POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

HUMAN AND DIVINE.

Tis a saying still abiding from the wisdom of the past-"What is man's work, it will perish; what is God's work, it will last,"

SLEEP.

O'er moveless billows of a soundless sea An unseen bark in silence carries me. In peace I fold my hands and sail away. Far from this noisy country of Today.

Far out toward unknown shores, serene I float In safety, for a Pilot guides my boat. I cannot see His face, but well I know That He is near wherever I may go.

As one who drifts upon a summer sea Forgetting life, death and eternity, 'Tis thus I float past scenes both old and new Wherein loved faces often spring to view.

Fain would I linger long in some sweet clime Where memory wakes and takes no note of time, But ere my happy journey seems half o'er I land upon Today's familiar shore.

Some time, perhaps, my journey will extend To that far country whither all men tend; And there I'll furl my sails and anchor lower In some fair haven of that distant shore, Elizabeth V. Packard.

West Indies. He has never, however, come to the United States. That he is naturally a traveler and

That he is naturally a traveler and a cosmopolitan seems to come logically from his ancestry. His father, Canon Hichans, of Canterbury, is a Cornishman by birth, but on his mother's side of the family there is French, Swedish, German and Portuguese blood. To quote Kipling, he is "cosmopolitaniy planned."

Eleanor Gates, author of 'The Plow Woman.' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), and her husband, Richard Watson, Tully, the playwright, are wintering in Capri, where Mrs. Tully is finishing her new book, 'Cupid, the Cow Punch,' which the same publishers will issue some time this year. The villa where they are resting belongs to Elihu Vedder the artist, and was occupied last winter by the Booth Tarkingtons.

Stewart Edward White has left his

Stewart Edward White has left his bungalow in Callfornia, where he has lived for the last two years, and has joined the author's colony in New York. Mr. White is a Michigan man, the son of a lumber man. After he graduated from college he joined his father in the lumber business, and his experiences in the forest led to the writing of "The Blazed Trail." and other stories.

BOOKS.

In "The Port For Missing Men," Meredith Nicholson has written the first novel that has approached in entrancing interest that classic of modera romance "The Prisoner of Zenda." From beginning to end the pages breath love, mystery, romance—the three elements that make the perfect sensational novel, But in this case "sensational" does not mean clap trap, melodrama, blood nor thunder. It is sensationalism of a cameo like cut with its raised edges showing against a clear background of realistic, every-day fact, which tones it into a harmony of tint and outline that never jars nor palls. Its hero, is a fig-

never jars nor palls. Its hero, is a fig-ure if anything more fascinating than the delectable Rudolph of Hapsburg,

the delectable Rudolph of Hapsburg, and its heroine,—where in modern fiction is there a piece of femininity as captivating as Shirley?

Never did illustrator catch the picture

Never did illustrator catch the picture framed on an author's mental retina as the artist who drew the portrait for this chic, naturally original girl whom men consistently follow from end to end of a continent and across oceans to capture. And the situations! Who does not see in vision the scene at the captain's diplomatic supper with appropriate stage settings behind a row of footlights? That lonely farm too, beyond the shadowy "Port" carries its own scenario in the captain's entrance with his captors (R. U. E.) wearing the potato sack for a headdress, then the entrance of the intended vistim with his faithful hedgeman to the confusion of the man who seeks to put him out of the way. The book in fact fairly teems with "situations" which must inevitably tempt the playwright.

Mr. Nicholson won fame in his "House of a Thousand Candles," (who by the way ever possessed Mr. Nicholson

by the way ever possessed Mr. Nichol-son's consummate genius for titles) but that romance comes nowhere near

masterly effort appearing under the name of "The Port For Missing Men." It will live with "Zenda" and a few of

the many recent romances of modern fuedal plot and purpose, and certainly merits its destined distinction.—Bobbs-

The Macmillan company is publishing this week, Jack Leadon's new novel, "Before Adam;" "Freedom in the Church," by Prof. Alexander V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge; Vol. I. of the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," to be completed in four volumes under the editorship of Prof. L. H. Balley of Cornell; "A German Science Reader," by William H. Wait, Fa. D., of Michigan University; Vol. II. of the "Handbook of Metallurgy," Dr. Carl Schnabel; "Religion, Natural and Revealed," by N. S. Joseph; "Electrons," by Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. A.; a new edition of "The Dynamo," by C. C. Hawkins and F. Wallis; and "The Principles and Practice of Cost Mining," by James Tonge.

