,
And see him turn away from food
That you would think a prize;
And see the marks of age on youth,
The gray hair on his head—
You lay your burden down at night,
He carries his to bed.

Say, growler, would you like to sleep
With that hard hod of yours,
And have it scrape you down the back
And spoil your soothing snore?
And give you dreams to make the night
A wretchedness that brought
You to your morning work again,
An old man overwrought?

Your load is heavy, none denies,
Your days are hard and long,
And labor in excess, no doubt,
Seems little short of wrong;
But wealth is not a cure for that,
Whatever it may do—
Thank God you do not have to take
Your hod to bed with you.

—William J. Lampton in Leslie's Weekly.

NOTES.

The death of Henry Harland will re-awaken interest in his books, especially in the last one he published, "My Friend Prospero." Autograph collectors will be glad to know that an autograph edition of this book, on fine paper and in special binding, was brought out at the time of the publication of the regular edition. This de luxe format has a fine colotype portrait of Mr. Harland, signed by him. It was limited to 500 copies, of which only a few are still unobtainable.

The late Henry Harland was as far as possible from being a snob, but he made a quiet claim to being as good as the best of the English nobility. In fact, as most of his closer intimates knew, he insisted that he had a right to resign himself "Harland Bar." He believed himself to be a dormant baronet of the United Kingdom in direct descent from a son of Admiral Sir Robert Harland, who emigrated to America about 1770. The family acquired large estates in Connecticut, but when the baronetcy was supposed to expire in 1848 they did not claim it, for by the laws of the state of Connecticut then existent, to have done so would have

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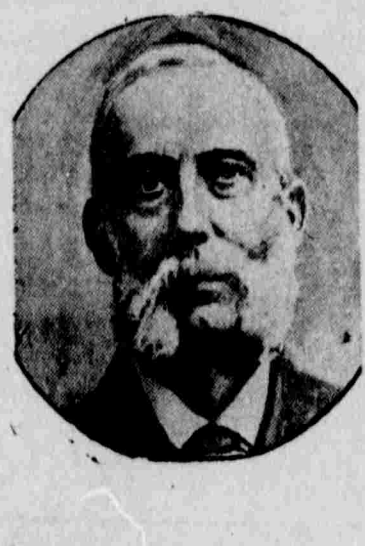
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meant a sacrifice of a large portion of their land. The Harland claim to the barony of the English nobility, and Mr. Harland himself was an only child and he leaves no children.

The lady who writes as "George Paston" in his brochure on Swinburne, just published in a little volume by McClure, Phillips & Co., expresses himself somewhat whimsically and fantastically, he manages frequently to hit the mark in his appreciation and judgment upon the great poet's work. Its once salient characteristics he thus describes: "Swinburne first took the world with melody. The opening chorus of 'Atalanta in Calydon' was, in the ears of men, a new singing voice on earth. Its music stamps the memory of whoever hears it beyond any possible oblivion. The cadence and phrase are both characteristic of the poet's original genius, and so was their inseparability; they are one in the manifold of their syllables and they flash out in their full what can only be called a color of sound. This is the peculiar and arresting poetic gift of Swinburne, the lyrical irreducibility of the verse like a mother-of-pearl sea, like a green wave breaking in tempest, like a rainbow spray before the beak of his driving song; it is a marvel that changes but falls not, a witchery of language, a vocal incantation in the rhymes, an enchantment in the measure of sound and pause and elision—a purely metrical gift."

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A writer in the London Times says



COM. ELBRIDGE GERRY.
Who refused to subscribe for Pads and Pencils.



COL. WILLIAM DALTON MANN.
Editor of Town Topics, who lost the suit.



YOUNG SOCIETY MAN
Who furnished Town Topics With Spicy Scandal of Society People.

that the late Henry Harland has left in manuscript a completed novel, and that it will doubtless be soon published. Mr. Harland, by the way, claimed that he was a baronet of the United Kingdom by direct descent from a son of Sir Robert Harland, who emigrated to this country about 1770 and whose descendants allowed the baronetcy to expire in 1848 for fear that the laws of Connecticut would deprive a foreign titled personage of the possession of landed property in that state.

A new story of the far west is to be issued this month by Little, Brown & Co. Its author is H. B. Ward, it is entitled "The Sage Brush Parson," and it deals with characters and incidents in the desolate wastes of Nevada.

