# DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

TIGPRUNE

Cereal

Fruit

Grains



A new book on Edgar Allen Poe by Professor Harrison of the University of Virginia will contain new material found in the archives of the university contribution which in mar- ways will be a valuable contribution to the dis-cussion over the poet's life and char-acter. acter. . . .

At a recent meeting of the Contem-porary Club, in Philadelphia, the merits of the various schools of fiction were discussed. When her turn came to speak, Bertha Runkle, the talented au-thor of "The Heimet of Navarre," made the following vigorous defense of the

But even if this were not true, the romances would still be welcomed. The realist should remember that we do not always want to be treated like

easier? Romance teaches without con-tinually holding up the sign: "Prepare to meet thy God.

can truly amuse. It is easier to com-pose 500 words on social problems that it is to write one page so as to make the reader forget for the time being that there are such things as social

So many realists claim they are writing for posterity. People usually write either because they like to or because they want to make money. My prin-chal care for prosperity is for that part of it who shall write romantic novel and, seeing our century as it is drear! ly portrayed by the realists, shall find nothing in it for his work.

Romancers of course fall into errors at times. They walk with their heads up and looking at the stars. They are more apt to fall into the ditch than the realist who takes his eyes from the ground.

It is far easier to observe than to imagine. Observation means eyes in the head. Imagination means eyes in the soul. This is the fundamental the soul. This is the fundamental difference between realism and ro-

Man does not live by head alone. He needs dreams also. I don't want to know that the bread was sour. I want the hope that makes the sour taste

Let us have romance, be it a "D'Ar-tagnan" dashing along on his flery steed with the queen's message or Booth Tarkington's "John Harkless" in erous watch chain impressed her en-A few years later, when Bancroft was a little Indiana town penning editori-als against White Caps. Both tell us that life is not all bread and butter, our minister to England, she was pre sent at a dinner which the historian and statesman gave to the Carlyles. She describes Mrs. Carlyle r- a lovely woman beautifully gotten up. Carlyle was quarrelsome. He first crushed Miss Wormeley in a discussion on the pleasbut has its chivalry and romance.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven asked as to how she came to write the romance which is soon to be issued, said:

The reason of my choice of so remote a period as that I have described in my romance, soon to be published, en-titled "By the Waters of Babylon," is rather a curlous one, and is connected with that most unromantic of convey-Mrs. Bancroft had to interpose, and Mrs. Carlyle spont the rest of the evenances, a London omnibus. Returning late one summer afternoon

from a visit to a friend who lived near Regent's Park, in London, I got into an omnibus, which ran very near where The Nell Gwyn interest has been selzed by F. Frankfort Moore, who writes a novel with the comedian's name for I was living. I took my seat and looked about

among the other passengers. Directly opposite me I saw a man who had the face of the Greek comic mask. I rubbed The Anglo-Russian gives an amusing my eyes, thinking that I was dreaming The face was the exact counterpart of the Greek mask.

The Anglo-Russian gives an amusing account of the vagaries of a Russian press censor named Krassvosky, who, in the reign of Nicholas L, was the bug-bear of poets. He not only blacked out all that he did not approve, but he often favored the poet with criticism. A poet named Olline wrote the following verses, and was rewarded with the fol-lowing criticisms by the censor: There were the cavernous eyes under the grotesque arabesque of the brows, the nose with its bird-like aquiline, the open mouth with its horrible rigid grin. could not tell whether the man was old or young.

