DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.



GOD'S KIN.

There is no summit you may not atwhich you may not yet walt serenely, and beloss is but a step to'rd the mountain-top lie vale and Leinothing make you question, doubt give only good, and good alone reisd as you welcome joy, so welcome

nat which you most desire awaits Throw wide the door and bid it enter

gest and the strong vibrations shall speak, and above earth's loud, un-

intsilent declarations shall be heard. things are possible to God's own

kin. -ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

NOTES.

holy affair. A dozen or so journalists chilefly German and English, met in the Montmartre cometery in bitterly cold weather. The poet's tomb was sparsey decorated with flowers. A few visitng cards were binned to the wreaths, and after a little subdued conversation, the company departed.

Mrs. W. Ks Clifford, the English novelist, does a great deal of her writ-Professor Huxley that she very foolishgets scared when everyone has gone bed. "I always hear burglars moving about," she said. "So do I." said the great man, instantly. "When I am at work nights I see them watching me through the crack of the door."

It is rumored that Ibsen's forthcom-ing play is to be the last one he in-tends to write. It is said also that he is now arranging his papers with a view to their ultimate publication as nemoirs.

young lady. He was as good an oncer and brave a man as ever stepped, 'Oh, Captain,' says the girl, 'what did you feel like when you went into your first battle?' 'Feel like?' says he, 'My dear young lady, I felt like making for the nearest hedge that would hide me comfortably.' She gave him a look as Mr. Ceell Rhodes has a sister with a much as to say she didn't think much of him after that, and they passed on: taste for authorship. Miss Edith Rhodes is now at work upon some artibut I was nigh splitting my sides with cles describing Life in Rhodesia. laughing." Kipling has written a new story

art.

ble

Mr. M. H. Spielmsen, writing upon

"The Corn-trade and Option--Markets

MAGAZINES.

Senator Alber# J. Beveridge in his

speech in the United States Senate, told

one side of his experience in the Philip-pines. The other and more personal

South Africa. The story of Gen. Law-ton's death is written and pictured by

In an article in the February number

of Cassell's Magazine, Mr. Fletcher Robinson gathered this experience from

a former soldier in the Black Watch:

"It must be nervous work going into action the first time." "Of course, sir,

and I don't believe there's a man who doesn't wish himself well out of it till

he gets warmed to his work. I remem-

he gets warned to his work. I found ber once in the old days that I was holding a tray for the engagement cards at a regimental dance when the captain of my company passed with a young lady. He was as good an officer

Frederick Palmer.

our national history. The publisher's making friends wherever he goes, and department contains pertinent com-ments on affairs of the day, "Events current and undercurrent" comprising nexer taking himself too seriously. He is not the kind of musician for whom there is nothing else in life but comthere is nothing else in life but com-position. He is quite as fond of a good dinner or a good story as the most adaptable man of the world, and out of his experience of people and things he is able to produce melody that ex-presses the multitude and appeals to it. a resume and comprehensive condensa-tion of the affairs of the month .- 91, Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

A number of interesting short stories A number of interesting short stories appear in the Youth's Companion of this week. "A Context of Clothes" ap-pearing on the first page, and "How Jim Went to the War." and "A Noon-ing on the Yampa" following. Prof. Simon Newromb contributes "A Chat About the Stars" and a pumber of About the Stars,' and a number of other interesting articles and sketches make up the current issue.

Among the special features of Har-per's Bazar for Feb. 16, are: "Pader-evski on Piano Playing," "Emma Eames on the Uphill Road to Success," and "Children of Great English Fam-files." The frontispiece is a portrait study of Paderewski, by Burne-Jones.

Apostle Joseph F. Smith is the sub-ject of the sketch in the series of "Lives of our Leaders" in the Juvenile Instructor for February 15th. Belgium is the subject in "The History of Na-tions," and "Who Bluebeard Really Was." "Land of the Midnicht Moon," the storiettes "Self Effort Wins," and "A Brave Boy with a Boy's Merzage" poetry by Ruth M. Fox, are the titles of some of the other Interesting contriother Interesting contributions to the number.

A RIDDLE.

I sent a note to pretty Prue And asked her to be mine, To he my sweetheart fond and true, Likewise my Valentine.

And then I went to hear her say The word I longed for, "Yest" But first a riddle deep and hard She asked; and bade me guess,

Why that aforesaid note is like Policemen? I declare I'm never good at guessing ,and It really wasn't fair.

