

EVENING.

I know the night is near at hand, The mists lie low on hill and bay, The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry; But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day; When at thy call I have the night, Brief be the twilight as I pass From light to dark, from dark to light. -Exchange.

THE STOCK IN THE TIE-UP.

I'm workin' this week in the wood-lot;
a hearty old job, you can bet;
I finish my chores with a larntern, and
marm has the table all set
By the time I get in with the milkin';
and after I wash at the sink.
And marm set a saucer o' strainin's for
the cat and the kittens to drink, Your uncle is ready for supper, with an appetite whet to an edge

That'll cut like a bush-scythe in swale-grass, and couldn't be dulled on a And marm, she slats open the oven, and

pulls out a heapin' full tin Of the rippin'est cream-tartar biskit a man ever pushed at his chin. We pile some more wood on the fire, and open the damper full blare, And pull up and pitch into supper—and omfort-and taste good-wal,

And the wind swooshes over the chimbley, and scrapes at the shingles ross grain.

I tell ye, the song o' the fire and the chirruping hiss o' the tea. The roar of the wind in the chimbley, they sound dreadful cheerful to

But they'd harrer me, plague me, and fret me, unless as I set here I That the critters are munchin, their

fodder and bedded and com'table, These biskits are light as a feather, but,

boy, they'd be heavier'n lead

If I thought that my horses was
shiv'rin', if I thought that my cattle warn't fed. There's men in the neighborhood 'round me who pray som'what louder than me.

They wear better clothes, sir, on Sun-day—chip in for the heathern Chi-But the cracks in the sides o' their tie-

ups are wide as the door o' their And the winter comes in there a-howlin' with the sleet and the snow peltin' through.

Step in there, sir, ary a mornin' and look at their critters! Twould As if they were bilers or engines, and all o' them chock full o' steam. I've got an old-fashioned religion that

alkilates Sundays for rest, But if there warn't time, sir, on week days to batten a tie-up, I'm bleat I'd use up a Sunday or such-like, and let the durned heathen folks go While I fastened some boards on the

lintel to keep out the frost and the rd stand all the frowns of the parson

before I'd have courage to face
The cumb holler eyes o' the critters
hooked up in a frosty old place.
And I'll bet ye that in the Hercafter the

en who have stayed on their knees

And let some poor, fuzzy old cattle stand out in a tle-up and freeze, Will find that the heat o' the Hot Place is keyed to an extra degree For the men who forgot to consider that critters have feelin's same's we.

-Exchange. NOTES.

Robert Grant in an article on "He-roes and Heroines" in the October Woman's Home Companion turns from the heroes and heroines of every-day

"Incidentally here it is interesting to note how quickly and completely this same world is capable of changing its taste in respect to the heroes and hero-ines of fiction. Only ten years ago Mr. Howells was gravely assuring us that the sophisticated public had dismissed forever from ravor and faith the engaging but impossible beings of romantic literature. He intimated that Dumas literature. He intimated that Dumas was a gross offneder against naturalism and hence truth. He even described the author of 'Vanity Fair' as 'that caricaturist Thackeray," and deplored that Trollope should have yearned to imi-tate him rather than be satisfied with workaday realities of 'Mrs. Proudle. He announced almost convincingly that He announced almost convincingly that realism has come to stay, and that any hero or heroine must be false to art unless to be told with in one's daily walks. We were told that fiction bence forth was to deal with real life. And what is the case? * * But ten yoars have elapsed since Howel's spoke, yet ever since we have been undergoing a deluge of heroes and heroines whose doughty deeds and exalted ** on the state of the state of

