

WOMAN AND WAR.

We women teach our little sons how wrong And how ignoble blows are; school and church Support our precepts, and inoculate The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we say; But human beings with immortal souls Must rise above the methods of the brute And walk with reason and with self control. . . .

And then-dear God! you men, you wise, strong men, Our self-announced superiors in brain, Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war! You leap at one another, mutilate And starve and kill your fellow men, and ask The world's applause for such heroic deeds. for boast and strut; and if no song is sung, No laudatory epic writ in blood, Telling how many widows you have made, Why then, perforce, you say our bards are dead And inspiration sleeps to wake no more. And we, the women, we whose lives you are-What can we do but sit in silent homes And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms-For us no waving banners, no supreme, Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow Dread torture of uncertainty, each day

The bootless battle with the same despair. And when at best your victories reach our ears, There reaches with them to our pitying hearts The thought of countless homes made desolate And other women weeping for their dead

O men, wise men, superior beings, say, Is there no substitute for war in this Great age and era? If you answer "No," Then let us rear our children to be wolves And teach them from the cradle how to kill. Why should we women waste our time and words In talking peace, when men declare for war?

THE SORROWFUL CHRIST.

The man of peace came back again one sed slowly down a shell-torn battle on a noise of purple victory,

whirl of war, had scarcely ceased to And harried homes had sent their pitebrother hating brother to that field.

t choking furnes across the hilltops Where late the little bands of flowers open house for friendly, wandering While leaves had lisping gossip in the

And wild wet bloodmarks splashed the And birds with knowing eyes were cir-Praising and cheering in their skirling

These men who die that birds may have Bleared bodles stretched them at the

White Christ's feet; No men bent there the living God to But hurled and heaped in hurricane of And in their mouths a bit of dust for

And they had starved and sweat and arred and died To soothe some swaggering lordling's r some poor plume i' the cap, some he braggart's boast, some strutting Yea, homes must feed the vultures, and

The huckster statesmen in their crawling greed. And then I heard the tender Christ

The Mothering One who makes all grief His face was drawn with pain; I heard

"And after all the ages, this tody! Bloodshed and blare and blaze of battle Ravage and Rage, and yet they take

-Mrs. Edward Markham. The above are amongst some of

notable Easter poems written by stateurs of well known names. ogh Mrs. Markham has not herself ved wide recognition as a writer, her husband's fame will make certain a great amount of attention for an effort by her hand.

NOTES.

Truth crushed to earth frequently es its own time in rising again and best directed effort may prove un-ling to hasten it. This is not to be in the case of Honore de Balzac, already emerges, finer, saner, in-bitable, aspiring, from the cloud of conor that has enveloped the or that has enveloped him. And ely as the efforts of a few cal-ting zealots have been spent in

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. lation of the man as he really was holding to high ideals through all the feverish press of work and the grim clamor of necessity must be credited to the devotion of a handful of loyal admirers. First among these stands Miss Wormeley, through whom we are able to make the nearest possible approach to Balzac's style that English readers can ever hope for, and by whom "The Comedie Humaine" has been lifted for us from vagueness into full-blooded, throbbing life. A foolish statement has lately gone the rounds of the papers to the effect that Miss Wormeley's translations were nearly all expurgated, an assertion that any goo rench scholar may confound by arison with the originals, while lady herself declares that "not a word idea or thought of Balzac has been expurgated" by her. To her we are in-debted for the finer memoir, which made the braye, tense tragedy of Balmade the brave, tense tragedy of Bal-zac's life stand out with vivid force, and the last service she needs to work for the master is the translation of the "Lettres d'une Etrangere," through which her pithy and significant com-ments are tellingly sprinkled. Her work in the "Letters to Madame Hans-ka" is a reply to the infamous "Roman d' Amour," which gave food to gos-sining tongues a year ago, when Mr. de Amour," which gave food to gos-ping tongues a year ago, when Mr. do ovenjoul made known his conclusions regarding the relations between Ealzac and the woman who became his wife time to make his last months parased on letters, whose origin the own-and gallant scribe then refused to but Jules Huret, recently sent Lovenjoul in Brussels, makes a report from which the following illuminating passage is taken. Mr. de Lovenjoul is replying to Mr. Huret's inquiry as to how he had collected such a mass of

