



COUNSEL.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell
Press thou his hand in thine; how
canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or Carriage may lead his feet
Ere that tomorrow come? Men have
known
Light to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging
years,
Before they looked in loving eyes
again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with
tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should
come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with
pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth. Un-
seen
Fate goeth, too!

Yes, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle
talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and
day,
Regret should walk.

—M. E. M. DAVIS.

"GEISHAS ENJOYING THE BREEZES."

The guests have gone, and the last
has
Left its smoke-wraith on the sea
at night.
High, high and sharp, the echoes of our
songs
Hang from the edges of the swinging
gongs;
Now in dead air the fumes of sake
rise,
And pleasure slowly fades from lan-
guid eyes.

O Arisawa, draw the screens aside;
Turn the long hang, and throw the
lattice wide!

Cool, cool and fresh, the breeze of mid-
night blows
Through iris-beds of which the river
flows.
It stirs the blossoms of the cheery
bloom,
And, drenched with perfume, steals
across the room.
Sweet is the savor of the draught of
sleep
When parched and painted lips drink
long and deep,
O Arisawa, merciful is he
Who made the morn for rest for such
as we!

The sky is white with piling clouds.
Afar,
Pale, passionless, and blue, the morning
star
Burns slowly into sight. The feet that
flagged
In the Niwaka Dance, the arms that
fringed
The measure of the Shio-Kumi, rest—
The tired heart still beats the tired
breast.
O Arisawa, beg the God of Dawn
To set a thousand hours within the
morn!

—ETHEL MORSE.

A MEETING.

Softly she came on twilight from the
dead,
And in the passionate silence of her
look
Was more than man has writ in any
book;
And now my thoughts are restless, and
a dread
Calling them to the Dim Land discom-
forted
Pur down the leafy ways her white
feet took,
Lightly the newly broken roses
shook—
Was it the wind disturbed each rosy
head?

God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
That quiet face? Had it grown old
or young?
Was it sweet memory or sad that
stung?
Her voiceless soul to wander from its
place?
Was the dead find in the Silence—
gone?
Or—dreadful for which there is
no tongue?

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

NOTES.

The Saturday Evening Post guaran-
tees the following to be the latest about
Mark Twain: Mark Twain has been
living quietly in England for some time
now, and were it not that he appeared
to give evidence before a royal com-
mission on the question of copyright,
nearly a soul outside his private and
particular friends would have known
he was there at all. The other even-
ing he was dining at the house of a
friend, and seated next to him was an
American who had only that day
reached England. They were, of course,
talking war, and the newcomer, wishing
to know the feeling of England in the
matter of the future of the Trans-
vaal, asked Mark Twain how he found

sages from new books or journals, and
to engage in lively discussion. It is an
attractive trait in him that, during a
discussion, he pays as much attention
to a young student as to a distinguished
university professor. Quibbling is ab-
horrent to him, and he asks only the can-
dorous and honest. Tolstoy takes the ut-
most pains with his work. His manu-
scripts are written five or six times,
and sometimes he writes whole chap-
ters ten times over before he is satisfied
with them. His corrections are a torture
for compositors, since he fills page after
page with new words and senten-
ces, and also makes numerous care-
ful corrections and alterations. The last
proof shows as much evidence of care-
ful study as the first one, and it is not
too much to say that every line which
he writes is rather wrong from him
than voluntarily given to the printer.

From an old number of Leslie's Week-
ly the following interview with Crane
is quoted, giving an account of his
beginning in literature: "When I was
about sixteen I began to write for the
New York newspapers, and doing cor-
respondence from Asbury Park and other
places. Then I began to write special
articles and short stories for the Sun-
day papers and one of the literary syn-
dicates, reading a great deal in the
meantime and gradually acquiring
style. I decided that the nearer a
writer gets to life the greater he be-
comes as an artist, and most of my
prose writings have been toward the
goal partially described by that mis-
understood and abused word, realism.
Tolstoy is the writer I admire most of
all. I've been a free lance during most
of the time I have been doing literary
work, writing stories and articles about
anything under heaven that seemed to
possess interest and telling them when-
ever I could. It was hopeless work. Of
all human lots for a person of sensibility
that of an obscure free lance in
literature or journalism is, I think,
the most discouraging. It was during
this period that I wrote 'The Red Badge
of Courage.' It was an effort born of
pain—despair, almost, and I believe
that this made it a better piece of
literature than it otherwise would have
been.

