

they seem long to have been hovering

on the verge of being said. He di-vides memoirs into three kinds:

The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post announces the convalescence of Richard Whiteing, au-thor of "No. 5 John Street," after a

severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia. He lives, as he puts it, "in ab

solute divorce from pen, ink and paper, and also from all but the most elementary thoughts." The publication in book form of Mr. Whiteling's articles

on "Paris of Today," now appearing it the Century, with Castaigne's fine il

lustrations, may be expected in the fail.

Mr. Ronald MacDonald, the son of Dr. George MacDonald, who leaves all the Scottish laurels to the younger writers nowadays, is about to make his

first appearance as a novelist in "The Sword of the King," a story of ad-venture in England under James the Second. The book, which is to be pub-lished by the Century company, is said to have a swing and entitled its own.

to have a swing and spirit all its own,

sixth novel, "Nude Souls."

The reading world has been taught by the reviewers to expect something worthy of consideration from Mr. Benjamin Swift, and they will doubtless receive with well-trained respect the

ter headings, as announced in one of the London papers, are certainly ex-

traordinary and Carlylean in manner.

Chapter I. "Warns the reader of the

call romance will by this time have

that there is absolutely none of the ex-

Which warnings, it may be anticipat-

ed, will seriously discountenance the average reader, who has to do material-

ly with the thousands into which every

One of the literary events of the

season should be the publication of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's new novel, "An

Unsocial Socialist," which Brentane

now has under way. Mr. Shaw's earlier

atory, "Cachel Byron's Profession," printed more than a dozen years ago, and not getting half the attention its brilliancy deserved, except from the

only people who count at the artistic

at the financial, was recently reprinted by this same louse and has had an excellent sale. Writing of it at the time of its appearance, Stevenson expressed his pleasure in it to Mr. William Archer

read your friend's book with singular relish. If he has written any more I beg you will let me see it.* * Ove. Bashville, the footman, I howled with

derision and delight. I dote on Bash ville—I could read of him forever."

That English readers are beginning

book-making, but not at all

author hopes his book will amount.

The chap-

Blographies,

Autobiographies, and

Ought-Not-to-be-Ographies.

"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

God plawed one day with an earth-

quake, And drove his furrows deep: The huddling plains upstarted, The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountain's secret. Age-hidden in their breast; "God's peace is everlasting" Are the dream-words of their rest.

He bath made them the baunt of beauty.
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders trend in music, Of footfalls echoing long, And carry majestic greeting Around the slient throng.

His winds bring messages to them, Wild storm-news from the main; They sing it down to the valleys In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping, And over the uplands flock; He hath woven the zones together In robes for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers; Nests for His flying cloud; Homesteads for new-born races, Masterful, free and proud.

The people of tired cities Come up to their shrines and pray; God freshens again within them, As He passes by all day,

And, lo! I have caught their secret, The beauty deeper than all, This faith—that life's hard moments,

Are but God plowing His mountains: And the mountains yet shall be The source of His grace and freshness. His peace everlasting to me. -WM, CHANNING GANNETT.

When the jarring sorrows befall,

NOTES.

Speculation is rife as to whether Robert Grant's title to his new book aleavened Bread," means the hard and unpalatable kind, or that referred to by St. Paul as "the unleav-ened bread of sincerity and truth." If the latter is inferred, the reader will probably conclude that it is ironical.

Those of the readers of "Bob, Son of Battle," who sent for pictures of that dashing collie will be pleased to know that Alfred Ollivant, the author of the story, was thoroughly pleased with

William H. Brett, librarian of the Cleveland public library, estimates that there are now in the public libraries of the United States about 40,000,000 volumes. This is an increase since 1876 of 28,000,000 volumes, which enormous crease he attributes to legislation authorizing taxation for free libraries and enormous private benefactions modern millionaires.

Marie Corelli has two books in the ands of publishers to be issued this one a short story which was con-cted for before her late Illness bears the very explanatory title, "Boy: A Sketch," The other book, which will be published by Dodd Mead & Co., is to be called "The Master Christian."

Jalian Ralph whose letters to the ew York Herald from the front in outh Africa are familiar to many, has combined a selection from these with other material to form a record of the Boer war under the title of "Towards

Students of Tennyson are much in Students of Tennyson are much in-terested over the discovery in an old box in Shemeld, England, which for 60 Years had lain unnoticed, of a number of letters from Tennyson and Arthur Hallam (the subject of "In Memori-am") to W. H. Brookfield (Old Brooks), together with portions of manuscripts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott." The postmarks on the letters bear date 1827 and 1833, which of Shalott." The postmarks on the letters bear date 1832 and 1833, which was shortly after Tennyson left Cam-bridge.