For forty years I have searched ferreted, begged, supplicated, bought! I am even something of a receiver of stolen goods. But I wish to know nothing. A document is brought to me. Where does it come from? I do not care. I control the authenticity and I buy it. I am not a commissary of police. I have suffered many outrages, Balzac's cook kept her door shut against me for two years. At last she yielded . . and I tore from her eighty pages of 'Madame Hanska's Letters."

Apropos of Mr. William Ordway Par-tridge's "An Angel of Clay," a well-known critic closes a letter of warm praise to the author, his friend, with these words: "You remember Owen Meredith's ines in 'Lucile,' I cannot quote them, where he says that when the ship comes into harbor, the cap-tain of the port does not ask what storms she has encountered on the voy-age, but 'What is the state of your health at the last?' This thought seems to me to be the ultimate philosophy of human life, and your story is inspired by it from first to last."

The London Times has published a The London Times has published a little pamphlet entitled "Great Britain and the Dutch Republics." It is a work of about sixty pages and gives an interesting and impartial resume of the whole history of South Africa down to the outbreak of the war. It originally supported in the columns of The beamirching Balzac's name, so the reve- sily appeared in the columns of The

Times and created much discussion and attention in Great Britain, and was at once translated into the languages of the different European countries; in fact, it was considered as the best historical sketch that had appeared.

It was the old fashion to turn a suc It was the old fashion to turn a successful drama into fiction, as for instance Victor Sardou old with his "Mme, Sans Gene," Dumas with his "Corsican Brothers," Charles Reade with his "Peg Wofflington." It is the new fashion to turn successful fiction into drama, as for instance—but Avhy give instances where the fact is so well know? From "Trilby" to "Sapho" we have had a succession of dramatized novels. Wilson Barrett merges the two plans. He and Elwyn Barron have been collaborating on the simultaneous plans. He and Elwyn Barron have been collaborating on the simultaneous production of a play and a novel en-titled "In Old New York." The book is just out. The play will be produced shortly. The plot tells of a young Dutchman who, after a life of noble self-sacrifice, is slain in a duel by the young man he has done most to be-friend. There are, indeed, three duels in the book, besides a horse race, where the favorite is shot dead a few yards from the winning post,

A critic in an eastern exchange has this to say if Bret Harte's forthcoming

It is rumored that Bret Harte contemplates the publication of a second series of "Condensed Novels" which will do for present-day fiction what the first series did for that popular novelist in his youth-that is, turn it into good-natured ridicule. Will he into good-natured ridicule. Will he find it possible to burlesque Sarah Grand or Marie Corelli? one asks with bated breath. And will the burlesque really be funnier than the original?

What a change a happy marriage, a What a change a happy marriage, a landed estate, a seat in parliament and an increase of years and waistband will make in a man! Here is Rider Haggard, who a few years ago was writing of war, adventure and romance in South Africa, now, at the very time when the land of which he wrote is filled with war and excitement, and King Solomon's mines have been dis-King Solomon's mines have been dis covered, publishing a book about his year's farming. Think of the magnifiyear's farming. Think of the magnin-cent description of the battle in "King Solomon's Mines," when the impis clashed their shields and spears and shouted "Koom!" and then read this: "Most people unaccustomed to the rou-tine of a farm have a notion that his the farmer's) duties are of the simplest description. To these I would say, let them try, any one of them, even the easiest, such as 'drawing' a ditch, and I think that they will change their views. In truth, there is no single operation on the land that does not require a very considerable amount of quire a very considerable amount of skill to perform it properly, and this skill, acquired by years of practice, the agricultural laborer puts at the service of any one who will pay him thirteen shillings a week. Moreover, there is no nonsense about eight hours a day with him. With brief intervals for food he labors from it to 5 or more for food, he labors from 6 to 6, or more, and in winter from daylight to dark." People in England just new are interested more in carnage than cab-bages, and Haggard's earlier books are selling well, while "A Farmer's Year" is not in great demand.