A posthumous work of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, entitled "Man, the Social Creator," will be published in March by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Meredith Nicholson, the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," has had a varied experience for a man still considerably below forty. From a study of the few lines of biography printed in the reference books it seems that he has done nearly everything but go to school. The schools within his reach, he says, were not designed for a boy with no capacity for mathematics. The only formal education he received was in the public schools of Indianapolis, which he quit rather miserably in the first year of high school. He then worked for three years in job printing offices, learned stenography, read law for a couple of years in an office where nobody cared if he read poetry, at 18 took a prize offered by the Chicago Tribune for a short story, studied languages with a private tutor, and then went into the newspaper business for 12 years, beginning as police reporter and becoming in due course an editorial writer and book reviewer. He has written much verse, and put forth a book of poems at 22. He has published a social and critical history of Indiana called "The Hoosiers," and two novels prior to "The House of a Thousand Candles." Mr. Nicholson lived in Denver for three years, where he was treasurer of a large mining corporation. He has printed several essays in the Atlantic Monthly and poems in all the leading periodicals. Malloy, whom he quotes on the title page of his new story, with it may be said, a wink at the reader, is his favorite author.

Peter Rosegger's colloquial retelling of the gospel, "I, N. R. I.—A Prisoner's Story of the Cross," is achieving the same success in England as in America. The well known Rev. R. J. Campbell, in a sermon preached in the City Temple, London, lately, spoke glowingly of the book as follows: "It is the most beautiful paraphrase of the gospel story I have ever read, and the writer, of course, makes the freest use of his familiar material. Does he imagine for one moment that any person in the wide world will suppose that the book is literal history? No, but it contains a story for all that, and what is more, from these pages the earthly Jesus stands forth a vivid and lovable personality."

BOOKS.

Little, Brown, & Co., the Boston publishers, by special arrangement with Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who has received from Henry Stenckiewicz the exclusive right of translating all that author's works into English, have published a new historical romance of great power and interest, entitled "On the Field of Glory." This important work is the only one written by this renowned author since the year 1900, when he completed "Knights of the Cross." The scenes are laid in Poland, and the period is the reign of the famous King John Sobieski, just before the Turkish invasion in 1682 to 1683. Stenckiewicz has woven a wonderful romance of great brilliancy and strong character drawing, and in no book by the author of "Quo Vadis"—a story whose sale has not been equalled by any modern work of fiction—has he displayed his great genius more strikingly.

In "On the Field of Glory" he tells a charming, tender, and passionate love story of remarkable intensity, and gives the reader acquaintance with characters not inferior in vigor and interest to those of the great trilogy. The complete work is presented for the first time in this translation by Mr. Curtin, whose intimate acquaintance with all the Slav languages is famous, and whose mastery of Polish and remarkable power in interpreting Sten-

kiewicz have received world-wide recognition.

Mr. Stenckiewicz has recently been awarded the Nobel Prize of nearly \$40,000.—Little, Brown Pub., Boston.

Moffat, Yard & Co., are publishing "The Invisible Bond," by Eleanor Talbot Kirkland, a new writer in fiction of much power. It is a forceful story of life and character in the Kentucky of today. Two women of strongly opposing type and character, strikingly drawn and powerfully contrasted, dominate the story, which is developed about their alternating influences upon the character and career of the hero. Roger Bolling, at first discovered could not conceal his birthright. After all inherited character again prevails, and Roger follows a natural, if unexpected course, to an end which will fully satisfy the thoughtful reader as well as the lover of romance.

The book abounds in strong and dramatic situations and vivid character-

An American Edition of Only Two Rare Copies.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Lord Lovelace, whose mother was the oldest daughter of the poet Byron, is now publishing privately a book which will probably be worth its weight in silver at least when the rich book collectors begin to discover its value from their viewpoint. It is to do some thorough washing of Byron family linen for the benefit of that much tried lady, the poet's wife. There were so many false statements in circulation about the Byron family affairs that, after long deliberation, the poet's grandson decided to get the truth and the book do not become public property. He even went so far as to send a copy of the manuscript over to the United States and had it put in type there, and is having two copies of it published on the same day as the book is to appear here, so that the copyright may be completely protected. The type from which the book was set in the United States will be distributed at once after the two copies are printed. In fact, I believe the deed is being done this week.

The reason for all this expense in the publication of only two copies of a book is to enable the noble Earl to read in the book, but the Earl of Lovelace, who is a scholarly, serious-minded, and most punctilious gentleman, of 66, has been at great pains to see that the contents of the book do not become public property. He even went so far as to send a copy of the manuscript over to the United States and had it put in type there, and is having two copies of it published on the same day as the book is to appear here, so that the copyright may be completely protected. The type from which the book was set in the United States will be distributed at once after the two copies are printed. In fact, I believe the deed is being done this week.

