



THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Over meadows brown and ripening corn,
I look through eyes, not dim'd with
tears,
But with the mists of many years.
And bless the day that I was born,
And all the days that intervene
Between that and this evening scene.

I would not say, since I am old,
Because my strength and senses fail,
That life is like a threefold tale,—
With weary iteration told.
But rather like the ripening year,
Whose fruits are gathered in with
cheer.

Nor would I say that all those years—
As seasons have appeared and gone—
Have only glad rejoicings known,
But rather that, with toils and tears
And mingled smiles and hopes, have
come.

The sheaves brought in at Harvest
Home.

My rustling stalk is brown and sore
It oft hath felt the keenest shower,
Along its weedy rootlets torn.
And knows the reaper now is near;
The kindly sickle soon shall come,
And after that the "Harvest Home."

And shall I dread the sickle's edge,
More than I did the plowshare?
Is not the tiller's patient ear,
At harvest time, the surest pledge
That he will kindly spare the grain?
Which drank his sunshine and his rain?

Meanwhile, I drink life's cup of cheer;
The lapse of years, the toil of life,
It not as once, in childhood, dear,
Are still, as in my childhood, dear;
And childhood's laugh and thought of
sage.

Are sweetened by my sober age,
But would I live my life again?
And would I, if I could, recall
My childhood, manhood, all in all—
Without their tears without their pain,
Retrace the steps that I have gone?
No! life is better further on.

I ask not for a life of ease,
Or appetite for stately food,
Though, in their time and measure,
good;
I have a longing, most intense,
For larger life of thought and love
And worship in the world above.

There are such heights and depths, I
know,
Of what is fairly hinted here.
In that advanced, thoughtful sphere,
To which the thoughtful long to go,
That I, sometimes, can scarcely wait
The call to that unseen estate.

How sweet to be at home with God!
To know his loved ones and my own,
Not dimly, but as I am known,
Who with me life's changed paths have
led.

But rest upon a happier shore,
Where care and age oppress no more.
—Literary Era.

NOTES.

Mr. Lewis, of the Cannon Book store, was interrogated yesterday as to the condition of the book trade in this city, and he had this to say: "As the winter approaches the demand for the late popular books is increasing. Those having the best sale during the month so far are 'The Crisis,' 'Helmets of Navarre,' 'Right of Way,' 'A Dream of Empire,' 'The Purple Crown,' 'Bismarck's Story,' and 'Lazarus.' The plan adopted by the International Association of Newspapers and Authors in securing the co-operation of some of the greatest writers of the day, getting them to surrender the royalties on one of their books and placing them in the market at the unheard-of price of \$1.25 each, books which hitherto sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50, has created quite a sensation among lovers of books and given a stimulus to the reading of their other works. We have sold hundreds of the last two weeks and been compelled to re-order 'Simon Dale,' 'I, Thou and the Other One,' and 'A Fair Barbarian.'"

The most widely known and oft-quoted verse in the English language is "Thirty days hath November, April, June and September, February hath XXVIII alone, And all the rest have XXXI." It is the one thing learned at school that nobody forgets, and one aid to memory that really helps remembrance. Yet probably not one person in a hundred thousand who habitually use it in every-day life recollects or has ever known the name of its author, Richard Grafton, who wrote this immortal poem, was one of the earliest and most distinguished of English publishers. He embarked in the business only about sixty years later than Caxton "the father of English printing" and, between 1532 and 1556, brought out "The Great Bible" (Matthew's), Coverdale's Translation of the New Testament, "Actes of Parliament" and other books. The name of Grafton has lately been rescued from an undesired obscurity, and made familiar to the reading public at least, by a well-known firm of New York publishers, who have established "The Grafton Press" there, by reviving a title honored 350 years ago.

"The Observer" in a recent number

his surpassingly good work. His novels must ultimately be forgotten, it is to be feared, because he chose a medium unsuited to his genius as a master of the picturesque in words.

Concerning the popular books of today history is certain to repeat itself, though why it will do so in each particular case is the great literary enigma. "David Harum," "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "The Prisoners of Hope" will doubtless follow the books that have been named; all these show meretricious signs. Who, with confidence, can pronounce any of the most popular novels of the day permanent contributions to literature? For a book may succeed as a novel that has small chance, indeed, of surviving as literature. Suppose its style does appeal more strongly to us than that of these forgotten books. We must remember that so did the "Castle of Otranto" to the readers of its day, "Caleb Williams" and Fanny Burney's "Evelina" to the readers of theirs.

The popular book by E. P. Roe, "Drive Back to Eden," has been read by thousands who bought it at \$1.25, the publisher's regular price. It has been chosen as a representative book by the International Association of Newspapers and Authors and may now be had by those who act promptly at only a quarter a copy. It is printed, by special arrangement, from the same plates as the \$1.25 edition and is well bound in cloth. It is a splendid value, and this may be said of the other books which the association has issued at the same little price. They are all on sale at Cannon's Book Store.

BOOKS.

The Story of Little Nell, by Charles Dickens, is recently edited with an introduction by Jane Gordon. This is the latest addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings, so widely and favorably known to teachers. It comprises the groundwork and much the larger portion of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and is given to the present volume just as Dickens wrote it, but freed from the various episodes and other passages originally employed to introduce other characters. The story, thus abridged and confined solely to the relation of the pathetic adventures of its heroine, will, we are sure, appeal especially to young readers. They cannot fail to perceive its beauty and its pathos, nor to admire the courage, the self-denial, and the simple goodness of Little Nell herself. We are glad to see such a story issued in a form suitable for reading in schools.—American Book Co.

