



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

LIFE AND LOVE.

There is something to live for and something to love
Wherever we linger, wherever we rove;
There are thousands of sad ones to cheer and sustain
Till hopes that were hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love,
For the spirit of Man is like garden or grave.
It will yield a sweet fragrance, but still you must toil,
And cherish the blossoms, and culture the soil.

There is something to live for and something to love,
'Tis a truth which the misanthrope ne'er can disprove,
For tho' thorns and thistles may choke up the flower,
Some beauty will grace the most desolate bow.

Then think on it, brother, wherever thou art,
Let the life be for men and the love for the heart.
For know that the pathway which leads us above
Is something to live for and something to love.

—From "Poems by Richard Realf."

THE CONSERVATIVE.

At twenty, as you proudly stood
And read your thesis, Brotherhood,
If I remember right, you saw
The fatuous faults of social law.

At twenty-five you braved the storm
And dug the trenches of Reform,
Stung by some gadfly in your breast
Which would not let your spirit rest.

At thirty-five you made a pause
To sum the columns of The Cause;
You noted, with unwilling eye,
The heedless world had passed you by.

At forty you had always known
Man owes a duty to His Own,
Man's life is as man's life is made
The game is fair, if fairly played.

At fifty, after years of stress
You bore the banner of Success,
All men have virtues, all have sins,
And God is with the man who wins.

At sixty, from your captured heights
You fly the flag of Veiled Rights,
Bounded by bonds collectable,
And hopelessly respectable.

—Edmund Vance Cook.

NOTES.

Where there's a will there's a detective story.
Incidents will happen even in the best regulated novels.
One touch of Kipling makes the whole world kin.
The title is its own Mrs. Humphry Ward.

—Carolyn Wells.

He doesn't make a dollar by his pen, and he is getting shabby and pale. A month or so later O. Henry saw the same writer in the same office, and the editor was talking to him earnestly. "You had better go back to New Orleans," said the editor. "Why?" said the young man. "Some day I may write a story just as well in New Orleans," said the editor. "And you can save board bills." "Board bills?" ejaculated the young man. "What do I care about board bills?" "I have an income of \$20,000 a year from my father's estate."

A new edition of Keats' poems is to be brought out in London at an early date. The text has been carefully edited and collated with the manuscripts whenever possible, and a general critical introduction, with specific introductions and notes to the separate poems, has been prepared by Mr. E. de Selincourt, who has also supplied a chronology of the life and works of the poet, an essay upon the sources of his vocabulary, and an illustrative glossary.

The widow of the late Henry M. Stanley has recently been presented by the New York Press club with a remarkable tribute to her husband's great achievements and character. It is in the form of an illuminated address on vellum bound in morocco, and it places "upon its records expressions, however inadequate, of their respect for him as a man (and at one time an American citizen), as well as their admiration for him as a fearless and enterprising journalist, a brilliant writer, a brave soldier, a venturesome and undaunted explorer, and a successful discoverer."

The address points out that it was with the assistance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald that Mr. Stanley obtained "his first substantial success in the work that made his name famous and unparalleled in the history of the world," describes his success as an explorer and as an author, and concludes with the following words: "To his personal courage, undaunted energy, and great determination, he joined a remarkable business faculty and a literary style which was charming and picturesque, therefore he is regarded as the New York Press club feels a pride in forwarding to his widow, the accomplished Lady Stanley, these expressions of its admiration for her distinguished husband."

Writing upon "Balzac, the Man and the Novelist" in a London periodical, John Oliver Hobbes has these pertinent things to say: "In his romances Balzac had many manners. His stories, in their style, are now melodramatic, now idyllic, now metaphysical; now historical, Rabelaisian or fantastic; now drawn from the provinces, or inspired by the ray of the city of the sun, or the Alcazar, or buried in the back shop of an obscure town; now in the courts of princes, now in the squalor of these neighborhoods. But the writer himself, whether describing a wrangle in a boarding-house, or a dialogue between mystics, or an atrocious crime, or a martyr's death, or a scene of boisterous comedy, or the farrow of lovers, knew his own inimitable self-command in observation. There we have the secret of his fascination for some readers and his repulsion for others. Many admire, but more detest, self-command—this power of detachment. His good sense in not falling rapturously enamored of one's own characters, the genius for presenting a plot with justice to all the parties concerned, that physician's entire care for a bad case which may seem bathos at first, and weariness at last, to the lay mind. With all Balzac's exuberance, his passionateness, his unreasonableness, and his eccentricities amounting to a kind of insanity, his compositions are probably the least emotional of any creative author. 'I have a horror,' he writes to his sister, 'of betraying my own feelings in literature.'

