# DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900.



## THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

The wolf's out there ,at the door, and his fangs are keen to slay: Christ pity the starved and shivering soul that falls in the black wolf's way! As for me-do I fear him-this wolf of hunger and sin? Let the storm beat down the barriers and let mine enemy in!

stealthily on my track through the ghostly world he steals; Only a shadow grim and black hounding a beggar's heels. A shadow in the light of day—a horror in the night and what does the howl of the black wolf say to the soul that God made

The storm and the darkness are on thee-O lost to the beauty and beam!

Brooding for ever and even o'er the ashes of a dream! Brooding for ever and even o'er the ashes of a dream! Bunger wraps rags around thee; the rich are in purplestate; But the dogs snarl at the beggars that kneel at the rich man's gate.

The storm and the darkness are on thee: Be one with the storm and the There is never a morn that shall greet thee or crown thy seared fore-head with light.

Tossed on a fathomless ocean where never a shore-lamp saves, The cry of the drowning is in thine ears-with the walling of the waves!"

so does the howl of the black wolf say to the soul that God made white: But I wrap my rags around me and dream of the dawn of light. Shall the black storm beat forever? Is there never a port to win? Twere a coward deed to break the bolts and let mine enemy in!

For his cruel fangs would rend and slay. . . Whatever my soul may be it is deeper than the darkness—it is stronger than the sea. It is bowed by the strength of the hills, does it shrink 'neath the scourging

from it two smartly dressed young fellows embraced it, and I heard one of them say, to my great amaze and hap-piness, "Hello, here's Howeil's!" "Oh." I broke out upon him, "I was just look-ing for some one I knew. I hope you are some one who knows me!" 'Ohly through your contributions to The Sat through your contributions to The Sat-urday Press,' said the young fellow, and with these golden words, the pre-cious first personal recognition of my authorship I had ever received from a stranger, and the rich reward of all my literary endeavor, he introduced him-sef and his friend. I do not know what became of this friend, or where or how he eliminated himself, but we two others were inseparable from that moment. He was a young lawyer from New York, and when I came back from Italy four or five years later I used to see his sign in Wall street, with a never fulfilled intention of going in to see him. In whatever world he happens now to be, I should like to send him my greet. ings, and confess to him that my art has never since brought me so sweet a recompense, and nothing a thousandth part so much like Fame, as that outery of his over the hotel register in Montreal.

Sir Edward Russell's rambling book of reminiscences, "That Reminds Me, recently published in London, contains a striking account of an interview he had with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose name he quite unnecessarily does not mention. We need hardly add that the "short but celebrated piace" referres to in the course of the conversation was the

e "Recessional." "A little while ago," Sir Edward begins, "I had a long talk with a great English writer on the subject of Cecil Rhodes. This was not what I meant to talk to him about. My seeing him was owing to a matter of business which I soon disposed of. Then I meant to talk to this great writer about his writings. I praised one of them-a short but celebrated piece-with a deyout heart and a glowing tongue and a kindling face. I remembered how it selzed me when it appeared; how it startled all the world; how it was just what was wanted-just the cogent, ly-rical, rythmical appeal to conscience called for by a certain almost debauch of national sentiment quite excusable, but become very flatulent; also how this great writer had seemed to me about the last man to be 'among the prophets.' So he seemed now-a practical, spruce, athletic little figure-not an Amos or an Isalah. But he was reasonably pleased to have his great serious success recalled in terms of honor. 'Yes,' said he, 'it was just at the right time. And that's all the battle. It's not what you write, but when.' I confess that

this matter-of-fact tone puzzled me. I could hardly understand the man who could write such a composition speaking of it in this way." a Mr. Kipling's advocacy of the emigration of young Englishmen to settle and civilize the waste spots of the earth also came up for discussion, Sir Edward dif-fering from his opinion. Be it observed that throughout he expected from the inspired master ideal guidance, and re-Inspired master ideal guidance, and re-ceived only the opinions of a practical hard-headed man of affairs. Said Sir Edward, apropos of these emigrating Englishmen and what they lose: "Surely it's something that they'll part altogether from literature. They won't read." 'Well,' said Mr. Kipling,

won't read." 'Well,' said Mr. Kipling, 'that won't matter much; but they won't altogether give up reading.' "They'll read your books," I said, "but the very things of yours that I and peo-ple of good feeling at home like best, they will like worst." 'Oh,' he said, 'I dare say they'll like the brassleet.'" The inspired writer of the "Reces-sional" rather startled his visitor with his contempt for moral ideas:

"My next question: 'Has Mr. Rhodes, In a public sense, any morals?' "Tut!' says the other great man. 'He's making an empire. What did L making morals?' Here the conversation became a little confused, and on the great man's side a little contemptuous. 'Morals, forsooth!' 'Weil, high ideals.' "The best ideal is to spread civilization and make an empire in doing it." One liked,' I said, 'to observe that the rules liked, I said, to observe that the thread of religion in private life were to a certain extent followed in public af-fairs.' My great writer had the courage of his opinion, which is, that 'Religion has no influence on conduct. Mr. Kipling was at least courageously honest. But does not this cynic avowal of his true opinions mar the apparently inspired beauty of the Jubilee Ode? Big People and Little People of Other Lands is the title of a child's book by Edward R. Shaw, dean of the School of Pedagogy, New York Unipicted the bull-fights and the religious ceremonies in the streets at Easter-tide in Seville. The magazine-reading world still remembers "A Little Centennial versity. In recent pedagogical practice it has Lady," which appeared in 1876. It was the beginning of Mrs. Harrison's serious been thoroughly proved that the child in the first school year is much inter-ested in descriptions of the Indian and literary work, and was a sketch written from the diary and letters of her great-aunt, Sally Fairfax, "a quaint little Esquimau. His chief desire at this perlittle iod is for new impressions and ideas to maiden of the Pet Marjory type." These old letters and diary had been discovbe gained from descriptions and accompanying pictures and is even more keen than is his desire for sense imered in a chest, and gave a charming account of the domestic happenings at pressions of the world about him. Towlson, the Virginia home of the quaint young writer, who was the neighbor at Mount Vernon and the This little book is designed to satisfy this desire to learn about the strange Vernon and the peoples of other lands. It reveals to him especial favorite of George Washington. This sketch was so well received and a large number of different races and describes their peculiarities as to perwidely quoted by the press that Golden Rod, which was published two years sonal appearance, their dress, ways of living, their customs and their later, in the "Half-hour Series," of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, was wel-01 manners. It is safe to assert that there is no book now in use for supplemen-tary reading which is more interesting comed as the work of a popular author. This second venture is the fictional reminiscence of a summer spent on Mount Desert Island, which tradition and stimulating for children of this age. -Cloth, 12mo, 128 pages, illustrated. American Book company, New York. claims as the birthplace of Talleyrand. Cincinnati and Chicago. Without vigorous movement, this story has an individual delicate picturesque-

schools, New York City, and Ida Coe, Erooklyn Primary schools, is another excellent book for children. Among the child's primers recently Among the child's primers recently published there has been none more at-tractive than this little volume. It is designed to be placed in the child's hands from the very beginning of school work, as its title denotes, and in this respect is unlike most other first readers and so-called primers since it readers and so-called primers, since it requires no preliminary work either from the blackboard or reading charts, Following the idea and practice of the best teachers, script is used exclusive-ly in the first half of the book, and predominates throughout. While the les-sons are interesting, because they per-tain to child life, the simplicity of the work is due in a great measure to its comparatively small, but carefully selected vocabulary. The illustrations are the key to the words and phrases, and are numerous, apt, and beautiful. No other primer contains a better col-lection of half-tones, pen and ink sketches, and colored pictures. Cloth 12mo., 92 pages, illustrated. American Back company New York Chichnati. Book company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago,