A heavy cloak enwrapped him and from under its folds a yellow hand appeared, wrinkled and yellow as parch-Near him sat h girl. young ment. and fair, with a Greuze-like softness of skin and an aureole of light gold hair. and the man of the mask was looking at her with an expression hypnotizing and fierce as an eagle's. The girl was frightened and turned In its pages. her head from side to side like a bird charmed r a snake. I watched them long and left them sitting there when sought got out of the omnibus. I never forgot the incident, and af-I never lorged the incident, and ar-ter awhile found a story for the man of the mask. This story was sent, with some others, to a publisher, who asked for more material of the same kind to mirers. "Tarry Thou Till I Come," is a vivid put with it. and engrossing historical In seeking for a companion to It I aling with the events in Palestine out closely followed the Crucifixion, evolved the romance called "By the Waters of Babylon." But the latter hat closely became as I wrote it too long to be included in a book with "The Comic hat attended the conflict between Judaism and early Christianity, that ended with the destruction of Jerusalem by Mask" and is now published first Titus. The romance is a revival, in the very The novel called "By the Waters of Babylon" has to do with the captive Jews, and is a historical and archaelorbest form, of the story of "The Wanring Jew, Salathiel, Prince of Naph who mocked Jesus elimbing Cal cal study of a period never before used ary to His death, to whom the Savio in a romance Its plot is made up of the historical uttered, "without the noise of speech, the dread words: "Tarry thou till I come," at once a doom and a prophecy, General Lew Wahace, author of Ben material found in the ancient historians and in a mass of Basrelcits and cuneiform tablets recovered from the ruins of the burled cities of Babylonia and Assyria. But it seems to be dra-matic in its treatment and the informa-Hur, has the following to say of the In my judgment, the six greatest English novels are "Ivanhoe," "The Last of the Barons," "A Tale of Two tion is always subordinated to the interest of the plot. "Jane Eyre,"- "Hypatla," and Cilles." . . . this romance of Crolv's. If Shake-speare had never been born; if Milton, Miss Beatrice Harraden has been asked to send the MS, of "Ships that Pass in the Night" to the Glasgow Ex-Byron and Tennyson were singers and Bacon, Darwin and Ruskin up hibition, and this she will do. Meanknown; if there had been no British while, in the Bookman, she tells the dramafists. story of the publication of the book. works in British libraries significant of British science and philosophy, no al-coves glutted with bookish remains of t is the story of an enormously suc-essful book from which the author has It is the

It was

Baron

terature.

ions to question.

sneering.

I would not like to be dogmatic or un-kind, but such points certainly disclose a lamentable comprehension. Why, colled up in that objection lie the very excellencies of the book. How, pray, could exaltation be avoided? Who does not know that in description the sub-line advance increase its own laws? lime always imposes its own laws? Imagine, if you can, the commonplace used by a narrator struggling to convey an idea of the tremendous in a hurrl

any at sea. And as to a want of art, I would like to say mlidly that the absence of art in the book is its main charm. Any, the alightest show of premeditation or design would have been gross treason to nature. Does a woman, struck to the heart, utter her grief by measure as a singer sings or a poet writes? And how is it with a man in rage or pain? Yet, verify, there was never a woman or a man in speech so impelled by a sting of soul as Salathiel.

Passing, now the matter of criticism and mere negative dealing, I choose to be affirmative. Salathiel, the subject be affirmative. Salathiel, the subject of the book, was a Jew, and in rank a prince of the tribe of Naphtall. In the persecution of Christ, his arrest, his trial, his scourging, Salathiel was the leading insatiate; and such, doubtless, he would have continued down to the last minute of the third hour of the coulding but that the visitim stopped him. At what stage of the awful crime the stoppage took place, the author leaves to inference; but how the incident befell and its almost inconceiv-able effect upon Salathiel, no man

should again try to describe. This is from Croly, his words: "But in the moment of exultation I was stricken. He who had refused an hour of life to the victim was, in terrible retribution, condemned to know the misery of life interminable. I heard through all the voices of Jerusalem-I should have heard through all the thunders of heaven-the calm, low voice, "Tarry thou till I come!""

Such the retribution; now the effect. "I felt my fate at once! I sprang away through the shouting hosts as if the avenging angel waved his sword above my head. Wild songs, furious executions, the uproar of myriads exercations, the uproar of myriads stirred to the heights of passion, filled the air; still, through all, I heard the pursuing sentence, 'Tarry thou till I come,' and felt it to be the sentence of incurable agony' I was never to know the shelter of the grave!'' And then follow five paragraphs, each beginning with the same words uttered, as I imagine, in the tone of a shriek of anguish, 'Immortality on earth!'' And

And anguish, "Immortality on earth!" of those paragraphs regarded as a dissection of the moral part of a man by virtue of which he is susceptible of infinite happiness or infinite misery, I say that for completeness they are without parallel in the language.