The Centenary edition of Emerson's works which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. now have ready, complete in 12 volumes, contains a large amount of hitherto unpublished material. Among this new matter are seven addresses by Emerson, five essays, and seventeen poems. The edition, moreover, contains the only complete commentary on Emerson's writings ever published. This is in the form of notes furnished by Dr. Edward W. Emerson, the son of the author. There are over 1,000 pages of notes.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. ALIBO YOUNG HOPKINS.

The above cut shows a picture of Mrs. Alibo Young Hopkins taken sometime during the early 80's when she was a member of the popular and jolly set of young people known as the "Wasatch crowd." She is a daughter of the late Apostle Brigham Young and Mrs. Catherine Curtis Young, and in her girlhood married Charles E. Hopkins of this city, leaving shortly afterwards for Idaho, where she has since resided.

making an average of nearly 90 pages per volume. The general index contains 174 pages, by means of which the reader may quickly refer to passages on any subject about which Emerson wrote. The volumes are fully illustrated, especially in the case of the Concord subscription edition, which has a variety of beautiful photographs from nature.

"The Secret Woman," the new novel by Mr. Eden Phillips, is announced for publication in January by The Macmillan company. Rude and romantic characters, descriptions of lonely and picturesque Devonshire scenery, and a simple plot in which love and passion are the main factors, are the chief elements of the very strong hold which Mr. Phillips has gained on the reading public. His characters have human faults, but in general they are of high mind and purpose, and are worthy of respect; and his descriptions of nature are done with feeling and knowledge. He is one of the band of living novelists whose work has substance as well as power.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing for early spring publication a "Bibliography of Hawthorne." It will be a great service, alike to the collector and to the student of Hawthorne's life and writings. The work has been done by Miss Nina E. Browne of the Boston Athenaeum, who has been engaged upon it for many years. It will contain, so far as it can possibly be discovered, a reference to everything in print either by or about Hawthorne. The classification and arrangement are unique in many ways and of special value because they come from the pen of a resident of Philadelphia, a man thoroughly responsible for all that he says, and a cultured thinker whose business standing and social position are of the highest. For these reasons as well as because of the boldness, the vigor and courage displayed and the perfect mastery of the subject possessed by the author, these papers will be read with the deepest interest by tens of thousands of our most thoughtful citizens. The opening contribution, which is illustrated with admirable portraits

BOOKS.

The Women of America, Miss Elizabeth McCracken's new book, is the fruit of a long journey, the purpose of which was to investigate the ideals and achievements of American women, in the professions, in municipal affairs, in the arts, and above all in the home and in the struggle for the rights of women. The journey extended over nearly the entire United States. Collecting statistics concerning the women of a given city and their occupations was performed with care, but it was always subordinated to the more vivid advantage of personal meetings with these women and personal visits to the actual scenes of their occupations. Her notes-books have been used as back-grounds, but the comparatively few women of whom she writes give a clearer impression of present conditions than would mere statistical accounts of a much larger number. Miss McCracken's wide sympathy, delicate humor, and acute knowledge of human nature give her special fitness for writing this kind of book.

Her aim was not to observe and record the life of American women as influenced by locality, education, and occupation, but also to show what is really typical and significant, what women are feeling and thinking as well as what they are doing, and to illustrate this by anecdote, bits of talk, and actual experiences. The titles of some of the chapters are: The Pioneer Woman of the West, The Woman in the Small Town, The Southern Woman and Reconstruction, Woman Suffrage in Colorado, The Woman in Her Club, The Woman in the Play, The Woman of Letters, and The Woman on the Farm.—McMillan Co. Publishers.

In "The Voice of Nature," by Charles Wagner, we have a fitting companion to "The Simple Life." It is refreshing in these days to find such a book. It is like the spicy breath from a pine-covered mountain, set to the music of murmuring waters and perfumed by the opening flowers.

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meanings seem to be based before the reader's eyes.

Whoever misses reading this book will miss genuine pleasure and profit.—McClure Phillips, Publishers.

"Indian Fights and Fighters" is the title of a new volume by Cyrus Townsend Brundy, which McClure-Phillips brought out late in November. This is the fourth volume in the American Fights and Fighters series. Mr. Brundy has written what is practically the first history of the warfare between the white man and the Indian on the American continent in this century. His information has been gathered not only from documents, but also from the men who took part in the fights themselves. His book has access to hitherto unused papers, and the narrative is given in a great many cases been contributed or at least criticized by leading men in the encounters themselves. Part I deals with winning the Far West, and Part II with the war with the Sioux. The appendix in the book treats of Custer's defeat, and shows that Custer by disregarding orders was himself responsible for the disaster.