"The Favor of Princes" is a tale of the adventures of a virtuous young man of the provinces in the wicked Paris of the reign of Louis XV. He is persuaded by a cousin of whom he disapproves that his only chance lies in a marriage of convenience, and then, most incon-sistently, he falls in love with the banker's doughter selected for him, and thereafter defends her against the mightiest in the land. His final success is due, not so much to his own clever-ness (which, by the way, is small for a hero of romance) as to the ingenuity of his friends and the chance favor of of his friends and the character had been opposed to him. As a string of ex-periences the story does not lack inter-est, and it is told with sufficient rapidest, and it is told with sufficient rapid-ity and vigor. As with almost all tales of adventure which are not written by geniuses, however, the reader has a feeling that he has read it all somewhere else, though he could not put his finger on any direct source. Especially we miss from Mr. Luther's book the brilliancy of double-edged dialogue which forms so large a part of one's interest in the great works of the same

Alice Morse Earle has written a readable and valuable book in "Child Life in Colonial Days," In her preface she points out the different position of the child in early days from its position to-day. Then the child was seldom seen, still more seldom heard. It was not permitted to appear at table with its ders; discipline in schools was rigid; even its costume was often abourd and irksome; no books were written especially for it, and no measures taken for its amusement. Now we seem to be rapidly nearing the other extreme of undue attention to the child, for certainly in the excessive development of the kindergarten and in the enormous number of children's books may be seen an exaggerated estimate of the import. ance of childhood. The tendency of this excess of zeal in a good work is to increase the self-consciousness of children, always an unlovely trait, and to stimulate frivolity, since a diet of children's books is not wholesome.

Mrs. Earle has made the past appear vividly in her pages. She has ransacked histories, manuscript memoirs, letters and household records for scanty allusions to children, and these she has grouped under various heads, which serve to bring out many features of domestic life as it was colored by early Furitanism. One of the most noticeable effects of this piety, which was as per-vasive as the piety of the Boers today, was seen in the names given to chil-dren. Little men and women were burtorically and ethnologically the data used in my story are absolutely accurate, unless the accepted authorities dened with such names as Comfort, Deliverance, Patience, Contentment, Pre-served, Hopestill, Polybius and Freelove, But in general they had a better time than children in England in that day because the country was new, they were more robust from an out-door life, and they were held in higher value because each head added to a family meant more land or a larger share of any allotment of supplies. They went to school and obtained the rudiments of a good education, but the school rooms were rude and uncomfortable and the books were primitive, with the most remarkable illustrations. Many extracts are given from the hornbook and the East. New England Primer, the latter being the universal text-book in the Colonial period. In all the text-books rhyme was used as an aid to memory and facts and rules were put in doggerel Chapters are devoted to the sports and pastimes of colonial children and much space is given to costume and manners. The book is admirably written and arranged. One of its most attractive features is the large number letters from children and parents that have been given. Some of the children's letters are most amusing. The illustra-tions are numerous and include reproductions of many portraits which show the costumes of children of the wealthy class,





It is runnored that Justice Gray is going to retire from the bench this summer, as he is not in good health. Attorney General Griggs, the same rumor has it, is President McKinley's selection for the place. This is from a late picture of Mr. Griggs.

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will be new to the general reader, and tend to the formation of a higher pop-lar estimate of the personality and pub-lic services of one of the most able and energetic of our Revolutionary leaders.

A firm believer in "the great Ameri-can romance" is Mr. E. S. Van Zile, whose recently published novel, "With Sword and Crucifix," is attracting much attention. In speaking of the historical sources from which the background to his story is taken, Mr. Van Zile in a recent letter space. "This take had its recent letter says: "This tale had its origin in a half page of Francis Park-man's La Saile. I had never written historical romance, and while I felt the inspiration of an incident lightly touched upon by Parkman, I realized that a large amount of dradgery was necessary to give the story I had in mind its necessary reassemblance. I began investigations connected with the Mississippi sun-worshippers-the Natchez Indians-and as I pursued my studies my tale developed itself.

are at fault. "Parkman will prove to be a gold-

there is very much in the volume that | canny object haunting an old deserted hut and sycamore tree, and the cour-ageous and successful effort made in unravelling its mystery. "Submarine Boats" is an interesting article by Com-mander J. D. Jerrold Kelley, describing the latest inventions for successful submarine navigation, and "Missing Ma" and "Grizzlies in an Earthquake" are the rest of the longer articles in the are the rest of the longer articles in the issue which has besides the regular bits of bright anecdote and the usual interesting children's department.