New Education Readers—Book IV, by A. J. Denarest, is a new school publication prepared by superintendent of public instruction, Hoboken, N. J., and William M. Van Sickle, superintendent of schools. This book completes the New Education Readers and is intended for the use of pupils in the third year. It continues the application of the principles developed in the former books. Through a wide range of subjects, the pupils are introduced to good literature and led into right habits of thinking and reading. Lists of the more difficult words are given at the end of the book, where they will serve for drill work in enunciation, pronunciation, and spelling. The reading-matter in the book is of a higher grade than is usual in third readers, owing to the extensive vocabulary developed by this new method, which enables the pupil to do in three years the work formerly requiring four. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has a very attractive cover.—American Book Co.

The interest in the civil war which still exists in England, is evinced by the prompt demand for a second edition on the day of its publication by E. K. Benson's new novel "A Friend with the Countersign" which the Macmillan company have just published. American veterans pronounce Mr. Benson's first book "Who Goes There" the best story of the civil war that has yet appeared. "The Brooklyn Eagle" speaking of "A Friend with the Countersign" says that "it is probably the most realistic and technically accurate description of a military scout's work that has ever been penned."

MAGAZINES.

The Youth's Companion for this week opens with a delightful story entitled "To Help the Lieutenant," and an equally delightful story, though tinged with pathos, is "A Barrel of Hapless." One of the best boy's stories that has appeared in many months is entitled "What Would You Have Done?" and is by the famous author Frank R. Stockton. W. T. Harris, commissioner of education, writes interestingly of an old-fashioned school, and there are many other choice things in the number.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



GEORGE PAUNCEFORT.

This interesting old picture shows the once famous actor George Pauncefort, in the role of "Hamlet," he played for a long time here with the old stock company in the sixties, his first appearance being in 1864, in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Tullidge's history says that his "Hamlet"—played here for the first time—was not unworthy of Barry Sullivan himself, and in "Don Caesar de Bazan" he surpassed even that actor. He left Salt Lake and went to Japan, where he married a native and for years conducted a hotel under the name of "The Shakespeare House."

The "Mormon" missionaries to Japan, Elders Grant, Ensign, Kelsch, and Taylor, lately visited his widow; he died about three years ago, at a great age.

"I Followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well."



Doctors Mystified.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago, a great army of her fellow-beings are today constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Grateful Letters from Cured Women.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been thankful a thousand times since I wrote to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully and now I feel like a different person."

"My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation, and leucorrhoea. I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well."

"I thank you again for the good you have done me."—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you some time ago for advice, I really thought my days were numbered. I was so ill that I could not stand on my feet for fifteen minutes at a time."

"I had female troubles in many of their worst forms, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and nervous prostration. My kidneys were out of order and blood in a bad condition. Every one, and even my doctor, thought I was going into consumption. I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and followed your advice faithfully for six months, with the result that I became a well woman, and it did not cost me nearly as much as a doctor's bill for the same number of weeks. I feel that your medicine saved my life."—MRS. SAMUEL BOST, 7 Cady Ave., Oneonta, N. Y.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that words are but feeble to express a heart's gratitude, when there is so much to be thankful for as I have. I suffered with womb trouble for five years, and one family physician said an operation was needed; but I desisted, and, reading of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound one day, I decided to give it a trial first. To my great joy I found that after four months' treatment I was strong and well; experienced no pain or trouble, and the Compound built up my entire system. I shall always bless the day I started to take your medicine; it proved my greatest good."—MISS SOPHIE BOSTHAM, 291 Oak St., Chicago, Ill.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you what your medicine has done for me. I believe it saved my life. I had womb trouble and inflammation of the ovaries, and was troubled with flowing too much. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. After writing to you, I began the use of your remedies, and to-day I am well. I cannot say enough in your favor and shall always praise your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. FRED. LEO, Box 520, Skowhegan, Maine.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to you last June and described my sufferings."

"I took seven bottles of your medicine and was cured of my troubles. Last September I was taken with a very bad kidney trouble. I was away from home and was obliged to return. I started to take your medicine again and was soon well."

"When I wrote to you last summer I weighed only one hundred and five. I now weigh one hundred and thirteen. I am very grateful to you for the good advice you gave me, and would recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weaknesses."—MRS. B. CUNNINGHAM, Oakland, Ill.

\$50000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials which we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$50,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

NOVEL DONEY MOON.

A ride over the Chilcot Pass in a sledge by dogs is included in the wedding itineraries of a few Chicago brides, yet this is one of the incidents of the journey to her new home in Alaska of Miss Belle Weisenbach, of 3239 Prairie avenue, is looking forward to. Miss Weisenbach's wedding to Henry Isaak took place Wednesday, September 18, at the family residence

at 5 o'clock in the afternoon with neither bride attendants nor reception. Miss Weisenbach confesses to no timidity at the prospect of making the trip through the perilous pass, and as for Mr. Isaak, he has braved the dangers of Alaska for three years and won wealth, of which he himself is too modest to say much, but which his friends estimate at a large sum. Henry Isaak and his brother Charles left Milwaukee for Alaska three years ago, and

embarked also in trade. Besides being in the gold fields, which they expect to prove valuable, the brothers have become the leading merchants of Dawson City, where Henry will take his bride. Among the gifts he has bestowed on his bride is a chain made entirely of gold nuggets—a novelty in jewelry calculated to inspire envy in other young women whose lovers are not Alaskan gold miners. There are hints of other unique gifts, but Miss

Weisenbach declares their value has been exaggerated. Miss Weisenbach is the daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Weisenbach—Chicago Tribune.

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