As to the English edition, only 200 copies are being printed on beautiful thick paper, and with choice bindings, and these are to be distributed among such personal friends as are considered by the Earl to have a legitimate interest in the Byron family affairs. These volumes, which probably cost the author about \$15 each, will be Christmas presents worth having, for, aside from the literary interest, it is safe to say that each volume would bring a tidy sum immediately, and, of course, the value will increase steadily. The fact that the volumes are printed and that they probably cannot be held literally to have been published at all, is likely to be fortunate for the distinguished author, for I understand the book contains material that might produce a rich crop of libel suits. It is said that the book makes a vigorous effort to clear the name of the author's grandmother at the expense of his grandfather, which can do no harm, as the poet's reputation was about as much damaged as it could be already, so far as morals go.

The distinguished countess, who is known to the reading public simply as the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," has been in London for a few weeks, just at the time when everyone is talking about "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," the author's latest book. Of course, the literary set among the social elite have made much of her ladyship. I learn that on her return to Germany she wrote the book "Priscilla's Fortnight," which, like "Elizabeth," has nothing to do with the delightful "Elizabeth" of the author's previous books. Furthermore, I can announce that, for the first time, the author has consented to serial publication.

Eden Philpott's new novel, which is to be called "The Whirlwind," has been absorbing him completely of late, and is now nearly finished. From what I happen to know of the plot, I can say that the story promises to be even a more profound tragedy than his predecessor, "The Secret Woman." It deals, of course, with the author's beloved Dartmoor. As soon as he finishes the work he is going to start post haste for the continent to get rested, and any publisher who says "book" to him for a month or two will do it at his own peril.

Maurice Hewlett, who has now recovered from his recent illness—although he still looks rather pale—is well on toward the completion of a novel which he believes to be about the

finest work he has ever done. Of course, every author is inclined to think that of his latest work—although I doubt if Mr. Hewlett felt that way about the "Fool Errand." But in the case of this new novel, those who have had the privilege of a glimpse of it share the author's feeling about it. It is to be a distinct departure in one way from anything the author of "The Forest Lovers" has ever done before. The scenes are laid in the times of less than seventy years ago. It is expected that the book will be ready for publication by the middle of next year.

Anyone who has the good luck to see Mr. Hewlett's library is bound to be envious for evermore; it is a large double room in which the book cases begin some six feet up from the floor and extend clear up to the high ceiling on three sides of the room. There must be several thousand volumes there, all fragrant of old leather, and not one of which looks new or unused.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

THE RED MASK.

There are for many reasons, few diseases more dreaded than erysipelas, and it has, not inaptly, been termed "St. Anthony's Fire." There is no disease which so completely deforms and disfigures the visage of the patient; and it may fairly be compared to a red mask.

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once burst forth, it is almost as dangerous as it is repulsive. Arising from a variety of causes, running its course with pain—it often ends suddenly in death. The old treatment consisted of blood letting, and the use of strong drastic purgatives.

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Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose stopped? Do you sneeze at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent pains in the forehead? Do you have pains across the eyes? Are you losing your sense of smell? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are you losing your sense of taste? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh. Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiosyncrasy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rid the system of the poisons that cause catarrh. Blood Balm (B.B.B.) purifies the blood, does away with every

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DEAFNESS.
If you are gradually growing deaf or are already deaf or hard of hearing, try Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). Most forms of deafness or partial deafness are caused by catarrh, and in curing catarrh by B. B. B. thousands of men and women have had their hearing completely restored. Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) is pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for 20 years. Composed of Pure Botanic ingredients. Strengthens Weak Stomach, cures Dyspepsia. Price \$1 per large bottle. Sample sent free by writing Blood Balm Co. At all times describe your trouble, and special free medical advice to suit your case, also sent in sealed letter.

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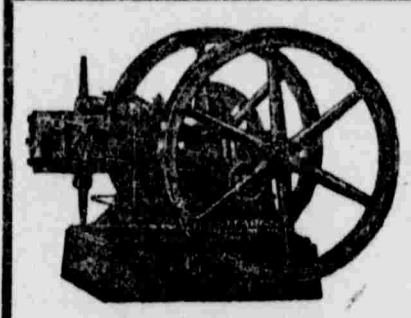
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