

LITERATURE



WAKE ME NOT YET.

[Written for the Deseret News.]

The poet, Mrs. Norton, happily married, was loved by one whom she greatly admired. She says she did not return his love, but had not the courage to awaken him from the blissful dream that he was beloved by her.]

I.

Wake me not yet; let me enjoy the splendor
Of thy deep eyes and gentle-breathing sigh;
How, from those lips, so strangely, sweetly tender,
Shall fall the words that bid thy lover die.

II.

Let me dream on! Ah, think of me tomorrow
Stunned by the blow which thy one word can give;
For whom such joy, swift turned to speechless sorrow,
Has wrecked a soul thou couldst not bid to live.

III.

Wake me not yet! The world will lose its glory
For me too soon without that withering blow;
All loveliness will fade from song and story,
If thy heart, changed, shall bid me wake and know.

IV.

Wake me not yet! If the sad hour be nearing
When we must part, at that word firmly given,
Let me dream now, in love that knows not fearing,
For when I lose thy love, I lose my heaven.

V.

Let me dream on! Too fond my heart is beating
To bear just yet the thought that we must part;
Too sweetly glide the hours in their fleeting,
Too fondly the joy of my enamored heart.

VI.

Still let me dream; these hours softly flowing
Have cast a spell o'er all my life today;
Too deep this rapture on my peace is growing
To turn into despair and fade away.

VII.

Break not the blissful dream—my heart is sleeping,
Lulled into rest by the power of thy love;
O, bid thy duty wait; in God's safe keeping
My guileless love is known in courts above.

VIII.

Wake me not yet; still let my fond heart slumber;
Refreshed and strong, 'twill bear whatever must be;
But could not live those lone days without number,
If soon, so soon, denied thy love and thee.

IX.

Let me live on; for I could dream forever
That heaven at last would crown my life with thine.
Awake me not, the sweet tie to disavow;
Nor ever tell me that thou art not mine.

J. H. PAUL.

tioned in it is familiar in this country. It has enjoyed as long and as great a popularity with American as with English readers.

It is a little surprising, says the New York Tribune, to find the announcement made by the Putnam that in their new and complete edition of the works of George Borrow "Lavengro" will contain "certain episodes that were suggested in the original manuscript." The edition has been edited by W. J. Knapp, who has written a life of Borrow.

Henry Bandster Morwin has lately become the editor of the Great Round World, the popular and useful little periodical which gives each week, in condensed form, the salient news. The scope of the periodical is to be widened in future it will appeal to adults as well as to young persons.

Dickens founded Household Words fifty years ago and a special jubilee number of that periodical contains reminiscences by John Hollingshead, who joined the staff only a few years after the beginning. It was in the first number of Household Words that Mrs. Gaskell began "Cranford."

"The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," edited by his son, Leonard Huxley, which promises to be as important a contribution to biographical literature in its field as the life of T. Huxley, is published this autumn by D. Appleton & Co., who first introduced the works of Darwin, Huxley and their associates to American readers some forty years ago.

An altogether charming and delightful poem for children is a rare find nowadays. But in the September number of Cassell's Little Folks appear four verses which justify such epithets. The reader may be left to judge for himself.

TWO LITTLE BROWN SEEDS.

"Wake up, little brother; wake up, now, I say."
Spoke little brown seed to his brother
one day.
But "No, no," said sleepy-head; "no,
no; not I;
I would rather be far in my bed to lie."
For both little seeds, at the foot of a tree,
Lay tucked up in bed, snug as snugs
could be.

"But listen, dear brother," the wakeful one said,
"Hark! the sunbeams are laughing, high overhead;
The larks, too, are singing; their song is so gay;
There's naught but a siquard in bed
now would I were out of it."
And even the dormouse is stirring at last—
Why, surely, the winter is over and past.

"Ay, little brown brother, the spring is begun,
The earth, I am sure, must be brimming with fun.
Now, little brown brother, fancy what
will you be?
And that's a grave question for you and
for me."
"I'll be a stock," "I a sunflower, and
then—"
"Oh! brother, I never shall see you
again."

And so it befell, for each tiny brown seed,
The stock and the sunflower, soon parted
indeed.
The sunflower, 'tis true, waved aloft as a king,
And whispered, "Where are you, you poor little thing!"
But at eve, when the stock perfumed
the still air,
It sighed, "Little brother, I'm glad you
are there!"

