DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.



The accompanying picture is a half tone of the fine new stained glass window in All Hallows college chapel, presented to the institution by Joseph Geoghegan of this city as a memorial of his little boy, Joseph Benedict Geoghe-gan, who was burned to death a year ago. The window is an unusually fine

succeeded in translating the epic into accurate and readable prose and yet has preserved its ancient flavor. "Her healthful and pleasing illustrations.— American Book Co.

succeeded in translating the epic into-accurate and readable prose and yet has preserved its ancient flavor. "Her work," says a reviewer, "is the product of genuine scholarship, and the task was worth all the labor that has been spent upon it, because the 'Chanson de Roland' is in many respects as valu-able a reflex of the time of its origin as is the "Morte d'Arthur' of the fifteenth century. Viewed purely as a hero of romance. Roland is not an unworthy rival of Launcelot."

. . . Wallach's Historical and Biographical Wallach's Historical and Biographical Narratives, by Isabel R. Wallach, is the latest addition to the popular series of Eclectic School Readings, contains 65 sketches of the prominent characters of history, from Egypt, China, and India, through Greelan and Roman times, to medianal and medara. latest addition to the popular series of Eclectic School Readings, contains 65 sketches of the prominent characters of history, from Egypt, China, and India, through Greeian and Roman times, to mediaeval and modern Europe. The stories are brief, simply told, and in-teresting, and are sure to be pleasing to children of the fifth grade, for which the book is intended. Though not over-didactic in tone, the simple ethics of each sketch are unobtrusively put forward; and the high motives, the lofty patriotism, and the stirring deeds of these great men of all times will be

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

tlessey Knapp, Hugh Pendexter, Una Hudson, Jean Elginbrod and Lizzie M. Page are the authors represented in this number. Frederick J. Mulhaupt furnishes the cover, which is specially appropriate for the month of brides. The photographic art studies this month are contributed by Tonnesen of Chicago and Schloss of New York, and the Illustrations to the stories show an the illustrations to the stories show an improvement in artistic merit, as marked as that of the other features of

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 volumes will be add. ed to the public library Monday morn-ing, June 6, 1906:

MISCELLANEOUS. Arnold-Celtic Literature. Arnold-Culture and Anarchy. Arnold-Discourses in America. Bacon-Congregationalists. Bridge-History of the Carnegie Steel ompany.

Briggs-New Light on the Life of lesus. Colquhoun-Greater America.

Dawson-Matthew Arnold. Faulkner-Methodists. Forbush-Boy Problem. Ford-Story of Du Barry. Garnett-Turkish Life in Town and

ountry. Howe-Laura Bridgman.

Jackson-Glimpses of California and

he Missions. Lord-Regency of Marie de Medicis. Ogden-Wm. Hickling Prescott. Sanborn-New Hampshire. Stephens-French Revolution (two

olumes).

JUVENILE.

Nov. Kingsley—Four American Explorers, Lukin—Boy Engineers. Marshall—Girl Ranchers. Marshall—Two Wyoming Girls. Montgomery—Wonderful Electric Ele-

The Red Book for June contains 15 short storles, which makes this nuriber rank higher than any of its predeces-fors. From the beginning this maga-zine has printed good storles, but now-adays we get not only good ones, but storles from the authors who are rec-ognized as masters of short fiction, and whose matter appears only in the very best mediums. Eden Philipotts Broughton Brandenburg, Henry C. Rowland, Owen Oliver, Henry M. Hyde, Leigh Gordon, Glitner, Grace G. Bost-wick, Frank N. Stratton, Edward Bolt-wood, Izola L. Forrester, John Whithant. Otis—Braganza Diamond. Otis—Chasing a Yacht. Pratt—Legends of the Red Children. Raymond—Reels and Spindles. Raymond—Yankee Girl in Old Cali-

forma. St. John-How Two Boys Made Their Own Electric Apparatus. St. John-Things a Boy Should Know