Nor is that all. In those paragraphs one reading will find the definition of a punishment which in subtlety, in torture, and in duration is as far out of range of human origin as in execution

It is out of range of human power. Yet more. Instantly with the comprehension of the punishment defined, the immeasurable difference between the agonies of death on a cross, though of days in duration, and the agonies of immortal life under curse on earth be-comes discernible. In that difference comes discernible. In that difference there is a divine thought in anger, an avenging impulse. The superiority in misery of the punishment of Salathiel its term of sentence, its depth of suf-fering, its superhuman passion of vengeance, seem impossible to the all-pa-tient Christ; and while we are considering its possibility, the book carries us to the question, Is there a wandering

I think so, Let smile now who will yet, as I see, a whole race is the multi-ple of the man, just as the man is the incarnation of the race. Israel, the plural, merges in Salathiel, the singular, insomuch that to think of the one is to think of the other. In this instance, also, the similitudes become creative,

lections brought less than a dollar each. the whole set of eighty-nine bringing 3753. Of four etchings by Seymour Haden, his "Sunset in Ircland" brought the highest price, 376- Haig's "Interior of St. Markis" sold for \$52; the value put upon this etcher's work by collect-ors may be inferred from the total of 1556 for thinteen and the total of 536 for thirteen prints.

Among the high priced pletures re-cently sold at the Hotel Drouot, In Far-is, are "Sunset," a pastel by J. F. Mil-let, \$1,730; "The Chestnut Path," also by Millet, \$1,663; "Bordeaux Harbor," by Boudin, \$1.750; "Castle of Nyon, Lake Geneva," Jongkind, \$1,600; "Lion at Rest," water color by Barye, \$1,480; "Tiger," water color by the same art-ist, \$1,440; "Argentsull Pond," by Claude Monet, \$3,000; "Wiew of Saar-dam, Holland," \$6,000; "Moret Bridge," by Sisley, \$3,000; "A Washerwoman," by Pisarro, \$1,120. The sum paid for Sisley's pleture is remarkable consid-ering that the artist was giad to get from ten to twenty-five dollars for a Among the high priced pletures re-

from ten to twenty-five dollars for a canvas, and that his last days were made comfortable only through the charity of friends.

The seventieth birthday of the emin The seventieth painter, Mesdag, was ent Dutch marine painter, Mesdag, Wes-recently celebrated at The Hague, Mesdag and his wife danced with the youngest of the art students present. Among the guests were a number of the Scheeningen fishermen and their wives. The people whom the artist has made famous in picture galleries all over the world and to whom he also may be said to owe much, as he had found among them invaluable models. The transfer of the second state of the seco dag and his wife danced with the youngest of the art students present. them invaluable models.

THE SHOPPER. Grim-visäged, stern of face and mien,

She treads the earth to keep it down. From store to store she rushes on. Nor looks behind, to right nor left; Her elbows swing and stab and jab To clear a path, where idle throngs Would bar her way to windows decked With hose marked down to 49, From 51, or things in tin, Or lace, or glass, or silk, or mull, The thing itself she little recks. The marking down—the price in red— Ah, that's the thing that fires her brain And nerves her limbs to struggle on— To jab and stab, and tread on corns of those, who first in line had choice Of colors, weights and shade and lots. She'll pay them back in harsh retort For inches gained and bargains lost. Time files: her strength, now falling

Must bear a final rush to where The sign "Shop worn," a beacon light, Shows things in green and red and blue All much crumbled, some torn and

But all marked "Choice for 29." Night falls. She reels, all spent and

A hat-warped, glove-torn, helpless

thing, To clutch a strap on homeward train

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Gral

-New York Evening Sun.







Possesses a delicate flavor and aroma not found in any other Cereal Coffee. All grocers sell it.

> Mead & Co., have generously given me an interest.

The American civil war novel would seem likely to supplant the early colo-nial novel in popular favor. Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel "The Crisis," which is to be published at the end of the month, deals with that period. So does a novel just ready at Mr. John Lane's: "They That Took the Sword," by Mr. Nathaniel Stephenson.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in a recent arti-Mr. Justin McCartiny in a facts about cle, gives some interesting facts about the curious history of Miss Julia M. Crottle's newly-published book. "The Lost Land." "The Book." he says. "when written, was shown to a lady friend of Miss Crottle, who took it away with her to read, and without the consent of the authoress sent it for in-spection to the London publishers. The publiser lost the manuscript, and no trace of it could be discovered, so Miss Crottie went to work again and rewrote the whole book. The new manuscript was then sent to the editor of a London magazine, and the second manuscript was also lost and has never been re-covered. Miss Crottle must, on the second failure, have felt for a time something very like despair. She bore up, however, went to work again, and wrote out her book for the third time."