Then a idea dawned on me My anger knew 'no bounds: I thought her meaning surely was That it had "gone the rounds."

But lest her teasing hurt me, She whispered, low and sweet, That close to her own loving heart She'd placed it "on a beat." -EDYTH FORBES KELLEY,

THE BOERS AND THE BLACKS.

The Boers owe their political existence to the nation against which they are now engaged in war. At any moment during the past decade the black hordes of Zwasiland, Zululand, Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, who have foresworn the assegal for the Krag-Jorgensen and Lee-Metford arms, could have overrun the Transvaal and exterminated the Dutch usurpers who dispossessed them of their domain. England has held the restraining hand, for the black races both respect and for the black races both respect and fear their imperial conqueror and pro-tector. The natives entertain implacable hatred for the Boers, for by them they have been robbed, beaten and en-slaved; but toward the British, who have organized the tribes and given them forms of self-government, the Kaffirs on the whole are friendly. In Kamrs on the whole are friendly. In 1868 the great Basuto race sought re-fuge from Boer aggression by volun-tary submission to England. One of the secrets of the Great Trek was a determination on the part of the Boers to establish a system of sla-

very, which in British territory is for-bidden. The treatment of the blacks by the Boers is a tragic story of in-justice and cruelty. In Johannesburg and Pretoria today a black man is not permitted to walk on the sidewalk; he must keep to the middle of the street with the oxen and the horses. If sent on an errand which makes it necessary for him to enter a building, he must crouch as he hurrles from the gutter to the store or stairway to which he is bound. One day in my office in Johannesburg the door was pushed open by a Kaffir prone on the floor, dragging himself by his clows. Thinking he was wounded. I rose to assist him. He grinned and handed me a letter. It was from a government official, and the Kaffir was government onena, and messenger de-merely an apprentice messenger delivering a public document. I made him get up and take a chair while I answered the message. When I gave him the note he slunk away trembling and much mystified. Afterward spoke to the Boer official about the epi spoke to the Boer official about the epi-sode. He protested that I had done very wrong. "I always kick them as they go out," he explained; "then they know who is their superior." Another law prohibits Kaflirs from whistling or singing in the streets; and as the spirit of the black man, however much he is oppressed, finds expression in melody, this statute is constantly violated; and for their musical indiscretion Kaffirs are dragged in great numbers to jail and beaten mercilessly en route. The Boers explain that this law was passed Boers explain that this law was passed to suppress the exasperating independ-ence and jubilant bravado of the blacks, and to instruct them in the ways of true humility. Possibly the law is also due to the creed of the Doppers, the party long in control of the government, who regard all music as a profanation, and who have accord-ingly renounced even the intoning of the psalms in their solemn services. The drastic subjugation of the blacks has produced a deep determination among the tribes to be avenged if op-portunity ever occurs.—Harold Bolce, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February.

Kidney Troubles Are the Most Dangerous Ailments That Affect Mankind.

Dr. D. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY

The Greatest Kidney and Liver Medicine of the Age, CURES!

Mrs. Hiram Yeager, of Salt Lake City, writes:

"My little boy lingered along for six years under the doctor's treatment, suffering from gravel in the bladder and stomach trouble. The doctor performed an operation upon him, but it did not produce the desired effect, and my little boy was no nearer recovery than before. DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY was, at this critical time recommended and used; the pains in the back ceased, the urine resumed its natural color, the distressed feeling in the head and stomach disappeared, and the use of only a few bottles of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE KEMEDY cured him."

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY speedily corrects and cures not only all Kidney and Bladder Diseases, but also the many disorders of the liver and blood. It is a health-builder and a health-keeper. It makes men and women well and keeps them well. It is the greatest medicine you ever saw for constipation.