> In the Forum for March are a dozen papers on timely topics. One paper dealing with "Government Deposits in Banks" is by George E. Roberts, direc-tor of the United States mint. Mr. Henry O. Wight discusses "Our Mo-hammedan Wards:" George F. Backer, United States geologist, portrays "Rights and Wrongs in South Africa." F. Cunliffe-Owen writes entertainingly of "Englishmen in the United States;" William Ordway Partridge, the cele His. brated sculptor author, contributes an article on "The True Relation of Sculpture to Architecture:" Ho Yow, Chinese consul general, to the United States, gives his views concerning "Western Benefic Theorem (Western

McLean Harper; "The Unofficial Gov-ernment of Cities," by E. P. Wheeler; "The Transition from School to Col-lege," by L. B. R. Briggs, and "British Shipping Subsidies," by J. W. Root, are papera on topics of social and economic immediates. papers on topics of social and economic importance. There are capital short stories by Will Payne and Mary Argyla Taylor, the conclusion of Miss Johns-ton's novel, "To Have and to Hold;" reviews of recent books, a group of Jyrics by John Vance Cheney and the Contributors' club, which is again a permanent and always welcome fea-ture.

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Some of the latest and most striking books are made the subject of special articles in the March Book Buyer. attong them being an appreciative re-view of Mary Johnson's "To Have and to Hold" and a paper on "South Africa and the War," in which several recent works on the subject are reviewed, and a man of the subject are reviewed, and a map of the seat of war given,

The March Critic is noticeable, among many other notable things, for its color frontispiece of Mark Twain, and for the first of Clement Shorter's contributions of London literary gos-sip. The conductors of the Critic are continually adding new and attractive features to this excellent literary and critical monthly critical monthly

### Reading Aloud as an Aid to Literary Study.

"It is not difficult to show that, 'in "It is not difficult to show that, in the average recitation room, too little attention is uaid to the careful consid-eration of the text. The publi studies the definition of every word, and yst fails to grasp the inner meaning of phrase and clause. The finer shades of thought and feeling are frequently over-looked. The transitions in thought and emotion are scarcely noticed. We are content to get a general vague idee of emotion are scarcely noticed. We are content to get a general, vague idea of the spirit of the author, and, in the stress of other studies, are prone to overlook the details in literary study, without a knowledge of which it is im-possible to form sound literary judg-ments. Now, it is claimed for oral read-ing first, that it compels the attention of the student to every detail; it com-pels him, before he can read a passage, to determine not only the thought, but the emotion with which every poetfol line is instinct. Second, it gives the teacher, in undeniable form, just the impression that a pupil has derived from a reading of the text, and, I might add, it does this better than could be done by means of a written examinadone by means of a written examina-tion. Third, it enables the student, by compelling him to enter into the spirit of the author, to experience, to some extent, emotions with which otherwise he might never come in contact. Fourth, by compelling the student to go slowly -I mean slowly as compared with slient reading-it develops his power of attention, and in this wise opens the ave-nues through which the ethical and esthetical faculties are reached."-From "Reading Aloud as an Aid to Literary Study," by S. H. Clark, in Werner's Magazine for March.

### HER MOTHER.

I cannot think of her as one of His Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise In all the many ways of perfect bliss, Treading the flowered fields of Para-

Nay, she is still the little child that knew

No thing beyond my arm's warm tenderness That spoke no word, my little child who

My love by very strength of helpless-

Lord, when before the doorway of Thy house, A timid, new-born soul, I, trembling,

This spark of dead, forgotten worlds-this Memory of God?

), out of the storm comes peace, and out of the darkness, light; The ships sail sure to the haven-as sure as the gulls in flight. The captains sight the shore-line, and over the ocean knells They hear in the hopeless night of fear the melody of the bells.