of James Neville Porter, though not I

of James Neville Porter, though not quite as tragic as the first report of the coroner's officer made it appear. Speaking of the garret in which this veteran "hack" was found dead, the official reported: "All I found in his room was one-and-five pence (about 30 cents), and four trunks full of re-jected manuscripts." As a matter of fact, the papers in the trunks were not rejected manuscripts but repre-sented pages upon pages of notes which this aged writer had made in connec-tion with his work. Porter was 62 and in his atic in Gray's Inn road he lived all alone, cooking his own menis. For many years all his time had been spent in accumulating statistics for a certain book of handy reference published here. He hunted them up by day at the British Museum, and other places of reference and put them in shape by night. At first it was thought he had starved to death, but his end really was caused by heart failure, and though so small a sum was found in his rooms, he seems to have made enough to keep body and soul together. But the picture of the friendless old man grinding away in his garret is not a preity one. In Baldwin's Abraham Lincoln, by James Baldwin, author of "Baldwin's Readers," 'Old Greek Stories," etc., the life of the great president is refold in a manner both agreeable and compre-hensible to young readers. Mr. Bald-win has been particularly successful; in producing a book equally adapted to school and home reading, and free from wearisome details and sectional pre-judice. The book is more than an or-dinary biography, as it embraces much of the most important parts of the his a pretty one.

. . .

Miss H. Marshall Pratt of New Miss H. Marshall Pratt of New York, who is writing a voluminous work on "The Cathedrais of England," is now in London and to be seen daily in the reading room of the Brit-ish Museum where she is engaged in research in connection with her book. She has been working on it for nearly five years. HAYDEN CHURCH HAYDEN CHURCH. five years.

HE WOULDN'T DISTURB PRAYER.

On a recent Sunday morning, while services were going on, little Jack Conant, age 6 years, saw a tiny flame issuing from the roof of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Osceola. He ran to the church to give the alarm. When he the charten to give the maxim, which he entered the preacher was praying. Be-ing too reverent to Interrupt a prayer, the little man stepped outside the door and waited until he heard the minister say "Amen." Then he ran in and yell-ed "Fira". say "Ame ed "Fire!"

The grown-up people were not so deliberate or revernt as little Jack. They leaped from their knees, forgetting all about the solemnity of the occasion, and ran for their lives.

By hard work the church was saved, but if the parson's prayer had been a little longer it would have burned to the ground.—Kansas City Journal.

Ingalis-Metallurgy of Zine and Cad.

the Missions.

Thomson-Electricity and Matter, Who's Who, 1904.

Kieffer-Recollections of a Drummer

A TIRELESS WORKER

A Victim of Nervous Debility, Now a Wonder of Vivacity, Explains the Marvel of the Change.

23

Mrs. Dora B. Frazier, of 140 Altheat treet, Providence, Rhode Island, is to, ay the very embodiment of vivacity. he is an energetic forewoman in a arge laboratory and shows no traces f her recent long struggle with nerous prostration succeeding typhoid eumonia. 'My liiness began in 1898,'' says Mrs.

Fragier, 'and lasted for about three years in all, and for three months I was Fragler years in an, and for three months I was conflued to my bed. I made occasional attempts to work, but I could only man-age to put in two or three days out of a week at the very best. Several times I was actually at the point of death. "I had a good physician, but he could not succeed in petiting me out of my

tota succeed in heysician, but he could not succeed in heysician, but he could weak state. It was hard for me to re-tain any food and my weight dropped down to seventy-five pounds. I had a great deal of digziness and sufficiating spells. One of my legs was swollen so as to interfere with my walking. I could get scarcely any sleep, my color was very pale and I suffered from ir-regularities that are very painful and

regularitles that are very painful and depressing to women. "I dragged out month after month of such an existence. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in a Providence paper and I thought I would just try them. Before I got through the first box I said to my moth-er: Why these pills are certainly doing me good. We both grew hopeful and I kept on taking them steadily for six or seven months and then occasionally for some time longer, and all the time my troubles kept lessening until at last they were gone altogether. I got rid of my troubles kept lessening until at last they were gone altogether. I got rid of indigestion, headaches, nervousness, sleeplesness, dragging sensations and irregularities of every kind and my weight ran up thirty-two pounds. "It is more than a year since if took up my full work and in all that time I have not lost a day through illness, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me a well woman and I have no lack of strength or cheerful spirits." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a speci-fic for all diseases of the blood and nerves. They are sold by all druggists throughout the world.



When I waken to hear adventurers strange throng valiantly forth by night. To the sing of the salt-spume, dust of the plain, and width of the western slope, Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires and fing me on my way! Oh, purge me in the part of the prime they throng out under my rose-grown sash, when swarthy and careless and grim they throng out under my rose-grown sash, And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope. And I-I blde me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope.

POEMS EVERYBOBY SHOULD KNOW.

L'ENVOI

when earth's last ploture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, when the cldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died, when the cldest colors have faded it—lie down for an acon or two, we shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an acon or two, we shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an acon or two, the fill the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.

