COUNSEL.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend fare-But for one night though that fare-

well should be-Press than his hand in thine; how can'st thou tell How far from thee

Fate or Caprice 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

egain. Parting at best, is underlaid with

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-Fate goeth, tool

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

-M. E. M. DAVIS.

attractive trait in him that during a discussion, he pays as much attention to a young student as to a gray-haired university professor. Quibbiling is ab-horrent to him, and he asks only can-dor and honesty. Tolstoy takes the ut-most pains with his work. His manu-scripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chap-ters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a tor-ture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and son-tences, and also makes numerous erastences, and also makes numerous eras-ures and other 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 wrung 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, doing corres-

sages from new books or journals, and

to engage in lively discussion. It is an attractive trait in him that during a

pondence 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. ates, reading a great deal in the meantime and gradually acquiring a style. I decided that the nearer a writer gets to life the greater he be-comes as an artist, and most of my press writers. prose writings have been toward the goal partially described by that misunderstood 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 than seemed to possess interest, and selling them wher ever I could. It was hopeless work. Of all human lots for a person of sensiall human lots for a person of schal-bility 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 Rod Badge of Courage. It was an effort born of pain-despair, atmost; and I believe that this made it a better piece of literature. As a the atter piece of iterature than it otherwise would have

So far as any man may be said to invent anything, Walter Scott invented the historical novel. His flotfon drew upon life for characters and events, which he colored and shaped and posed to serve the ends of a fincled scheme. Historical personages had been used before his time, as in those monstrous and tedious fables classified in the an-nals of fiction as the heroical romancer. public sentiment in England regarding nais of fiction as the heroical romances. Many Asian and African princes, wondrougly translated, figure in the illimit-able pages of Gomberville, Caiprenade, and Seuderi; the rival families of Granfind the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating, Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath and scuttern the service in the sup-positious Spanish chonicles, were made to amuse the vast leisure of the ladies and gentlemen of Louis XIV's court by Due those suffer taken away. Blessed be the name of the same authors. But these authors took liberties with the originals of their creations such as Scott never allowed himself. He did not mind forcing a civ-Charles Frederic Goss, new novel. The Redemption of David Corson, seems destined to be one of the strik-ing aucesses of the next few months. Mr. Goss is a native of the State of New York, having been born in the town of Meriden in June, 1852. His first literary work consisted of a series of avtides which supervised in the Circles llization in the hot-bed of his fancy, or transposing the peculiarities of one epoch to another; but he kept a fairly good conscience as to personality, and his historical characters realize in reaarticles which appeared in the Cincin-nati Commercial-Tribune under the cuption The Optimist, and which atsonable measure the ideal of tradition,

The admirers and friends of the late Mrs. Oliphant will be glad to learn that Mrs. Orphant will be giad to learn that her last written word is now to be pre-cented through the press of Messrs, Cassell & Company, New York. The Life and Times of Queen Victoria is marked with all the literary charm of style, the intellectual force and the tenderness of feeling that are consplcu-one in this charming writer's other The definition of the last fourteen years the editor for the last fourteen years the editor of one of the large London illustrated weekly journals has written an annual letter to W. S. Gilbert, of Pinafore and parts-there are twenty-nine in all-and

if not of veritable record.

mastered the art of spelling. The stories of school boy pranks are cap-itally told and will be enjoyed by healthy boys, and perhaps still more by grown men who have not forgotten grown men who have not forgotten their own youth and who can afford to smile at venial 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 Hudyard Kip-ling's "Stalky & Co." were trained mainly for army or official life in India, nor are the stories of their school exmainly for army or official life in India, nor are the stories of their school ex-periences and escapades so excessively slangy, therefore the serious objections made to the Rudyard Kipling book does not apply to that of Eden Philpotis. It can be enjoyed without leaving a gritty taste in the moath. Instead of the narrow confines of an English school where "The Human Boy" of Mr. Philpotis lived a some-what artificial life, with occasional ebuilitions of mild lawlessness. William