Oulda is again lifting her pen in impulsive wrath at everything as it is. "There never was a time," she says in her new novel, "when there was so little freedom and so little justice as in ours. Two gigantic dominions now rule the human race; they are the armies and the money-makers. Science serves them by turn, and receives from each its wage. The historian Mommsen has written that we are probably inferior both in intelligence and in humanity, in prosperity and in civilization, at the close of this century to what the hu-man race was under Severus Antoninus; and it is true."

Jeannette Gilder in the current number of Harper's Bazar gives us some in-teresting information concerning Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of the uch-talked-of "Red Pottage."
"Miss Mary Cholmondeley," says Miss

Gilder, "belongs to the younger branch of the Marquis of Cholmondeley's fam. which has been established in olmondeley castle since the reign of William the Conqueror. We in America are, however, more interested in the fact that Miss Cholmondeley is a great-niece of Bishop Heber, and it was in the house where he lived as rector of Hodnet that she was born. Miss Cholmondeley was brought up on a solid foundation of English literature in the very library where her great-uncle the no doubt the very volumes that she read were those whose pages had been turned by that poet's fingers. Miss Cholmondeley has great popularity in America, where "The Danyers Jewels" was first published anonymously , in serial as well as in book form."

"Red Pottage," by the way, is still maintaining its popularity against all

comers. In the Bookman's reports on the best selling books for the past month "Red Pottage" stands second on the list, having passed such books as "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "When Knighthood was in Fower." In England it still maintains the first position on the list.

Rudyard Kipling whose South African cable in a recent number of Harper's Weekly, has aroused such general com-ment, contributes a poem on General Joubert to the current number of that paper, Mr. Kipling's verse has much of the

swing and vigor that marks his work in "The Seven Seas," and his tribute to by Antoinette Van Hoeson, dealing with the dead soldier is in every way a a variety of difficult problems intro-worthy one and untouched by national duced in the life experience of the prejudice. The final stanza is as characters who enter into her narrative.

'He shall not meet the onsweep of our In the doomed city when we close the score; Yet o'er his grave that holds a man

Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more." The editorial enterprise shown in obtaining Mr. Kipling's poem by cable

from South Africa is certainly worthy

of commendation, By a curious coincidence John Kendrick Bange' "The Houseboat on the Siyx" has been made the subject of li-lustration by two of the carnival so-cleties of New Orleans. It is the first time in the history of the carnival that an author has been so honored. His book was chosen by the Comus society by that of the High Priests of tras. Much bitterness between the two societies has naturally resulted. The question as to which has the prior right to the selection is now agitating New Orleans society. Both presenta-

tions of "The Houseboat" were so elab-

orate and unusual in their character that the curious coincidence is regarded

by outsiders as most happy. The London Athenaeum is given to learned discussions of American literature. Of David Harum it has spoken heretofore much in a solemn and critical manner, but it has not yet discovered that its author is dead. The other day it withinhed an article in which it day it published an article in which i said: "Mr. Wescott has the makings o a good novellst. narration he has a good deal to reader to find out the good parts of his work, and he should bear in mind that there are not too many patient read-

An importan change, and one of spe-Ical interest to the magnitude publishing fraternity, is the resignation last week of Captain Henry Drisler from Harper & Brothers, where he has held positions of trust and responsibility for nearly a quarter of a century, for the past ten years having been advertising manager of all the Harper periodicals.

