#### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.



How's home is St. Louis, and when there he and the author of "Richard Carvel" are seen much together. It is

said they are congenial in everything except their literary likings.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are publishing in their Heroes of the Nations Series "Daniel O'Connell," by Robert Dunlop, and "St. Louis, the Most Christian

"Eastover Courthouse," which will snortly be published by Harper & Brothers, was, we understand, not en-tirely written by Kenneth Brown, but was composed by him in collaboration with Unser Burkham Bacha

Mark Rutherford in his forthcoming 'Journal' describes a visit to Carlyle at

Chelsea in 1868. The sage, who sat at breakfast in a cheerful room, was agree-

ing," by Frederick Perry.

with Henry Burnham Boone.

## NIGHT.

ave loved wind and light, nd the bright sea, ut holy and most secret Night, it as I love and have loved thee.

d like all highest things, ides light in shade, if in the night His visitings . deep and dreams are clearliest

we that knows all things well, where of daylight dares not tell while the diviner rest.

Life, whom day shows plain is prison-bars with close walls and the hard chain de when the darkness brings the stars-Selected.

## A COMPETENT ARTIST.

able and frankly talkative. Every-thing in the room was in exact order, the books on the shelves, for instance, being in perfect evenness. Mark Ruth-erford noticed that when Carlyle reolly sat drawing at her little desk A thoughtful wrinkle on her baby placed the book he took pains to get it even with the others.

he drew an animal of form grotesque, And caimly stated, "Auntie, that's a

is, indeed, a charming cow," I said ; "But cows have legs, and yours has none, my pet;" know," said Polly, nodding her wise

Princeton. Contributions by Thomas Nelson Page, Hon, Samuel W. McCall, Hon, D. H. Chamberlain and others will follow. .....

One of the most surprising successes of the year, in a literary way, has been John Uri Lloyd's novel, "Stringtown on the Pike," Within seven weeks from the date of publication there have been printed seven editions, amounting in all to over thirty thousand copies.

If a thief were to steal your purse, and leave a valuable diamond ring in your pocket, what would you do with your pocket, what would you do with the ring? This is the situation that confronts the heroine of "A Comedy of Conscience," a long story by Dr. Weir Mitchell, which will be printed complete in the January Century. The au-thor's new novel, "Dr. North and His Friends," is in its thirteenth thousand, "Hugh Wynne" is in its twentieth; both were issued in October.

Hallle Emnine Rives, whose widely discussed novel, "A Furnace of Earth," has brought her into brillant promin-ence, was a child of immense originality. Her escapades kept her relatives in a constant state of forment and apprehension. It was a favorite trick of hers to pull to pieces her city hats, retrim them with wild flowers and wea them to church, where they wilted, to the mortification of her aunts. She once scandalized the town by riding to a school entertainment perched upon a load of wooden coffins. Her companion in mischief was a boy cousin of her own age. One Summer Sunday, when they were six years old, they were sent off together to church. En route these irrepressible youngsters slipped away and changed costumes, later appearing at the service, he in her white pinafore, sash and be-ribboned hat, and she in velvet knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket. The spectacle of this pair, as they walked hand in hand up the aisle, in huge enjoyment of the dramatic situation, is said to have convulsed the entire congregation.

Oscar Lovell Teiggs has been writing in the Forum on the length of life enjoyed by the greater American poets, and the result of his researches is interesting, in so far as it illustrates the rewards, or compensations, of life secured by persons of poetic tempera-ment. Thus we find that Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman, Story and Halleck reached the seventies; Emerson the eightieth mark; while Treneau, Whit-Holmes and Bryant passed be-d it. Dana lived on into the nineyond It. ties-though for that matter there will be found those ready to deny that Mr. Dana merits classification with the poets. Offsetting these examples of lon-gevity we find Poe dying in disgust with