All Druggists Sell it at One Dollar a. Bottle; Six Bottles for Five Dollars.



any Thurston Peck, after reviewing ilterature of the past ten years, when that Kipling and Barrie are say writers whose work will sur-m He snys: "Above all this mass redocrity there rises before the mind strare of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who must the writers of the past ten ters has given to the world some thing at really thrilled it, and that has used a genuine and enduring admirin his extraordinary force and tax, his freehand treatment of his ets, even the careless audacity of is the and something that verges up-a imputence in his literary manner werade him quite unique; and in his ane Books there is found a wealth of whe imagination and a penetra-is into the mysteries of what is fully and primeval that cannot be allded in the literature of any peorears has written anything with that will endure, it is perhaps & J. M. Barrie, whose command of pathetic is something more than er literary trick, and suggests the mession of that intuitive genius ich goes unerringly to the very ree of both tears and laughter. Yet In Kipling is to be remen all he by his Jungle Books and his first stories only: for in his novels, if they can be called so, he is obvious-Ill at ease and does not attain to the listic completeness that marks his Butter stories. In like manner Mr aris will probably be remembered

one or two of his productions at the net; just as I myself believe that venson in the end will live through the one short tour de force which he inself at last came to detest-the stery of Dr. Jekvill and Mr. Hdye, which cannot possibly be forgotten, betipe it has given to our language an erorical mode of representing the chical duality of man."

A ariter in the New York Times has that Abraham Cahan, the "Yid-6h" author, lives near the up-town "Obento," and edits a Hebrew scientific fidical, besides teaching and writinteresting newspaper articles about teast side and its peculiar peoples. Cahan is yet a young man, about years old, is a native of Russian haania, one of the Baltic provinces; son of a prominent rabbi of that reis and is himself, though not orthas a thoroughly well-read Talmud shear. He came to the United States Suit 1886, and at one time taught Ger-an, Pussian and Hebrew, while himaf learning English at an east side

The address of Mr. Frederic Harriin on the occasion of the funeral of Grant Allen at Woking is to be Whited for private circulation. It is a model of what such a ech should be.

The "Ediths" may be interested to had these lines of Longfellow's which

the pret wrote in the album of a young thand by that name: he who comes to me and pleadeth the lovely nume of Edith, all not sigh for what she wanted; Linh means 'the blessed.' therefore Al that she may wish or care for

Will, when best for her, be granted." Almirers of Pierre Lott will remem-

the death by drowning of "Yann," here of that strange tale, An Iceand Fisherman. Yann's real name was fomume Flourry, and he was very larry at Loti for drowning him in the But by some strange irony of he was drowned recently at Port whe to the French legation in Perarms is the queen of Spain was very meally credited at the beginning of fains war. Lott himself denies this in hate" book, "Reflets sur la Sombre

The Paris correspondent of the Lon-in Carenicle says that the celebration of the centenary of the poet Heine which was to have been an imposing Reary ceremony, was a very melan-

ibout one of his Soldiers Three, Private Ortheris. Another character in the tale is Ortheris's dog Garm.

BOOKS.

The Rev. Frank Crane's work on The Religion of Tomorrow shows him to be first a thinker and then a theologian. It is a broad and wise survey of the subject, generous to all varieties thought, yet holding firmly to certain essential beliefs. A logical and well constructed survey of the field, it sug-gests many new ideas to the serious. Some Idea of his scholarly breadth and reverence may be obtained from the following questions: There is something wrong with

theology that is saved from intellectual contempt only by respect for its subject matter. "God's object for us is higher than to

make us do right; it is to make us be right Every dogmatic truth contains a

falsehood. No dogma is true without perspec-

tive; it must recognize the unknowa-"All advance in thought-life begins in

skepticism; not the irreverent sort which revolts at religion because it for-bids sin, but the reverent sort which longs for a wider word for a widening "One's personal influence alone re

mains in the world as the net result of all he has done. "Every scientific discovery is a new parable of God."

"Perhaps at last God may be proud of us.

"God values us, not for what we are, but for what He intends to make of

It is a wierd and fascinating romance

that Mr. Robert Hickens has worked out in the The Slave. His imagination is as fantastic as Rider Haggard's, but its quality is infinitely more interesting. He develops his melodramas in the heart of London instead of in the wilds of Africa, and takes his figures from conventional society rather than from savage tribes. The heroine of the new book is a woman whose passion is for jewels, for whom there is nothing else world but the magnetism of in the

us.

these fascinating stones. The most hardened novel reader cannot predict the surprises that follow one another in the pages of this book. Yet as it proceeds one sees the develop-ment to be inevitable. Mr. Hichens shows here his peculiar skill in the manipulation of language as he has done in no other book, and it casts a spell upon the reader.