The publication of The Crisis, Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, which was to have appeared in Arcel, has been deferred until the first of June. The delay is due to the excessive care which Mr. Churchill takes, not only with his manuscript, but also with his proofs. The manuscript which he writes over and over again; the proofs he scores so terribly that page after page has to be reset. Luckily Mr. Churchill can afford to take time at his work. He evotes himself exclusively to his fiction, and, had he no other means, the fortune he has made out of "Richard 'arvel" would purchase him leisure for

In "Richard Carvel," people said he Imitated Thackeray. People were right enough. In "The Crisis" he will carry his imitation a step further. Just as "The Virginians" was a sort of a se-quel to "Henry Esmond," in that it oncerned itself with the adventures of

BOOKS.

when the toil of day is past, Like a child enfolded, rest we, in the arms of Love at last. -Helen Start Woodworth.

AT LAST.

hite as the failing snows.

art of an opening rose;

penell may paint the grandeur of the sleep which He gives at last in the passionate pain, the yearn-ng, the torturing fears are past, in the slumber of silence cometh as

pure as the kiss of childhood or the

brushes portray the silence that no

a brusnes portray the shence that no summoning voice can break if the final trumpet soundeth with its gladdening cry, "Awake," sound makes the eyelids quiver, no

moan may harrow the rest the dawn of that blissful morning,

a language may speak the quiet nor

tell of its infinite hush-

te slumber that knows no waking, despair of the artist's brush, hen the strong hand of the Master has righted every wrong I sllence, o'erchanged with rapture, shall quicken and burst in song.

sculptor can chisel the beauty, the

The troubles are all forgotten, no dreaming the sleeper knows: Ah, then, in that wondrous stillness

calm of that last repose,

the brightest of all, the best.

ormously.

queness.

## PUNISHED AND PARDONED.

Last night my little son was sent inkissed to bed, with angry eves And lips that pouted wilful-wise; This was his mother's punishment--A gentler woman does not live, But yet she tarried to forgive.

The childish fault, the passionate deed, They must be checked; so in the

e stumbled to his little room; e was too proud to weep or plead. I saw his mother's eves grow dim, In tender yearning following him.

but in the silence when he slept Undried the tears lay on his cheek, The little face seemed very meek. r plteously, perchance, he wept efore he took to slumberland The grief he could not understand!

he tenderly his mother smoothed a fair tossed hair back from his to kissed the lins so passive now

Bu woke him not, since he was soothed, And there beside his little bed She knelt and prayed awhile instead.

Ahl so, dear God, when at the last We lle with closed and tear-stained

and lips too dumb for prayers or Pighs and punished for the past.

Surely Thou will forgive and bless, Being pitiful for our distress? -Ex.

### NOTES.

In these days of phenomenal sales of writers it is interesting much money has been e in the production and works. It cost Robert 3200,000 to produce his fine Abbotsford edition; yet edition; he left a fortune of over ly derived from Scott's What others have since these same copyrights in ons of the works it would but a conservative estiplaces it at \$1,500,000.

n Charles Swinburne is the on of Admiral Charles Henry Swin-ume and Lady Jane Henrietta, daughthird earl of Ashburnham. rnal grandfather was Sir John urne. The poet was born and spent his boyhood on the Judging from a water chmond he was very beau-g wonderful red hair which ighted the heart of Rosographers have fallen into educating him on the con-oint of fact he went to Eton wett's mastership. d, his college being Ballioi,

Wormeley spent the winter of '41 eknor's house in Boston. She toss under the protection of Appleton, afterward Mrs. hom she describes as very Longfellow's courtship was out his sadness in Hyperion, ton being the Mary Ashburo-t book, and its publication at offense to her family, who discontinued all intersays Mrs. Latimer, "linger after a tck up the rose leaves which n from her dress." In 43 Mr. w sought to forget his hope-hment in foreign travel; he reured of it as he thought, but g to meet Miss Appleton again ve reasserted itself, and this as successful in his wooing. Icknor's Miss Wormeley met umner. Parkman. George urtis and Mr. and Mrs. Dicklast she describes as a little accustomed to the glare of ty which shone upon her hus-and ill at ease. Mr. Dicken's colored waistcoats and his gen-

What bliss to live with thee, to call thee mine. My love: thou pearl of all creation! To catch upon thy lips a smile divine.

lowing criticisms by the censor:

ures of traveling, and then got into a row with the Admiral over Ireland, the

Sage of Chelsea declaring that the only remedy for her condition was to hold

her twenty-four hours under water.

ing smoothing over her husband's brus-

. . .

the title. Brentano's publish it.