builitions of mild lawlessness, Willian Allen White in "The Court of Boyville" takes his renders to a Kansas village where "Piggy" Pennington and "Mealy Jones, and Bud Perkins, and Jimm Sears and the other boys went bare legged and tousleheaded in summer "scrapped" with each other individually and in mass, had glorious times at the circus, and had "affairs" with "Heart" Desire," the "red-beaded Pratt girl," lage. Mr. White, in his introductory lage. Mr. White, 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 a is odd that we have not learned to let a buy be a buy. Why not let him feel the thrill from the fresh spring grass under his feet, as ins father felt it before him, and hi father's father, even back to Adam who walked thus with God. Ther is a theture of iron that seeps into boy's blood with the azone of the warth, 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 elchemist can mix.

Hamiln 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 norths ern Iowa thirty years ago, especially as it concerned the boys on a prairie farm. That life is passing away. The machinery of that day has already gone. The methods of having harvesting, 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 he plowed and sowed, bound grain on a station, herded cuttle, speared fish, hunted prairie chickens and killed rattiesnakes, quite in the manner he has described as having been done by the boys in the story. The book, he says, is as faithful and as accurate as his memory and literary skill can make it, and he expresses the hope that it may prove sufficiently appealing to the men of his generation to enable them to re-live with him "the splendid days of the unbroken prairie lands of northern lowa." The story is fully illustrated.

In New York the literary atoms, so to speak, have not yet coalesced into an atmosphere. They are too few, too scattered, too driven apart by varying interests and influences, for any great concerted effect, however brilliant in-dividually. Each floats in more or less glittering isolation. The men and wo-men who have won distinction in the making of literature are not propor-tionately so numerous in New York as n London, and are more overshadowed by those who have won distinction in by those who have won distinction in other fields. Moreover, New York is not the literary metropolis of the nation in the sense that London is. She has ri-vals in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago-even, it would seem of late, in Indiana, polis. Each of these cities is more or less of a publishing center, drawing off from New York some surgedulls for m New York some appreciable porconcentration and cherishing with might come to form a literary atmos-phere. New York is, of course, the chief of the literary centres in America, More successful authors are to be found here than in any other city on the continent; but they have no background of tradition to support them. They seem like new-comers, as, indeed, they usual-iy are, and one does not feel that the homes which they make here are per-manent. Apartment houses and Harlem ent houses and Harlem flats can hardly pe to become shrines for the worship the literary pligrim All is fluctuatio ere, and restlessness If one goes away or a year, and on his eturn wants the ddress of this or that istinguished author, one must go to author's publisher to the distinguishe nd it; for it is odds but the apartments ately dedicated the scintillating line are now occupies by a haberdasher London has drawn to herself, for tury after century, all the literary life of the nation. Every man of letters that Great Britain produces, though he may choose to eat or sleep at Land's End or John o' G oat's (is tied by many ondon. As a rule, he vital bonds to L comes to live so near as to form throbbing factor in the literary life London. If his house is in the province s, he is sure to have a regular Londo or a club ddress-rooms And such iddress is pretty likely to be permanent The English man of letters howeve much he may wander up and down the earth, does not rome at ease unless he knows there is a fixed place to go back to, where he left them. Such a homing-place, long occupied, gathers person-ality. London is so full of these places that their flavor tells. The difference between the literary osphere of London and that of New York may fairly be exemplified by the difference between the Authors' Club of London and the Authors' Club of New York. If anywhere at all in New York, what literary atmosphere we have is to be breathed in the little coterie of brilliant writers and good fellows which had its local habitation and its name In the Carnegie building. This club does a good work, prospers, and is pecu-liarly admirable for the same, large-hearted, manly spirit which pervades it for its freedom of intrigue and petty calousy. But, inexplicable, it lacks that atmosphere which draws men to a club as a part of their daily routine. The members sather pretty regularly to their fortnightly suppers, which are the perfection of informal good-fellow-ship, and a delight to the favored vis-itor. But for the rest of the time the rooms are little used. For thirteen days out of the fortnight their atmosphere is that of solitude-excellent for work, but not of social import,

