O joys of Love and joys of Fame, It is not you I shall regret... I sadden lest I should rorget The beauty woven in Earth's name.

The shout and battle of the gale,
The stillness of the sun-rising,
The sound of some deep-hidden
spring,
The glad sob of the filling sail.

We fancy that Old Borrow would have liked these lines in "The Gypsy Woman":

on the printed page
She need never look,
The changing sky
Is her Holy Book.

She knows not the call
Of church bells ringing,
The falling rain
Makes sweeter singing.

And the voice of the lark At morn and even Is a key to open The gates of heaven.

There is a suggestion of a morbid imagination in "A Song of the Moon. As the heath is blood red with the sunset the poet peoples it with mysteries and ghosts, with old, forgotten, far off things and battles long ago.

Out in the open places courage is..

But in the darkness of the wood I
hear,
From out the closest of the under-

growth.
The sudden-indrawn breath of hidden

By the North Thicket is a savage place.
A man might well a lust of vengeance

sate
There, holding some lithe throat,
watching the life
Die slowly from the burning eyes of

hate. And by the thorn what dreadful thing

has passed?
The air is quick with bitterness and

What dark compulsi . born of earlier

sin, Laid a fresh stain upon a tarnishea

There are strange doings here upon the

My spirit answers to the unseen

And my soul knows the unseen multi-tudes

And this my life, that is in houses pent, And tolls in towns to win its bitter

bread, And goes soft-shod about the sheltered

streets,
Wakes to its own among the un-

Henry Altemus company announces for the fall: "The Story of the Golden Fleece," by Andrew Lang, with pictures by Mills Thompson.

The charm which ancient Greece exercises over the human mind seems to defy time, although its story is made up of shadows—beautifully vague, appailing with only tremulous lines of real-

defy time, although its story is made up of shadows—beautifully vague, appalling, with only tremulous lines of reality faintly showing here and there. But Mr. Lang takes these dim pictures and makes them glow with majestic grandeur and marvelous loveliness.

Mr. Lang is one of the few who can splendidly convey into English whatever saga or legend he sets his hand to, and his telling of "The Story of the Golden Fleece" will do much to bring himb into closer friendship with his American admirers, always cagerly awaiting every product of his pen. He has quickened with a new breath the strange struggles, combats, and achievements of the Heroes, which makes the publishing of the present book something of an event, and recalls the stanzas prefixed by Mr. Austin Dobson to Mr. Lang's "Ballades and Verses Vain," particularly the lines:

"Laughter and song this poet, too.
O Western brothers, sends to you."

"The Story of the Golden Fleece" is an

artistic and finished piece of work. Its beauty goes to one's head, yet that it will "take on" in the market place

seems a prediction reasonable safe to

MAGAZINES.

"The Doings of the Harlows" by Mary

Stewart Cutting is the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, and is followed by several other clever tales, while the Duke of Argyll contributes an article on "Highland Games." The children's page is unusually entertaining and there is the usual good reading in the other departments.

Mr. Jack London's new novel, which he is just finishing, is to appear serially in The Century Magazine. It is said to have all the primitive strength of "The Call of the Wild," but as a narrative feeting the control of the line.

The late B. L. Farjeon left the manu-

script of a story for girls and boys which is to appear scrially in St. Nicholas Magazine during the coming year. It deals with London's Madame Tussaud and her celebrated wax-works; the

marvelous doings of the principal char-acters in that exhibition—Queen Eliza-beth, Henry VIII, Tom Thumb. Guy Fawkes and others, all of whom are brought to life and made to live in the

wett.

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HIRT

tive is even more thrilling.

London of today.

Vain," particularly the lines:

That press upon me in these empty lands.



DRAMATIC POETRY.

Aschylus-(Premetheus), sacred Than writhing on a steep, saled, untamed, defiant and alone; sale rips him, iron scrapes the bone, sleeploss eyes are fixed and cannot week.

ep. I insatiate longing, bold to leap, ged the bourn of knowledge. If he Who hears, and, if he curse who knows?
His Threne
Seals heedless Zeus in adamantine sleep.