himself at forty, and Sidney Lanier-that gentle soul swathed in the worship of music as well as of verse-at thirty Joseph Rodman Drake at twennine. ty-five. James Berry Bensel at thirty. and Francis Brooks at thirty-one, had hardly begun a career. Of the more recent losses to American literature, the death of Stephen Crane at twenty-nine, and that of Richard Hovey at thirtysix, stand out prominently as calami-ties. Both had given superb promise. Their possible achievements, had they lived longer, can only be surmised. It is sweet to know that our poets

mostly live long, because, as a rule, says the knowing Chicago Journal, the joy of life itself is all, or nearly all, the practical blessing that is vouchsafed to them. It is not so mean a blessing either; because a poet, man or woman, possessed of the true sense of all that is beautiful and blest in life, who exults in the glories of nature and extends a perpetual idolatry to the sacred things and the pure, finds a rapture in existence as is denied to

The publisher George Smith gives in the Cornhill some interesting remincoarser minds—yea, though it be exist-ence on a crust in a garret. It is very foolish, as the world views such things, iscences of the time when he engaged Thackeray to write for and to edit that eriodical. The terms seemed large to but naked and impoverished souls have Thackeray then-how extraordinarily found it sweet, and so they will to the small they would seem to Thackeray end of the melancholy chapter. A melancholy chapter it is, surely; for the A today! To waste his time in editing a magazine was the most ill-judged thing world has a well-established code ethics to apply to the poet. Its cl that Thackeray ever did, or that his publisher could suggest. It was weari-Its chief and abiding principle is the one that ness to the flesh and an exasperation to his kind heart, and the salary-first \$5,000, then \$10,000 a year-certainly did sternly and curtly denies him recogni-tion until after he is dead. The latter-day, humbler poet-he of insignificant account, who sings because years after, when, "in cloisters dim," he has found peace. Then follows the song to his lady love in which he sings that for "her caim face he better not pay for the spiritual wear and tear and the precious hours taken from it is in his soul to sing, and because original creations. A fact which is cited as an example he can not endure the imprisonment of the precious thoughts that God gave of Thackeray's quaint and chivalrous him-has, in truth, a rather sorry time of it. He knows that his efforts are not courtesy in literary masters is that he himpriest, still faithful to the love of his youth, kneels in the cloister, and pressgave the place of honor to a novel by judged by their worth, but by a very just and equitable standard of value in Anthony Trollope in the first number of the Cornhill. He would not claim the advertisement. If his name by any chance should become saleable, he will first place in his own magazine. He looked upon himself as the host and be encouraged by praise and patronage upon Trollope as his guest. But his treatment of Trollope seemed very dif-Unfortunately, a poet must have enough to eat, and a cleanly place in which to ferent when, being introduced for the sleep in order to be able to write first time at one of the Cornhill dinners, he curtly said, "How do?" and turned on his heel. It is explained that at that moment Thackeray had a sudhe can make himself extraordinary in some other direction he may be supplied with both. A yellow newspaper may engage him to furnish triplicate spasm of pain from a complaint of which his friends knew nothing. Mr. copies of his poems for three cities; in which case, of course, his troubles are over. Meanwhile the value of his ef-Trollope was furious, but afterward he and Thackeray became close friends. forts is guaged by "good judges" of poetry. A "good judge" of poetry, in Booth Tarkington, the authorof"Monthe modern sense, is an editor who resleur Beancaire is said to be at work on another novel. If it proves to be the delight that his last book is, he may be jects the original verse as unavailable and eagerly steals it when it is printsure of an ever-growing audience. It will be published by McClure, Phillips ed somewhere else and can be copied without cost. In the interim the poet lives-somehow. & Co. . . . The five hundredth anniversary of the The most important articles which death of Chaucer was recently com-memorated by dedicating a memorial window in a church adjoining the old Tabard Inn, whence the Canterbury Reconstruction Period" in Pilgrims set forth. The window, which was unveiled by the poet laureate of England, has already been visited by hundreds of traveling Americans. A glimpse of three famous English-The dizziness and faintness from which men. at another literary shrine, is made timely by the recent two hundredth womer . suffer may be due to one of several causes. But the most common anniversary of the death of Dryden. cause is disease of the delicate womanly organism. The story of Mrs. Brown, told in her letter below, gives a fair On a very wet day early in the nine ty century a cab stopped before Dryden' old house in London, and a gen-tleman stepped out and motioned to two others to follow him. example of the conditions under which so many women work: "I had a sick headache nearly all the time, was so weak "Ah," exclaimed a jolly voice, as Sidaround my waist could hardly bear any. ney Smith leaned out the window and glanced from the wet pavement to his own thin shoes, "you see why Rogers does not mind! He has on galoshes, Dear Samuel, lend Tom Moore and me each one galosh, and we will then stand on one leg apiece and admire Dryden's windows as long as you please." Surely neither Canterbury Pilgrim nor ary relief from her American tourist could have conjured up a "drier understanding" than the doctor's treatment. up a one the famous wit proposed to his one the famous wit proposed to his fellow sightseers. William Henry Hudson, professor of English at the Leland Stanford, Jr., university since 1892, has just issued through his publishers. Messrs, Elder & Shepard of San Francisco, some charming verse under the title, "The Sphinx and Other Poems." His poems possess the touch of sympathetic sinvorite Prescription possess the touch of sympathetic sincerity to a degree and his lines have an artistically finished effect scarcely eases peculiar to women. It establishes regularity, dries offensive drains, heals equaled. In the present collection "The inflammation and ulceration and cures Sphinx" occupies the place of promi-nence although not the longest-it earns female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. the position, however, through the orig-inality of the thought expressed. The last four stanzas of the reply of the Sphinx to man's questioning read:



When Prof. Munyon says his DYS-FEPSIA CURE will cure indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble he simply tells the truth. It will cure a stomach that has been abused by over-eating and over-drinking. It will cure a stomach that has been weakened by old-style drugs and delibitating cathartics. It will do much toward making an old stomach act like a sound one. At all druggists, 25 cents. Fifty-six other cures. Write to Broadway and 26th St., New York, for free medical advice.

are especially well chosen. Here are three which will tend to give an idea of their extellence:

PAST AND PRESENT.

This same day's actions will tomorrow

Fart of my heritage of memory. Think well, how much each present, at the last,

Of good or evil draws from out the past! REALISM.

Obscene imaginings-gibbering shapes

impure-The refuge of the gutter and the With these the dreary unclean page is

And the great artists tells us-this is life.

CARPE DIEM.

Live while you live. Life calls for all your powers; This instant day your utmost strength

demands. He wastes himself who stops #: "itch

the sands. And, miser-like, hoards up the golden

hours.

Professor H. Ison was born in England in 1863; was librarian of Sion Col-lege, London, 1885-6 librarian City Lib-eral club, London, 1889-90; assistant li-brarian Cornell University, 1891-2. He was for some time with Herbert Spencer and has written a most valuable introduction to that great thinker's works on philosophy. He is also the author well established in the highest fields of literature through his writings on 'The Church and the Stage," "Studies in Interpretation," "Idle Hours in a Li-brary," "The Study of English Literbrary," "Th ature," etc.

#### BOOKS.

College Entrance Requirements in English, For Study and Practice 1901-1905, is a new publication from the press of the American Book company. From the well known Eclectic English Classics there have here been collected Burke's Concilation with the American Colonies, Shakespeare's Macbeth, Mil-ton's Minor Poems, Macaulay's Addi-son, and Macaulay's Milton. These con stitute the college entrance requirements in English for study and practice, 1901-1905, and have here been bound together for the convenience of students who are preparing themselves for these examinations. Such a volume, we think, will prove very acceptable to all pre-paratory schools,-New York.

