



LITERATURE

They leaned above the cradle, though none their presence knew; Roses had one, one lavender, and one held bitter rue. And she who held the roses looked steadily at those Who held the lavender and rue, as if they were her foes.

It was the pale rue-bearer who answered to that gaze: "Ah, sister, sweet are roses, and sunny, rose-leaved ways. But in the scent and sunshine the weak heart falls asleep, And never learns the lesson, to weep with those who weep. The little shall have them, thy roses, for his own. But we are here to teach him that they are not good, alone."

And then the three, in silence, bent o'er the little bed, And she who held the roses laid them softly at the head; And she who held the lavender, the pledge of service sweet, Strewed it in many patterns about the little feet. But she, the pale rue-bearer, knelt as at command, And clasped her gift securely in the tiny sleeping hand. —Margaret Vandergrift.

A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER.

Every time I come to grandma's, Grandma calls me "Little dear"; Kisses me, and says she's very Very glad that I am here. Gives me pie and crispy cookies— Wishes I would stay a year.

When I go home in the autumn, You'd think grandma'd be sad, Missing the pleasant summer she, and I, and grandma's had. But my sister looks so smiling, You'd imagine she was glad. —New Orleans Playmate.

The thousands of lovers of literature who have been barred from reading the works of the standard modern American novelists by reason of the practically prohibitive price at which they have been sold, will rejoice to read the announcement in another part of the "News," that a combination of American and English newspapers has made it possible for many of these works to be issued in such vast numbers that the authors have consented to a reduction of the compensation per copy which their copyrights gave them, and the publishers, having all the original plates, are also enabled to make a reduction by reason of the immense number ordered by the newspaper association. The result is that the works of such writers as Anthony Hope, Paul Leicester Ford, Mrs. Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, Marion Crawford, Joel Chandler Harris, and many others, in the past have been sold at \$1.25 or \$1.50 per volume—only mean that many a book lover could only gaze at them from afar with longing eyes—are now to be sold for 25 and 30 cents, the same as the oldest and most venerable of the out of date stories. The "News" is the western member of this great newspaper association, and it has secured for the public of the Intermountain section the chance to obtain these works in the popular priced form.

NOTES.

A review of recent and forthcoming books brings to light a noteworthy fact—namely, that literary genius, like many other things, seems to be possessed with the spirit of "Westward ho." The publications of McClure, Phillips & Co., which have been popular during the recent months and which give promise of becoming so of-fer perhaps the best example. To start with the far West, there is Jack London, the author of those strong north-land stories, born and raised in California and educated all the way up and down the Western coast of our continent. In the same state, Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Westerners," spent a portion of his boyhood. He was born, however, in Michigan and received the greater part of his education there, being a graduate of the University. He is still a citizen of the great west in the widest sense of this statement.

made famous by his "Monsieur Beaucaire," claims Indiana as his native state. We must recur once more to Michigan, which seems to be a rival of Indiana in a literary way, to mention William D. Howells, the writer of the novel "The Minister's Daughter," and the health has spent the greater part of his life in the wilds of that state; and Edwin Leffew, now a New Yorker, and well-known as the author of the "Wall Street Stories," who came at the age of fourteen from California to Michigan where he attended school. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who is noted for his stories of the West, was born in the state of Kansas, and at the age of ten and for over half his life has called the West his home.

Here we have ten writers more or less closely connected with the West, whose works have or will be published within a single year by one firm, McClure, Phillips & Co. Moreover, they are all, with one exception, the "Wall Street Stories," of these nine products of the imagination, six have Western settings.

Now the question arises, is the West waxing romantic? Anthony Hope's new novel, "Tristram of Blent," bids well to have a large sale in this country. McClure, Phillips & Co., the American publishers, were obliged to begin a second edition one month before the date of publication. The first edition was out in the early part of September.

On September 8th, the McClure Syndicate began a new short story service. The series will consist of twelve stories by some of the foremost writers of the English language. The first story, "The Quaker-Couch," by C. Cutcliffe Hyne, Morgan Robertson, Lilian Bell, Marjha McCulloch-Williams, and others of similar merit are sufficient to attract the interest of the public to these short fiction numbers.

The first of the series is "The Man Who Once Made Diamonds," by Cutcliffe Hyne, a story in which this author enters a new field. The date of publication, as stated above, was September 8th. On September 15th will appear a new story by Morgan Robertson, "On the Forcible Deck."