have no real counterparts in this pro-sale world. And in their wake has followed the romantic historical novel, the novel of admirably successful ad-venture on flood and field performed by pseudo ancestors of ours, whose thesh and blood when confronted by Basil March and his wife suggest the comparison of Hyperion to a Satyr. The Gentieman of France. The Prisoner of Zenda, 'Richard Carvel.' Janice Meredith,' To Have and To Hold,' with the satisfactory of the Prisoner of Senda, 'Richard Carvel.' Janice Meredith,' To Have and To Hold,' with their editions mounting to the hundreds of thousands, attest that the world is still foolish enough to laugh with and to cry over sheer puppers of the imag-inations. For the moment the pen-dulum of literary hero-worship is far o the pole of thorough-going romance and the heart of the realist is sad with-in him save for the comfort which flows from 'David Harum' and 'Mr. Dooley,' those same carnal twins among an army of fascinating, flawless card-board creations."

An interesting little anecdote is told about how David Harum became to be written. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Westcott, the author was the that Mr. Westcott, the author was the kind of a man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a house or compose a sonata—but he had never made much money; so when he became ill, and realized that he might not live long, and would leave his family with little or no money, he was desperate.

"Write a book," suggested a friend and neighbor to him one day when they were talking over the situation.

"I did make an attempt at it once," answered Mr. Wescott; "I tried a love-

Eut good double winders and bankin' are mighty good friends here in Maine.

I look 'crost the table to brother, and marm she looks over at me, And passes another hot biskit and says, "Won't you have some more, tea?"
And while I am stirrin' the sugar, I relish the sound of the storm.

For, thank the good Lord, we are cosey and the stock in the tie-up is warm.

I tell ye, the song o' the fire and the

The appearance of the name of Mr. Alfred Austin in the civil list as the recipient of a pension of £200 has been the subject of a good deal of comment in the press. From the following verses, it would seem that the poet laureate, having read some of the remarks in question, has committed himself to the task of penning an answer to them. This answer is printed "under all reserve," as the phase coe- and without vouching for its authenticity. In fact, we will go so far as to say that if the following verses are really Mr. Alfred Austin's, they ought

THE LAUREATE ON HIS PENSION. Of course, I like my crown of bays—
Right proud am I to call it mine;
I like the custom which conveys
To me an annual cask of wine:
But still, on mere prosaic grounds,

much prefer two hundred pounds. Folks do not me "Sir" Alfred call, But don't suppose for that I care; What is a little after all?

"I found your medicine a blessing to me and my family."



There are women who feel something like a grudge against the children, who, one after another rob their mother of her beauty and strength. Men do not usually how much the mother gives to each child to her own loss. Women accept it as part of the obligation of Nature and pay the debt grudgingly. Yet in Nature's plan every child is a new joy and fresh happiness. It isn't the children that steal the mother's strength. It is the unnatural drains and pains which weaken her.

Every woman who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has found in it the one thing woman has waited for. stops the drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, makes the baby's advent a pleasure and his life a blessing. No opiates or narcotics are contained in

opiates or narcotics are contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"I read what your medicine had done for other people," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner. Rox 29, Reechwood. Norfolk Co., Mass. "so thought I would try it, and I found that it was a hierang to me and my family. Thegan in June and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I took your medicine a year when I had a ten pound girl. I had the casiest time I ever had with any of my children. I have been very well since. I took three bottles of Favorite Prescription, three of 'Golden Medical Discovery, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no appetite and could not est much without it distressing use. Before I took the medicine I only weighed ist pounds, and now I weigh 175."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the brain by cleansing the body of the cor-

brain by cleansing the body of the cor-

ruption which clouds it.

An empty trifle, light as air! How much more tancible it sounds-"A pension of two hundred pounds!"

Seek not the poet's soul to grieve With idle talk of knightly rank! A prefix does not, I believe, Increase the balance at his bank; But to my "credit" it redounds—

My pension of two hundred pounds!" The crown of bays may wither-fah!! My own is looking somewhat sere-and what is Fume?—a bubble. Pah! If pricked, 'twill surely disappear.

Whereas two hundred -- unds--well, Zounds! They always are two hundred pounds! —Lendon Truth.