Mr. Gordon Craig's clever portraits of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in their different characters have given him a place at once among the new and rising English draughtsmen. He makes them so vivid with slight material that one can not escape the flavor of the peculiar individuality of his subject. He knows how to make a line express thought, and the result is that in these drawings the whole inner personality come out from behind the color. The book in which they are published is one of the most attractive to be found upon the counters.

The subject taken up in Mr. Richard Sudbury's Two Gentlemen in Touraine is immensely attractive. To any one for whom architecture has a meaning the chateaux in Tauraine are what the Ode on a Grecian Urn is to the poet. They have a lyric quality which noth-ing else quite reaches, and there are few books which appreciate it as Mr. Sudbury manifestly does in his. The The llustrations of these wonderful buildugs are even more welcome than the text, and the charm of the book as a whole is greatly enhanced by the dec-orative borders in color which carry out

the character of the time and locality. Mr. Arthur Lawrence has made the

personality of Sir Arthur Sullivan so vivid in the biography which he has written that every reader feels that he is a personal friend. He has not ex-aggerated his merits nor mitigated his aults. There is no pedestal, and con-sequently one fears no crash. The man himself in these pages, genial, generous,

the medallist's art in England in the Magazine of Art for February, thus concludes an interesting paper: As I write I think of the opportunity which presents itself in these sad times for Englishmen to take advantage of the Within a few short weeks mourning has been carried into a thousand homes-mourning for the brave and no. who have fallen in battle. Who

would not wish to retain some memeor. al of heroes who have gone?-who would not place in the hands of everyone of his kinsmen, even of the wider circle of his countrymen, an effigy, small, beautiful, and truthful, of the face that turned its last living look up-on the foe and bravely earned the laur-els of its martyrdom? It is thus that the art of Mr. Bowcher and his com-peers places liself at the service of the iead and the disposal of the living, and offers, if not an earthly immortality, at least a souvenir in perpetuity, recalls and sanctifies to present and future generations the glory of the hero and the love of survivors, and pays the homage to his features and his fame that only art can adequately bestow.

One feature of Werner's Magazine for February is a symposium of contributions from a number of prominent Hebrews, and others, on the artistic and expressional qualities of the Jews. Be-lieving that origin, heredity and environment are very important, if not the most important factors in determining the power of a race (or individual) express itself artistically, and that this theory is best illustrated by the origin and history of the Jewish people, by the Werner's Magazine has secured the opinions of a number of prominent men and women on this subject. The symposium is followed by an editorial summary of the facts presented in the con-tributions .-- New York.

Professor Marcus Dods has undertaken the chapter on "Calls to Disciple-ship" in the new Life of Christ now ap-pearing in the Quiver, and the first part of his paper is issued in the February number.

In the February number of The Na-tional Magazine Joe Mitchell Chapple furnishes a clever resume of "Affairs at Washington," Maitland Leroy Osborne pays a tribute to the evangelist Moody, in an article entitled "Moody's Northfield Home," and a Moody con-vert at Northfield tolls the story of his conversion. A finely illustrated sketch of "Sir Henry Irving" cannot fail to in-terest lovers of the drama. Two articles of special interest to the ladies are "An American in the London Hospital," and "Shop Girls as They Are," both both illustrated. Peter McQueen, "The National Magazine's special corre-spondent, who accompanied Gen. Hen-



Washing Dish Cloths

Kitchen cloths must of course be washed daily,

otherwise they harbor grease and odors and

become unhealthy. They should be made of anit-

crochet-cotton, in a square of suitable size

When you wash them, if you will add a table-

Gold Dust Washing Powder

to the bot water it will cut the grease and clean them in half the time; dry them out in the sun-shine and sir.

The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDAN BULKS FOR HOUSEWORK"

THE M. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis, New York, Bosto

apoonful of

THE HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.

Of all the lovely, dainty homes built without hands, perhaps the hummingbird's takes the lead. Small, round, set astride a branch usually not thicker than a man's thumb, it is formed of fern-down, and the flowers of the red oak, or the fluff from the "Balm of Gilead" tree. But this is only the interior. On the outside it is entirely covered with bits of lichen and moss, each bit overlapping the other, often several hundred of them, and making the finished nest look as much like a mossy knot as anything. Two creamy white eggs are placed in it, about the size of a large white bean, and so very fragile that it needs the most delicate handling not to break them. No wonder that the birdlings reared in such a fairy-like home should be fed on honey-dew and nectar .-- Vick's Magazine.

Carol FATHER

(LA)





UPUNUA