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ume will be fully lilustrated with reproductions. 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 Edmond de Amisic describes a visit he paid to Jules Verne, who showed him bookcase containing a complete col-ction of his books, eighty in all, beides translations of many of them into nost European languages, as well Arabic and Japanese. "And yet," sold Verne"I owe my prosperity not to these books but to the dramatizations of some

Three thousand bronze tablets, containing the records of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Vespasian, are buried in the marshes near Ostin, according to Signor Costanino Maes, an Italian archæologist. They were saved from the fire which des-troyed the capitol in the year A. D. 69 and taken to Ostia. Signor Maes wants the Italian government to drain the marshes and hunt for the tablets,



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 same men and communities should govern themselves. We are nervous and irritable. We are suspicious and quarrelsome. A stati New York some appreciable por-of those precious particles which and individuals alike who should be at peace with each other are snarling an snapping angrily in each other's fai Opportunities for the demonstration (high and honorable motives are being prostituted to ignoble uses. Person high in power, either in statecraft or in industry, are blind and arrogant, Masses of tollers are restless and im-possible, and in many instances verg-ing upon riot. Mob violence prevails in many communities, and is met with lethargic indifference by the guardlans of the public peace that is appair ing-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 .- Harper's Weekly,

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

Presence of mind and a few buckets [of your dress the portions that are of water - these are the iwo desiderata

ions. Besides this, their mechanism is deficute, and at the moment when you want to use them the stopcocks may be

gives off non-combustible gases that

a sort of artificial cloud, pre-

19

of water --these are the two desiderata in case of fire, at least so we are ted by a writter in the Paris Cornes Chieff 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 doex not be, leve the dependence can be nhard or chemical extinguishers or hand-green-ales, allhough both have long good actions. They are of two kinds: service. The great thing is to ranke that much may be done to extinguish a fire by ordinary methods in a few functed so that they will not turn, a fire by ordinary methods in a few secrids, and that these few seconds of "Buckets of water placed where they can castly be reached by watchmen are aruce are alread always of one's disposal, no matter how imminent the

of greater value; grenades are also used in many establishments. Here is what M. Fellelen Michotte, an engineer who has written an interesting book on danger. Says the writer: "In frees, the danger, immediate though it may seem, is never instan-taneous. There are always a few minhe subject, has to say of these: ""Greendes are glass bottles containing a liquid which, either in contact with the fire or when the bottle breaks utes in which to seek for a means of

"Take a few examples: A woman's "Take a few examples: A woman's hair takes fire; she selzes 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 burne. You are cleaning your gloves with benzin, and it catches fire. If the gloves are on your bands, it will be sufficient to wrap them in the folds of your dress or to thrust them under a rug of a cushion. The flames will go out at once for lack ment the most skilful will throw it to ust them under a rug or a cuahlon. The fire. Now, in a moment of excite-ment the most skilful will throw it to

The flames will go out at once for lack of alr "Suppose you have committed the great imprudence of filling a kerosene hans taken fire, the lamp has fallen, and the flames leap up to the celling. Pull down the curtains as quickly as you can and remove any inflammable furniture that is mar; then throw was cloths on the flames to smother them. Nover 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 burgling oblight.

to run and burns in separate spois, water may be used to extinguish the burning objects. "A curtain takes fire: Remove the furniture at once, draw the curtain to one side, and taking a wet cloth on a broom, beat the curtain with it. You care thus easily nut cuit a fire that

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 damage. Shut the door quickly and go for palls of water which 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-"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 aids the fames. You should simply roll on the fames. You should simply roll on Tran the floor and try to smother with part gest.