They shall work for money, and only the Master shall blame; And only the Master shall praise us, and no one shall work for fame; And no one shall work for money, and each in his separate star, But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star, goall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are, -Rudyard Kipling.

A WANDERER'S LITANY.

when my life has enough of love, and my spirit enough of mirth, when the occan no longer beckons me, when the roadway calls no more, Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

when the lash of the wave bewilders, and I shrink from the sting of the main, when I hate the gloom of Thy steel-gray wastes, and slink to the lamp-lit

When I house me close in a twilit inn, when I brood by a dying fire, When I kennel and crifing with fat content, where a pillow and loaf are sure, Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

when the wine has all ebbed from an April, when the Autumn of life forgets The call and the lure of the widening West, the wind in the straining rope. Ob, on the anvil of Thy wrath. remake me, God, that day!

and those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair; And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair; They shall splash at a ten-league canvas, with brushes of comet's hair; They shall find real saints to paint from. Magdalene, Peter and Paul; They shall more than a sitting, and never be tired at all.

SNOTES.

That men will do anything in their just for gold is a long established fact, and the lengths to which they will go have served in the plots of many nov-elists from Charles Reade to Marion Crawford. However there has never been depicted a more startling situa-tion than that employed by Mr. Balley Millard in his fortheoming novel, "Lure O' Gold," in which a frenzied meh of mutihous sea-men are scuttling their ship in mid-ocean, tearing up her That men will do anything in their mah of multihous searning and searning up her very timbers in their mad desire to discover the treasure they know to be hidden somewhere in her hulk. Even Joseph Conral has not written a more tense description of incidents at sea.

Henry Harland, the author of "My Friend Prospero," is now in Venice. He was driven from London by the bal spring weather and spent some cime at the Italian lakes. It is said tat he has made good progress with the new book he has under way.

Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Silent Places," has returne i with his bride to Santa Barbara, Cal., where he will occupy his house, "The Jump-. . .

Mrs. George Madden Martin, the au-ther of "Emmy Lou," has returned to Louisville, from Florida, where she went to rest after writing her new novel. "The House of Fulfilment,"

all over again with a new scenario, and went to work upon the theme as a novel. She enjoys writing, as do nearly all authors; the only fault she finds with it is that it keeps one indoors.

The strategy of the

. . .

One of the disadvantages of creating a lovable, childish hero, is that you must stand a good deal of correspond-ence in regard to him. Edgar Jepson is now paying the penalty for having made so fascinating a boy out of his "Admirable Tinker." He has received scores of letters from people, young and old, full of sushing admiration, not in this case for the author, but for the character. A great many are solicitous about Tinker's future; and one man says, possibly out of the depths of his own matrimonial experiences: "For heaven's sake, don't let Tinker marry Dorothy; that will put an end to all of

Dorothy: that will put an end to all of his scrapes." The first idea of the character, Tin-

. . .

The Macmillan company will here-after publish Mr. Jacob A. Riis' biog-raphy of 'Theodore Roosevelt, the Cliti-zen.'' "The New American Navy.'' by Hon. John D. Long: "The Forest," by Mr. Stewart Edward White; studies of modern composers, "From Grieg to Brahms," by Daniel Gregory Mason; "British Political Portraits." by Justin McCarthy; books by Mr. Hamilton W. Mable and Dr. Lyman Abbott, and the other volumes heretofore published by

specimen of stained glass work, and was imported from one of the most notable establishments in Germany. It represents St. Joseph holding the child represents St. Joseph holding the child Jesus in his arms. The elaboration of architectural detail, the beauty of the robing of the figures and the remark-able skill displayed in the coloring, are features of the window that at once attract attention and admira-tion. Anyone with an eye to the beauty in art, especially art as manifested in spiritual design and interpretation, will find many things to admire in this win-dow.

ker, was suggested to Mr. Jepson by his own sen, now about six years old, whose name is not Hildebrand Anne but Selwyn.

printe could have been more appro-priate. The sentiments suggested by the window are in line of spiritual associations that bear a peculiar charm to those who love little children, and Mr. Geoghegan's fondness for children Mr. Geognegan's fondness for children is well known. It was a terrible blow to him when Little Joe was called home. However, as he said subsequently, he was the better able to stand up under the loss for the knowledge that the child was with "the angels of heaven."

dov



when I quall at the snow on the uplands, when I crawl from the glare of the sun, When the trails that are lone invite me not, and the half-way lamps allure, Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fing me on my way!