So far as any man may be said to
invent anything, Walter Scott invented
the historical novel. His fiction drew
upon life for characters and events,
which he colored and shaped and posed
to serve the ends of a fancied scheme.
Historical personages had been used
before his time, as in those monstrous
and tedious fables classified in the an-
nals of the history of the world, and
many a noble and African prince, and
dreadfully translated, figure in the illu-
minable pages of Gomberville, Calprenede,
and Scudery; the rival families of Gran-
ada, and the Spanish empire in the sup-
posedly authentic chronicles of the
amuse the vast leisure of the ladies
and gentlemen of Louis XIV.'s court by
the same authors. But these authors
took liberties with the originals of their
characters and events, and they were
himself. He did not mind forcing a
civilization in the hot-bed of his fancy,
or transposing the peculiarities of one
epoch to another; but he kept a fairly
good knowledge of his subject, and his
historical characters realize in reason-
able measure the ideal of tradition,
if not of veritable record.

The admirers and friends of the late
Mrs. Oliphant will be glad to learn that
her last written word is now to be pre-
sented through the press of Messrs.
Cassell & Company, New York. 'The
Life and Times of Queen Victoria' is
marked with the high quality of style,
the intellectual force and the
tenderness of feeling that are conspicu-
ous in this charming writer's other
works. Mrs. Oliphant writes from per-
sonal acquaintance with the queen, and
the present work, therefore, we have a dual
interest—the tribute of one great woman
to another. We are indebted to Mr.
Robert Wilson for the latter portion of
the work, which is the most interesting
part—there are twenty-nine in all—and
is artistically gotten up, well illustrated,
and printed on a heavy coated paper.
Persons subscribing for the complete set
will receive, without extra charge, a
Rembrandt Photogravure of the Queen,
17 inches by 12 inches. Six parts are
now ready, and the publishers predict a
large sale, having already received many
subscriptions, although the Life is now
receiving its first American advertisement.

A. L. Stonecypher, of Omaha, an-
nounces that in the fall he will issue the
third edition of 'Charles Curtis' and
'In Cloisters' with many new
poems added. It will be profusely illus-
trated with half tones and handsomely
bound, making a desirable gift book.

Sparking of Southern writers, Prof. F.
W. Wells declares in The Forum that
the literary productivity of the South in
the last few decades is one of the most
striking and interesting facts in the
mental history of our country. He has
his attention to his literary output of
a single year, he writes: Let us see
what the South has done in twelve
months from May, 1899, to May, 1900, in
fiction alone. It is made up of minute
search, and I claim no bibliographical
completeness. But during this year
there has come to my notice the work
of twenty-four Southern writers of nov-
els and short stories. Of the twenty-
four, fourteen are women, who will
account, perhaps, for the fact that there
are but four full-length novels in the
group, the others being stories, long or
short, though many of them fill a vol-
ume. Taken as a whole, the work of
the women must be pronounced to be
as artistic, as strong, as effective and
as bold in its dealing with the social
problems that vex the South as is that
of the men. Perhaps no one in the past
year has given us a character quite so
complete as Mr. Harris' Minerva Ann
of the Chronicles and Plantation Page-
ants, though Mrs. Burnett, with her
Tom De Villoughby, 'Mornin', and 'Mid-
day' is surely not far behind. On the other
hand, no one has treated the psychology
of lynching as effectively as Miss El-
liott, and no one has seen quite so deep
into the racial history of the negro as
Miss Pemberton, in her tragic story of
Stephen the Black, though Mr. Ches-
nut, in 'The Wife of His Youth,' easily
takes the mastery in stating, if not
solving, the puzzling questions that
gather around the status of the negro.
All the characters that I have men-
tioned, save one, are of negro blood.
The African is still, and not unnatu-
rally, the chief source of local color.
But one notices that there is a new
swing in the field of Southern fiction as
well as deepening in intensity in the
handling of its greatest problems.