The Peel heirlooms, which were sold at auction in London about three weeks ago and which consisted principally of valuable works of art, realized \$300,000 in two days, one pair of Van Dyck's bringing 24,250 guineas, or about \$121,-

After all that has been said of Hilda Wade," that posthumous story of the late Grant Allen of which Dr. onan Doyle was commissioned to write the final chapter, it appears that there is atill another last word of the novel-ist's to come. Noveltst is scarcely the adequate word to apply to one who was so many things—and each one excel-isht—in life and literature, but it is as a maker of fiction that his name has been brought up again of late. It seems that the New American are the seems that the New Amsterdam Book com-pany has in prepartion a title Tyrolean story called "The Linnet," wherein character is depicted with all of Mr. Ailen's old-time happy directness.

A correspondent of the London Academy writes to furnish one of those illuminating little mots so instant in its appeal to one's appreciation that YOUNGEST POLITICIAN,



Francis Marriott, or Delaware. Ohio, has had an experience of only six years, but already he is prominent in pollties. He holds a regular commission as an officer of the Buckeye State, Governor Nash just having appointed him superintendent of squirrels in the State House grounds, at Columbus,

the writer, comes to English readers lke an old-world breath of Chaucerian

Mr. Anthony Hope is said to have

made a new departure, for him, in his latest story, which F. A. Stokes & Co. is to bring out in the autumn. On this occasion it will not appear serially, as has been the common custom with his

It is recounted by a contemporary that when Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was first published, the booksellers of that day, one hundred and forty years ago, with considerable indignation, returned to the publisher as imperfect heir copies of the volume containing the sheet of marbled paper that was in-serted to take the place of the page Un-cle Toby was supposed to have torn out in a pet. The Macmillan company is having a similar experience with their edition of the work in the handsome English Classics series. At least half a dozen copies have been returned with the request that perfect copies be sub-stituted, and all because of that insertion of the marbled paper leaf.

These who are fortunate enough to own the two little music books so rich-ly illustrated in color by Walter Crane and published in London some twenty years ago, with the titles of "The Baby's Opera Book" and "The Baby's Bouquet," will be specially delighted to learn that Frederick Warne & Co. have in preparation for the next holiday sea-Walter Crane and set to music by Th.

"The Red Rat's Daughter" is a pretty title to set beside "The Black Wolf's Breed," for instance in the zoological exhibition the bookseller is permitted to true nature of the book." Chapter II.
"Again warns the reader to expect no romantic nonsense here, but a most tragic business." Chapter III. "Hopes that all persons sniffing for what they offer the public this season. Mr. Guy Boothby is the author of the first-mentioned work, of which the scenes are diversely laid in London, Paris, Hong Kong and Siberia, and which is to be published at once by the New Amster-

The London Academy recommends Mr. Churton Collins' edition of the early poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson as one of the most instructive volumes that a young poet, or any young writer can put on his shelves. It shows in footnotes all the alterations of phrase and melody which Tennyson introduced into these poems in successive editions, and in a scholarly introduction Mr. Collins summarizes the literary effect produced by these alterations. The student can thus follow step by step the process by which Tennyson wrought a poem to its final beauty. Take, as an instance, the alteration in the lines in the "Dream of

"One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat Slowly-and then no more."

The bright death quivered at the vic-Touch'd, and I knew no more,"

Mr. John Lane announces the publica-tion of a book that is sure to make That English readers are beginning to set a distinct value upon our American writers of fiction is shown by a note published in a recent issue of the New York Evening Post from its correspondent in England. While English fiction, he says, is at the present time largely a drug in the market, Mr. Allen's novels come almost as a revelation to readers of English fiction because of their simplicity, purity of tone, sympathy with nature, and entire dissociation from that suggestiveness with which latter-day English fiction is so often tainted. Mr. Allen, concludes

HON, JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.



ful to explain in his preface that: "Be fore he sailed for Manila (from Hons Kong) he had no intention of committing his views or opinions to paper, or of criticising American policy or Ameriof criticising American policy or American discipline in the Philippines. He went there merely from idle curiosity to see the Islands and the people." In consequence of what he saw being enacted in the Philippines, Mr. Sheridan decided to stay until he could collect sufficient information, carefully verified, so that the pulsar place are residently decided. he might place on record, without an mus, a statement of those events, for the benefit of the American people, who should be made to see the thing as it is.