Capt. Drigler's wide circle of friends

Capt. Drigler's wide circle of friends

ers.

in the publishing trade will be pleased to know that he has purchased a sub-stantial interest in Frank Leslie's Popular Mouthly and the other properties of Frank Leslie's publishing house. He has been elected a director and treasurer of the Leslie house, and will, in conjunction with Frederic L. Colver, the company's after the company's af president, manage the company's af-fairs. A continuance of the remark-able progress of Frank Lesile's Popular Monthly as a ten cent magazine is assured by this new connection, and Capt.
Drister's added experience bids fair to further the line of advancement.

Mrs. Frank Lesile remains as editor, with Henry Tyrrell as managing additional contents.

with Henry Tyrrell as managing edi-tor, H. M. Eaton art manager and Charles Schweinler as mechanical su-perintendent. F. C. Jappe, the secre-tary, and Charles D. Spalding, Robert C. Wilson and Robert Frothingham, the adventing representative, have each advertising representative, have each acquired an interest in the stock of the company,

BOOKS.

A book in which Utah people general-A book in which Utah people generally will take exceptional interest is the forthcoming autobiography of James S. Brown, under the title of "Life of a Fioneer." The author is well known in Utah and the entire West, and his book as outlined in the prospectus contains the history of a most eventful life, filled with adventures that put those of the with adventures that put those of the average volumes of fiction to shame. A few quotations from the prospectus will give an excellent idea of the book, which will undoubtedly meet with a large level said.

large local sale. "In the thrilling character of the his-"In the thrilling character of the historical episodes related in the volume, "Life of a Pioneer," the book is a striking exemplification of the fact that "truth is stranger that fiction." The narrative is also of especial value and absorbing interest to dwellers in the Rocky Mountains and Pacific coast regions, and to all whose attention is drawn to that section of the globe and its leabstrants. For pearly skyly years its inhabitants. For nearly sixty years the writer has been an active participant in adventurous scenes of the Great West, which embrace an epoch of some of the most dramatic events of all time.

The stories of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett have entranced many thousands of readers, and are well worthy of the attention they receive. The narrative of the writer's experiences given in the volume, while it differs in circumstances, conditions and scene of active constances. tion from those of the men named, is not a whit less entertaining, excitig, pleasing and thrilling than theirs. It is none the less replete with instances is none the less replete with instances of perilous adventure, remarkable providences, sensational episodes, and notable occurrences; while it has the advantage of extending over a wider field, in the writer having been for a time a dweller among cannibals of the South Pacific, and in the civilized centers of the New and the Old World. He enlisted in the "Mormon" Battallon, and in the service of his country made the in the service of his country made the memorable march with that body of troops across the plains, deserts and mountains from lowa to California, and aided in raising the first Liberty Pole from which the Stars and Stripes, glorious flag of freedom, waved on the Pacific coast.

The story of that great march is dealt with only in a general way, as it re-ates to the adventures, perils, hardships, narrow escapes, and scenes of his individual history. So with his stay his individual history. So with his stay in California during a most exciting period. He was present at the original discovery of gold there, and was the first one to make tests of the yellow flakes, and declare them to be the precious metal. As an eye-witness and participant, he furnishes an accurate recital of that momentous event. The writer of the book also was one of writer of the book also was one of those to break a road from California, through the Sierra Nevada mountains, and over the deserts to Utah, arriving in Great Salt Lake Valley in time to engage in the pioneering work for the opening up of that valley and surrounding country. Then as a missionary to the Indians, an explorer, A areer was marked by adventures that thrill the soul of the listener to or read-

er of the narrative Of equal interest, though covering briefer periods, were his visits to the Old World and to the South Sea Isllatter, and one to the former; besides responses to several similar calls with-in the confines of the United States. It was on one of the missions to the So-clety Islands that the subject of this autobiography experienced the hard ships of disaster at sea, of shipwreck and of being lodged in a vile French prison; also fell among cannibals, who thad made the fire to roast him that they might regale themselves on his flesh, but he was saved by miraculous interposition from providing angry and debased savages with their anticipated

"misionary roast."
This is only a brief resume of some of the leading features in the volume, "Life of a Pioneer," yet sufficient to make it clear to the critical mind that those who love to read of adventure, of peril, of hardships and trying scenes of pioneer life, of the workings of diving travillence in man's behalf. vine providence in man's behalf, will find in the book food to gratify their most earnest desire. At the same time the narrative follows the strict lines of accuracy; exaggeration not being necessary to lend fascination to the story. The recital also is in clear, forcible and chaste language, comprehensive, edify-ing and pleasing alike to youth and to those of mature years, and entertaining at the family fireside and in the quiet, cosy nook .