Merrill are the publishers.

NOTES.

Another large edition has just been issued, by the Harpers, of The Squaw Man, the striking movel written by Julie Opp Faversham from Royle's popular play of the same name.

Ann Boyd has attracted so much attention as a book for women, that not only do many women write Mr. Harben in regard to it, but he has become a popular figure at women's juncheous

a popular figure at women's functions and leas.

At one such luncheon, the other day, the first course was grapefruit, and among the phalanx of spoons at each plate Harben recognized one with a protruding "snout" which, he told himself, was the only one appropriate for that particular use, so he applied it to the fruit.

himself, was the only one appropriate for that particular use, so he applied it to the fruit.

He had no sooner done so than he neticed that the lady on his left was evidently hesitating as to which spoon to use. In fact, she and all the other guests seemed to be watching the hostess to see what she would do.

To Harben's amazement, the hostess took up an ordinary teaspoon, whereupon the others, sheeplike, followed in her lead. Harben kept his eyes open and discovered that the "snouted" spoons were not used by the others during the entire meal, and he feared that he himself had been guilty of a social slip. Like the famous rent in Pepys'camlet cloak, "it was a little thing, but it troubled him."

But after some days the explanation suddenly came to him. There were just seven at the table—the hostess and six guests. It was clear, then, that there was a set of just six of the

that there was a set of just six of the special spoons, and that the bostess had not expected to be followed in her use of a teaspoon, having merely her use of a teaspoon, having merely used it perforce. All of which he takes to be a good argument for "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

"Brewster's Millions." by George Barr McCutcheon, has been drama-tized, and is enjoying a successful run at the New Amsterdam Theater New York.

Will Lillbridge, author of "Ben Blain," has written a new western story entitled "Where the Trail Di-vides," which Dodd, Mead & Co, will publish this spring.

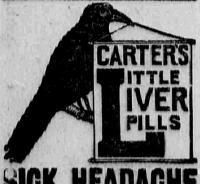
One of the most talked of books in England at present is "The Priest" by Harold Begble, a well known London journalist. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the book this spring, under a new title, "The Penalty."

One of the recent candidates for position as librarian in the New York public library wrote, on her examina-tion paper, in answer to a question regarding the novels of Lew Wallace, that his principal work was

As was to be expected, Robert Hichens, author of "The Call of the Blood," finds himself in receipt of many letters urging him to visit this or that part of the world to write a story about it. He feels no temptation, however, as a story and the story and shoul it he feels no temptation, now-ever, as yet, to get away from the Mediterranean region, for it exerts a profound fascination over his mind, and he is now hard at work on an-other Mediterranean novel. His first success was as a novelist of London but he did not climb to fame and real success till he responded to the call of the south.

The invitations to visit other localities, to do for them what he has done for Sicily and the Sahara, came from widely distant points, such as Indis. California, Finland, Brazil.

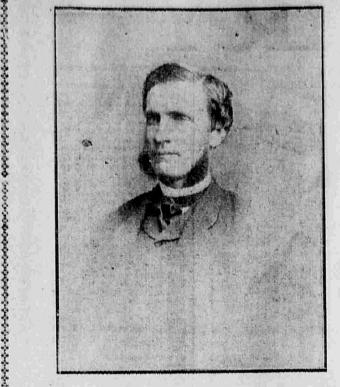
Greece and Japan,
He is very fond of traveling, and
has not only gone to most parts of
Europe, and often made excursions
into North Africa, but has visited the



Positively cured by these

Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsis. Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausca, Drown. ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. The late the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Dose.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



HON. JOHN T. CAINE.

As He Looked While Associated With The Church Emigration in New York More Than Forty Years Ago.

Above is a photograph of Hon. John T. Caine, taken by Fredericks of New York, between 40 and 43 years ago. Mr. Caine was at the time connected with the emigration bureau of the Church, and with I on. W. W. Riter was superintending the transer of Mormon emigrants from New York

Jack London's new book, "Before Adam," comes close on the heels of the announcement that he is about to start

announcement that he is about to start on his long delayed cruise around the world. His project of setting out in a 40-foot boat, with only two or three companions, to explore the world for himself, is as characteristic of the man as is his latest literary effort. The new book is the record of a mental and imaginative voyage of discovery, in which he has explored and mapped the regions that lie beyond the reach of history. It takes daring to cross the Pacific ocean in a 40-foot boat, but hardly more daring than is required to write a book so original, so wholly away from the beaten track, as "Before Adam." Like other London books, this one is admirably illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. ingston Bull.

