

of Paris. A vivid picture is drawn of the Bohemian existence of the place in which artists and their models, students, grisettes and other descriptively named people would take part. Amidst the general murk of this atmosphere filters the clear stream of a pretty and pure love tale, with enough uncertainty tinging the probable outcome to make the eventual happy ending all the more appreciated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

A second volume in the series of *Side Lights on American History*, by Henry W. Elson, will be published during the spring. The first volume of the series, already brought out, led the reader down to the beginning of the civil war. The present book begins where the last left off. More than half the volume is devoted to subjects in connection with the war. A chapter is given to secession, and another to the causes which led down through the century. A chapter on events leading up to the war, another on the cause of northern success. Another chapter is devoted to Reconstruction, another to the great trial of Andrew Johnson. Other subjects are the South and the General Republican Movement of 1872, The Garfield Tragedy, and The Spanish War, while one chapter is devoted to a review of Tariff Legislation.

"*She Walks in Beauty*," by Catherine Tynan, is a delightfully simple Irish story, with scarcely a disagreeable character in it, and made up very largely of bright and joyous colloquy. A learned and admirable elderly Irish gentleman, whose estates near a small village were sold to him as he was to make convenient the assistance derived from an occasional student of the better class, welcomes under his roof in that capacity the son of a deceased baronet who had been his lifelong friend. The story of the old gentleman consists of his amiable wife and their three daughters, ranging in ages from 15 to 20 years. All are bright and exceptionally beautiful girls, simple, ingenuous and loving.



to have been written by Miss Rives before she was sixteen, and published, most of them, years afterwards.

* * *

Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson is the clever wife of a clever man, and she

and delightful fashion herself. Her latest work is the result of a long tour out West with her husband. The experiences of the journey she has wittily described in a book entitled, *A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies*, also proving that he could draw Indians and cowboys and horses better than any other American artist. It is only in recent years that he has demonstrated that he can tell a good story, though his literary gift is not so strong as his artistic. In *Crushed Steel* and *Old*

could be sold in England, the price being thirteen shillings and sixpence per copy. The other 500 were sent to Australia, and got rid of at one-third the price named. I gave my wife a full set,

"The great run for it several days ago," said the junior member of my publishing firm read it a second time, and was so impressed with its peculiarities that he got the consent of the firm to issue a cheap edition in one volume.

"The marquis of Lorne had recently married the Princess Louise, when a book reviewer, unimpressed by the book, wrote about the forefathers of Lorne; and then everybody read it out of curiosity, and exhausted nearly a score of editions, and the demand has continued ever since, and it is now the only book I can get anything for."

"They Bore a Hand" he gives a fine portrait of an old orderly sergeant who looked after his colonel in the Civil War and again at Santiago. When the news came to go to the Philippines the old sergeant was ordered to stay at home, but he deserted, and followed the colonel as a stowaway. He was cursed roundly for his folly by the colonel, when he finally appeared, but the last glimpse we get of him is as he lay dying in a nipa hut, with the colonel whom he had loved and served so faithfully weeping over him. The Western sketches are all done in fine style, and the "Conair of the Troop" is a rattling good study of the way the young officers of a cavalry troop con-

of a book by Clive Holland dealing with the phases of French life in the Latin quar-

bearer who recovered his official documents by holding up a whole barroomful of buffalo hunters, only to fall a few hours later by the hands of Indians, is also finely told. In fact there are no dull stories in this book, as they are all as full of life as Remington's pictures, which accompany them.—New York, Harper & Brothers.