"Questions of Conscience" is a novel The scene of the book is laid in Chi-

types of character fairly representing the cosmopolitan population and life in the chief character of the book of that great center. In the chief character of the book Agatha Fleming, the author, portrays a noble character whose inherent strength is deepened and developed by trials that too often make wreck of the ordinary individual and the portrayal of the fine sensitized soul making ab-solute sacrifice of her human self to save her ideals, is a striking contrast to the personality described as her husband, whose selfishness and weak moral fiber lead him on from one abyss of immorality to another till all ves-tige of character is lost. Dr. Winston, Robert Dennison and John Horne are among the finer types of character living conscientious individual lives amidst the murky moral atmosphere of the big metropolis, and Nannette Tel-fer, Eletha Blackman and Twiggy Loten and his swarm of satellites of the faster set, are fair delineations of the lower types bred and breathing life from its false and foul atmosphere. The book deals with the vast conglomera tion of phases that make up the life of a big metropolis, but its trend is un-mistakably moral, and points many

The book is published by George M. Hill Co., Chicago, and is sold at George Q. Cannon's Sons, Main Stret.

A book which should be of use to wo men who intend to travel more or less alone in Europe is Mrs. Mary Cad-walader Jones' "European Travel for walader Jones' European Travel for Women," which will be published in a few weeks. It is meant to supplement guide books with information not generally found in them. viz., the registration of baggage, the system of hotel management and the scale of fees or tips. To tamper with real royalties in ro-

mance is not always a safe proceeding, and if done at all, must be done by a skilled hand. Undaunted by the task, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson has chosen for one of

age than James Stewart, Duke of York, the brother to that merry mon-arch Charles II., and subsequently

king of England.
Mr. Watson has made bold to involve this royal person in a quarrel with a dare-devil nobleman, one Anthony, earl dare-devil nobleman, one Anthony, carl of Cherwell, and thereon hangs the tale. And an excellently told tale it is, full of the clash of rapiers and the reckless spirit of the age.

Mr. Watson is obviously a careful student as well as a good romancer.

There are none of the glaring anachronisms in "The Rebel" which go so far towards spolling many of the historical romances of the day.

far towards spoiling many of the historical romances of the day.

Cherwell defends his lady as a good knight needs must, and braves even the king himself on her behalf, and in the end dies by an assassin's hand, with her name on his lips.

Those who recall Mr. Watson's earlier work, "Galloping Dick," will be glad to know that that galant gentlement appears for a few chapters, and shows himself no less brave a roisterer than of old. than of old.

"The Lovely Malincourt," by Helen Mathers, relates a story of the innocent and unconventional frenks of a charming young and motherless coun-try girl, the daughter of an English lord of sporting proclivities, who is sent by her father to a fashionable aunt in London to be schooled in the graces and methods of refined society. It is easy to write entertainingly of such a character, and the author makes a very bright story of the independent and untutored acts and conquests of a very bright story of the independent and untutored acts and conquests of her brilliant country heroins, reared among horses and hounds and knowing more of the sports of the chase than of the proprieties of fashionable life. Of course, she is caught at last in the meshes of love she has spread for another, but not until after she has shocked her aunt with the multitude of her conquests, and the discovery that her own son is the favored victim.