2 * 2

Among the principal contents for the June Arena are the following: "Direct Legislation in Illinois: A Story of Tri-umph for Popular Government," by Daniel L. Cruice of Chicago; "A Politi-cal Forecast," by Eltweed Poemroy, A.M., president of the Nrfional Direct. Legislation league: "The Latest De-cision at The Hague." by Professor Ed-win Maxey, LLD, of the University of Virginia: "The Merger Tangle." by Pro-fessor Frank Parsons: "A Hebrew Prophet of Social Righteouaneas." by Rev. Alfred W. Wishart, the author of "Monks and Monasteries." "The Enjoy-ment of Nature." by Dr. Charles C. Ab-bott, author of "In Nature's Realm." "To Me, the Sound of Weeping," a suf-gestive allegory, by Adeline Champney." "Ole Swing-a-low," a southern story, by Will Allen Dromgoole: "Autocratic and Bureaucratic Usurpation of Legis-lative Functions by Executive Offi-cials." by the editor. The usual com-plement of short editorials, book stud-astrong, varied and interesting table of "Frazed World, or Bloch, Summer and Chaming on Militarism," will be appre-ais showing great Improvement under Its new management, and the publisher and by friends of peace. The Arena is showing great Improvement under Its new management, and the publisher and hocks of peace. The Arena is showing great Improvement under Its new management, and the publisher and by friends of peace. The Arena is showing great Improvement under Its new management, and the publisher and which opens the thirty-second vol-ume, the magazine will appear in an entirely new dress, with many marked been drawn by Dan. Beard. The fron-tispleces will be printed in sepia on volum paper. The magazine will be printed on all-rag paper, and sewed instead of wired. It will also contain

inviting.

tispieces will be printed in sepia on velum paper. The magazine will be printed on ail-rag paper, and sewed instead of wired. It will also contain about twice the amount of reading mat-ter that it contains at present, and there will be some popular features in-troduced, one of which will be a full-page cartoon to appear each month, drawn by Dan. Beard. The "Table of Contents" announcement is strong and inviting.

. . .

Special Correspondence,

Three Musketeers'" author, for even

with the assistance of his faithful corps

of literary hacks, Dumas never equalled

the Hungarian's tale of 200 romances

and 350 collections of poetical works, not, to mention several plays, It is

probable, in fact, that this is a world's

record. Like Dumas, Jokai had lived a

life full of adventure-and one that in-cluded a lot of actual fighting-before

he turned to romance-writing as a trade. Bluff good humor was one of the most striking qualities of both men's work, and Jokai resembled Du-

mas in writing almost entirely on im-pulse-seldom knowing in advance what was going to happen to his char-

acters. Both romancers were also dra-matists, both editors at one time or another. Like Dumas, again, Jokai

died practically a poor man simply as the result of open-handedness to all

and surdry who applied to him. The walfs and strays that perpetually were quartered upon him in his house at Budapesth were exactly the sort of parasites that Dumas maintained at his

chateau of "Monte Cristo" long after his reduced earning capacity made

Stanley J. Weyman must feel decid-

edly gratified over the practical means which the city of Geneva has just tak-

which the city of others and just the en of expressing its satisfaction with his story, "The Long Night." Geneva is, of course, the scene of the latest Weyman romance and the author hard-ly could have had any more convincing

testimonial to the faithfulness of hi treatment of the famous "Escalade"

George Calderon, who published

such munificence absurd.

tion in Switzerland.

the magazine.

is now appearing in McClure's . . .

Myra Kelly is now at work or the cek which will include her stories of iew York's east side school children. which have appeared in McClure's Magazine and made such a stir. Thrugh published as separate stories, the same characters appear in them all, and they make a continuous story of sustajned interest.

Onoto Watanna, the author of the new Japanese novel, "Daughters of Ni-jo," which is being widely read just new, wrote recently to a friend who inquired about her methods of work: "I have no particular study, or even desk. When I write I pick up a pad and go into any room where I can be clone. I some times think there is a that of papers all over the house, from trail of papers all over the house, from the parlor to the baby's nursers -for I have even written there when he was sileo and the nurse had her day off. I am always making up my mind to ind new rules, whereby I will write only in the place and keep all my pa-pers there. And I start out well, with the idlered back personere. And I start out well, with the tidiest looking desk, and then in a week or so it gets so piled up that I move somewhere else. When there are half a dozen desks or tables covered with pads, typewritten sheets, letters, envelopes, papers, etc., then I resort to a chaft.