The third edition of "In Cloisters Dim," by Charles Curtz Hahn, literary editor of the World-Herald, is having a large sale. It was the New York Sun that said of this volume: "A little book of poems, of feeling and delicacy, which tells a story." The title reflects a sacred gloom of monastery life. The first poem tells how a lover kneels in a Francisco chapel with the lady whom

by his side is praying for him: Years

pass. His lady love is dead and as he

cannot turn to another, even the fair-

est of women, he seeks the same mon-

astery in which they two knelt that

evening. The next poem shows him

grows; and later still, years after,

ing his crucifix to his lips, says:

My heart is wrapt in Thee

'Naught else I kiss in this great world,

tional topics, the magazine turns to subjects of more popular interest. "Re cent Eclipses" and some of the diffi-culties and triumphs connected with their observation form the subject of a paper by Professor H. H. Turner; Mrs. Hugh Bell writes a readable paper on "The Influence of the Stage;" A. T. Quiller-Couch presents a string of quaint reminiscences of Thos. Edward Brown, an English author of the early part of the subject to subject to subject to the starts. part of the century; there is a richly illustrated article on "Art Before Glot to," by Roger E. Fry, and Henry New furnishes a resounding ode en-l "The Nile," written for the inbolt titled iuguration of the Gordon College Khartoum. The magazine presents a handsome and imposing appearance, comprising 170 pages.

The Arena for February is sixteen The Arena for February is sixteen pages larger than usual—the increase being probably due to an exhaustive presentation of the "Theological Views of a Layman," by Edward A. Jenks, A.M., of Concord, N. H., whose arti-cle will repay perusat by both clerical and lay members of all branches of the Christian Church. Among the other contributors are two clergymen—the Rev. T. F. Hildreth, who makes some pertinent observations concerning the pertinent observations concerning last presidential campaign, and Jeach S. David, the Swedenborgian, whose paper on "Vibrat Wayes, and Cycles" will interest students of the occult sciences. Othe timely articles are: "The Merchant Sea man and the Subsidy Bill," by Walt MacArthur, and "Prepare the W / for Peace," by E. S. Wicklin, The first of a series of articles on "Laying the Foundations of a Higher Civilization," by B. O. Flower, and Miss Kellor's second paper on "The Criminal Negro" are especially interesting, while an inare especially interesting, while an in-ter.iew with Prof. Frank Parsons on "City Ownership and Operation of Street Raliways" is perhaps the most in portant feature of the number. Edi-to: Flower's discussion of "Toplos of the Times," and "Books of the Day," is, as usual, instructive. The Arena is culy \$2.50 a year, or 25 cents a copy. It is now issued by The Alliance Pub-lishing company, of New York.

Readers interested in metaphysical and occult subjects will be pleased with the February issue of Mind, the leading representative of the New Thought movement. "Did Christ Teach a New Religion?" the opening article, is by Swami Abhedananda, a Hindo apostle of the Vedanta, and will prove startling to most Christians. "Divine Justice in to most Christians. "Divine Justice in Disasters." by Dr. Axel E. Gibson, is profoundly suggestive and contains much food for thought on the part of all who see "the Lord's will" in calamities. Other unique contributions are: "Cosmic Evolution." by Grace Shaw Duff: "The Philosophy of Prejudice." by W. Delos Smith; "Thought Force," by M. E. Carter; "The Dogmatism of Science." by C. A. S. Dwight, and "A Side-light on Telepathy," by Harriette E. Wright. This number also contains the second instalment of "Mata the Magician," an occult story by Isabella Ingalese, and a beautiful poem by Joseph Dana Miller. In addition to the regular Editorial and home departnents, there are some excellent reviews of new books. Mind is edited by John Emery McLean and Charles Brodle Pat erson, and issued by the Alliance Pub. lo., publishers of The Arena, New York. \$2 a year; 20 cents a copy, at news-

The opening number in the Juvenile astructor for February 1st is a report of the second Sunday school convention, and following is an account of an exerlence in crossing the plains with the hand-cart company, including an exberience connected with crossing the

. . .