The inimitable Miss Carolyn Wells, who provokes also such adjectives as incorrigible and indefatigable—this last from her practice of ranning neck-and-neck with the very latest fad in literature or life, the other from her surety in riddling that with just the right number of just the right-said she, the uncommonly clever Miss Wells is now have a little book of her verses published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the early autumn. Heaven has blessed this young woman with pungent speech, life has developed her sense of humor instead of suppressing it, and training enables her to guide with the ease of a gymnast among formidable combinations of rhymed syllables and trail after her multiple allusions of pregnant import to the book-lover. It were surely a pity to drag out that over-worked term "crisp" to describe the individual freshness Miss Wells contrives to impart to every line of her work; she is at once the delight and despair of the lover and the maker of light verse. That her satire may be robbed of none of its edge by due pictures that miss the point, Mr. Oliver Herford has been elected illustrator, and the lady may be confident of having her humor met half-way.

Mr. Herford, by-the-by, whose reputation as a wit is not so far in advance of the truth, though he suffers from having many a moth-eaten gown refurbished at his expense, is soon to have a book of his own rhymes brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. The pictures for it are his, too, and are conceived in the same playful spirit that prompted the verses. "Overheard in a Garden" is the title chosen for the volume.

In the last number of the "Academy" we find the following announcement and encouragement of a curious literary projection which appears to be impending over the disunited nationalities of the insular world of British literature. "The proposal now on foot that the

Irish language should be made the vehicle of instruction in all the schools in the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland has certainly the merit of being new and astonishing. As set forth by Mr. George Moore in the "Times" the aim of the movement is to provide a vehicle for future literature. Mr. Moore contends that the English language, burdened with 400 years of literature, has lost its freshness, and that its duty is to become the more language of commerce, as Latin became the language of theology. The literature of the future, Mr. Moore thinks, will be written in the small languages rather than in the universal languages. This strikes us as a dubious saying. It ignores, it seems to us, the vital connection between literature and life. Small languages connote a small population, a restricted outlook, an over-awed policy. Can great literature spring from such a soil? Graceful, subtle literatures may, but great? History does not warrant that hope. Mr. Moore talks about Denmark, to whose language he credits itself, and Bjornsen.

Among various literary properties recently dispersed by auction in London was an autograph letter of Byron's, written at Genoa, March 17, 1823, about a year before his death, and addressed to John Hunt, the stout, hawthorn-like brother of mercurial Leigh Hunt.

Every publication of mine has lately failed, I am not discouraged by this because writing and composition are habits of my mind with which success and publication are objects of no momentary reference—not caused, but effects like those of any other pursuit. I have enough of both of praise and blame to deprive them of their novelty, but I can't be so composed for the same reason. I ride, or rest, or travel—it is a habit. I want early "Peril of the Peak," which has not yet arrived here, and I will thank you much for a copy; I shall direct Mr. Kinnard to reimburse you for the price.

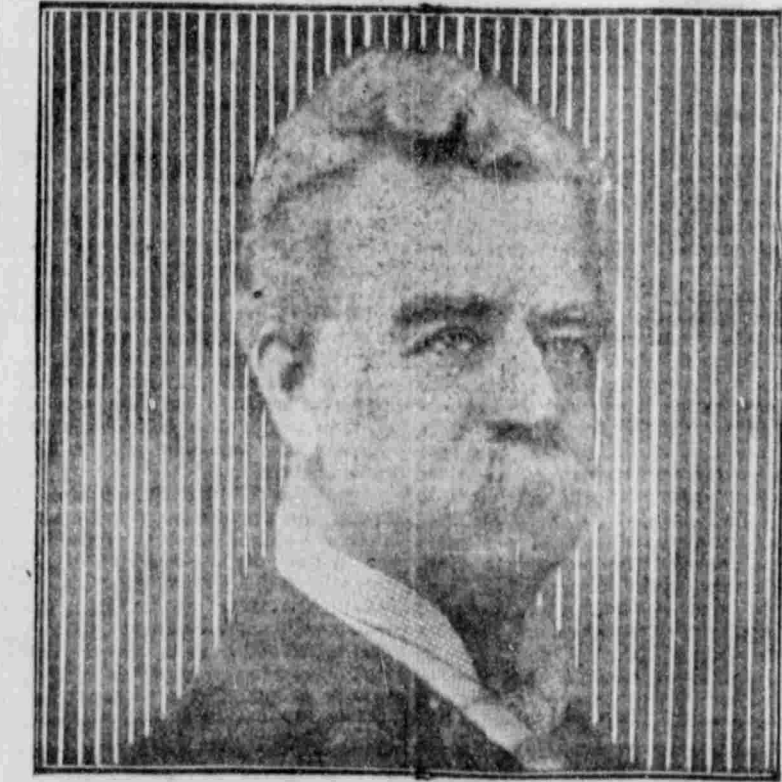
The flood of historical fiction gives signs of ebbing before the opposing tide of religious novels. Mr. Gess's "Revelation of David Carson," Mr. Allen's "Reign of Law," Mr. Baskett's "As the Light Led," Mr. Dix's "Deacon Bradbury," and Mr. Wickert's "Enoch Willoughby," are a rather formidable list for a single season, and as Mrs. Craigie's "Robert Orange" is denounced by one English reviewer as "A religious cad," things seem to be going in much the same way over there.