Doing "stunts."

less thickness can possibly resist a fire that stone, 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-

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

Look 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-send it back. should give up the use of soap and should use Pearline. 54

DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1900.

"GEISHAS ENJOYING THE BREEZES."

The guests have gone, and the last lantern light Has spei its smoke-wraith on the sea night.

High high and sharp, the echoes of our Hang from the edges of the swinging

fongs; Now on dead air the fumes of sake

And pleasure slowly fades from lan-

guid eyes. O Ariwara, draw the screens aside; Turn the long hasp, and throw the lattice widel

Cool, cool and fresh, the breeze of midnight blows Through iris-beds of which the river

It stirs the blossoms of the cheery

And, drenched with perfume, steals Beross the room. Sweet is the savor of the draught of

sleep When parched and painted lips drink

long and deep. Ariwara, merciful is He

Who made the morn for rest for such as wel

The sky is white with pilling clouds.

Pale, passionless, and blue, the morning

Burns slowly into sight. The feet that flagged In the Niwaka Dance, the arms that

dragged The measure of the Shio-Kumi, rest-

The tired heart still beats the tired O Ariwara, beg the God of Dawn

To set a thousand hours within the

-ETHEL MORSE.

A MEETING.

boftly she came on twillight from the And in the passionate silence of her

Was more than man has writ in any

And now my thoughts are restless, and

a dread Calls them to the Dim Land discom-Far down the leafy ways her white

Lightly the newly broken roses

Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?

led! was it joy or sorrow in her face-Tha! quiet face? Had it grown old

or young? Was it sweet memory or sad that

Her voiceless soul to wander from its

What do the dead find in the Silence-

Or endless grief for which there is not tongue? -EDWIN MARKHAM.

NOTES.

The Saturday Evening Post guaran-tes the following to be the latest about Mark Twain: Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time w and were it not that he appeared give evidence before a royal com-insing on the question of copyright, arcely a soul outside his private and ricular friends would have known was there at all. The other even-g he was dining at the house of a and and contract of the source of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day ached England. They were, of course alking 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

Bob Ballads fame, for a Christmas story. For fourteen years Mr. Gilbert has annually replied through his secre-tary that "Mr. Gilbert regretted that he would be unable to comply with the request, as Mr. Glibert was not writing anything for serial publication." Last year the patient editor wrote his fifteenth letter, and this time the answer came in the author's own handwriting. It was to the effect that Mr. Gilbert would send him a Christ-mas story. Therefore, just after the holidays of last winter, work was begun, and now the manuscript has been turned in

the independence of the republics. "Well," said the genial humorist, "I

Charles Frederic Goss, new novel,

caption the optimist, and which at-tracted wide attention when published in book form. After this followed The Philopolist or city lover—a word of Mr. Goss' coinage—then a volume of es-says called Hits and Misses, and in January, 1900, a life of D. L. Moody, with whom he had been on terms of intimate followishin for years. The Re-

intimate friendship for years. The Re-demption of David Corson is his first

long story. It is notable for its strength and vivid imagery and its comment

of the secret springs of life is convinc-ing and is filled with ripe wisdom.

the lord.

It will appear next winter both in England and America. Since the appearance of Tolstoy's new book, Resurrection, public interest as regards his personality has been re-Tolstoy's house, where he lives newed.

during the greater part of the year, is a plain frame building which belongs to one of his sons. Every evening it is filled with visitors. A servant asks each visitor whether he desires to see the count or the counters, and if the former the visitor is conducted through the large salon, up a narrow staircase to the count's workroom, or study. This is a small, narrow room, with very broad windows. In one window is a plain desk, and the only other articles of furniture are a broad, old-fashioned divan, a couple of armchairs, and a k case, which contains only works of reference, as the count considers his Moscow residence as merely a make-shift, and therefore keeps his library

at his country home at Jassnaya Pol-jard. During the evening Toistoy likes to read to his friends in the study pas-