For Maeterlinck the highest function
of art and of literature lies in the re-
velation of the existence of our hidden
life, in the crystallization in concrete
form of fleeting, intangible truths, in
the making visible that which is can-
not see. Thus art and literature—
should be more intimately concerned
with the mysterious secret instincts of
the soul than with the conceptions of
the intellect, or even with the trivialis-
emotions of the heart. The great poets
of the human race have ever been a
powerful medium through which aver-
age humanity has gained such knowl-
edge of the divine as we have hitherto
acquired.

BOOKS.

'The Human Boy' is pretty much the
same in his essentials in whatever part
of the world he may happen to be, but
surrounding conditions exercise some
influence on his acts and ways. 'The
Human Boy,' as pictured by Edith Phil-
lips, was a boy at a boarding school in
the west of England. In fact, there
were several of them, for the eleven
stories that make up the book purport
to have been written by as many of the
youngsters at Dr. Dunston's establish-
ment from the "cook of the school" to
the smallest "fak," who had not fully

mastered the art of spelling. The
stories of school boy pranks are cap-
tivating and will be enjoyed by
healthy boys, and perhaps still more by
grown men who have not forgotten
their own youth and who can afford to
smile at the juvenile offenses with
the reflection that 'boys will be boys.'
The youngsters at Dr. Dunston's school
in south Devonshire were not such sav-
ages as those at the establishment in
north Devonshire, where Rudyard Kip-
ling's 'Stalky & Co.' were trained
mainly for army or official life in India,
and are the stories of the school expe-
riences and escapades so excessively
slangy, therefore the serious objections
made to the Rudyard Kipling book does
not apply to that of Edith Phillips.
It can be enjoyed without leaving a
single taste in the mouth.

Instead of the narrow confines of an
English school where 'The Human
Boy' of Mr. Phillips lived a some-
what artificial life, with occasional
excursions into the real world, the
stories of 'The Human Boy' take place
in a Kansas village, where 'Piggy'
Pennington and 'Mandy'
Jones, and Bud Perkins, and Jimmy
Sears and the other boys were bar-
reled and shot at in the summer.
'Scrapped' with each other individually
and in mass, had glorious times at the
circus, and had 'affairs' with 'Heart's
Desire,' the 'red-headed Pratt girl,'
and other maidens of the frontier vil-
lage. Mr. Phillips, in his introductory
remarks, pleads the case of the boy be-
fore his elders. He says: 'We have
learned many things in our schools, and
the making of books there has been
no end; so I would that we have
not been so busy to let a boy be a boy,
not let him feel the thrill from the
fresh spring grass under his feet, as
his father felt it before him, and his
father's father, even back to Adam,
who walked with God. There
is a little bit of iron that seems like
boy's blood with the ozone of the earth,
that can come to him by no other way.
Let him run if he will; heaven's air is
a better elixir than any that the el-
chemist can mix.

Hamlin Garland's story of 'Boy Life
on the Prairie' is a large and more
elaborate work. The object aimed at
was a description of farm life in north-
western Iowa, thirty years ago, and
especially as it concerned the boys of a
prairie farm. That life is passing away.
The machinery of that day has already
gone. The methods of haying, harvest-
ing, threshing are quite changed and
the boys of that generation are now
middle aged men with poor memories.
The author of the book disclaims any
intention of so identifying himself with
the boys in it as to give the story an
autobiographical character, yet he says
that the boys of that generation are
now, in the main, middle aged men, and
middle aged men with poor memories.
The author of the book disclaims any
intention of so identifying himself with
the boys in it as to give the story an
autobiographical character, yet he says
that the boys of that generation are
now, in the main, middle aged men, and
middle aged men with poor memories.

Three thousand bronze tablets, con-
taining the records of Rome from the
foundation of the city to the time of
Vespasian, are buried in the marshes
near Ostia, according to Signor Costan-
ti. These tablets, which were saved from
the fire which destroyed the capitol in
the year A. D. 69 and taken to Ostia,
the Italian government to drain the
marshes and hunt for the tablets.

Mrs. Pinkham's Friends

are everywhere.

Every woman knows
some woman friend who
has been helped by Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound. What does
this friend say about it?

Read the letters from
women being published in
this paper. If you are
ailing, don't try experi-
ments. Rely on the rella-
ble.

Mrs. Pinkham's great
medicine has stood with-
out a peer for thirty
years.