Apparently first in the field with the revelation, the Critic comes forward to tell us that a literary society has been more successfully concealed on this side of the water than in England, where whispers of the identity of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Lover" have been current for some time. The Critic is able even to publish "Elizabeth's" portrait, and she stands revealed as Princess Henry of Plesse, one of the most beautiful women in all Europe. "Everyone who has read this most charming book, claimed from its pages that 'Elizabeth' was an Englishwoman married to a German of high rank, and that the 'Garden' was not very far from the Baltic," writes the Lounger. "I am credibly informed that Elizabeth is Maria Theresa, Olivia, daughter of Mr. Cornwallis West of Rutlin Castle, Derbyshire, and sister to the young Lieutenant Cornwallis West, who so recently wedded Lady Randolph Churchill. In 1818, Maria Cornwallis West married Prince Henry of Plesse, and now lives at Furensen, Schlesien, Germany. Among Prince Henry's estates is a fine place in Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. 'The Garden' on this estate, Princess Henry of Plesse is only twenty-seven years of age now, so she was not more than twenty-four or five when she wrote 'Elizabeth and Her German Lover' and 'A Solitary Summer.'"

It would be superfluous to say that the Princess Henry is clever. One need only read her books to be convinced of that. They strike a new note in literature, and one that rings strong and true. It is a wonder that no one was bold enough to intelligently couplet to her, or to quarrel with her books before this for she bears the marks of "Elizabeth" all over her beautiful, willful, vivacious face; as the personification of that whimsical, ending, young woman who satisfies beyond criticism. It is said that the secret was originally betrayed by her husband, who babbled to his friends in his amusement at the princess's literary pretensions, unconscious that half the reading world would hang on his disclosures.

The many admirers of the writings of Paul Leicester Ford will be delighted to learn that in the early fall a new work from his pen will appear from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. It is to be called "Wanted: A Matchmaker." It is a Christmas story, and one that doubtless will prove popular as a Christmas present, and will be one of the leading books of the coming season. Aside from Mr. Ford's story there is to be the added interest of the illustrations drawn by Mr.

REV. DAVID H. MOORE.



Despite the increasingly horrible tales of massacres of missionaries in the land of the Dragon, this intrepid preacher of the gospel, Bishop David H. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal church, is on his way to China, Korea and Japan to assume general direction of his church's interests in those countries. He sailed recently from San Francisco on the Japanese steamship Hong-kong.

Christy, and with decorations by Margaret Armstrong.

Undoubtedly the Baden-Powells are a literary family, for their books fill the pages of the British Museum catalogue. The best of the Baden-Powells entries to his credit, "R.D." is an artist as well as an author, and two of his books are illustrated by himself—"The Sticking" and "The Mabels Campaign." He has also written short stories for magazines, to which he supplied sketches.

The Woman's Tribune of Washington, D. C. has the following to say of a well known Salt Lake:

"The Woman's Exponent, so ably edited by Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells in Salt Lake City, has entered its twenty-eighth year. It has been the great organ of unity for the work of Mormon women in charities and Church work, and has also been the medium by which they have come in touch with the general work of women."

Mrs. Susan Gates has recently received an interesting letter from Charlotte Stetson, in which the gifted author states that she has given up the task of attempting to finish this year the important literary venture engaged, entitled "Work," as the labor involved will entail too serious a strain to complete it in so short a time. Her publishers, she states, are demanding something for the book that more than at an earlier date, and she is therefore preparing a work called "Child Study," which will be published in a short time.

BOOKS.