BOOKS.

"The Monk and the Dancer" is the title of a volume of short stories by Arthur Cosslett Smith. There is a daring disregard of possibility, not to speak of probability, in some of these immensely clever tales. In some the imagination riots, in others the realism is acute, but they are all brilliantly epigrammatic, pungent and prevoking in the fullest flavored manner. There are moments Stevensonian, fragments of Henry James, scraps of Bret Harte and Richard Davis. Yet it cannot be said that this bright aspirant for public favor is merely imitative—far from it. He has his own quality, but he is fully instructed with the ripeness of our time, its necessity for wide allusion, knowledge of men and customs and books and the gossip of the world. Mr. Smith will find many readers, and as many admirers, who will look for all he can furnish of entrees so agreeable and so savory among the familiar roast and boiled and the common kickshaws of the literary feast. Of course these little plates are made dishes. They do not pretend to be productions of the soil or the pasture—strictly artificial delicacies that are meant to tickle the pal ate, not to feed or strengthen the in-ner man. The leading story indeed might claim to have no emotional qualty, inasmuch as it nominally deals some of the primitive elements of hu-man feeling. But it is so essentially sudden, so dramatic, even scenic, that it need scarcely disturb the screnity of cheerful enjoyment of its surprises and clear-cut contrasts, which might indeed e shocking if they could be taken ser-

A Continental Cavaller is the title of a book by Kimbali Scribner. We are told in a biographical sketch prefixed to this volume by the publishers that the author's first volume was issued in 1897. It is now 1900, and here we have Mr. Scribner's sixth venture in fiction. Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Clinton Ross evolve fiction at an even greater rate of speed, but who reads their fluent narratives a second time? Mr. Scrib ner writes just as fluently, so far as we can see, if not with quite so much vigor, but his work has even less staying pow-er than theirs. The tate is of the period of the American Revolution, and does not lack for incident, but the dialogue is eften so stilted as to be impossible as may be seen from the following tak

"I thought to find you on the road," replied Clark. You are of the Caro-'A smile touched the corners of the

other's mouth. 'Twas the picket told you,' said he: 'know you of Bourmont 'I am bound thither.' answered

Clark, 'hence, as you surmised, learning from the picket that a messenger was before me, I made haste to overtake him. 'Is it a letter from Captain Bour-

"The other nodded, saying: 'Which I am in haste to deliver, for before another sunset I must ride forth again." We feel quite sure that an American sergeant and a wood-ranger would not have conversed in this copybook fashion in 1780, any more than a man of that day would have said as McHenry does 22. "the man's nerve is There was nerve enough and to spare in those days, but it bore another name. Probably the uncritical reader will not be troubled by the lack of lit-erary quality in the book, but if Mr. Scribner wishes to be taken seriously as a novelist he cannot afford to neglect style altogether in the future,

The title, "The Immortal Garland," by Anna Robeson Brown, is a non-committal one, and perhaps it is as well that such was chosen for the story. This purports to be a story of American life. If it is to be taken as such then American life is at a low ebb. The scene shifts from New Jersey to New Hampshire. It was an error of judg-ment not to select New Guinea for the main field of action. The book appears in the Town and Country Library, but town and country are but poorly de-picted in its pages. These are filled with what seems to have been fancied to be smart talk. Too often by far this becomes offensive.

A "player's edition" of Augustin Daly's production of the "Taming of the Shrew" has been issued by Doubleday Page & Co. in a neat volume with an introduction written by Ada Rehan, and with the text embellished with handsome half-tone portraits of the gifted actress herself, John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert besides several scenes from the comedy. The parer is good, the type clear, and the book altogether an excellent production. an excellent production.

MAGAZINES.

Sidney Jerrold's "G. P." is the title of clever story which opens this week's number of the Youth's Companion. It



canal-boat was passing under a low bridge. A Frenchman immediately put his head out of the cabin window to look, and got a severe blow. Rubbing his head rue-fully, he cried: "Why do these Vankees call look out when they mean look in? Look out for your health means look in. For the secret of health is within you. Germs are in the air you breathe and in the water you drink, but if your blood is pure and your stomach sound the germs can find no permanent lodgement.

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organs of digestion and nutrition.

"I can say honestly and candidly that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the grandest medicine ever compounded for parifying the blood," writes Miss Annic Wells, of Fergusson's Wharf, Isle of Wight Co. Va. "I suffered terribly with rheumatism, and pimples on the skin, and swelling in my knees and feet so that I could not walk. I spent about twenty dollars, paying doctors' bills, but received no benefit. A year or two ago I decided to try Dr. Ferce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Pre scription," and am entirely cured."