TALL CORN

doesn't come by accident. A fertile soil and careful cultivation are necessary to produce the towering stems and heavy ears. Yet the farmer who understands that he can have a healthy corn crop without feeding and weeding, seems to think that he can have a healthy body without either care or culture. But the body is built up just as the corn is, by the assimilation of the several chemical elements on which vitality depends. And what needs are to the corn, disordered by the stomach and nutritive systems are to the body; they divert the necessary food supply from the proper channels, and the body becomes lean, sickly and ill-nourished.

The proper digestion and assimilation of food is a primary essential of health. By healing disordered stomach and bowels, and organs of digestion and nutrition, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery increases the powers, stimulates the action of the blood making glands, and sends to every organ of the body the rich red corpuscles of blood on which physical vigor and vitality depend.

of an American accent. "I write because I like it; that's about all I can say."

"You see, my father was a professor of Greek, so that my atmosphere was more or less literary from the beginning. I had from my earliest boyhood a love of reading, which, as I grew older, led to a love of study of various subjects. I had a fondness for writing. And I wrote, as everybody with literary instincts writes, because he is impelled to do so. My first success was with 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' Never was such a success."

"I couldn't get it published in America, not even in California; it was thought to be too realistic for the intellectual Puritans. So I went to England, as so many poor authors are, by way of means; I published it on my own account. The success was unprecedented. I had forced my way against all prejudice, and the book had illuminated feet Harle's sensitive features. 'And now that I am getting old I feel that I am doing my best work. I have more skill and confidence than when I was in my youth; I have now a command over my instrument which I had not then. To say that a man's best work is done in youth is the greatest mistake; does it not seem obvious that the more you practice a trade the more you must know about it?'—London Mainly About People.

Now is the time for Josiah Flynt to rise up and cry 'I told you so' to those who have doubted his statements made in his 'World of Graft.' All this intimate connection existing between the police and gamblers which has been recently exposed, Mr. Flynt showed clearly in his book. Josiah Flynt's name has for some time now been in the front of the public eye. He makes no statements or assertions that he cannot back up or prove, if necessary. In the October McClure's, he is to have another of his interesting and timely articles exposing, even more clearly than he has before, the methods of Tammany Hall. This article promises to be a campaign document of more than ordinary import.

George Manville Fenn, in the Temple Magazine, publishes for the first time a letter written by Dickens in 1848. Mr. Fenn describes it as follows: "It is written upon a sheet of old-fashioned blue wire-woven note paper and had the signature of the man to whom it was sent, with the consequence that, in addition to time stains, it is pierced by three rough holes where the wire passed through the paper. It tells us of Lord Byron's flute. But, as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself, and has nobody at his elbow to play for him, he has to decline the purchase, with thanks. There is no visible mark of a smile upon the paper, but there seems to be one playing among the words, and one cannot help thinking that, when Dickens wrote that he could not play the flute, he must have recalled a certain flute serenade played at Mrs. Todgers' commercial boarding-house, and written by him in 1844."

The Tristram blood and the Tristram ways are in themselves sufficient to make Anthony Hope's new novel, "Tristram of Blent," which will be published, shortly, by McClure, Phillips & Co., original and interesting. Harry Tristram is a peculiar character who is the victim of circumstances which are even more peculiar. The trouble all begins with a Russian, you know, still clings to the old Julian calendar, and is already twelve days behind the rest of the civilized world. And what a difference twelve days make in the life of Harry Tristram! A marriage becomes illegal, a birth is not recognized by law, and Tristram of Blent, proud with the pride of centuries, is in danger of losing both lands and name. "But it's the blood that makes the right and not the law," says this Tristram, and forthwith begins a cool and cunning fight for "what is his." Then a woman comes, and she is a woman's uncle, and she produces new complications. She is a Tristram, too, and for the creation of odd situations a pair of Tristrams would be hard to equal. Finally the solution comes, and the woman's uncle as we are about to exclaim, as the people do in the story, "Oh, you Tristrams!" Anthony Hope ends it all in the most satisfactory manner imaginable.

has never been considered one of Anthony Hope's strong points, but here he demonstrates his ability in this way by sketches so keen that they might be termed psychological. The whole action is carried clearly that the author is not limited to one field nor to two, but is possessed of a wonderful versatility.

In speaking of the lengthy Oxford edition of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, a writer in The Saturday Review remarks that she has a considerable band of admirers in England where her poems, "England and Yesterday," and her volume of essays, "Patriotism," have found a ready sale. "Patriotism," which we contain one of Miss Guiney's most remarkable literary efforts. An inquiring into wit and other good parts of his late majesty, King Charles II. Here we have a hundred and thirty poems, contained quite an extraordinary number of the bright and witty sayings of the second Charles. Miss Guiney has here written one of the best essays in literature, and the author may possibly remain in England at least two years in pursuit of her Vaughan studies."