Or gaze at thee in rapturous ador-Censor-Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine.

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and sples, When so-called friends would make us

part Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies But thou didst understand the long-

ings of my heart. Censor-You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be triffed with, sir; you

are talking of your soul. Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at

Let hatred persecute and curse, Sweet girl, one loving look from thee Is worth the suffrage of the Uni-

verse. Censor-Indeed? ! ! You forgot that the Universe contains czars, kings and other legal authoritles whose good will is well worth cultivating-I should think!

Come, let us fly to desert distant parts, Far from the madding crowd to rest at last.

True happiness to find when our (two) hearts Together beat forgetful of the past.

Censor-The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme and ought not to be disseminated, for they

evidently mean that the poet declin to continue his service to the owner so "I wrote ur. rierce regard-

### Ing my case, and received a prompt reply, free."

"I endured nearly four years of suffer-ing," writes Mrs. J. L. Myers, of Washington, W.Va., P 'caused principally -14-1 from improper medical attention after the birth of a child, and female weak-(Classification) ness, resulting in a complication of diseases. Had a terrible cough and an incessant pain and soreness in lungs.

Was reduced in flesh from 184 pounds to about 100 pounds in eighteen months. I had no appetite, and became so weak and nervous I could scarcely sit up. I doctored with our home physicians for two years with no benefit, I was finally induced to try Dr.

Pierce's medicines. I wrote to Doctor Pierce regarding CAREmy case, and rereived a prompt reply, free, advis-ing the proper medicines for my case. After taking four bottles of Dr. four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite

Prescription and four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery, three doses each day, also taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed and some of his 'Pellets,' I ceased coughing, and am now enjoying splendid health and have gained thirty. five pounds in weight. I again feel like my former self, thanks to Dr. Pierce and his great medicines."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter FREE. All correspond-ence sacredly confidential and all womanty confidences guarded by strict profes-sional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

derived a very small profit. It was Miss Harraden's first book. She was shy and inexperienced, and had never realized that the Authors' Society was a father to young writers. Nor did dream that her book would have a large sale. So she sold the copy-right outright for twenty guiness and

the promise of more guineas if the book was a success. The book was a huge success, and the publishers sent four extra checks of twenty guineas, making one hundred guineas in all. Tauchnitz gave £40 for the Continental rights, of which sum the London publishers took £20, giving the other £20 author. £125 is the total sum to the that Miss Harraden has received in England for the book that has received in to twenty editions, not counting the sixpenny edition, of which 160,000 copies have been sold. It would be the sixpen sold have been sold. It goes without saying that no American copyright was cured, and that America has had its own numberless editions. from five cents a copy to a dollar a copy. One American firm gave Miss Harraden £5

for a preface and £25 as a courtesy fee. In conclusion, Miss Harraden makes these temperate and sensible remarks on her book: It is obvious that I did not make a

fortune by it, but I have had a harvest out of it which I consider altogether priceless-a harvest of friendship and fellowships with all sorts and condi-tions of men and women in many parts of the world, I myself have seen the French, German, Dutch, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and Hungarian translations; and I still continue to receive letters from un-known friends in New Zealand, Western Australia, India, South America, Canada, and the United States, and, before the war. I had many letters from South Africa also.

I have written down these few details chiefly that young authors may again be cautioned against parting with their copyright. But if they do part with it the great pleasure of getting it back I hope that they, like mygelf, will have again-even at the eleventh hour-after eight years of separation. And since pleasures, like sorrows, do not come as 'single spies, but in battalions. have lately received copies of a new illustrated American edition of "Ships," in which the publishers, Messrs. Dodd,

descendants of Esmond, so and life, nature, history and do Crisis" will be a sort of sequel to "Richard Carvel," in that its heroine ing the race, make room for the wandering Jew.

grandaughter of that friend, of hington's. The civil war and the Not only do I think there is a wandering Jew, but I know him intimately To Croly he was a young man, a war Washington's. The civil war and the events which led up to it form the his-torical background which in "Richard rior: to me he came an old man, a philwas formed by the Revolution osopher. Croly beheld him frate, sionate, vengeful. I saw him wiser by many hundreds of years, and repentant, Grant, Lincoln and Sherman will figure Other novelists and trying value to bring about a brotherhood of man by preaching the unity of God. With Croly, he was the Prince of Naphtali; with me, he was to put these men into their books with only meager auccess. Mr. Thurchill's experiment will be looked foward to with interest by all his adthe Prince of India.