"For the Queen in South Africa," by Caryl Davis Haskins is a volume of half a dozen short stories of army life in Africa, published by Little, Brown & Co. Only two of them, "The Black Tails," and "Blood Will Tell," have to do with the present war, the others being tales of fights with the natives. They are all uncommonly good. In every case the author has a reason which she tells us, and a central dramatic incident, and she knows how to tell it. Some of them are tragic, "The Unrecorded Cross" and "Judge Not" being especially notable in this respect. They are realistic in their local color and character, drawing and in the fact that they relate just such incidents as have undoubtedly occurred time and again in British warfare. Yet these incidents are of the heroic, gallant kind that it warms the blood to read of. Mr. Haskins' style is simple, but unusual. His short, crisp sentences seem to follow one another with headlong speed and to breathe the very spirit of the rush and turmoil and battle. He possesses to a notable degree the art of a clear, direct, and vivid style in a few words. Yet his language is always simple and straightforward. In fact, these are unusually good tales, and told with no small amount of literary skill. It is a fine thing, nowadays, to say of any man who writes aright, that he is influenced by Kipling, but Mr. Haskins may be congratulated on the fact that he has made no really apparent attempt to imitate that writer, for much he may indirectly owe to him.

"The Song of the Sword: A Romance of 1796," by Leo Dietrichstein, is a stirring and well told story of the first Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812, and is closely connected with the battle of Lodi. It is an amplification of the successful stage drama of "The Song of the Sword," and is a rapid and continuous record of dramatic events, interspersed with brief but historical explanations and frequent bursts of patriotic and eloquent comment. France and Captain Egalite are exceptionally fine dramatic characters, and their relations with each other are marked by the most fascinating study of chivalry. There is much in the story to remind the reader of Dumas' historical romances of France, nor does it suffer by comparison with them. The story is a very attractive and moving in it. Every action tends directly or indirectly to the denouement, and the climax is as effective and thrilling as it is dramatically consistent and acceptable. It is quite liberally illustrated, (New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co.)

Half a dozen short stories of sharp American diplomacy make a readable little book under the title of "A Diplomatic Woman," by H. M. Mee, the whimsical literary mask of some one apparently not altogether unfamiliar with diplomatic methods. The stories purport to be the relations of the lady diplomat herself, and her best work is done by the interest in the French foreign office. Her social position gives her access to diplomatic circles and her methods of detecting state secrets, acquainting herself with the contents of carefully guarded dispatches, and defeating the schemes of her adversaries as she relates them, highly creditable to her sagacity. But, as a lady so socially important and so highly gifted would not be apt to publicly detail the processes of her intelligence, we must attribute the stories to the imagination of some writer of rare detective capabilities. No matter where or with whom they originated, however, they are undeniably clever. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

In "A Master of Craft" W. W. Jacobs has written a very amusing long story, which is concerned with the fortunes of Captain Plover, a skipper who disappears and gives out a report of his own loss, and is then seen to be a compilation with three women. Mr. Jacobs' humor in this long story is not so ready or so genuine as in his book of short tales, "Many Caravans," but the story is well worth reading. The way the Master of Craft is admirably brought out. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.)

Elia Higginson, who is acknowledged to have written the best short stories of life in the Pacific Northwest, and who is also the author of a volume of exquisite verse, is now doing some uncomely good work in a department of the Seattle Times which she calls "Oyster Leaves." In a recent number she paid a well-deserved tribute to Oregon's poet, Sam L. Simpson, who has written so many fine things about the scenery of the State he loved. Mrs. Higginson often prefaces her talks with the hands met of her own recent bit of verse, called "A Lyric of May." We reproduce these verses, which any lover of nature will enjoy reading:

The silver buds are on the fir,
The sweet is on the bloom,
The orchards blossom white and slow
And thro' the scented calm
The will-thrush pour his notes to God
His pure and lyric psalm.
It is the perfect blossom time—
The bloom of heart and year—
The earth aches with its rapture song.
The wind-blows sweet and clear
Under one leaf that every heart
Throbs full and strong to hear.

A little volume of verse, entitled, "Toll," by Daniel Florence Leary of San Francisco, is an answer to certain interpreters of Edwin Markham's famous poem. In a word, it is an effort to show that manual labor does not necessarily make a man stolid or brutal, and that a life devoted to toil with the hands may be a life of high culture and as many intellectual enjoyments as any of the liberal professions. The poem is written in the measure of "In Memoriam," and as a song of the workman contented with his lot and proud of the labor that has given him a happy home and a competency it is a noteworthy production in these days of pessimism and unrest. (San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray company.)

MAGAZINES.