Green river, by Luella M. Atkin, "History of the Early Christian Church," by W. A. Morton is continued, and the editorial, Sunday school and



After years of struggle to attain and merit public confidence, with a firm and steadfast belief that some day others would recognize in us the truth, good faith, and honesty of purpose which we know we possess, what a genuine satisfaction it is to succeed, and to realize the uplifting influence of the merited confidence of a vast army of our fellow beings.

Thus stands the Pinkham name in New England, and all over America, and nowhere is the faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound greater than in New England, its home. Merit, and merit alone, can gain this.

#### ORGANIC INFLAMMATION.

"DEAB MRS. PINEHAM : - I was troubled very badly with inflamma-tion of the bladder, was sick in bed with it. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. A friend gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me. I have now taken three bottles of it, and I am entirely cured. It is a God-send to any woman, and I would recommend it to any one suffering as I was. I think, if most of the women would take more of your medicine instead of going to the doctors, they would be better off. The Compound has also cured my husband of kidney trouble.' MRS. MABEL GOORIN, Mechanic Falls, Maine. Box 160.

## NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

"For two years I suffered from nervous prostration, the result of female weakness. I had leucorrhoea very badly, and at time of menstruation would be obliged to go to bed. Also suffered with headaches, pain across back, and in lower part of abdomen. I was so discouraged. I had read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and concluded to give it a trial. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, and received a very nice letter in return. I began at once the use of her Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now feeling splendid. I have no more pain at monthly periods, can do my own work, and have gained ten pounds. I would not be without your Vegetable Compound. It is a splendid medicine. I am very thankful for what it has done for me."-MRS. J. W. J., 76 Carolina write

PAINFUL PERIODS. "I cannot help but feel that it is my duty to do something in regard to recommending your wonderful medicine. I must say it is the grandest No 34 medicine on earth, and have advised UM

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Ja great many suf-g fering with female The control of the second seco troubles to take it,

ation. The suffering I endured pen cannot describe. I was treated by one of our most prominent physicians here for five months, and found myself getting worse instead of better. At the end of the fifth month he told me he had done all he could for me, and that I had better go to the hospital.

" My sister advised me to try your Vegetable Compound, as it cured her of backache. I did so, and took it faithfully, and am now cured of my trouble, and in perfect health, many thanks to your medicine. I cannot praise it enough, and would recom-mend it to all who suffer from any

the last

"But, Auntle, they are in the pencil -Carolyn Wells.

# TO HER.

was it an acon or two ago, Beneath the summer skies; hat I met a maid with coul in her

And the joy of life in her eyes? the splendor of her truth-wise

Bade my faint heart rejoiceor this fair, pure maid with the joy

in her eyes. And the soul of life in her voice. nd now tonight, on the lone sea shore, ath the stagnant skles; sigh for this maid with the soul in her

And the joy of life in her eyes. nd owr the waves I see once more As mem'ry the mist destroyshis periess maid with the joy in her

And the soul of life in her voice -Herbert Farjeon.

NOTES.

In a recent interview Mrs. Florence as Kelley, who wrote" With Hoops of " is reported to have said that at no of the "three tall Texans" who with such vigor through the pages flatest story were drawn from life, the added: "They are just as hanwith a rifle, in fact, as they are in ...

story of "Mrs. Clyde," which D. pleton & Co. will publish next week. areer of a distinguished woman was equally well known in Boston, York, in Philadelphia and on tinent. It is brilliantly written t fives authentic pictures of society its highest grades. Society will soon cupied in guessing who Mrs. Clyde

1.1.4

veral newspapers have recently ateed to Mr. Gribayedoff the vignette s which adorn the seven vol-Cyclopedia of American ay," published by D. Appleton Mr. Gribayedoff made several page portraits, but it is only take public that all of the hunignette illustrations were ena by Jacques Reich.

when a charles Dickens written a mager, Dolby-who died in ex-a situation the other day-is said base daughter to be the best and a saure of her father yet pro-sed is called "Charles Dickens Like Him." 1 1 1

appe Hatzfeld has just finished the of the French language upon has been at work for thirty It differs from Llitre's great in that it begins with the primi-maning of words and passes on to a literent derivations.