Who with bold front will dare the Cheru-And guther fruitage from the Tree of Life? will adventure heart and life and imh?— urelled Æschylus on a precipice, through the harmony of love and By the foaming sea is calmly writing this. III. PHYSICS.

A hero-heart adventured to compel From guarding therubim the subtle fire; He said—"Do this." There flashed along the wire, Girdling the earth around like Ariel, Radiance of heaven and boding glooms of A white-robed maiden glorious with de-A delorous maiden dogged fates would

With burden of a long-ago farewell. Who will be monarch in the realm of And walk familiar in her secret place?
Who brings at length glad tidings to his kind? Thou art as God and all is very good;
The world is as thine own divinest mood,
The world is as thine own Him face to
And thou shalt see and know Him face to
—Selected.

THE LITTLE HEART.

A little Heart hid a thought of spite Deep in its innocent white away; And it whispered when it knelt to pray, "Nobody knows, for it's hid from sight.

But the little Heart lay wide awake, And the silence spoke to it and said, "O deer little Heart, the thought is red. Like a danger sign for safety's sake."

Safe from the tempest of inward storm,— and thought, "in the morn 'twill be for-

But the blue sky wept; the sun was sad; And the roses hung their dainty heads, Dropping tears on the violet beds; And the little Heart was far from glad.

So the ugly thought was thrown away, And a levely one came in its place; Then smiles arose in each flower face— The sun came out, and the Heart was -Etta Vallace Miller in Youth's Companion.

NOTES.

Robert W. Chambers gathered ma-terial for his new novel, "The Maids of Paradise," in France, where the scenes of this story of love and action are laid. The author was asked how he acquired such realistic knowledge of the Franco-Prussian war and of the anarchists and the imperial military police who figure in the tale. Mr. Chambers, it seems, loved for a year in an anarchists' quar-ter of Paris. He has personally known to communards and revolutionists, and a number of officers and men who served in the France-Prussion war, and who have given him the genutne color and atmosphere he needed. The bizarre but lovable character of Jacqueline was a real little girl, and really a poacher's daughter, as in the book. As for the poacher himself, the author says he was as bad as poachers are made.

Elizabeth Bisland's novel, "A Candle of Understanding," was published on September 18 by Harper & Brothers. It will be recalled that Mrs. Wetmore, then Miss Bisland, was the young writer who made a flying trip around the world for a prominent magazine, and made a reputation with the clever book made a reputation with the clever book she subsequently wrote about her ad-ventures and experiences. Her new novel is a story of South and North, opening with an account of a little southern girl which for delicacy of treatment has been compared to Ken-neth Graham's "Golden Age." Mrs. Wetmore is a southern woman, who as a young girl, came north upon her fama young girl, came north upon her famlly's loss of fortune. Her home is now at Oyster Bay.

This is the day of big dramatic spectacles. The play of "Ben-Hur," William Young's dramatization of Gen. Wallace's book, as again given in New York on Sept. 21, the stage of the New York theater having been enlarged for the purpose. And now it is announced that the small but historic stage of Daly's theater has been completely torn out, and a new large one constructed for the production on Nov. 16 of the dramatization of Onoto Watanna's "A Japanese Nightingale." Klaw & Srlanger state that William Young, who dramatized "Ben-Hur," has made a powerful spec-tacular play of this dainty story, published by the Harpers two years ago, and still one of the most popular books on their list. They have just published Miss Patanna's new romance, "The Heart of Hyacinth."