The Arena for September is an exceptionally interesting number. Its contents are varied and of international importance. Among its special features are the following: "Is Socialism an Element of 'Utravlan'?" by Albert Watkins; "China's Defensive Strength," by J. H. Wisely, and "The Future of the Cause," by Wm. Brough. Other suggestive articles are: "The Eight-Hour Day by Legislation," by Edwin Maxey, L.L.D.; "Philosophic Basis of Chinese Conservatism," by the Rev. A. K. Glover; "Our Asiatic Missionary Enterprise," by J. M. Seaman; "Prince Hamlet of Peking," by Chas. Johnston, M.B.A.S.; "Problems of Government in the Philippines," by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch; "American Interests in Africa," by Day Allen Willey; "Great Britain and the Trust Problem," by T. Scanlon; "Growth of National Feeling in Germany," by C. C. Eagarfield; and "The Study of Needs of Sociology," by W. H. Van Ornum, Ph.D. The Arena is now published in New York City and edited by N. O. Fanning and John Emery McLean.

The Playthings of Queen Victoria are the subject of a most interesting illustrated article in the September number of Cassell's Little Folks. The following brief extract describes the making of the young princesses. No detail is too trivial of such unimportance that the work could be scamped. On the contrary, everything is beautifully finished off, even to the wee handkerchiefs, some of which, not more than half an inch square, have drawn borders and are embroidered with initials of red silk. Ruffles are exquisitely stitched, and aprons, for the smallest dolls, are adorned with pocket flaps. Their ornaments and chainettes of beads, specially made for the purpose, microscopic bows, shoe-trimmings, etc., all testify to the skill and patience of the little princesses. Perhaps it is only right to mention that the dolls were supplied with a limited quantity of under-garments. A short slip was generally given to a court lady, while a duster received, in addition, silk pantaloons. The princess dolls' house is still to be seen in Kensington Palace. It is exceedingly plain in structure and appearance, being divided into two floors. The bottom half is evidently the kitchen. The walls are decorated with tin plates and dishes; a plate-box on the floor contains tin knives and forks; while two simply-dressed wooden dolls, male figures, are standing by the fireplace. The furniture is of the most meagre description, a remark which also applies to the top floor, the striking feature of which is a parrot in a cage suspended from the roof.

The "Book Notes," published by Siegel-Cooper Co., with the September number changes its name to the Book World, and will henceforth be a high-class illustrated monthly magazine and review of literature, religion, science, music and art.

It is edited by Dr. Madison C. Peters, and has many new and interesting features. Among other attractions, we note the following: "The Language of Literature," written by Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, of the Calvary Baptist church.

This is the first of a series of articles, the purpose of which is to show the part which the various denominations have taken in the development of literature.

John De Morgan writes on the literary side of Washington. This is the first of a series of articles on "The Literary Side of Our Presidents."

"The Home Life of James Russell Lowell" is the first of a series of articles on "The Home Life of Our American Poets." Illustrated.

The editor has written an article for this number on "The Church and the Theater."

Another interesting feature of this number are some very choice selections of "Songs and Ballads of the Revolution." Portraits, with biographical sketches of famous authors, form another interesting feature of this unique magazine.

The reviews of books are signed, and are written by men well-known in the literary world.

Among the other interesting features the musical department has a selection on the "Home Life of Emma Thursty." Published by the Siegel-Cooper Co., 18th St. and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

The contents of "Trained Motherhood," for September offer some most interesting material for mothers. "What Is to Become of the American Republic if American Women Refuse to Become Mothers?" is the opening article, and is followed by a dozen more interesting articles, including "Manual Training During Infancy," "Children and the Theater," "The Hygiene of Children's Sleeping Arrangements," "The Sociology of the Kindergarten," "Should Children Hear Baby Talk?" "Housekeepers and Homemakers," etc. Some clever poems are contained in the number, among them "Where the Goblins Live," "Other Days," and "When Day Is Done."

The Youth's Companion for September 6th appears with a pretty cover, embellished with autumn leaves and an attractive picture. The opening story is, "The Baby in Question," and tells how a young novice in College Settlement work becomes burdened with baby when its mother—a tenement house mother—leaves it away, the implied indifference and lack of feeling displayed giving the heroine more anxiety than the care of the infant. The story ends suggestively with

the appearance of the supposed intrusive mother at midnight, demanding her child to the intense relief of the college staff and also of the heroine, whose gratification comes through the realization of a profound and permanent instinct under the mask of evident cold indifference. "Polyglot-Lender, Terry" is the title of a pretty revolutionary story in which a poet of scarlet dye figures as an important factor in saving a young "rebel" from capture by the "Red Coats," and this "Reverend Signal" is a thrilling story of carousal on the part of a railway employee whose neglect almost results in the wrecking of a train. With a large number of page-agers flow the culprit redeems his error at the risk of his life is told in a way that keeps the reader's blood tingling with excitement to the finish of the dramatic tale.

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