



ONE'S OWN FOLKS.

Smoothed and folded and laid away
Garments too choice for every day;
Lace-trimmed and nicely pressed,
In darkened drawer or massive chest;
Garments too fine for the daily toil;
Dust's delirium and stain of toil;
Fashioned and furbelowed, beautiful
Garments too fair for tired eyes
To welcome at night with pleased sur-
prise.

When nothing special care evokes,
And there's nobody in but one's own
folks.

Studied, molded and laid away
Manners too fine for every day;
The graceful bow and the gentle touch
That cost so little, and mean so much;
The smile that charms like the rare per-
fume

Of a rose-jar hid in a shadowy room;
The song from the twilight nook apart
That finds its way to a burdened heart;
The yielding of self, and selfish ends;
Reserved for the plaudits of transient
friends.

Thus—the cruel sneer provokes,
"Anything goes with one's own folks!"

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MARY VAN COTT YOUNG.

Mary Van Cott Young, whose portrait appears above, was a daughter of the late John Van Cott, and was one of the belles of early Utah times. She was a niece of President Brigham Young, and outlived him only a few years. She left two children, Mrs. Nat M. Brigham and Mrs. Isaac A. Clayton, the first of whom is now living in Chicago, and the latter in this city.

Stimulated, folded and laid away
Raiment we should wear every day;
The rare, white vestments with broi-
deed hands,
For the daily "laying on of hands,"
Friends, give heed. Let us keep not
back.

So brief, uncertain, our binnacle
On the narrow plain 'twixt sea and sea,
Love's daily, hourly ministry,
As we take from His hand our daily
bread.

Let us see to it well that "our own"
are fed.

O for sunbeam and heart-beam and
smile to coax
The rose into blossom for one's own
folks!

—Emma Herrick Weed.

NOTES.

"The Filigree Ball," by Anna Kath-
erine Green is the first novel ever re-
printed as a serial in the New York
Evening Telegram.

"Hearts Courageous," Hallie Erminie
Hall's romance of the signing of the
Declaration of Independence, has been
successfully dramatized and is being
played by Orrin Johnson as the vehicle
for his first starring venture. The
strong love interest that made the story
so popular has been emphasized in the
play.

A friend of old Dr. James, of Har-
vard, recalls a conversation in which
the veteran teacher spoke thoughtfully
of the entrance of his son Henry into
literature. He has gone so far in
his work, was the thought of Dr. James
and the result of this change
has not yet justified his wisdom. To-
day Henry James stands in the front
rank of writers—many speak of him as
the foremost living English novelist—and
few know that he began as a paint-
er, and altered his course with hesi-
tation. Some critics of an analytical
mind, however, may find in this latest
novel of his, "The American Re-
view," evidence of that early training
with the brush. There is a power in
his pen of presenting perfect pictures

paradise in the shape of a free librar-
y. Between school hours and work
he found time to pore over history,
poetry and fiction, and to nurse the
secret wish to become a writer.

The strong nomadic strain in his
blood led him to leave home at fifteen.
In his search for adventures among
the scum marine population of San
Francisco Bay he soon lost his ideal
romance and replaced it with the real
romance of things. He became, in turn,
a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a fish
patrolman, a longshoreman, and a
general bay-faring adventurer. At
seventeen he shipped before the mast
as an able seaman, spending some time
sea-hunting on the Russian side of
Bering Sea. He fought his way to
respect in every forecastle in which he
served. So far, he was a rampant in-
dividualist, partly, as he expressed
himself, "because he was a winner." "I
looked on the world and called it good,
every bit of it."

He rambled all over the country, more
or less as a tramp, being moved there
partly by the fascination of the en-
terprises, and his experiences in the
congested labor centers of the coast
made him a confirmed Socialist. Event-
ually he decided that tramping was
not all beer and skittles, and returned
to Oakland, where he entered the high
school. Breaking off his course in the
University of California, in the middle
of his freshman year, he went over the
Sierra Nevada with the first of the
Klondike rush of 1897, and there at last
the inspiration to write, which would
not be denied, came to him too strongly
to resist. His actual development as
a writer began on the trail, and young
London came consciously into his life.