Gertrude Smith's new book for children, "The Stories of Peter and Ellen," has been published by Harper & Brothers. Like her former books, "The Roggle and Reggle Stories" and The Lovable Tules of Janey and Josey and Joe," the new volume relates, in a manner characteristic only of this author the simple little advenof this author, the simple little adven-tures of two children who lead happy lives in a prosperous home. Miss lives in a prosperous home. Miss snith has made an especial study of how to write for young children, and has become famous as the exponent of a peculiar juvenile style.

is announced that Mr. van Tassel It is announced that Mr. van Tassel Sutphen's clever monologue, "Intermezzo," which appeared in the May number of Harper's Magazine, is to be given at the Empire Theater Dramatic school at one of its student matinees. Mr. Sutphen's "Cherry Blossoms," a Japanese monologue which also appeared in Harper's, was similarly produced by the Empire school last season, and with such success that later it was given on the professional later it was given on the professional stage. At the time it was confused in the press with Booth Tarkington's American romance "Cherry," which was then appearing serially in Har-



A Specific End

For which to save is needed by some men. If you could say: "I am paying for \$10,000, of 5 Per Cent. 20-Year Gold Bonds-mine if I live-my family's if I die-and I must Cyrus Townsend Brady's virile portrayal of a western bishop has brought him letter of commendation from varied sources, among them the following letter from Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe."

"Westerleigh, Staten Island.

"July 24, 1903.

"Dear Mr. Brady—You have my thanks for the unexpected gift of your book, 'The Bishop.' I like its direct attack, the savage lunge of its style. In your human yet saintly bishop, his heart red with the tincture of tenderness, you have added a fine character to the literary Valhalla of our west.

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"EDWIN MARKHAM." save enough for that," would you put aside more than you do now?

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NEW YORK, N. Y. RULON S. WELLS, Manager, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Pier's first book was "The Pedagogues," an amusing skit on the Harvard Summer school. "The Sentimentalists" is full of satirical sketches of a Western family's experiences in Boston, softened by the tender love story of a young student. One of the best characters in the story is Mrs.

Reconstruction and a final property of the contract of the con LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's entire speech recently made at the unveiling of the bust of James Martineau, is published in full for the first time in "The Critic"

for September. It stands a suggestive and polished essay upon Martineau and Emerson, the words of a woman truly consecrated, without sham or pretence or literal quixotism, to the cause of liberty.

Alice Brown's strong story, "Judg-



GEORGE B. WALDRON.

The handsome features shown in this picture will be quickly recognized by old-time theater goers. They are those of a once famous actor, who for a Hayne in a wide range of parts. He first came to Salt Lake in the sixtles, only a few years after the Salt Lake Theater was built, and remained for a long time. His style was "heavy" or "herois" roles, and he ranked high as a delineator of those lines. After leaving Salt Lake, he continued to climb the ladder of fame, and acted a long time in London. He died some

ment," completed in the October num-ber of Harper's Magazine, will be pub-lished in book form by the Harpers on shortly. Miss Brown has taken her place among the foremost New England writers of fiction. Here is the kind of work that grows slowly but surely into general knowledge and when once recognized is securely placed in public esteem. Miss Brown was born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, but has long been a resident of Boston. She has written a volume of poems, one of has written a volume of poems, one of travels, and two of biography, and one novel, "The Mannerings." She first be-came known by her New England stories entitled "Meadow Grass." "Judgment" is her second novel , and an admriable piece of art in fiction.

In connection with Harper & Brothers' publication of "Monna Vanna," the much-discussed Maeterlinek drama, a question has arisen as to the pronunciation of the Belgian author's name. The correct way is "Mahterlink," not Mayterlink or Metterlink, as it is variatively the French propused. Mayterlink or Metterlink, as it is variously called. The French pronounce it Mayterlink, because the sound of ae in French as "a;" but in Belgian French the ae is pronounced "ah." Maeterlinck is a Belgian, having been born at Ghent in 1864. He has been styled "The Belgian Shakespeare." It was in 1890 that he first became famous, upon the production in Paris of his play "La Princesse Maleine." of his play "La Princesse Maleine.