FIGPRUNE Cereal

Hall Caine has been rapped so frequently and so hard by superstitious critics that to many the following paragraph from The Saturday Review will be deemed both for its restraint and for its appreciation of an author who, in spite of many extravagances, cannot be denied a prominent position in contemporary literature. "The 'Cain' series," wrote 'The Westminster' and 'The Westminster,' there was hardly a paper of any standing in London and the provinces that did not hail him as a genius. Praise was literally heaped upon him. We were told that a great writer was among us, that he had developed the English novel on new lines and that he had a wonderful future before him. Among others who acknowledged his genius I call to mind John Ruskin, W. K. Collins, Thomas Edward Brown, A. T. Quiller-Couch, R. D. Blackmore, W. E. Gladstone, etc., who were unanimous in asserting that he was in the very front rank of living English novelists. But according to the Quarterly critic all these men of intellect and literary feeling were wrong, and he only is right; for surely it is not possible that he wishes us to believe that Hall Caine once possessed genius, but that of late years it has entirely evaporated? I challenge anyone to read 'The Scapegoat,' or either of the above-named novels, and then peruse such a palpably absurd article as that quoted in your paper without a feeling of impatience and annoyance. To put the case in a very mild form, Mr. Caine has a sense of style, excellent spelling and correct grammar. Can anyone say the same of Miss Corelli?"

In the current issue of the Book Buyer, is told an amusing anecdote of John Fiske. He was one of the most distinguished literary men of his time. His intellectual modesty was such that he would receive the crude suggestions of the ignorant and the misinformation of the half-instructed with the most graceful consideration, and without the trace of a smile. He was fond of mingling with people in the humble walks of life. He told the writer that he once stayed for a while in a London lodging-house where the landlady was an elderly woman married to an aspiring young-

ARTHUR LANGCUTH.

President of the Michigan Presbyterian Publishing Co.

An Interesting Incident in the Life of a Successful Man as Told in a Personal Interview.

Mr. Arthur Langcuth is president of the Michigan Presbyterian Publishing Company and is known as a conscientious and reliable man as far as the official organ of that church, the Michigan Presbyterian, circulates. In Detroit, where he has a handsome home at No. 15 John R street, he is known as the successful manager of a large business and a leading citizen. In a recent interview he said, in some manner I strained my back. Instead of getting better it became worse and the pain increased so much that I could not lie down on my back and when sitting was obliged to lean forward. It was not only very painful but caused me great inconvenience and in spite of all the remedies I took it did not become any better. I did not want to leave my business but my physician said it was imperative and so at last I reluctantly consented and I would go to Colorado for the change and rest.

"But as I was making my preparations for the trip, the wife of a minister who is a friend of our family advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and so strongly did she recommend them that I put off the journey and tried the pills. 'Well, it was wonderful. I improved from the very start. I had become extremely emaciated from the pain and loss of appetite, but by the time I had taken a box my appetite began to return, the pains began to leave me and I picked up in health. In a short time I was completely restored and since then I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house for they are a splendid tonic and strength-builder.' Mr. Langcuth took the one unflinching remedy and was readily cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only effect a cure in cases similar to the one above but, acting directly upon the blood and nerves, are an unfailing specific for such diseases as partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, 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 People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. They are never sold in bulk or by the hundred.

He, Fiske, made it a custom to walk into the kitchen just before his hour of retiring and have a talk with the couple over his mug of beer. The weight of the conversation was always carried by the young fellow amid frequent interruptions from his wife such as, 'Don't be so late with the gentleman, Thomas! Those are matters for clever people and you know you're not clever, Thomas.' But Thomas was not to be controlled. One evening he said to Fiske, 'I like you even if you are an American, and in fact I bear the Americans no grudge for getting away from us so far as that goes, but it was the nasty time you took to do that I don't approve.' Fiske replied, 'I'm sorry, but why?' said Thomas, 'It was when we were occupied with that blooming Crimean war and so, of course, we couldn't properly attend to you.' Fiske gravely admitted that it was perhaps inconsiderate for Adams, Washington and other leaders of the Revolution to have taken a period when the British government was so preoccupied, and the evening ended in perfect harmony.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have in press, for publication early this fall, the following books:

- Tristram of Blent—By Anthony Hope.
- Seen in Germany—By Ray Stannard Baker.
- Colonial Fights and Fighters—By Cyrus Townsend Brady.
- The Pious and By S. R. Crockett.
- Irish Pastors—By Sam Bullock.
- The Princess of the Purple Palace—By William Murray Graydon.
- House with the Green Shutters—By George Douglas.
- Defection of a Character—By Ian McLaren.
- Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction—By Charles H. McCarthy.
- Lincoln and Other Poems—By Edwin Markham.
- Mathews—Illustrated in colors, by W. W. Denlow.
- Held for Orders—Stories of railroad life, by Frank H. Spearman.
- Wall Street Stories—By Edwin Leffew.
- The Westerners—By Stewart Edward White.
- By Read Alone—By I. K. Friedman.

A new edition of Grant Allen's "Colin Clout's Calendar" will be issued immediately by E. P. Dutton & Co. This book has been out of print for several years. It represents the author in his most pleasing mood, being a record of his travels from April to October. British critics seem to find Mr. Wiegman's new book, "Penelope's Irish Experiences," just as delightful as do critics on this side of the Atlantic. English, Scottish and Irish writers recognize its entertaining qualities and the kindly sympathy which disarms criticism. The general verdict is well expressed by the Edinburgh Scotsman: "It is safe to say there has been no book written about Ireland with just the charm that belongs to 'Penelope's Experiences.'"

The news comes from Harper & Brothers that Maurice Hewlett's "New Canterbury Tales" are almost completed, and that book buyers will find the volume within their grasp before many months are over.

BOOKS.

Few writers, if any, are better qualified to depict the great West in its most picturesque decade than Stewart

Edward White, the author of "The Westerners." In the age of seven he lived in Western Michigan, where he first began to use a rifle. The next four years were spent in the far West, principally in California. Then followed two years in the high school and four years in the University of Michigan. "During these years, I was more in the woods and on the water than in school," says the author. "However, I graduated." Since graduation, Mr. White has spent his time in the cattle, mining and forest regions of this country, with intervening periods of Eastern residence and European travel. This summer he is on a long exploring tour in the Hudson Bay region.

Thus, we see, Stewart Edward White knows the land of which he writes. He has ridden on its plains and mountains, has explored its wildernesses, has hunted in its forests, has prospected in its mining camps. He has lived with the men of the far West as they were in the most interesting stages of its development—the Cowboy, the Prospector, the Miner, the Woodsman, the Riverman; yes, and appreciates the part which they have played in the construction of a tremendous economic power.

It is Mr. White's intention to write a series of thoroughly American novels dealing with material which has been left untouched in this land of riches.

An amusing little trifle of about seventy pages, bound in imitation leather, is "The Love Letters of a Lady," by Mrs. William Allen, who dedicates the book "to the men who couldn't, wouldn't and didn't write these letters." The letters first appeared as a serial in a New York society journal, and antedate "An Englishman's Love Letters," and are quite equal to them in dealing with the intricacies of love-making. The letter-writing liar in this case breaks an engagement with a woman, marries another with better financial prospects, and explains that political ambition rather than the heart is the inspiration of the proposed union. By mistake the lady with this explanation is mailed to the wrong woman, and the writer is deluged with the contempt of both. (New York: The Ess Publishing Company.)

MAGAZINES.

The September number of the Smart Set opens with an amusing novelette by Caroline Duer, entitled "New Bonnet for Mary." The adventures of the ingenious and unconventional heroine, a society helress, who assumes to be a dressmaker's assistant for sweet charity's sake and dramatically assists in the recovery of a large quantity of stolen gems, are diverting to a degree.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood writes entertainingly on the subject of divorce under the title of "Untying the Knot." Mrs. Flora Bigelow Dodge, a sister of Pauline Bigelow, is the author of a brilliant and humorous society satire entitled "Mrs. Mack's Example," while Edgar Saltus writes of his pyrotechnic essays entitled "The Pumps of Satan." One of the strongest stories in the number is "The Price of Honor," by Lloyd Osbourne, and Prince Vladimir. Vanities contributes a strange tale called "The Queen of the Far Country." Other features of this issue are: "Underbrush," a mystery of the woods, by Julien Gordon; "Mrs. Van der Meer's Crucifix," by H. J. W. Dam; "The Man in the Moon," a story by Guy de Maupassant; "The Complaint of Virtue," by Gertrude F. Vynch; and "The Picture Over the Mantel," an idyllic love story of Paris, by Justus Miles Forman. The leading novel is "The Wish That Came True," by Guy Wetmore Carryl; "Twilight in the City," by Clinton Scollard; "Marionettes," by Theodora Garrison; "Compensation," by Paul Laurence Dunbar; "The Supreme Hour," by Madison Cawein; and "Fulfillment," by Duffield Osborne.