romance

The

no British historians, no

British moralists and preachers, still the six works named would of them-

ives suffice to constitute a British

This is bold, I know; bold in asser-

Croly's story from the ground to a place in the upper sky. Can I justify the classification? Certainly, if only

your patience and my time permitted. Here, to begin, is a broad adverse

generality-the very worst of possible arguments against the book is, that of

the five great classics with which I have thrust it into association, it is

the least known today by the general public. Yet the admission is not in the

east decisive of merits; in inquisitorial

phrase it serves merely to put objec-

and even bolder in the lift of

MAGAZINES.

The Youth's Companion for this week has an attractive list of contents. The cover is a pretty feature of the number aving a special Decoration Day de sign representing the figure of a yo girl carrying an armful of flowers while on each side of her are separate wreaths of laurel, completing the idea. Elizabreh Stewart Phelps is the author of a Memorial Day story en-titled "Nobody's Tim" which occupies the place of honor in the number, and 'The Tribulations of a Triplet," "Tom' Miserable Luck," "A moment of Peril' and "Koyonk's Ravens" are the title of other articles of fiction in the issue

Everybody's for June is a remarkably readable number, as it contains a great variety of good stories and sketches. One of the best things is a sketch of Wild Bill, called "A Son of the Bor-der," by C. E. Little, "Black Murchison" is a graphic story of the camps by Maximilian Foster, and there are no less than four articles on popular science, the most interesting of which is by Dr. Arthur MacDonald on the study of children. The magazine is superbly illustrated.

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TORNAL MARTINE

Prisen er \$1.00.

FOR SALG AF

The June Century is a college number with contributions by President Had-ley of Yale and Provost Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania on "Alleged Loxury Among College Students," an illustrated paper on working one's way through colleges for men by Alice Fai lows: "Tolstoi's Moral Theory of Art," by J. A. Macy, the prize essay in the Century college competition of 1900; "College Training Tables," by Walter Camp; and "Wanted a Hero," by Victor Mapes, a tale of a college athlete.

#### ART NOTES.

A remarkable collection of butterflies and moths made by the Denton Brothers of Wellesley, Mass., may be seen during the rest of this month at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. The col-fection is one for which the makers re-ceived great praise at the Paris Exhibitton of last year, embraces several thousand specimens, from the most insignificant to the most gorgeous of flying insects. The Denton Brothers have for years made a specialty of mounting butterflies in such fashion that all their good points are brought out, which was seidom the case with the collections made before 1890. ained extraordinary popularity, thus rain-saying the narrow Puritanism

The prize offered by the Woman's club of Boston for a design for sign-boards for country roads has not been awarded, because none of the designs submitted were deemed good enough. The club is still anxious to secure de-signs for this purpose, and offerings will be welcomed.

The sale last week in Boston of a number of etchings and mezzotints from the collection of the late Frederick W. French attracted a large attendance of private collectors and representative dealers. Part of the collection had been purchased by Mr. French from the wid-ow of Felix Buhot, and the collection as a whole constituted the largest of its kind in this country. Among the high-er priced etchings, Haig's "Interlor of er priced etchings, mais a interior of the Eurgos Cathedral," a signed artist's proof, brought \$150. One of Whistler's Venetian prints was bought by the Kep-pels for \$160, and Wunderlich paid the BITTERS strengthens the nourishes the nerves. Try it.



INSURANCE AGENCY.





For sale by Z. C. M. I., Clark, El-dredge & Co., Salt Lake Hardware Co., and George A. Lowe, Salt Lake City, Utab.

of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.



## HOSTETTERS The Bitters makes health and prolongs celebrated Bilfe. It cures CELEBRATED The sea Bilionsness, Flatalency Chills and Fever, Fever, STOMA oowels, purifies the blood,





It is a religious novel, says one, neering. That used to be urged sneering. That used to be urged against the "Pilgrim's Progress," yet the Pilgrim goes marching on, and fancy his progress will stop only when the world stops. And how is it that of late years, at least, several novels re-ligious in tone and spirit have been ore than well received? Indeed, is it ot a fact that some of them have at-