The tendency to identify an author's creations with the men and women with whom he is brought in contact or who are familiar to the public, has extended are familiar to the public, has extended to Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, and the interest attaching to his marriage revives the statement that Miss Kidder, now Mrs. Ford, was the original "Janice Meredith." There is, however, internal evidence that this was not the case. Of course, she might have suggested a feature or possibly a trait. An author weaves his impressions into his stories, often without being conhis stories, often without being con-scious of their origin, and impres sions that are the strongest are naturally placed in the most conspicuous light. But so far as character and style are involved we believe that Mr. Ford made no betrayals of the identity of the woman who has enlisted his deepest interest. To introduce with success real characters into a romance in-volves at least, contemporansous treat-ment. The woman of today has so litfle in common with the woman of the corresponding class a century and a quarter ago, that the subtlest imagina-tion would be puzzled to make up char-acters of the former period from the material of the present. The modern American woman and the woman of the Revolution are almost of different sub-stance. There remains no similarity of stance. There remains no similarity of the types or tastes. Nothing more marvellous has marked the century's development than the transformation of woman. She is now in every respect a new woman and no longer available for the romance of long ago, though she adds greatly to the enrichment of that

Anthony Hope's new novel "Qui-Anthone Hope's new novel "Quisants," which has never abneared as a serial, either here or in England, is to be brought out by the New York house of the Frederic A. Stokes company. There was considerable competition for it among the publishers, and little won-der, for a book by Anthony Hope is a gold mine-for a time, at least.

BOOKS.

No better indication of the trend of present day fiction could be found than the fact that Mary E. Wilkins, so long ons of the foremost representatives of American realism, has in her last book, "The Heart's Highway," turned unmis-takably to historical romance. In this tale she demonstrates her ability in what is for her a comparatively new though not utterly untried field, since some of her short stories have been, before this, of a more or less romantic character. "The Heart's Highway" is character. 'The Heart's Highway' le her first full-length work of this class however. It is a story of Virginta, the time being the seventeenth century just after Bacon's rebellion, when the tobacco trade was being seriously lessened by the navigation act. It is an unusually careful character study for a romance. The hero, who tells the story, Master Harry Wingfield, is a gentieman by birth, but sent to Virginia as a convict and reduced to serve as tutor to Mistress Mary Cavendish. We have had convicts in American romance before, but never quite like this one. Suffering the deepest disgrace, just after Bacon's rebellion, when th one. Suffering the deepest disgrace, even to exposure in the stocks, he is yet the embodiment of all the highest ideas of honor and chivalry of his time, a man of the spirit, a scholar and something of a philosopher. Despised as a convict, he nevertheless wins by sheer force of character the respect of those with whom he comes spirited girl like Mary Cavendish. Than spiried gri like salry Cavendish. Than his leve for her nothing could be finer and purer. He is, indeed, an admirable figure, inspiring through his very ideal-ity and drawn with no little subtlety. He somewhat overshadows the other characters, but they are all well drawn, from the drinking, racing parson to proud old Madam Cayendish.

In Mr. W .J. Dawson's "The Makers of Modern Poetry" Mr. Thomas Whit-taker has reprinted from its seventh of the present century, the intellectual merit of several of which studies is of a rather too pronounced and too subtle kind for such a popular bandbook as this purports to be. The author selects sixteen nineteenth century writers of verse as fulfilling the poetic conditions and achievements which stamp them as Makers, and considers them from different point of view, some of which are, and should be, allen to purely poetare, and should be, allen to purely poetical consideration. His poetic list embrakes the names of Burns, Byron,
Shelly, Keats, Scott, Coloridge, Southey,
Wordsworth, Hood, Mrs. Browning,
Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Rossetti,
Swinburne and Morris. To these he devotes 'hirty-six papers, seven of which
are bestowed on Wordsworth, eight on
Tennyson and six on Browning: Burns,
Byron, Shelly and Keats being each dismissed with one brief one.