Jacques Futrelle is a writer who has attained great popularity by his clever detective stories, which have appeared in numerous newspapers. Dodd. Mead & Company announce for publication this spring a volume by Mr. Futrelle, under the title of "The Thinking Machine," which promises to be an unusually good book.

The Shameless Diary of an Explorer by Robert Dunn is a remarkable and unusually frank record of an attempt to scale Mt. McKinley (the Alaskan Mount Blanc) in the summer and autumn of

Mr. Dunn's narrative, to quote his Mr. Dunn's narrative, to quote his own words, records "facts as I saw them, emotions as I felt them at the time." Very little has been added to the diary as it was written on the journey under all the discomforts and difficulties of the dash to the Mountain. It is no milk and water account of exploration written for drawing room perusal, but is penned with great spirit and freedom in the words and style men use when the fighting blood is up. Most assuredly it is an unique record, and merits the name of human document.

ment.
The book will be published this month by The Outing Publishing Company.

MAGAZINES.

Under the title "Strange Isn't It?" the Reader Magazine for March pubthe following: That a cavalryman unhorsed is most

easilly cowed? That one can show his temper only after he has lost it?
That a contractor should be called upon to expand a house?

Among the notable fiction of the new season will be a romantic novel by C. N. & A. M. Williamson, entitled, "The Princess Virginia," which the publishers declare will outdistance even "Lady Betty" in popularity. Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., also announce the real, authentic successor to Ellis Parker Butler's masterniece of humor, "Pigs is Pigs." It is entitled, "The Great American Pie Company," and it is ah humorous in its way as its famous predecessor. O. Henry will greet his admirers with a new collection of stories: "The Trimmed Lampand Other Stories of the Four Million." Miss Marjorie Bowen, the author of that pemarkable story of international fame, "The Viper of Milan," will be represented in the spring's lists by "The Leopard and the Lily." In her new book, Miss Bowen abandons momentarily the plains of Lombardy, and transfers her scene of action to the wild marches of Brittany in the middle ages.

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?
That the plow must be solled before the soil can be plowed?

That the plow inst to esolution the soil can be plowed?

That a susceptible fellow is hardest hit by the softest glances?

That in everything (save baseball) you must strike out to make it hit?

That so many students cannot state bald facts without splitting hairs?

That the straighter a man drinks his whisky the crockeder he walks home?

That the papers so often refer to a man's double life as a singular career?

That hard liquor should upset the fellow who has just been setting it up?

That the clergy should constantly refer to even the sandlest mortals as men of clay?

ONDON, March 1 .- Great interest has been aroused by the discovery of what may turn out to be the

earliest known portrait of Shake-

speare. For many years it hung among

bar purior of the Bridgewater Arms, an inn in the village of Winston, near Darlington. No special value was attached to it until a stranger, who knew something about old pictures, chanced to see it. He noticed its strong resemblance to other supposed auth-guite por-

something about old pictures, chanced to see it. He noticed its strong resemblance to other supposed authaptic portraits of Shakespeare, painted when he had reached a maturer age. He said that it might be a portrait of the immortal bard. In the mouth of rumor the "might be" became "was."

M. H. Splelmann, the famous art critic, now engaged in preparing a volume on Shakespeare portraits, heard of it, and wrote to the Misses Ludyate—two maiden sisters who conduct the inn—asking them for a photograph of the portrait and its history as far as they were acquainted with it. Mr. Spielmann, who is disposing of the claims of scores of alleged Shakespeare portraits, has not yet been able to devote that attention to the latest discovery necessary to determine whether or no it is a genuine portrait.

It represents a young man with budday and a bead of thick

It is a genuine portrait.

It represents a young man with budding moustache and a head of thick, dark, curly hair. He wears a crimson velvet slashed doublet and lace collar.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

collection of sporting prints in the

Alleged Shakespeare Portrait

Our London Literary Letter.

That being a big ass at night will oft-en make you a little hoarse the next morning? That a chap who can't abide pets about the house will sit up half the night to fatten up a kitty?