"Four American Indians" is the title of a volume by Edson L. Whitney and Frances M. Perry, designated as "a book for young Americans." These authors have collected a good deal of interesting material about King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Osceola, representing four different periods in the warfare with the Indians in the early part of the nation's growth. The matter is written from the standpoint of the Indian and recites his wrongs in terms that are sympathetic with his cause. The injustice of the different periods receives explanation, and the better traits of the characters of the four chiefs here mentioned are presented in a strong light. All of the above books are from the presses of the American Book company.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The January "Arena" contains the opening paper of a series of eight contributions which promise to prove the most important addition to the campaign against corruption and political debauchery that has appeared, and we should not be surprised if this series marked the inauguration of a tidal wave of political morality in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania as irresistible as that inaugurated by Thomas Nast in Harper's Weekly and carried forward by the New York "Times," which culminated in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring and the downfall and disgrace of men long supposed to be invincible. These papers are entitled "Four Years in the Wilderness; or, The Masters and Rulers of the Freemen of Pennsylvania," and they have been prepared by one of the most prominent and universally respected citizens of Philadelphia—a man who as a civic leader and an incorruptible foe of all phases of dishonesty, graft and indirection has for years waged a relentless war against the men who were dragging down the fair name of one of our greatest commonwealths and virtually imperiling free institutions through shameful corruption.

These papers by Mr. Blankenburg are unique in many ways and of special value because they come from the pen of a resident of Philadelphia, a man thoroughly responsible for all that he says, and a cultured thinker whose business standing and social position are of the highest. For these reasons as well as because of the boldness, the vigor and courage displayed and the perfect mastery of the subject possessed by the author, these papers will be read with the deepest interest by tens of thousands of our most thoughtful citizens. The opening contribution, which is illustrated with admirable portraits

of Thaddeus Stevens, Simon Cameron, J. Donald Cameron, Col. A. K. McClure and others, deals with "The Birth of Corruption" in Pennsylvania.

There are other equally interesting articles which make the issue a notable one.—Albert Brandt, Publisher, Boston.

The Youth's Companion for this week is a specially entertaining one, containing several short stories, a clever children's page, and many articles both long and short, on subjects of general interest. Among these just is a specially prepared article by Sir William Ramsay, K. C. B., entitled, "What Is Element?" The poetry, as usual, is excellent.—Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"The late Frederic August Bartholdi, the designer of the great 'Liberty Enlightening the World' in New York harbor, was a taciturn man," said a New York sculptor. "He said little, but his brief, infrequent speeches were usually to the point."

"Once, in Paris, I escorted a group of women to Bartholdi's studio. They were rather silly women. They asked a great many absurd questions and they said a great many absurd things. "One of them, for some reason or other, got to talking about women in public life, lecturing, voting and so on. She asked Bartholdi what he thought of the woman question. "The sculptor looked at me and winked slightly. Then he said: 'Appropriate to a woman's question, and I recommend this proverb to your consideration. It is: 'If you be a cock, crow; if a hen, lay eggs.'"



RIDER HAGGARD.

Rider Haggard books never need any recommendation to those who care for pure romance, adventure in strange lands, and mystery. The new book, "The Brethren," will prove no disappointment to the followers of the great English romancer. It is capital Rider Haggard quality, and has the headlong movement, weird atmosphere, and the vivid picturesqueness that characterized "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines." It is a tale of the Crusades, and tells of a beautiful English maiden who is made captive by the emissaries of Saladin, and of her two lovers who rescue her after a whirlwind series of adventures. Mr. Haggard is much interested in the agricultural side of English life, and recently has been doing much speaking in behalf of the betterment of the English farm laborers.

Hall Caine's Health Makes Friends Anxious.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—Hall Caine's state of health has been causing his friends a good deal of uneasiness of late. He has not been himself for a year or more, and it may be remembered that when "The Prodigal Son" was only half written, its author broke down and had to go to St. Moritz to finish the work. He stayed there several months, and when he returned to the Isle of Man recently it was hoped that he could keep going for quite a while, but evidently the task of seeing his latest novel through the press, and the part he took in the discussion that followed its publication were too much for him. For several weeks he has suffered from acute insomnia, and on Saturday last left for Switzerland, where his physician has ordered him to make a lengthy stay. Meanwhile his removal is increasing—on this side of the water at least—a rate which must make his keen rival, Miss Corelli, rather jealous. The other day, the Rev. J. J. Campbell, the brainy young successor of Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, declared in a public address, that he preferred the Manxman's best work to that of George Meredith, and during Christmas week another incident was recorded which testifies in a way, to the potency of the name of Caine. This was the sale, to a fashionable butcher, of a bullock bred on the novelist's model farm in the Isle of Man, for £242.50, or £23.00 more than was paid recently for a similar beast reared by the king.