McClure, Phillips & Company announce for publication this month a new book by Joseph Conrad, the author of "Youth." Like "Youth" it consists of three long short stories. "Youth" dealt with adventures on the world's waterways; "Falk" deals with adventures on the pathway of love. Critics have conjectured a great deal as to what Mr. Conrad would do with the love theme. With the three stories in "Falk" he answers the question in his own original and striking way. They are certainly very much unlike any other love stories ever written. In the first the action turns upon the confesfirst the action turns upon the confession to his sweetheart by a morose pilot and tyrant in a far away oriental harbor, that he was once driven by circumstances to cannibalism. The other tales are similarly unique in motive and theme.

In the publishing world is does not always happen that prophecies turn out correctly. When "Peggy O'Neal" was published in the early summer, many critics foretold that in a few months it would be the rage of the country, and from the August report of the best selling books it certainly looks as if these prophecies would be fulfilled. "Peggy O'Neal" was reported as the best selling book during August in New York; Philadelphia, Denver, Washington, Albany, New York, Norfolk, Virginia, etc. It may be of interest to learn that the seventh large edition has been required to meet the late summer demand.

Arthur Stanwood Pier, the author of "The Triumph" and "The Sentimentalists," was born in Pittsburg, in 1874, and lived there until he left college. He spent four years at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., in preparation for Harvard, where he was graduated in 1895. Leaving Harvard, he took up the study of law, but after three months he abandoned it, as so many young writers have done, for journalism. He accepted an editorial position on the Youth's Companion, which he still holds, and for the past seven years he has resided at Cambridge.

completed in the October num- | Kent, who is full of epigram. Here is a specimen of her witty retort when she is accused of being plebeian: "I am not is accused of being plebeian: "I am not in any sense plebeian; I am vulgar. 'Plebeian' means the good, patient, contented kind of woman who would drag a plow in the field ten hours a day and sleep twelve. 'Vulgar' is an aproach nearer the aristocratic; it means aspiration, not long spiritual lines. It's quite conceivable for aristocrats to be vulgar, but not for them to admit it. I want to be an aristocrat, and I don't hesitate to admit to you that I am vulgar-minded."

BOOKS.

Ethel Clifford, the author of "Songs of Dreams" (John Lane), seems to have some under that puzzling influence which is vaguely defined as the Celtic spirit. Her verse is marked by the melancholy of the tribe. "A Song of Rain" is a good example. It begins

I am come lately through the dripping woods
And all my hair is wet with falling rain. But I am glad of rain: I was born in the West-Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

I am come lately through the darkling And scarce could see the boughs bu-fore my face.

am glad of darkness: I was born in the night, And in the dark the bravest dreams have place. I am come lately through the desolate

There was no voice gave answer to I am glad of silence: When that I was

My mother, dying, spoke no word at There is an undercurrent of melanchely in all these poems. The pure joy of existence is absent.

thoughts are like the breaking For sadnes and for multitude, And slowly, not to be withstood, My dead desires rise from their graves.

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was a constant sufferer. I had pains in my back and sides, especially before menstruation. I had doctored but received no benefit. Hearing so much about the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it, and after taking six bottles was cured." - Mrs. T. H. Goulber, 1223 Nevada St. East Toledo, Ohio.

Portrait of a Baby Girl Who Owes her Existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I Wrote to you some time ago asking why I could not have a child. I explained that I had displacement of the womb and ovarian trouble, and suffered with backache and headache. You sent me a nice letter in reply giving me full instructions how to treat myself, and in accordance with your directions I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faith. fully in every respect, and now I have a little girl, the joy of our home. I never would have had my baby if it had not been for your

advice and medicine. "I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for me. I hope other childless women will see this letter."—Mrs. John Uber-

Another Happy Case in Brooklyn.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: — I wrote to you a year ago telling you of my troubles. I had pains in the ovaries, menses were painful, and I had never borne children.

"You answered my letter and I followed your advice. I was com-tely cured. Have just given birth to a fine, healthy babe, and during childbirth had a very easy time. "Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines are a God send to women who want

to be mothers." — Mrs. Schultz, 12 Luzner St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Many women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged, and life lacked all joy to them when they wrote Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., without charge of any kind. They received advice which made them strong, useful women again.

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