There is no more trying work than the weaver's, Added to the confinement, the heat and the impure air, there is often an amount of phys-

ical exertion which seems in-0 credible. In the L'manufacture of plush, for example, those who cut the pile have to walk about thirty miles a day And with every step of that

thirty miles " they breathe in vitiated air filled with particles of dust, poisonous coloring matter and other substances, irritating to the throat and lungs. It is no wonder that so many mill

hands have an obstinate cough or that so many of them die of "lung trouble." It is to operatives whose work makes them peculiarly liable to lung disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as a priceless boon. It positively cures deep seated and obstinate coughs, bronchial affections, bleeding of

the lungs, and other diseases which if neglected lead to consumption.

The range, and other diseases which if neglected load to consumption.
"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down." writes Mrs Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Caivert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room, without pains in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had huig trouble and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I bought a bettle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' taok it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription, which I did. Allogrether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' uselve of the 'Pavorite Prescription, and five vials of 'Pellets.' I am sow minust entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can rus with more ease than I could formerly acid."
You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge. He will care-other sources of the source of

absolutely without charge. He will care-fully consider your condition, and write you fully, giving you familiar, fatherly advice as well as medical direction. Your letter will be held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

is artistically gotten up, well illustrated, and printed on a heavy coated paper. The price of each part is twenty cents ersons 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 advertising.

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

Spaking of Southern writers, Prof. B. 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 nation. Confining his attention to hte literary output of a single year, he writes: Let us see what the South has done in twelve months from May, 1889, to May, 1909, in fiction alone. I have made no 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 twentyfour, fourteen are women, which will account, perhaps, for the fact that there are but four full-grown novels in the group, the others being stories, long or group, the others being stories, long or stort, 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' Minervy Ann of the Chronicles and Plantation Page-ants, though Mre. Burnett, with her

ants, though Mrs. Burnett, with her Tom De Willoughby, Mornin', and Mat, 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 nito the racial feeling of the negro as Miss Pemberton, in her tragle story of Stephen the Black, though Mr. Chest-nutt, 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 mulatto All the characters that I have men-The African is still, and not unna-jurally, the chief source of local color. But one notices that there is a broadening 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 rev-elation of the existence of our hidden life, in the crystallization in concrete form of fleeting, impalpable truths, in the making visible that which we can-not say. Thus art and literature no not see. Thus art and literature-no distinction can be drawn between them -should be more intimately concerned with the mysterious secret instincts of the soul than with the conceptions of the intellect, or even with the primary emotions of the heart. The great poets

human race have ever been a of the powerful medium through which aver-age humanity has gained such knowledge 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 Eden Phil-potts, 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 "cock of the school" to ment, from the "cock of the school" to portant critical work on the early his the smallest "fag," who had not fully tory of engraving in England. The vol-

The Author's Club of London, on the ther hand, though its regular dinner meetings are perhaps, as a rule, less gay and spontaneous attractive than the fortnightly gatherings at the Carne-gle, and though its rooms are much less cheerful than those of our own club, attains, nevertheless, the atmos-phere which we miss. It is certainly a little heavy, on the whole; but it has an all of removements and draws to it dr of permanence, and draws one to it f but for a moment in the afternoon, to read, to write, to discuss the latest with some congenial spirit who is quite sure to be there at the proper time. It is a club to use, as a daily familiar thing; and its atmosphere, if not unduly exhil-arating, is of the craft.

The widow of F. O. C. Darley, the popular illustrator and artist of fifty and thirty years ago, has presented to the New York public library a large number of the wood engravings of his innerstant description and with the important drawings, and with them other productions, among which are 100 bank note vignettes from his drawings. Sidney Colvin, keeper of the depart-ment of prints and drawings in the British museum, is engaged on an im

It Saved His Baby,

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Describer and a second and a