"Sword and Cross, and Other Poems." by Charles Fugene Banks, occupy a vol-ume of 263 pages, and number some-thing over 150 in all. While scarcely a glimpse is seen of the royal purp the most of the poems are marked wholesome and happy purpose, and in construction are distinctly respectable as a whole. They cover a wide range of subjects—serious, sentimental, patriotic, humorous and religious—and scat-tered among them are stanzas sufficlerity strong or striking to be remembered. They are uneven in merit, a few being plainly above the average rank, while the superiority of one—a peem of seven stanzas entitled "October"—is so manifest as to suggest that accident must have given it a place in the collection. Here are three verses

I could feel the heart of the forest beat In sorrow at loss of its beautiful crown; While up from the grasses an odor

sweet, A faint, sweet odor arose to meet The leaves that were drifting down. The bright green leaves of the summer, nlas!

Now brown and amber and red and gold— I fell with my face in the dying mass, For I felt the wings of the spirit pass, And the touch of a hand that was

The grewsome touch of a ghastly hand, And the sigh of soul's despair; For the foss of Life were abroad in the The wings of Destruction the forest

And beauty was dying there, "The Gentieman Pensioner," by Albert Lee, is an English historical remance of the latter part of the sixteenth century. The hero of the story is one of Queen Elizabeth's bodyguard known as "gentlemen pensioners," who is dispatched with an important letter to Lord Hundson, engaged in raising an army in the south for defense against the partisans of Mary Stuart. His mission being reported by spies, an attended by the probability of the pr tempt is made by the revolutionary leaders to get possession of the queen's letter entrusted to him, and he is kid-naped by their emissaries and thrown into prison, and with him the girl to whom he is bethrothed, with the view of exterting the hidden missive from The lovers escape from prison; the royal messenger reaches Lord Huns-don, delivers his letter, assists in carrying away Mary Stuart from Coventry thus blighting the hopes of the rebels and finds his reward in receiving his bride at the hands of the queen and with ample provision for their future. The story is full of action and is told

"Mythology for Moderns" contains a number of brief sketches contributed by James S. Metcalf of Life. It is deby James S. Melcar of Life. It is de-scribed as an up-to-date book for up-to-date students" and presents a very amusing mixture of ancient myths with modern appliances and methods of The illustrations are by C. D. Charles Howard Johnson Gibson, Charles Howard Johnson, "Chip," F. G. Atwood, Oliver Herford and A. Brenan, whose names speak for

"Of Such is the Kingdom" is a vol-ume of short stories and poems by Clara Vawter, abundantly illustrated by Will Vawter. It is an attractive book and children will no doubt find it delightful.

In "The Story of the Aeneld" Dr. Edward Brooks has aimed to present "a clear and simple synopsis of the events of the great epic in an interesting style

Marriage is said to be an equal partnerthip. But the kind of a one-sided partner-

ship it really is, can-not be bet-ter express-ed than in (1) that old saying, double her husband's joys and halve his sorrows. That's what is expected of a wife, and the wonder of the world is that she comes so closely to expectation. For as a

rule from the time of marriage onward, her body is daily drained of strength and her mind daily burdened by cares. She lies on the couch, her back aching, from female trouble, and gets up and puts on a smil-ing face to meet her husband.

Marriage can only be an equal partnership when the drains and strains of married life of the woman can be replaced by the perfect health of the delicate womanly organs. No woman need suffer with inflammation, ulceration, debilitating drains or female trouble. There's an absolute cure for all these in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes life a pleasure, does away with morning sickness, and makes the baby's advent

sickness, and makes the baby's advent easy and almost painless.

"I had been a sufferer from uterine trouble for about three years, having two miscarriages in that time, and the doctors said I would have to go through an operation before I could give birth to children," writes Mrs. Ranche E. Evans, of Parsons, Laurene Co., Pa., Box 41. "When about to give up in deepnir I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's medicine and thought I would give it a trial as a last resort. I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and after taking in felt better than I had for years. After taking four and one-half bottles I gave birth to a bright baby girl who is now four months old and has not bad a day of sickness."

"Favorite Prescription" contains no

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Nothing else is "just as good." Refuse all substitutes. If you go for Dr. Pierce's, get Dr. Pierce's.



adapted to the capacity and taste of young people.". He has succeeded well and his book will doubtless prove an interesting one to a large circle of youthful readers.