After several years of literary work in London, Morley Roberts, who wrote "Rachel Mary," has followed the example of so many of his conferees and taken a country house where he means to do most of his writing in future. "Raphington Grange," as it is called, is near Wadsworth and may be said, in a way, to have literary associations, already having belonged up to now, to Sir George Barham, one of the family of which the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" was a member.

One of the most interesting of London's literary landmarks is now threatened with destruction, the house being the house in Highgate, Hampstead, where Samuel Taylor Coleridge spent his last years and where he was visited at different times, by Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and Robert Southey. The house, which is now intended to be replaced with a modern building, is No. 3 in the Grove, Hampstead, and formerly belonged to Dr. James Gillman, a physician who was the devoted friend of Coleridge. He threw open his doors to the author of "The Ancient Mariner" when he was suffering most horribly from the effects of his prolonged indulgence in opium, and in 1834, Coleridge died at the Grove. The house was guarded him from his dangerous habit. Of his condition at that time Coleridge wrote: "The degradation, the blight of utility, most overwhelming me." However, while in Hampstead he got back much of his power and produced some of his finest prose—the "Aids to Reflection," the two "Law Sermons," and the essays on "the Constitution of Church and State." The house is now a great literary conference to his home in "The Grove" were especially delightful to Coleridge. "He sat," wrote Carlyle, "looking down on London and its smoke, and the other day with much of the tenacity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there—heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering men." Coleridge died at The Grove in July, 1834, and he lies in the yard of the old chapel at Highgate, now the crypt of the new Grammar school chapel.

The governing body of that square mile of London known as the "City" is chiefly devoted to keeping alive ancient traditions and customs, and maintaining intact at its old functions the most sacred of things, the order of precedence. This fact lends particular appropriateness to the subject of the new fresco by Edwin A. Abbey in the courtyard of the Royal Exchange which was unveiled the other day with much ceremony. It represents a memorable incident in the history of the Merchant Taylors and Skinners' companies. Between these two ancient guilds there was much jealousy and rivalry which often threatened to develop into riot and bloodshed as to which of them was entitled to march before the other in processions within the City of London. "Tid folk," whose inheritance now constitutes their sole claim to distinction occasionally still quarrel bitterly even now-a-days over the same question of precedence. The two companies in 1441, submitted their quarrel to the decision of the lord mayor of that year, Sir Robert Billesden, and he for the "enriching of peace (peace) and love between the masters, wardens and fellowships aforesaid," rendered this judgment:

"That the masters and wardens should dine each year together at their respective halls, the Taylors with the Skinners on the Vigil of Corpus Christi, and the Skinners with the Taylors on the feast of the nativity of St. John Baptist; and as to precedence, each company was to have that on each alternate year, saying that they were to be considered as the company precedence in his year of office."

The decree has been faithfully observed ever since and unbroken "peace and love" have reigned between the two fellowships.

The fresco, the 12th of the series, reveals all the superb decorative effect for which Mr. Abbey is famous. At the foot of the chair of state of the lord mayor, the two masters are depicted pledging one another in a loving cup. Behind them is a gallery filled with ladies; in the left foreground is a herald in a tabard of the arms of the two companies, bearing a gilded tablet inscribed with the toast which for the past 429 years has been drunk by the two companies when they dine together, "Merchant Taylors and Skinners, Skinners and Taylors, Root and Branch."

And may they continue and flourish for ever."

"The note of kindness is conspicuous, absent from modern fiction," said Dr. Watson. "In what are accounted the best writers of today, you will be struck by a want of sympathy."

Such writers—the lecturer went on—took the life of the East End, and drew it with remarkable accuracy of detail and considerable power of description. But they did not touch it with a gentle hand. They treated the life of mean streets and mean people much as an anatomist treated a body on the dissecting table.

"Or," Dr. Watson proceeded, "such writers took the life of society and before the reader puts the book down he is left with the idea, probably erroneous, that in what is called society there is hardly one man who is honorable, or one woman who is chaste."

"Ian Maclaren" expressed the opinion that the three writers of English fiction who will most likely remain the greatest—Turgenev, Scott and Dickens—are marked by the same note of humanity.

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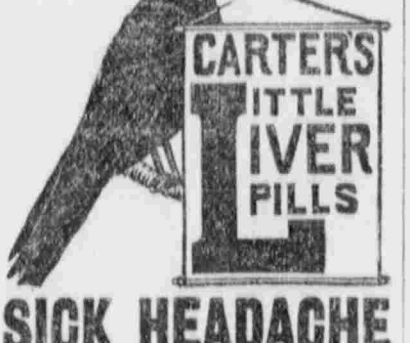


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