Once when Emerson was in the company of men of affairs, who had been discussing railroads, stocks, and other business matters for some time, he said, "Gentlemen, now let us discuss real things for a while."

Emerson was called "the dreamer of dreamers," because he had the prophetic vision that saw the world that would be the higher civilization to come. Tens

be, the higher civilization to come. Tens of thousands of men and women today stand where he stood almost alone. Dreamers in this sense are true proph-

breamers in this sense are true propa-ets. They see the civilization that will be long before it arrives.

It was such dreamers who saw the gerat metropolis of Chicago in a strag-gling Indian village, the Omahas, the Kansas Cities, the Denvers, the Salt Lake Cities, the Los Angeleses, and the San Pranciscos many years before they San Franciscos many years before they arrived, that made their existence pos-sible.

sible.

It was such dreamers as Marshall Field. Joseph Leiter, and Potter Palmer, who saw in the ashes of the burned Chicago a new and glorified city, infinitely greater and grander than the old. As it was the dreamers of '49 who built the old San Francisco and made it the greatest port on the western coast so, when San Francisco lay in ashes, a few months ago, and 300,000 people were homeless, it was the dreamers of today who saw the new city in the ashes of the old, where others saw only desolation, and who, with indomitable desolation, and who, with indomitable grit, that unconquerable American will that characterized the pioneers of a half-century before, began to plan a new city greater and grander than the

What a picture the dreamer Columbus what a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exposed to continual scoff and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children, taught to regard him as a madman, pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, in spite of unspeakable obstacles, his visions became a glorious reality. glorious reality.

He died a neglected beggar, although his dreams had enriched the world; while a pickle dealer of Seville gave his name to the mighty continent Columbus had discovered. But was this Genoese dreamer a failure? Ask more than a hundred million people who inhabit the vast wilderness, the greatest continent the sun ever shone upon, if this dreamer was a failure!

Our public parks, our art galleries our great institutions are dotted with our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues, which the world has built to its dreamers—men and women who dreamed of better things, better days for the human race. Take the dreamers of the world's his-ory, and who would care to read it?

The most of the things which make life worth living, which have emand-pated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness— the great amenities of life we owe to our dreamers.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the fore-glimpses of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle

The portrait, which measures 154 by 17½ inches, bears in white letters on the panel the inscription, "Ae suae (setatis suae) 24, 1588," and on the back are the letters "W. S." Nowhere, however, is there an indication of the painter's name or initials.

painter's name or initials.

The picture is in an excellent state of preservation and the drawing is unusually good. The pose of the head is similar to that of what is known as the "Welcombe" portrait, owned by Sir George Trevelyan and painted when Shakespeare was 46. In the conformation of the lower lip—an unusual type of lip—it is practically identical with the lower lip in the Droeshout portrait and the "Ely House" portrait, now in possession of the birthplace trustees at Stratford.

stratford.

"If it can be proved to be a Shake-speare," says Mr. Spleimann, "it is impossible to estimate its value. It would be worth £10,000 to buy it for the nation, but it is not unlikely that an American would offer £50,000 for it."

Meanwhile the portrait no longer adorns the parlor of the village inn. The Misses Ludgate have deposited it for safety in a bank, pending the determination of the question whether it is worth the fortune that will enable

worth the fortune that will enal

them to retire from the inn-keepin

them to retire from the inn-keepi abusiness.

If the portrait is genuine it was painted when Shakespeare was 24. In 1587—the year before it was painted—he had joined a band of strolling players. Not until some four years later did he take his first play to the publishers. That has led some critics to suggest that it is extremely unlikely that anybody would have gone to the trouble of painting his portrait when he was still an obscure and poor young man. It does seem unlikely, but likely-hoad, of course, has little to do with the matter. It was not unlikely that in 1564 an Englishman would be bord whose genius would still be astonishing the civilized world 300 years after his death. And it is not wildly im-

Found in a Village Inn.

probable to suppose that before the world had heard of him he made such impression on his friends that one of them painted his portrail out of sheer admiration. The thing is constantly happening in the artistic world even in this Mammon-worshipping age.