A beautiful tribute has been paid by
English authors to the epic and endur-
ing work which the late Sir Walter
Besant performed as historian of the
city of London. The inscription upon
the bronze bas-relief recently placed in
St. Paul's cathedral in memory of the
author of "London in the Eighteenth
Century" runs as follows:

Sir Walter Besant,
Novelist,
Historian of London,
Secretary of the Palestine Exploration
Fund,
Originator of the People's Palace
and
Founder of the Society of Authors.
This Monument is erected
by
His Grateful Brethren in Literature.

Paul Maurice pointed out the other
day in Paris that the gift to the city
by the grandchildren and kin of Vic-
tor Hugo of the house in the Place des
Vosges, where he spent the most active
years of his life, was designed to give
France a memorial similar to England's
home of Shakespeare and Germany's
home of Goethe. Allowances must be
made, of course, for the requirements of
formal presentation oratory. But one
cannot help recalling Moliere, and
the fact that Paris boasts two
houses understood to be his birthplace.

That Mr. Chambers grows increas-
ingly in popularity is a compliment to
the reading public as well as a gratifica-
tion to the author, for few authors today
are doing such fine, sound work in lit-
erature. A well-known author writing
from Paris to a friend in New York
City the other day, acknowledged the
receipt of the August issue of the News-
paper and said: "I am glad to see a story in it
by Robert W. Chambers. That is always
a promise beforehand and afterwards
a fulfillment. He has spirit, a sense of
the unseen things that are the real
things, and for such let us be duly
thankful. They are as rare as sunny
days in Paris this summer." Mr. Cham-
bers has another story in the September
Harper's called "Pascua Florida," in

which he describes a Florida hurricane,
the fruit of observation, undoubtedly,
as he has been spending the winter and
spring months in Florida.

Mr. James MacArthur, in his "Books
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Now, at the Adelphi, aim the Strand,
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BOOKS.

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SEEMED TO BE SINKING.

A CASE THAT WAS DANGEROUSLY NEAR
EPILEPSY.Nervous Trouble Followed a Shock
and Continued in Spite of Med-
ical Treatment for Two
Years.

"A terrible shock, about four years
ago," says Mrs. Charles E. Hart, of No.
220 North Pearl street, Joplin, Mo., "re-
sulted in a nervous trouble from which
I suffered for nearly two years. It was
impossible for me to do my work, and
the nervous attacks came on, my stom-
ach and heart were affected. The spells
would come on without any apparent
cause. I would feel as though I were
sinking and my head would feel strange
as though I were on the point of losing
consciousness. At these times I experi-
enced a fluttering sensation in my
stomach and afterward an empty feel-
ing."

"Yes, I am cured now," continued
Mrs. Hart, "and my recovery came
about in this way. A friend of mine
advised me to try the Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People and I asked my
doctor about them. He told me that I
had better try them, they might help
me. I took them and improvement was
gradual but sure. In my case it was
necessary to continue using the pills
for about six weeks and I firmly be-
lieve that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are
the best medicine in the world for peo-
ple afflicted as I was. I have recom-
mended them to several persons and
shall continue to do so."

The remedy that cured Mrs. Hart
acts directly on the blood and ner-
ve and in that is different from any other
medicine. These pills have cured loco-
motor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vi-
cent's disease, sciatica, neuritis, rheuma-
tism, nervous headache, after-effects of
the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale
and sallow complexion and all forms
of weakness either in male or female.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-
ple are sold at all druggists, or will be
sent direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine
Co., Schenectady, N. Y., Postpaid on re-
ceipt of price, fifty cents per box, six
boxes for two dollars and a half. Send
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confessions that was full of absurdities
and yet contained many things which
revealed strong originality and now
appears with a second book, entitled
"My Friend, Annabel Lee," and by
means of this, one may gauge the
mental development of this West-
ern girl during the last three
years. Much of this time she
has spent in Boston, and in
the portrait of her, which appears in
her book, and in nearly every chapter, it
is easy to see the sophistication that
has come over the once wild, untrame-
led damsel from Butte. She no
longer apostrophizes the "sweet de-
ar" or indulges in sentimental rhapsodies;
but this new book lacks much of the
vigor and originality of the other. It
is restrained, and restraint has not
been good for this Montana girl. She
sets up a Japanese image as her com-
panion and calls it Annabel Lee. Much
of the book is devoted to imaginary
conversations between herself and An-
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things that she has seen in Boston.
Occasionally she indulges in a harsh
and censorious criticism of the phre-
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