President Cleveland is writing for anday Evening Post a series of articles which will appear in the ane during the winter months. papers will deal with affairs, and others with the enal problems of young men.

e life of William Black, the novelo be written by one of his oldest ada, Sir Wemyss-Reid,

the E. Scudder has just finished for draft of his biography of Low-it is to be published early in the A 8.4

in use for literature! A "cul-spoor in London gives away to purchasers of his tea, and

the sift according to the quantity 1 1 1 .

the bow, the young man who wrote entertaining story, "The Pen-is a grandson of the late Cap-blis, the famous engineer, Mr.

the Atlantic Monthly announces for the coming year are a series of studies on The South. The general introductory paper, to apear in the January number, is by Professor Woodrow Wilson of

thing to touch me. I would work a little while and then lie down a while. Failing to obtain more than tempor-

Mrs. Brown began the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, with the usual result-a complete cure. Dr. Pierce's Fa-

is the best medicine for the cure of dis-

strong, sick wongen well. "A few years ago I suffered severely with formale weakness and had at times dreadful pains," writes Mrs. Mary V. Brown, of Creswell, Harford Co., Maryland. "I went to my doctor, and he gave me medicine which did me good for a while, but I would get worse again. I had sick headache nearly all the time; was so wak around my waist could hardly bear any-tion of the seven me medicine which did me good and I could hardly do my work. I would work a while and them lie down a while, was com-pletely run down. Suffered from disagreeable using five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Flavorite Pre-scription, three of his 'Golden Medical Discov-pty and one vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pel-tets, and following the advice you gave regard-ing the 'Lotion Tablets,' I can truly say that I asser I had." Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on

Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only, or if cloth-bound volume is desired send 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"From the silence that I hold Thou wouldst my meaning tear? My riddle would'st unfold, And lay my secret bare?

"Fool! thrice fool indeed!

Back to thy folly go! Riddle?-There's none to read! Secret?-There's none to know!"

She ceased; and a vapor curi'd Over the face of the sky; And behold-no Sphinx-no world-Nothing-not even I!

If I recall it aright, This is the dream I dream'd, It did not seem strange in the night

Waking, how strange it seemed!

The quatrains which close the book

children's departments contain the us he loves, while three monks are chantual interesting material. ing the service in the twilight; and as they kneel the man knows that the girl

ADVICE OF A BACHELOR. Don't Do as All the Girls Do. He Tells

His Relative.

Thus said a bachelor a few days ago. when it was claimed by his young niec that "all the girls" drank now, according to the Philadelphia Press: "Take that, my young relative." he

said, "and pin it up over your mirror. It isn't a great quotation from one of your poets, but it is a piece of life's wisdom from a man who knows what other men think and what the best and

ie worst women do. "If you are level headed don't do as 'all the girls' do and drink whisky cocktalls before meals and King William and club soda at lunch in hotel cafes A glass of Madelra at your mother's dinner table is not wise until you are 25 and even then it is just as well you re.

"A woman wants to make herself at tractive to man, and some one man in particular: that's what you are all up to isn't it? Well, take my word for it. that whisky and cigarettes are to be as carefully avoided as a soiled collar wrinkles and uncombed hair. If a man finds out there is really something strong and fine beneath the surface of : girl who drinks or smokes, rest assured the first thing he will do is to get her

"Be level headed, my young relative, and know that things that are the fashion in certain sets are not always the things to adopt. I think you are right about its being the fashion; in all my life I've never seen so much of it done by young and middle aged women in public in Philadelphia and Atlantic City as for the past two years, but be as exclusive about your habits as you are of your friends."