Puzzled women write to
Mrs. Pinkham for advice
which she gives without
charge. The advice is
confidential and accurate.
It has helped a million wo-
men. Mrs. Pinkham's
address is Lynn, Mass.

There will be fully illustrated with re-
productions. Some of the finest examples
will be issued as one of the series of the
official publications of the museum.
In his recently published memoirs, Signor
Costanti describes a visit he
paid to Jules Verne, who showed him
a bookcase containing a complete col-
lection of his books, eighty in all, be-
sides translations of many of them into
European languages, as well as
Arabic and Japanese. 'And yet,' said
Verne, 'I owe my prosperity not to those
books but to the dramatizations of some
of them.'

Three thousand bronze tablets, con-
taining the records of Rome from the
foundation of the city to the time of
Vespasian, are buried in the marshes
near Ostia, according to Signor Costan-
ti. These tablets, which were saved from
the fire which destroyed the capitol in
the year A. D. 69 and taken to Ostia,
the Italian government to drain the
marshes and hunt for the tablets.

A TIME OF ACTION.

The time has come when we should
pull ourselves together and see what
can be done to redeem our age in the
eyes of posterity, or, better, to save
posterity from the evil results of our
own actions. We seem to have departed
from the simplest rules of health by
which ordinarily sane men and com-
munities should govern themselves.
We are nervous and irritable. We are
suspicious and quarrelsome. A state
of war exists in every clime. Nations
and individuals alike who should be at
peace with each other are snarling and
snapping angrily in each other's face.
Opportunities for the demonstration of
high and honorable motives are being
prostituted to ignoble uses. Persons
high in power, either in statecraft or
in industry, are blind and arrogant.
Masses of toilers are restless and im-
possible, and in many instances ver-
ging upon riot. Mob violence prevails
in many communities, and is met with
a lethargic indifference by the guard-
ians of the public peace that is ap-
palling—in short, the whole world is in
that tense state which gives promise
of some fearful social convulsion, which
must soon eventuate unless there is
quickly discovered some remedy by
which disaster may be averted.—Har-
per's Weekly.

It Saved His Baby.

'My baby was terribly sick with the
diarrhea, we were unable to cure him
with the doctor's assistance, and as a
last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy,'
says Mr. J. H. Donk, of Williams, Ore.
'I am happy to say it gave immediate
relief and a complete cure.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

'Presence of mind and a few buckets
of water'—these are the two desiderata
in case of fire; at least so we are told
by a writer in the Paris Cosmos (April
25.) The former is a matter partly of
temperament and partly of training;
the latter every one may and should
have on hand. The writer does not be-
lieve the dependence can be placed on
chemical extinguishers or hand-gren-
ades, although both have long good
service. The great thing is to realize
that much may be done to extinguish
a fire by ordinary methods in a few
seconds, and that these few seconds of
crisis are almost always at one's dis-
posal, no matter how imminent the
danger. Says the writer:

'In fire, the danger, immediate
though it may seem, is never instan-
taneous. There are always a few min-
utes in which to seek for a means of
safety.
'Take a few examples: A woman's
hair takes fire; she seizes a towel,
wraps it around her head, and then,
running rapidly to the bath-room, puts
her head under the faucet. She will
escape with very slight burns. You are
cleaning your gloves with benzine, and
it catches fire. If the gloves are on
your hands, it will be sufficient to wrap
them in the folds of your dress or to
throw them under a rug or cushion.
The flames will go out at once for lack
of air.

'Suppose you have committed the
great imprudence of filling a kerosene
lamp while it is still hot, the kerosene
has taken fire, the lamp has fallen, and
the flames leap up to the ceiling. Pull
down the curtains as quickly as you can
and remove any inflammable furniture
that is near, then throw wet cloths on
the flames to smother them. Never
throw water on burning oil; it floats
on the water; but when it has ceased
to run and burns in separate spots,
water may be used to extinguish the
burning objects.

'A certain takes fire: Remove the
furniture at once, draw the curtain to
one side, and taking a wet cloth on a
boom, beat the curtain with it. You
can thus easily put out a fire that
might have become serious.

'Going at night into a closet with a
lighted candle, you set fire to a dress.
Do not try to pull it out; you will only
increase the flames. Stop at the door,
quickly and go for pails of water which
you can throw in after opening the
door again. You will perhaps save
some of your clothes, and at any rate
you will prevent the destruction of
your house.