There is love, there is light, there is joy where the tempest-flags are furled: God hears in the night of ages the breathing of the world. In the hollow of His hand the strength of the stars shall be, And His spirit shall stiffe and still the rage of the overwhelming sea.

There is love, there is light in the world; and the wolf with his eyes of flame is beaten back in the storm and night, and the silence whispers a Name; And the beautiful name is Love: and he leads me to the light Where the hills are glad of the morning, and there shall be no more night. -Frank L. Stanton in Collier's Weekly.

Rod.

color.

ness, the quality of a small clear water-

was emotional and nervous,

the chin receding.'

Says a recent critic:

heart is the same. "I said to him: 'Have you found that

satisfaction in the appreciation of your

fellowmen which in your youth you dreamed it would give you?"

" Worth the toll?" "'Yes. I know of nothing more ex-

on many tongues. It is reward enough. "Howells owns to this on every oc-

edgements occurs in some paper by him

name of some acquaintance; as I turned

and

### NOTES.

Mrs. Burnett's theory and practice of literary production-a rare one these bargain-hunting, fortune-seeking days -profitable enough to inspire even

American writers to imitate her. Frances Hodgson married, very young, Swan M. Burnett, now an emi-nett oculist of Washington. Her husbad's means were meagre. He was still in college. Two children were soon born to them, and the young wife and mother was urged to literary activity by an impulse at once stern and gentle -the necessity born of mother love and the noblest of ambitions, ambition for another." The fruits of her early successes not alone contributed to the support of her children, but assisted her husband to complete his education.

Corresponding with her idea that to be perfectly happy and complete in life one must be as much English as American-the best of both and most of neither-Mrs. Burnett provided an Anglo American plan of education for her two children, boys. She is a firm adherent of the public school system in the United States, and the foundation of her son's education was therefore laid in a public school in Washington. She arranged her dual home so that she was In the country during the school term, and vacation time she took her boys to England. During this time they had an English tutor and studied foreign lang-Ullgres, One winter she was compelled to stop in Rome. But her loyalty to American public schools was uninterrupted, and rupted, and an American governess throughout the winter kept the boys at work on the schedule of lessons they would have had at school in Washington. Mrs. Burnett's surviving son, Vi-vian, graduated at Harvard last year. and himself elected to begin practical work in his chosen profession, journalism in this country. Believing the best methods are to be acquired here, and that the West offers a field for the broadest experience, the young man is a member of the editorial staff of the Denver Republican.

Louise Chandler in the March number of Success, makes the following encouraging remarks about new writers: "I think editors and publishers are always glad to get the work of new writers; provided, of course, it is good. For instance, speaking on this subject. of the most distinguished editors I know said to me: 'Granted that two poems are absolutely equal in merit, we would rather have the poem of the new witter than that of the one who has been a long time before the public.' I Wilter believe, other things being equal, that a roung writer has the better chance, for he is the coming man, or rather, the becoming man. He is just begin-ning to build up a reputation, and pub-lishers like to have the credit as well as the state of the s as the profit of introducing new writers

"Yes,' he answered, 'truly. It is all that the heart imagines-sweet.' As a writer Mrs. Burton Harrison's celling for local colar is quick and true and though she is especially identified herself with stories of New York soquisite than to have labored long and doubtingly and then to find, for all your fears, your labor commended, your name herself with stories of New York so-ciety and Virginia life, one is left with the impression that her assimilative powers would enable her to reproduce as successfully the traits of any other quarter of the globe. Indeed, Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie said that the chap-iers on English society in Sweet Bells out of Tune were the best light-touch work of the kind ever done by a alien writer; and a Spanish critic, the Mar-quis dl Giranta, wrote of An Errant Weoing that no visitor to this king-dom had so vividly and accurately decasion where an expression of opinion is necessary and appropriate, and it makes for greater dignity in him. One of the most characteristic of these acknowlin which he says: 'I came into the hotel office (at Montreal) the evening of a first day's lonely sightseeing, vainly explored the register for

to the publi

First Days in School, by Seth T. Stewart, associate superintendent of



PRESCRIPTION MAKES BOTH MOTHER AND BABY

HEALTHY STRONG. A Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless, Non-Alcoholic and Non-Narcotic

Preparation.