An entertainingly chatty volume of the "Personal Rec flections" of H. Sitherland Edwards has been published by Cassell & Co. They are of men and things in Europe, especially England and France, and extend back to the time when lucifer matches were novelties and the polka a new dance. There are stories of many of the celebrated men of the middle of the century-Thackeray, Charles Beade, Douglas, Jerrold, Cruiksbank, Hans von Bulow, Rossi, the revolutionist Bakurin. Rossi, the revolutionist Bakunin, Maca, dy and others—and these anec-dotes, teacher with the gimpses given of the time, make pleasant reading.

Heaven's Distant Lamps, is a volume of poems of comfort and hope, arranged by Anna E. Mack, editor of "Because I Love You." Miss Mack has already shown herself possessed of a most discriminating lit-erary taste, as well as a profound ac-quaintance with the masterpieces of quaintance with the masterpieces of the poetry of our language by her remarkably popular collection of love poems, the widely-known "Because I Love You." She has now used her talent in an even more noble and sympathetic way by compiling an almost faultlessly complete and well chosen collection of poems of comfort and hope, happily named from a quotation, "Heaven's Distant Lamps." The contents are arranged in thirteen sections, each prefaced by a short quotation, the sentiment of which gives the key-note to the poems of that division. Thus the theme of the first section is seen the theme of the first section is seen to be bereavement, of the next comfort, then submission, prayer, resignation each group becoming more grand and strong in its tone until the closing division which is given up to poems of the resurrection and paradise. It would be very difficult to find a nobler set of authors, or a worthler selection of extracts from their verse, and cartainly no such antholosy of comfort, trust, and hope has ever been prepared. The appearance of the volume in its dress of white, blue, and gold is daintily attractive, and we may be sure that it will be eagerly welcomed as a gift and especially welcomed and prized as a taken of sympathy.

token of sympathy. MAGAZINES.

Mind for October comes to hand with an exceptionally interesting list of contents. "The Prophet, An Apostle of Progress" is one of the most important: "Nerves and Morals" is an article which all would do well to read and study

carefully; "The History of Supersti-tions Fear" is another equally import-ant; "The Dynamics of Thought" pre-sents some fundamental truths on the subject of the power of thought and im-portance of metaphysical knowledge, and the rest of the number is made up of an equally valuable number of articles dealing with mental and spiritual

The October Arena has for its open-log number a symposium entitled "The Menace of Imperialism," consisting or an article "The Antithesia of True Exan article "The Antibosis of Frue Ex-pansion," by Hon. E. V. Long, ex-chief justice of New Mexico;" "Its Strength gino; and "Its Place in Historic Cog-gino; and "Its Place in Historic Evolu-tion," by George Warren Kenney, B. O. Flewer contributes an article entitled, Flower contributes an article entitled, "How England Averted a Revolution of Force;" Joseph David Miller discusses "Militarism or Manhood?" and C. F. Beck writes of "Bryan as a Soldier," There are several other timely articles and the number closes with a second symposium entitled, "Status of the Modern Hero."

"The Lest Train" by Alvah Milton Kerr is the opening story in this week's number of the Youth's Companion, and is one of the best stories that have appeared in the magnature for years. A night train londed with steel "rons away," and in its flight passes a side-track leading to coal mines belonging to a poor widow living to the vicinity. The dead husband of the widow had been tricked out of the fortune that might have been his through proper development of the coal mines by the railway company, who discriminated against him in order to help their own As the runnyay train passes the switch, the son of the wronged man sees it and conceives a plan for obtaining justice from the company, and how he does so, is thrillingly told by the narrator. "Grandfather Papp's Hundredth Bithday" is another clever short story, and the rest of the number is filled with