"Whist: American Leads and Their History." by Nicholas Browse Triest, is written for the lovers of that game in its really scientific aspect. It is primarily a history and study of the development of American leads, but incldentally covers the general progress of the game from the days of Hoyle down to the present time.

Another book descriptive of Russia is in prospect, the author being W. le Queux, the novelist. The Russian government has given him permission to visit all the penal settlements, mines and prisons in Siberia, and also to investigate the progress of the new vestigate the progress of the new Trans-Siberian railway.

MAGAZINES.

The Engineering Magazine presents, as its April leader, a most interesting Illustrated account of the Cape to Calro niustrated account of the Cape to Carlo railway, by Mr. John Hartley Knight. Mr. Knight gives a synopsis of the growth of the conception and the progress of the work so far completed, with a sketch of the projected line, the country through which it is to run, and the prospects based upon the returns of the railway working to Bulawayo. He gives a brief outline, also, of Mr. Rhodes' twin scheme, the African transcontinental telegraph.

The Critic, in addition to its usual attractions in literary and critical articles and illustrations, contains the opening pages of a novelette by Th. Bentozn (Mme. Blanc) called "At Cross Purposes." It is a story of misunderstanding and shows as only a French tandings, and shows, as only a French voman who has visited the United States could show, the striking difference between the French and American point of view in certain interesting matters. This translation of Mme. Blanc's story was made by Mrs. John Van Vorst in Paris under Mme. Blanc's supervision.

Good Housekeeping seems to be dress-ing up to the line of the other periodi-cals of its class. Its April number contains a number of well-executed engravings, and the text is seasonable and interesting. The editorials are on and interesting. The editorials are or "The Easter Motives," "Good Things to Come," and the "National Congress or Mothers." Mrs. Burton Smith discusses the "Care of the Sick" in her series on "Home Science." Helen Campbell be-gins a series on "The Abandoned Farm and Its Future." Mary Esther True and its Future." Mary Esther True-blood writes about "The Boston School of Housekeeping." Linda Hull Larned has something to say about "Good Housekeeping" generally, and Rose Thorn gives her views as to "Airing a House." Published by George D. Chamberlain, Springfield, Mass.

South Africa continues to give more interesting news from that portion of the world than can be found in any other weekly journal. It always con-taines the latest war news, and in addition prints gossipy paragraphs about prominent men in the army and navy and in the government of Great Britain and the South African republics, Each issue is quite freely illustrated. Published by Edward P. Mathers., 39 Old Broad street, London, E. C.

The last issue of the Juvenile In-structor has an interesting list of con-tents. "Where England Sends Trouble-some Enemies" is the title of an interesting article on St. Helena, the isle made famous by the imprisonment of Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo, and the place where General Cronge is to be taken for safe keeping, and where doubtless other Boer leaders will spend their lives should England prove successful in the present issue. Pictures of St. Helena and of Capetown, South Africa, illustrate the sketch. The usual list of readable stories and poems and an interesting children's depart-ment make up the issue.

"At the School house Farthest West" is the title of the opening story in the Youth's Companion for April 19th. It tells of the odd and exciting adventures of a schoolmaster and his wife in an Esquimo school at St. Lawrence Island: and "Barclay's Bonfire," "Eliza-beth's Case in Court," "The New Min-ister," "Ludovic's List," and "advent-bres of a Lineman" make up a list of contents to tempt the mind of any in-telligent boy or girl reader capable of appreciating a rare literary treat. The departments are edited in their usual bright style and the number is alto-

An important contribution to the literature of sociology is made by Prof.