"The Hero of the Regiment" is the title of a most interesting story of military life with which the Youth's Companion of the week opens, and it is followed by two other short stories of interest and merit, entitled "The Waiting of Powder Mill Flat" and "On Lower Street Number Four." The second installment of C. A. Stephens' "A Tremendous Trust," appears, and Lewis Herreshoff contributes an article which will be of interest to a large number of old as well as young people under the title of "What It Means to Build a Cup Defender," being a description of the putting together of the yachts with which the world's famous racing regatta are run. There are besides these important contributions, the usual readable material in the departments.

THE QUININE PLAN-TATIONS OF JAVA.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

Dutch government as the help to those kings.

"The government now leases its lands for terms of seventy-five years at about a guinea, more or less, per acre. This rent takes the place of taxes, although there is an additional tax on incomes. At present there are about 500,000 acres leased out in that way, and it is the only way that land can be secured. Since 1816 the government has not alienated any land in this island, and at present there are little over six million acres owned by the Europeans, and less than half a million acres owned by the Chinese."

A WORD ABOUT THE FILIPINOS.

The conversation here turned to the Japanese as compared to the Filipinos, and I told his excellency that our people were telling the Filipinos they were our equals. He replied:

"In that you are making a mistake. They are not your equals. They are children, and you are doing as much wrong to tell them that as you would if you were to tell your little boy that he is as strong in body and brain as yourself. The Filipinos will not understand that, and you will do yourselves and them a damage which will take years to repair. We try to impress our superiority on the natives. They have been accustomed to look up to their rulers, and we try to have them do the same to us. It may be that they will advance in time that we can treat them differently. At present they are as happy as any people of their kind anywhere. They do not suffer, and travelers say they are the happiest and most prosperous of all the natives of the far east."

TEARS THAT ONIONS BRING.

The distressing flow of tears as well as the smarting of the eyes that afflict those preparing onions for cooking or for the table may be easily avoided by means of this vapor. It is a great relief to the command of everyone. The pungent odor which affects the delicate membrane surrounding the eyes is due to a sulphurous oil which volatilizes rapidly when the issue of the vegetable is broken in any way. To avoid the effects of this vapor is as if a small paper potato be stuck in the end of the knife with which the cutting is done. A chemical affinity attracts the vapors to the potato, and it is not manifest to the operator. The potato has reached a certain degree of saturation, when it can readily be replaced by another.

Onions are among the finest pectorals we have, and if spring onions are chopped and spread between sliced bread and butter they form a sandwich which, if eaten at supper time, will do a great deal toward insuring a good night's sleep.

Penny Wise

and pound foolish—the women who "economize" by using cheap washing powder. Few cents saved in price; fifty times as much lost in damage to clothes. The chances are that cheap powders are useless or dangerous. Many have proved so. None works like PEARLINE, which is more economical,—does more,—saves more,—risks nothing.

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PUTNAM

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New York, Nov. 18, 1890.

Dear Sirs,—

In reply to your favor I would state that I have used the Putnam Nail for several years, and have advised my friends to use it only. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I prefer it to all others.

Yours truly, Robert Bonner.

NAILS and SUNOL.

New York, Nov. 18, 1890.

Dear Sirs,—

In reply to your favor I would state that I have used the Putnam Nail for several years, and have advised my friends to use it only. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I prefer it to all others.

Yours truly, Robert Bonner.

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Is not like the many electric and so-called electric belts now being sold upon the public. My belt has soft, silent, chambray-covered sponge rubber frames that do not burn and blister as do the bare metal electrodes used on all other belts or appliances. It may be renewed at will when burned out for only 75c; all other electrical appliances, when burned out, are worthless. These two advantages should appeal to anyone's good judgment.

I give an absolute guarantee that my Electric Belt will cure every case of Nervousness, Varicose and all Weaknesses in either sex; restore shrunken or undeveloped organs; cure any form of Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Stomach Disorders, all Female Complaints, etc.

If you have an old-style belt which burns and blisters, or gives no current, or is burned out and cannot be renewed, send it to me as half payment for one of mine.

Write today about it. I have written two books on Nerve Vital Aliments and their cure by Electricity, that explain all. Books sent free, postpaid to anyone. Advice without cost. Sold only by

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