The Young Woman's Journal to October has for its opening number a poem entitled, "Gallier" by Hyacinth prettily illustrated with photographs of life of our Savier. Katherine Arthur's story, "Miladi," is continued in an in-teresting chapter. An article entitled "Giris in Our Church Schools" is a symposium consisting of questions or mental and physical advantages of-fered in the Church colleges, the edi-tor, Mrs. Susa Y, Gates, propounding e questions, and the answers by Mrs. D. Young, the matron of the Brig-A. Talmage contributes a short article entitled "Only a Word." Martin L. Mc-King is the author of "A Lullaby," and the rest of the journal is made up of a usual interesting departments.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Mrs. Rowe has made of "Two Little Street Singers" a story so far above the average of that found in sedinary books for children as to deserve special men-tion. The little singers are "Rita" and "Jinny," who pass for the chil-dren of "Tonio," with whom travel, and for whom they earn many pennies by singing and dancing with their tambourines. Rita's beauty and Jimmy's manliness win a home for the little girl with a country spinster and her sged mother. But troubles come thick and fast to Rith's friends in the country and brave Jimus in the city. All these tangled threads, togethe with the mystery of the children's lives are most happily straightened out, and the genuine pathos that has been aroused makes the final happiness all the more appreciated.

We hope Mrs. Roe will write more for

the reason, if for no out -sense running through the book. N child can read this story without be as entertained, and many an older peas entertained and many an older per-son will find a suspicious moisture up-on his speciacles after reading a chap-ter "to the children." Miss Davidson has illustrated the teek well and sympathetically; the cover is tasteful all in all, it is one of the very best juveniles of the season.—Lee & Sheherd

The name of Alfred the Great, alof the approaching one thousandth anniversary, and a scholarly lady of emarked fluctury powers has been presented the life of Alfred the Great scholars. simply written as to be readily unde historically accurate as to be very y able on that account. The old fami stories of Alfred are all here, to see with very much new material, tran-lated from original sources by the ar thor. All is written in perfect English and effectively alded by the spirited illustrations of Mr. Kennedy. This book is bound to be a classic for the young.-Lee & Shepherd.

Between Boer and Briton

This ought to be the juvenile of the This ought to be the juvenile of the year, although it will, of course, be hard to come up to the "Old Glory" books. It enters an entirely new field, and one on which the eyes of the world are centered. It relates the experiences of two boys, cousins to each other, one an American and the other English, whose fathers are engaged in the Transvaal, one in farmin other in mining operations. The scene opens in Texas on a cattle ranch, from whence it is transferred to South Africa, where the cousins meet. While the two boys are off on a hunting trip

after big same the war between the Boers and Britone suddenly breaks or and while endeavoring to rejoin the purents the boys find themselves place

parents the boys find themselves placed between hostile armies, and their thrilling experiences are brought out in Mr. Stratemeyer's best style.

The operations of both armies are given from the commencement of the war to the fall of Pretoria, including a rapid sketch of the history of South Africa from its settlement by the Dutch to the present time, all given in a manner to please boys without being tedious. Oreat care has been given to the geographical and historical setting should make it popular.-Lee& Shep-

HIS NEW BROTHER.

Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked for him from mother, But he's here: But I spose they went and bought him, For last week the doctor brought him; Ain't it cueer?

When I heard the news from Molly, Why, I thought at first 'twas Jolly; Chuse you see

I just 'magined I could get him

And our dear mamma would let him

Play with me.

I cried out: "Oh, dear! Is that him? Just that mite? They said, and "Yes, you may kiss Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him. He's a fright!

He's so small, it's just amazing.

And you'd think that he was blazing,
He's so red.

And his nose is like a berry.

And he's baid as Uncle Jerry
On the head.

He's no kind of good whatever, And he cries as if he'd never,
Never stor;
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him.
Oh, why doesn't father change him

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MRS. G. H. CHAPPELL

sician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been contiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

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Now, we've got to dress and feed him, And we really did not need him, Little frog! And I cannot think why father Should have bought him when I'd rather

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