BOOKS.

reise.

# A little book that contains many good suggestions for those of sedentary hab-its is "Healthy Exercise," by Roberts H. Greene, M. D. In his introduction Dr. Greene calls attention to the recent scientific investigation applied to ex-Twenty-five years ago, he says, the subject was comparatively neg-

lected. Now there are many good treatises, the most important of which are by a French expert, Dr. Ferdinand de Grange. Especially valuable is Dr. Le Grange's work on exercise for those in middle life. Many of the features of this book have been adopted by Dr. Greene, for the French work has not yet been translated into English.

What Dr. Green insists upon is regularity and system and he shows conclusively that without these no cours of exercise is of any material value. He discuesses the different exercises that are of advantage to men of varied babit and he points out the danger of over-exertion and the harm done by in-dulgence in injudicious baths. The keynote of his system is that phyiscal ex-ercise must be violent enough to induce liberal perspiration in order that the matter in the bottom of the sweat ducts may be expelled. Turkish baths and massage cannot reach this matter: massage cannot reach this matter, hence their failure as a substitute for physical exercise. In fact the Biblical injunction "in the sweat of thy brow" applies directly to health. Without such sweat from a wholesome exercise the skin cannot be kept in good condi-tion and without a clean skin no man or woman can have good health. This lit tle book is written in a very sensible way and it may be warmly commend. ed.

The latest edition to the Putnam's series of "American Men of Energy" is "Henry Knox, a Soldier of the Revolution, major general in the Continental Army, Washington's chief of artillery, first secretary of war under the Constitution, founder of the Order of Cinna-ti-1750-1806," by Noah Brooks. It is a fine volume of nearly 300 pages, with thirty-two pertinent illustrations, including a portrait of General Knox in uniform, from a painting in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The author's principal sources of in-formation, particularly in dealing with the private life of General Knox, were "Knox Manuscripts," consisting of in the possersion of the Boston His-toric Genealogical Society. Being al-lied genealogically with the Knox family, and retaining among his carliest recollections much information of a semi-private character relating to it Mr. Brooks was especially wellequipped for the task assigned to him

mine to the American story-tellers of the future. Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Catherwood, and others, have already profit-ed by the inspiration that lurks between the covers of his too few volumes. I firmly believe that the American historical romance is not a fad, but a fix-ture. The more romantic the achievements of today, the greater will be the interest in every feature of our national past. In other words, I believe that La Salle's voyage down the Mississippl gains a new significance because arms have become a factor in the Far

The story has been attractively illustrated by Keller.

The following is given by an acquaint-ince of the author of Daniel Harum. "I met Mr. Westcott on the street one

afternoon, and he said, with a quiet smile that was habitual with him whenever he saw anything that amused him: "I stood on the street corner up there for five minutes just now, and I got within the sanctum sanctorum of two

men, one woman, and two families. You know there is always a great crowding of people in the center of the city on Saturdays; but it seems to me there are more people here today than I remember seeing for some time.

<sup>o</sup>I was standing waiting for a chance to cross the street, for half a dozen cars and twice as many wagons and car-riages jammed up the way for half a block or more. In the van of the crush, at the cross-way, were two wagons, in one of which was a good-humored, round-faced old man, and in the other a long-faced, long-bearded farmer about sixty years of age and a stout, sour-visaged woman some years younger. These wagons were wedged in so tight-ly that it was impossible for them to move for the moment. "The long-bearded man was doing his

best to gulet a team of restless horses; while the woman kept urging him to go ahead; that the road was as much his as anybody's. 'James,' she cried in a voice that was half a screech, 'you haven't any more spunk than a mfrin' cow, I wish I was a man; I'd teach 'em to block up the street that way. But I never knowed you to have no spunk, James. I wish I'd married a an. I do

When he could get a word in edge ways the round-faced man shouted: 'Jist you walt a little, mister, an' I'll back out

Then the woman broke out again: 'Didn't I tell you, James' You stan' up for your rights an' you'll get 'em. But you ain't got no spunk, you ain't. If I was a' man I'd be ashamed to let a woman do ever this.'