DANGER SIGNALS Are held out by Na-ture to every WEAK man and woman. Does your face flush and are your limbs shaky and weak? Do you feel that your Energy, Ambition and Vitality are forsaking you? These are Nature's warnings; your Maahood is rapidly failing. Electricity is the only known cure for these weaknesses. As applied by my Electric Belt the cure is guaranteed; If It fails I will refund every as. cent you pay for lt. DR. BENNETT'S ELECTRIC BELT Is of Quadruple Multiply-ing Power. Entirely differ-

chamols covered sponger ectrodes ourn and blister as do the

My Belt can be renewed for only rsc when burned out; no other belt can be re-newed for any price, and when burned out in worth-less. GUARANTERD TO CURE all Weaknesses in either sex; restore Vitality; cure Rheumatism in any form, Varicose Veins, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Trouble, Constipation, Dyspepsia, all Female Com plaints, General and Nervous Debility, etc. Write to-day for my book, "The Finding of the Fountain of Eternal Youth." Sent free, postpaid, for the asking, Book will tell you all about it. Sold only by

110 to 114 Union Block, Denver, Col Saponifier. Pennsylvania Sa-PHILADELPHIA ponifier is the orgh nal and old reliable Concentrated Ly for family soap mak-

Ask your grocer for it

Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass. If Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure these women - why not you - you cannot tell until you try it. If you are ill, and really want to get well, commence its use at once, and do not let any drug clerk persuade you that he has omething of his own which is better, for that is absurd. Ask him to produce the evidence we do.

THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU SAPOLIO





female weakness."- MRS. H. S. BALL. 461 Orchard St., New Haven, Conn.



But the pain within my wounded side None but my God can see." Under the odd pen name, "The Man Who Heard Something," is hidden the identity of him or of her who wrote "The Slaves of Society." which is fur-ther designated as "A Comedy in Cov. ers." The book is clever-too obviously clever. It might have been, and perhaps was, written for ultimate use as a play; there are not many people in it the scene changes are few and their setting within the possibilities of any fairly equipped theater, and the dia-logue, of which there is a good deal, is erisp, cynical, epigrammatic and thoroughly up to date. For instance, Despencer, the parasite of the book or to stop it,

play, speaking of the desirable suitor to the match-making mother, says, "The sort of man that takes ballet girls to Richmond?" Sne replies tartly, "The sort of man

that every mother in England would welcome as a son-in-law."

Pespencer's retort is: "Oh, quite so. There could be no possible objection to him as a son-in-law. I thought you meant as an acquaintance."

Then there are some reflections outside the dialogue which strike sharply upon the shady sports of London 50 ciety, such as this concerning the rich but untitled man of the story:

He knew that he lived in an age when the homage which birth pays to wealth is open and unashamed. He had their wives to seen peers bringing wait in the halls of African Jews. He had heard of mysterious checks re-ceived by men of Norman lineage from millionaires, who sprang up in a night like monstrous tond-stools and decayed leaving the air poisoned all around them. He had seen the noblest blood of England in the dock and the oldest blood of Scotland warned off the turf. "The Man Who Heard Something" has a plain way of putting matters that

touch the morals of that society at which he aims his satire, but he marries the poor but good young woman to the rich and good young man in the end, or rather starts them fairly up the ais is to the altar, leaving the poor young woman's noble father as the only sinner to suffer for the detestable crime being found out. It will be surprising it be not speedily "The Slaves of Society" staged .- (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

#### MAGAZINES.

The first number of the Monthly Review, a handsome monthly publication bearing the imprint of Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York and of John Murray, London, marks a new departure in periodical literature. Originating in London, it is distinctly British in flavor and is largely concerned with matters bearing directly upon present issues in British politics and statecraft, but discusses international questions broad. ly and from points of view which must at once interest and conclinate the alien. "The Paradox of Imperialism," "After Pekin" and "Parties and Principles" are discussed editorially; and English surgeon describes "Surgical Experiences in South Africa." officer of the royal navy writes knowingly upon the need of war training for nav. al officers and Spenser Wilkinson defines a few of the puzzles of the South African war,

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