CHARLES OGDENS.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

A dose of Ballard's Horehaund Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold?
Try it for whooping cough, for astimatic for consumption, for brunchills, Mrs. Jos. McGrath, 3f. E. 1st Street, Hutchinson, Kans., writest, 7f have beed Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for five years, and find it the most paintable medicine f ever used. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 117 and 118 South Main St. B. a cold? Syrup

Wall Paper.

The very things for Mission rooms, delightfully naturalistic florals for bed tooms; pure and classic period styles for the ceremonial room. Everything for a distinct purpose and a vast variety to select from. Geo. W. Ebert & Co., 57 Main.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 40 volumes will be added to the public library Menday morning, March 11, 1907;

MISCELLANEOUS. American Academy of Political and Social Science—Corporations and Public Welfare.

Bisland—Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. 2 vols.

Blacke—The Cross, Ancient and Modern.

Church—Hydraulia Motors

Church—Hydraulic Motors. Coupin—Romance of Animal Arts

and Crafts.
Fairle-Municipal Government in Counties, Towns and Villages,
Freitag-Fireproofing of Steel Build-

ings. Harbottle—Dictionary of Battles, (reference).
Jackson-Reason, in Architecture.

Jackson—Redson, in Active
King—Rational Living.
Lea—History of the Inquisition of
Spain, vol. 3.
Pitt—Correspondence, 2 vols.
O'Driscoll—Notes on Treatment of

Gold Ores, Zueblin-Decade of Civic Develop-

GERMAN.

Oldenburger—Gestutbrich, 6 vols. Oldenburger—Elemente Schwere Knutschpferd.

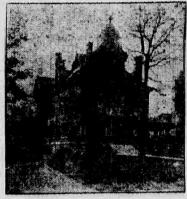
Fogazzaro—The Patriot.
Galsworthy—Man of Property.
Graham—Wizard's Daughter.
Russell—John Holdsworth.
Russell—Phantom Death,
White & Adams—The Mystery. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Cox-Brownie Primer Cox-Brownie Primer.
Davis—Real Soldiers of Fortune.
Otis—Light Keepers,
Pyle—Nancy Rutledge,
Roosevelt—Winning of the West, 6

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In Less Than One Year.

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More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refor you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains Million Women Use It.

PREE.
Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, wearing-head of the sense wearing senses. ness, or piles from any cause, ness, or piles from any cause, should ait right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora E. Miller, Box 6941, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-dent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are alling, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000 worth is all gone.

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This picture is typical of the gently sloping bench lands of the Teton valley. At the left may be seen a heavy crop of second cutting alfalfa fust ready for harvesting. We offer the following for sale: A good stock or sheep farm, 160 acres, one mile from a thriving town, which owns a \$10,000 District school house. The farm produces 150 tons of best quality alfalfa and timothy hay and 1,000 bushels of grain from 160 acres, having 60 acres of virgin soil still to be heard from. A first class water right goes with it, and all necessary machinery to operate the farm and a few head of cattle. The land is a heavy black soil, and is adjacent to one of the best ranges in the Rocky Mountains. Here is a bargain for some stock man at \$4,000 on reasonable terms. We have large and small farms for sale from \$16 to \$25 per acre. Lands going begging at \$15 per acre now, will shortly bring \$50 and \$60 per acre. Homeseekers, write to us for circular. We pay car fare and hotel bills to parties who purchase land of us. We are the poor man's friend, and offer good, safe investments to all who wish to realize \$0 per cent on a short investment. Good farming lands have never been a losing proposition when bought at bedrock prices. Correspond with Young & Winger, Driggs, Idaho.

They must be afraid we will run out of Fenway's Chocolate Cocktails.

Judging by the way Fenway Chocolate Cocktails are going. Box, 35c. "Are they so good?"

Well-if you like an extra confection-If you love the thrilling nectar that cements friendship-Fenway's Chocolate Cocktail will remind you of the old days, It's a cocktail, but it isn't. It's a confection with a suggestion.

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Pure, raw linseed oil costs less than "readymixed" paint, but when mixed with thick pigment, gallon for gallon, it makes the best paint for the least money. MONARCH HARDWARE CO., ADY TO APP SAUT LAKE CITY. KINEDCH PAINT COMPANY

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Pennsylvania Saponifier is the original and old reliable concentrated Lye for family soap making and general household uses. Has many imitations but no equal. The genuine has Pennsylvania Salt Mfg. Co., Phila., stamped on the lid.

Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.



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