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n a hospital where she is forced to neet the many "cases" that come under of the institution with a feeling of half disgust and rebellion that keeps her irritated and unsatisfied with her life, till an experience with a patient in which her skilful nursing goes far to-wards preserving his eyesight and which wins for her his touching and undying gratitude makes her realize that the work of her vocation is a great privilege inasmuch as it enables one to be of sid to suffering human haone to be of aid to suffering human beings. "In the Marche Aux Fieurs" Grandma's "Red Chair and "Over the Cliff" are the other interesting stories

Leafy June is high carnival for Outing's readers, and color strikes the key-note of its issue. It comes in its new and permanent three-color cover by Maxfield Parrish, and Its opening arti-cle on "The Country Cart of Today," by Caspar Whitney, has nine illustra-tions in four colors by Edward Pen-field. It is the season when the road calls with more than siren power, and Early Road Driving and Its Patrons is a welcome reminder of other Junes and other men, June, 100, claims polo for its own, and the "Educating of an Polo Pony" comes from the pen of Owen Wister, tinged with the seriocomic persiflage of this gifted writer. June, too, is when "How to Lay Out and Care for a Golf Course" is seasonable, and "The Why and Wherefore of the Rules of Golf" will be understood as explained by C. B. Macdonald, a member of the N. G. A. rules committee. Anglers will find in "A Bit About Bass" a wealth of practical knowledge. is a welcome reminder of other Junes Bass' a wealth of practical knowledge, and "The Evolution of the Troot and Artificial Fly" evplains many of a trouting mystery, while "The Water Wolf" is a reminniscence of the mustifully embelished by J. Oliver Nua dainty bleybling idyl. More adven-

^^^^^ is a tale of a young nurse's experience | turous spirits will follow the fortunes of "Twenty-four Hours in the Ropes," an ascent of the Matterhorn, and the absorbing "Jungle Duel," a tiger fight to the death. Still others, with equal pleasure, will read of "The Singing Gibbon," a vocal ape of the Philippines, and George Whaten James, Dance." and George Whaton James' Dance," a mystic ceremony of a strange people on the mesas of Arizona.

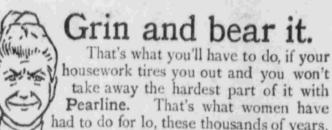
> The June number of "The Bookman" the summer reading number) has a special cover by G. C. Parker, and contains among other articles a valuable paper on "The Boer War," by Spenser Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson, as is well known, is the military critic of the Lon don Post. Other papers in this issue are:

> "The Yiddish Theater in New York," by Hutchins Hapgood; an article by Rev.Newell Dwight Hillis (of Plymouth Church, Brocklyn), on the successful new novel, "The Redemption of David Corson;" Professor Harry Thurston Peck's paper on Mrs. Dudeney and Almary Manda's article on Count Tol-Almer Maude's article on Count Tol-

> Simultaneous with the reannouncement of The Century's prizes for col-lege graduates of the present year appears (in its June number) the successful essay in the competition of last year, the poem and story having already been printed. The topic is "The Poetry of William Blake" and the writer is Henry Justin Smith of Chica-

It is not general known that attached to the staff of the Paris Observatory is an American astronomer, Miss Doro-thea Klumpke of California. In Nover-ber last, in company with a friend and seronaut, Miss Klumpke made an as-Wolf" is a reminiscence of the mus-callonge in June. "On the Big Sea Wat-er" tells of a cruise in Georgian Bay, the most picturesque of American yachting waters. "In Woodland's By-ways" Is a delightful morning's walk through the Chautauquan woods, beau-tifully, embellished by J. Oliver Nu-gent. "The Boad and I. Reward" is

The June number of Vick's Magazine



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one thing. It saves her time, her money, her health and strength, in hundreds of ways. Do every bit of your washing and cleaning with Pearline. 535

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Is of special interest to rose grawery. The frontispiece is a handsome colored plate of the new hybrid tea rose Liberay, which was shown at the great rose exhibition in New York in March last. The plants of this variety have ben offered to the public this spring for the first time. Other new roses are illustrated and described so that the lustrated and described, so that the coder is kept abreast of the times in relation to the principal new rose in-troductions. Much other rose matter ter is distributed through its pages and very excellent instructions for the culture of garden roses.

Unnecessary Loss of Time.

Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winternet, First National Bank of Winternet, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other inschances. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlains." Colfe, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is ugain at his work."



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