Our diverse-colored planet been conveyed more completely in a few hundred pages than in Mr. Jack London's *The Son of the Wolf*, which is to be published immediately. Life within the streets of our imagination that we scarcely reckon it in as a part of the world. From these nine stories we construct the inexorable conditions, the whole code of morals there, the primal struggle of the individual against the terrible ordeals and the daily courage by which alone subsistence is maintained in the Yukon Valley. Best of all, we feel the vastness of the white silence that settles on those who step away from the world, and in that silence might say, laugh in the old light-hearted way again. The book is as pregnant in what it withholds as were Kingling's early tales of India; there are scintillant blanks in the mind that are as empty as the Yukon. The author has said, and when it is needed, the story, said, too, "The Odyssey of the North," lately appearing in one of the magazines, is a tremendous, unforgettable tale, played in the conditions of the night, the most archaic of dates, back to Viking days at least. In the Yukon, as in the Philippines, there seems to be a "White Man's Burden" ready for the invader, but here it is the invader who is the "white man" (without—let us be grateful for hypocrisy spared us—the pretence of a mission. "At first we hunt, as I hunt alone," threatens Scruff Mackenzie to the Indian who would deny the bride to him; and at last, like the caribou-run, sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those who will not come die. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: "The wolf is the Law of the Wolf. The wolf shall eat of the Wolf. The wolf shall eat of his people say. In many lands has the price been paid; in many lands shall it yet be paid."

Health and Happiness number and contains twenty short articles including an excellent editorial on subjects dealing with the spiritual and physical well being of mankind. The trend of the articles deals with the potent influence of the spiritual on the physical and mental conditions in the demonstration of desired objects and the achievement of health, and each contains a lesson that if rightly learned would do more for the cause of human development and freedom from ills than all other educational elements combined. The declarations embodied in the articles are the highest and the highest ethical ideals and make an other banner number of the popular and invaluable magazine.—Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

This week's issue of the *Youth's Companion* is an especially exceptionally interesting one. The first two pages contain a well told tale by William Dean Howells entitled "The Hair-breadth Escape of Jim Leonard," relating the thrilling experience of a boy who, having chosen to sleep in a barn by the riverside during the period of a spring flood, was nearly drowned when the flood which bears down upon him in the night. Rose Willis Johnson contributes a pathetic story of a young girl's heroic efforts to obtain work to support an invalid mother and several other clever stories and bright anecdotes with the usual charming children's department material, an unusually good number—
—Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

where an authority on fashions and domestic matters, will appear after May 1st. In a new form, as a weekly magazine for women. The new Bazar, henceforth will be published in ornamental covers, and will be printed on highly finished supercalendered paper, with wide margins. Many new features will be introduced. An article character will be introduced. Among the contributors already secured are Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Du Van Dyke, Stephen Crane, Miss Marchant, W. D. Howells and Mary E. Wilkins. The new Bazar will be one of the leading artists of the day. As a weekly illustrated magazine for women the new Bazar will occupy a position of its own.

His next issue will begin a series of illustrated articles dealing with the subject of the foreign stage in New York. They have appeared from time to time in the newspapers short descriptions of certain phases of the East Side stage, but this is apparently the first attempt to treat the subject in an interesting, like complete and adequate manner. The first paper, to be written by Mr. Norman Hagood, will treat of the German theater. This will be followed by articles on the Yiddish theater and the Italian theater, the series to be concluded in the September number with a paper on the Chinese theater, by Mr. Edward W. Townsend.

utes to the May Atlantic a sparkling London sketch, "The Debut of Patricia," in which the lovers of "Salamina, Francesca and I" will be delight-

In the same number Mr. Stillman continues his fascinating "Autobiography," with a lively account of his founding and editorship of the Crayon, his famous art and literary journal, his travels in London and Cambridge, and his journey to the Antipodicks with the famous members of the Cambridge circle, with sketches and estimates of Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell and the others. Bradford Torrey renews his entertaining and instructive Franciscan sketches with a charming description of spring among the mountains (May), of birds, the outburst of new life—birds, animals, trees and flowers—that accompanies it—the ever new marvel of the ages.

William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the rapid transit commission in New York, has in the May Scribner's Clear, uncharacteristically aware of exactly what will be achieved by the new underground roadway which has just begun. Under his direction, an artist prepared drawings, which show the appearance of the stations, the subway, and the viaduct up in Harlem. The pictures will be when completed. This is the first of a series of work from the official engineer. H. J. Whigham contributes to this number an article entitled "The Intermediate Stage of the Boer War." He reviews carefully the three points of criticism which have stirred up England. In the past few months: The material; the tactics of the British general staff; the tactics of the British general staff; the tactics of Lord Methuen.

Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, gives an account of Gen. Lawton and his last campaigns as Prof. Worcester came to know them in the course of his intimate association with Lawton in the Philippines. The article is illustrated with a series of portraits of Lawton, and other pictures. Prof. Simon Newcomb writes of the total solar eclipse that is to occur May 28, 1901. Earl Mayo tells about "The Biggest Steamship Afloat," and the magazine contains several short stories by well-known authors.

Minute mind! when I would know
 Thy righteous will,
 A voice replies in whisper low
 Rest, and be still!
 Though clouds obscure, thine eyes
 should seek
 The secret way.
 I lead the contrite and the meek
 To brighter day.
 Dispel the claims of mortal mind;
 Cast off its chains!
 Assert thy freedom! thou shalt find
 My love sustains!
 Ask and receive! My promise sure
 shall never fail.
 Disperse all doubts; if thou endure
 Thou shalt prevail.
 I'll give thee then thy foolish fears
 A sure release;
 And keep thee through the coming
 years
 In perfect peace.

tustlin' out at four o'clock, sir, with a
 dozen cows to tend,
 —How'd ye like to be the milkman?
 —So chillily in the tie-up that you
 hands will scarcely bend,
 Oh, dear, ye sort of yearn to be the
 milkman?
 With the winter wind ki-kootin' round
 the corner of the barn,
 And ev'ry cow a-shiver and a-shake
 from stem to stern,
 It's not a feelin' that he doesn't
 give a darn,
 —And that's a savvy feelin' for a
 milkman.
 With a blizzard on the docket and the
 snow a-feelin' thick
 How'd ye like to be the milkman?
 —As stiffed as a skeeter rolled inside
 a feather tick,
 Oh, don't ye think it's fun to be in
 the milk?
 And out before it's daylight with you
 nose a-turbin' blue,
 And findin' as you shovel you're the
 first to founder through,
 It makes no sense to have your business
 and your neighbor I tell you
 —Oh, this lovely, lovely job of bein'
 milkman.

kissed to the tempting crimson of her
 cheek,
 As fragrant as a rose,
 And, lo, across its bloom a pallid
 streak!
 And here, upon my nose,
 A touch of red, of which I blush to
 speak!
 'Tis true I have no reason for com-
 plaint—
 I stole the fragrant kiss.
 And yet 'tis customary to acquaint
 Unwary ones of this,
 By placarding the danger point
 "EPOCH PAID."

Each has its place amid the throngs,
Some to toil in the busy hive,
Some to be driven and some to drive
And some to sing their songs.

Each one is useful in his sphere,
He who delves in the fruitful earth
He who adds to the world's mirth
And its wealth of hope and cheer.

Some at the forge and some in the mine
Some to toil in the counting room
And some to lighten the hours of
gloom
By words of love divine.

Some to instruct and some to preach
Some to charm with the gifts of
speech
And some, with melodies.

Some to shine and some to plod,
Some to walk with the rich and great
Some to rule in affairs of state
And some to tell of God.

None more worthy than are the rest
Who honestly strive, with the gift
they hold,
The talents within them to unfold
And give the world their best.

Some to labor and some to sing
The songs that reach the heart.

"In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As sergeant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could," writes William R. Moody.

week's Saturday Evening Post. "On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ringleader among the worst element in the town, made persistent and malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great

warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rule ever to turn a scholar out. Grace had failed, and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell: "If that boy disturbs his class today and you see me go for him to take him to the anteroom, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I lecture."

began his interruptions and Mr. Mood made for him. He seized him with strong grasp, hurried him into the ante room and locked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he him

The
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for
1990

Green leaves and blossoms
and sunny warm weather
and singing and loving—all come
together.

While every afternoon of three
We have out

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Japan**
(Tree)
Tea

Absolutely true from
adulteration.

self had known in his boyhood in New England, and when he returned there was a flush upon his face, and in it an expression of victory. The boy was soon afterward converted; many years later told a friend it was still enjoying the benefits of a general exercise.

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The above picture, representing Mr. Banner in the act of handing his smith a Patman while superintending the shoeing of a horse, will be sent in the form of a card, size 4x8, on thick, w

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