Sometimes when I am particularly interested in a plot I keep at it fever-ishly, until I get it all completed in a few days. I usually think out the few days. I usually think out the plots-or they come to me at night-after I have retired; and I know the insomnia from which I have sometimes suffered is due to my restless brain at that time. I want to start at the story right away the next day-and I do. Though I write it very quickly-some-times 10,000 words in a day-yet I work times 10,000 words in a day-yet I work over it so much after it is first written that Is really the work of months call it finished. It goes back h to the typewriter's-I change ere and there-whole chapters d or taken aut." "Daughters Miss Western and forth to added of Nijo," Miss Watanna first conceived to for grand opera, and she worked at it many months. But Careful ; idy of a grand opera convinc ed her that she was not yet enough for her ambitions;" so "big enough for her ambitions;" so she abandoned the attempt and commenced



other volumes heretofore published by the Outlook company. Nature books, religious books, biographies, and books for young people are comprised in the volumes transferred to The Macmillan company, as well as one novel, Mr. Warwick Deeping's romance of chivalry, "Uther and Igraine."

It is not often that a publisher is em-barrassed by the wealth of commenda-tions which he receives with regard to one of his publications. So many let-ters, however were sent to The Bobbs-Merrill company about "The Yoke," the romance of old Egypt by Elizabeth Mil-ler, that they concluded the only proper means of disposing of them was to put means of disposing of them was to put them in a book. Accordingly they have issued a pamphlet entitled "Comments on The Yoke' from Clergymen, College Presidents, and Prominent Men of Am-

Presidents, and Prominent Men of Am-erica." It contains 531 letters. Almost every religious denomination is represented in these pages. Perhaps the most enthusiastic letter is that written by Rev. J. Wilbur Chap-man, the great Presbyterian evangelist, who has been lately in Chicago. "The Yoke,"he says,"is of thrilling interest: I really have never read a greater noval really have never read a greater novel; it is superb. Some one will dramatize It some day and it will equal if not sur-pass Ben Hur. I wish for 'The Yoke' the heartiest reception.'

Mathew Arnold in the character of school inspector is said never to have assumed the stereotyped manner and coldiy, critical air usually associated with such an official. Mr. G. W. E. Russel says of him that he was "sym-pathetic without being condescending," and that he reconciled the humblest drudge in a London school to his or her drudgery for the next 12 months: "See the tall figure, at once graceful and stately; the critical brow and inquiring eyeglass bent on some very immature performance in penmanship and needle-work; and the frightened children and performance in permanship and needle-work; and the frightened children and the anxious teacher, gradually lapsed into smiles and peace, as the great man tested, the proficiency in some such humble way as spelling. 'Well, my lit-tle man, and how do you spell dog?' 'Please sir, d-o-g.' 'Capital; very good, indeed. I couldn't do it better myself. And now let us go a little further, and see if we can spell cat?' Chorus (exand now let us go a infile further, and see if we can spell cat? Chorus (ex-citedly)—'C-a-t.' 'Now, this is really ex-cellent. (To the teacher)—You have brought them on wonderfully in spell-ing since I was here last. You shall have a capital report. Goodby.''

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," which the Macmillin company announced for publication on May 25, will have illustrations in color by Sidney Adamson and Lillian Bay-liss. One of the best of these shows bavid, the little drummer boy, perched astride of big Tom McChesney's should-ers, beating the charge with all his might, while Clark's ragged army plow through the ice cold waters of the swamp on the way to capture Vincen-nes and trap Hamilton, "the hair buy-

The motif of Margaret Horton Pot-The motif of Margaret Horton Pot-ter's new novel, "The Flame-Gather-ers," is taken from Rubenstein's fa-mous song, "Arsa." Her hero is a prince of that great house "who must die if love they cherish, who has been captured by the Raja of Mandu in a campaign against the Mohammedan invaders or India 700 years ago. The color and atmosphere and charm of Indian life form the back ground of the love story of Asra and Ahalya. the love story of Asra and Ahalya. . . .

"Daughters of Desperation," Hildegard Brooks's amusing satirical story of amateur anarchy, seems to be just the compound of levity and seriousness to fix the public fancy. It has jumped into immediate popularity. The au-thor is totally unaware of its success. Early in the year Miss Brooks started

for Egypt, and is now in North Africa. out of the reach of any news, and far away from telegraphs, telephones, and postoffices.