L. M. Keasbey of Bryn-Mawr college in the April issue of the International as he is. A Monthly. The author writes on "The grocery is a Institution of Society." He does not, by any means, agree with some of the conclusions, supposed by the generality of people to be more or less universally of wind held by scientists, which have been advanced, even by such eminent students as Darwin and John Flake, Prof. Keasbey claims that "Economics" dis-Keasbey claims that investigate of tinguishes the collective activities of man from similar phenomena occurring in the animal world. "Taking ring in the animal world. "Taking self-seeking-or better put, self-saving -as the essence of economics, we cer-tainly find something here that seems to separate buman life from animal activity. Ingenuity is to be distinactivity. Ingenuity is to be distinguished from instinct by this criterion, and man is thus placed upon a psychic plane above the lower orders. It is riaimed that isolation, rather than genetic association is the primitive law of human life. Primitive man was not primarily social. The development of society is traced by the author through the family, clan and tribe. The article is one to be read with care, and is sure to prove interesting and profitable.

THE FRENCHMAN'S VERSION.

Le Monsieur Adam vake from hees nap une fine day, In ze beautiful gardaine and see Une belle damoiselle fast asleep, and he "Viola la chance! here ees something

gat may
Be mooch interesting to me."

Ven he open hees eye to admire ze view.
Viz her fan madame covnire her face;
Zen monsieur to madame say; "Bon
jour; voulez vous,
Go for une promenade?" And zey valk out, ze two, In zat very mooch beautiful place.

Vhere Monsieur le Serpent he sit in zo

tree, Zey come, and ze madame she cry-'Oh, Monsieur le Serpent, voules vous not have zo Bonte for to peek some fine apple for

"Certainment!" ze Serpent reply. "Hold, hold, mon amil" zen Monsieur Adam speak, "Vat madness ees zis? Don't you

It ees wrong to eat from ze tree vich But ze snake in ze branches ees pretty and sleek, And he smile on ze madame below,

'Oh. Monsiour Adam! vat you say is not true, For do you not know," say ze snaks, "Dere ses notting vatevair prohibited

Ze ladies? Madame, let me offsire to Ze fruit." And ze madame she take. Une courtesy she make; sen ze serpent

Her apron viz apples and say, 'Monsieur Adam; eat of zis fruit, zin Be vise like un god; know ze good and

Ze tings of ze night and ze day. But as for ze lady she nevalre could Here ze snake make hees grandest

More lik une vise, beautiful goddess," say he (And smiling and bowing his sweetest,) Ees now!" And gat fineesh madame, Current Literature,

Speech and Its Beginnings. Alliance between gesture and speech

between mimicry and names, which date back to the very birth of human language, have their reminder before us at this hour. An orator recounts the details of a shipwreck in which he was a sufferer and his hands are only less eloquent than his tongue. A child points to a cow in its pasture and says, "Moo-moo," by way of a name. When the little one come to town from its home in the country it tells how a locomotive in the country it tells how a locamotive was its carrier by saying, "Shoo-shoo," and turning its arms in imitation of the engine's revolving wheels. We speak of the "Cus koo" the "peetweet," the "whippoorwill" the "katydid," in names which they themselves have suggested to us. Hundreds of other common terms—"crackie," "sizzle," "buz," "whir," and the like—testify every day terms-"crackle," "sizzle," "buz,"
"whir," and the like-testify every day to the dcht that sense awes to sound, to the important contribution by ono-matopœia to the mintage of words. Another well-spring of speech deserves a other well-spring of speech deserves a moment's heed. A few syllable sounds mount of themselves to the lips of the babe, and theme, at first by their seniors, are taken to mean definite persons and things. Sir John Lubbock has ascertained that "pa" and "ma" are among the very first because the easiest utternnces of a child; and "pa" and "ma" have long been appropriated by parents to signify themselves. All young child. to signify themselves. All young child-ren have difficulty in repeating their own names; for months Stella may call herself "Cally," and George may say that he is "Joe." simply because their powers or articulation are but little developed. By reducing the long words of their elders to pronounceable forms, and by downright invention,—based upon spontaneous sounds,—children have been known to devise long vocabularies for the payer. for themselves. In so doing they have undoubtedly shed light on one of the methods by which early speech began.

-From "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," by George Iles.



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