'When the clothes that you are wear-
ing take fire, it is the most elementary
prudence not to run, and not to open
a window to call for help; this only adds
the flames. You should simply roll on
the floor and try to smother with part

of your dress the portions that are
burning.
'Often an incipient blaze can be very
easily put out. Various forms of ap-
paratus have been invented to assist
in such cases. They are of two kinds:
'One kind contains chemical sub-
stances which produce, when mixed by a
simple movement, carbonic acid gas.
This gas exerts pressure on the water
in the apparatus, which it projects to
a distance. The capacity of such ex-
tinguishers is limited to about six gal-
lons. Besides this, their employment is
difficult, and at the moment when you
want to use them the stopcocks may be
frozen so that they will not turn.
'Such kinds of water placed where they
can easily be reached by the watchmen
are of greater value; grenades are also
used in many establishments. Here is
what M. Pelletier Michotte, an engineer
who has written an interesting book on
the subject, has to say of these.
'Grenades are glass bottles contain-
ing a liquid which, either in contact
with the fire or when the bottle breaks,
gives off non-combustible gases that
produce a sort of artificial cloud, pre-
venting the access of air to the burn-
ing objects. One of these liquids is
made by dissolving twenty pounds of
cooking salt and ten of sal ammoniac
in eight gallons of water.

'This is all very well in theory,
but practically it does not always work.
The grenade must be thrown exactly on
to one side, and there will be no result.
But this is not all; there is real dan-
ger. In the Charity Bazaar fire there
were grenades hanging along the wall;
these, under the action of the fire, burst
and gave rise to choking clouds that
added the flames in their work of de-
struction and prevented the victims from
seeing their way.

'Means of defense that are at every
one's disposal are: pails of water, the
use of moist mops and brooms, earth
and sand, and wet cloths thrown on the
flames.

The author does not believe in the
use of paints or stains that are sup-
posed to make wood or cloth incom-
bustible. Although these, he says, have
a certain amount of usefulness in the
case of small fires, the writer seri-
ously doubts if they are really so effec-
tively as they are advertised. They are
not or are the substances to which they
are applied. Asbestos paint is abso-
lutely ineffective. Powdered asbestos
is combustible, but no more so than
the ordinary substances used in paints.
As for wooden casings or walls, no sub-
stance applied in layers of greater or
less thickness can possibly resist a fire
that soaks, brick and cement cannot
stand. In conclusion, the writer says:
'Notwithstanding this, simple, pre-
cautions will enable us to prevent a
conflagration in most cases. With pres-
ence of mind and a few buckets of wa-
ter, most fires may be put out even be-
fore the arrival of the fire engines.'
Translation made for The Literary Di-
gest.

Doing "stunts."

That seems to be the case with the
women who are washing in the old way.
You can stand on your head, for instance.
Almost everyone could do it, if it were
necessary or desirable. But standing on
the feet is more natural and more sensible
—and easier. So with soap and
Pearline. Everyone can wash with
soap—many do. But washing with
Pearline is easier and more sensible.
The hard work of soap is neither
necessary nor desirable. Everyone

should give up the use of soap and should use Pearline.
Look Out Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, 'this is as good as' or 'the same as' Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—and it back. JAMES FYLE, New York.

TRUNK FACTORY.
OLIVER R. MEREDITH,
Dealer in and Repairer of Bicycles and Trunks.
29 E. First Street.

"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE
REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU
SAPOLIO

You Must Sit Down!

ON WHAT? That is the question. You don't want
to sit on the floor or roost with the chickens. You don't want to
entertain your friends that way either. There's no need for it, you can
rest comfortably and safe in one of our DINING CHAIRS, ROCKING
CHAIRS, RECLINING CHAIRS OR PARLOR COUCHES. All styles.

You Are Tired

Of all that Old Furniture in the house. "Oh! but I can't afford to
buy anything new," you say. Come to us and we will make the
question of pay an easy one. Don't go on thinking you must be de-
prived of all the comforts of life.

THE "STAR ESTATE" RANGE IS THE BEST COOKER AND BAKER
IN THE WORLD.

CO-OP FURNITURE CO.,
31-37 South Main Street.