Mr. Geoghegan was happy in a gen

eral as well as in an artistic sense in selecting this design, and his many friends join with him in the belief that

. . . David Graham Phillips, author of "The Cost," belongs to the state now coming to be known as "the mother of novelists." He was born in Madison, Ind., some 35 years ago. After gradu-ation from Princeton in the class of 1987 he deiffed into iournalistic work

ation from Princeton in the class of 1887, he drifted into journalistic work. He served on a Cincinnati paper, and later went to New York, where he be-came a reporter first on the Sun and then on the World. The World sent him abroad as London correspondent. While there he "scooped" the English newspapers on the famous collision in the Matterserver of the Campardown the Mediterranean of the Camperdown and the Victoria, two British battle ships. The Victoria sank with 500 mer on board, the officers and crew exhibit-ing the greatest bravery as they went down. Vague rumors were afloat con-cerning the accident, but London papers gave them no credence. The for-eign office had heard nothing of it. Clearly it was a mistake. Days passed

Clearly it was a mistake. Days passed and still no definite news was received. Mr. Phillips, in the midst of this uncer-tainty, had a London operator cable a message to an operator in a little town on the coast of Asia, near the place where the accident was reported to have occurred. The dispatch fell, by lucky accident, into the hands of an American doctor, who had witnessed the collision, and, as the World was his American doctor, who and witnessed the collision, and, as the World was his favorite home paper, he set about send. ing a full report. Immediately he was informed that he would have to pay \$500 in advance. This he did not bave, but a merchant prince, whose friend-ship he had won, came to his recue. The dispatch was sent and as soon as it reached Phillips in London, was for-warded to New York. It was cabled back from that city after it had ap-peared in the World. The London pa-pers printed it and said it was a fake. How could New York receive the news before London? How could an Ameri-can paper get it before the foreign of-fice? Mr. Phillips was soon political editor of the World with a salary of \$7,500 a year. But, according to Mr. Phillips, the ex-

\$7,500 a year. But, according to Mr. Phillips, the ex-citement of newspaper life is not to be compared with the pleasure and profit of writing novels. "The Cost" is said to have been the most popular serial that has yet appeared in the Saturday Eve-ning Post ning Post

≈BOOKS.≈

"The Song of Roland," translated by Miss Isabel Butler, has recently been Miss Isabel Butler, has recently been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the Riverside Literature series. The original presents unusual difficulties to the translator, and most modern ver-sions are either slavishly literal or hopelessly garbled. Miss Butler, whose text is rendered directly from the usefith contury manuscint preserved twelfth century manuscript preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, has



Cramps, Bloating Backache and Fainting Spells.

Resemblances to Dumas.

COUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.#

Late Maurus Jokai's Odd

the village of a local tribe, who in-stantly make him their king. But gold is discovered in the vicinity, English folk turn up and Dwala is taken in hand by a British member of parlia-ment who brings him home, provides ONDON, May 26.-Hungarian opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, it is impossible to compare the genius of the late Maurus ment who brings him home, provides him with money and eventually launches him in society! Here his suc-cess is immediate, and ere long the ape-man goes into parliament, and finally becomes prime minister. Not until after his death of consumption is the discovery made that he had a tall! Jokai with that of Alexander Dumas, but in almost every other respect, the famous Magyar novelist was the counterpart of the great Frenchman. In actual fertility Jokal surpassed "The

K. and Hesketh Prichard's ingenious K. and Hesketh Prichard's ingenious and exciting stories of the adventures of Don Q., the Spanish brigand, which have been a feature of Pearson's Maga-zine, are to be introduced to the Amer-ican public presently in book form. The "K" in this literary combination stands for Kate, the name of Hesketh Prichard's mother, who has collabor-ated with him in nearly all that he has written. She went most of the way written. She went most of the way with him on his recent explorations in darkest Patagonia, and is planning to accompany him on a hunting expedi-tion to Laborador next autumn. Never there is a set of the . .

Frederick Moore, the bright American Frederick Moore, the bright American who attracted attention by his work for the London "Times" in the last Balkan uprising, has started back for Macedonia on the strength of inside in-formation that if all goes well with the plans of the revolutionaries there will be a war on with Turkey by Sep-tember. Mr. Moore has spent his leisure in London on a book which will give some rather striking pictures of the methods of the Turks and revolution-aries in the constant conflict now gomethods of the Turks and revolution-aries in the constant conflict now go-ing on in the Balkans—a conflict that can be terminated only by the inevi-table out-and-out war. The conscien-tious author has carried his manuscript away with him to Macedonia for fina revision on the spot. . . .

Pathetic enough and characteristic of the New Grub street were the cir-cumstances attending the recent death



fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.