"By this time the round-faced man, who had backed out enough to allow the long-bearded man to move out, shouted: 'There you are' God bless you, neighbor! Drive ahead. I know how it is; I have one like her at home.""

Santa Teresa, a Tale of the Yaqui Uprising, is the title of a new book by William Thomas Whitlock. The story is that of two daughters of a half-breed Mexican and Indian-one of them Santa Teresa-being endowed with super-natural gifts of healing which she de-monstrates in blessing the afflicted Jovita, the other daughter, is people. as devilish in propensity as her sister is saintly and the chief theme of the book deals with the love of both of these women for John Deware, an American who becomes devoted, heart and soul, to the fair young saint. Loving her to destraction, he has a foreboding from the first that her own belief in her

supernatural calling will be a bar to his happiness; but follows her devotedly till after a torturous journey across the Colorado desert he reaches the caves of the cliff dwellers to find his earthly idol dead. The unsatisfactory end makes the book disappointing as a omance, its chief claim to excellence being in the faithful scenic descriptions and portrayal of Indian and Mexican life and characteristics.-Town Topics, New York.

### MAGAZINES.

and his work has been most admirably performed. General Knox was so prom-inently identified with the War of the Revolution, that many of the more im-portant events of the struggle are nec-essarily dealt with by the author, but

Benefits Through China's Develot ment," and Prof. W. P. Trent furnishes a review of "Mr. Stephen Phillips Play.

In the March Century there are so many attractive articles that mention can only be made of a few. Mr. Seton-Thompson begins a study of "The National 'Zoo' at Washington." in which he shows wild animals to be as interesting in captivity as in their natura state of freedom. Dr. Mitchell, in "Dr North and His Friends," presents the

opening chapters of the most important ial he has written since "Hugh nne." A study of Robert Herrick, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, sketches serial H Wynne. the poet's life, and claims for him a unique position in English literature as "a great little poet." The life of the laboring class is the special theme of Richard Whiteing's Paris article this month, the title being "Paris of the Faubourgs." Frederick A. Cook, continuing his account of the Belgica Antarctic Expedition, writes of "The Giant Indians of Tierra Del Fuego." King Charles' fill starred reliance on the Scots, after Naseby, and his imprisonment by parliament, are topics con-sidered by John Morley in his study of

# Oliver Cromwell,

The opening paper in the Atlantic Monthly, that by Hon, Richard Oiney, on the "Growth of Our Foreign Policy," was editorially considered in the Plain Dealer recently, Mr. Dreher contributes an interesting review of political, so cial and economic changes in Germany in 1899. In "The Political Horizon" Henry Loomis Nelson sketches party history of the last thirty years Mr Stillman's autobiography tells the story of his early struggles to become an artist, his visits to London and Paris,

gate? To play all day in Tarry Street Leaving your errands for other feet? To stop, or shirk, or linger, or frown,



Milwankee Mowers, Binders and Rakes; Rock Island Sulky, Gang and Hand Plows; Spring Tooth, Disc and Peg Tooth Harrows and all of the latest Agricultural Tools and Machinery; best quality of Hardware and Blacksmith Supplies. 

### Let her not come with glory on her brows, A fair, strong angel bearing Thy com-

mand But let mine own, my child, look up at

With the same eyes that need me,

crave me, and Draw me across Thy threshold tenderly With her own hand-her little, tender hand.

-Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

PUT-OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town, Where the houses are old and tumbledown.

And everything tarries, and everything drags.

With its dirty streets and people in rags?

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Walt.

And his two little boys, named Linger and Late; With unclean hands and tousled hair,

And a naughty little sister, named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown; And Old Man Lazy lives all alone

Around the corner on Street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town

To play with the little girls Fret and Frown. Or, go to the home of Old Man Wait. And whistle for his boys to come to the

Is the nearest way to this old town. -Thornwell Haynes.

