



NOTES.

Mr. Doyle intends to put on paper his impressions of the typical inhabitants of our cities—Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and some notable places. Much fun and some notable pathos will no doubt enter these sketches. They are to appear in McClure's Magazine.

It is now announced that the title of the novel upon which Joel Chandler Harris has been at work for several years will be "Gabriel Tolliver," and the publication is begun in the new Philadelphia monthly, The Era, the January number containing the opening chapters.

Mr. Harris begins his tale among the scenes of his childhood before the war, and this part of the book is marked by passages of poetic sentiment and by his vein of genuine humor. The story passes over several years, and develops in the time of reconstruction, which is a period of so much trouble and turmoil. His narrative is in the nature of a novel, and is told from the viewpoint of his own family.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



Not many of the friends of that well-known and popular couple, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spencer, will recognize their faces in this pair of half-tones. The pictures are theirs, however, as they looked in childhood, who shall say how many years ago. Mr. Spencer is appearing at the Salt Lake Theater this afternoon and evening as the old beau in "Martha," and is so well known as an amateur actor and singer, as to need no words of introduction to our public.

Most risen from the gutter, he has been supplying plays whose keynote is the artistic. It is due to him that foreign dramatists have been introduced upon the French stage. In his own country, Hauptmann, and just recently Suder, have been brought before the Parisian public. The odds were heavy against him but he has won out.

The breach of friendship between Ibsen and Bjornson has been patched up. This is doubtless due in some part to the declining health and serious illness of Ibsen. But it is due also to the fact that the children of the two great Norwegians have intermarried, and they are each grandfather of the same child.

A report from Paris announces that M. Rostand's speech before the French Academy will be delivered in verse. The French comment is not especially favorable.

The celebration of the birthday of the seventh birthday of Wilhelm Raabe brought out the fact how little merit stands for. For forty years Raabe has been writing novels, short stories and poems. In his own country he is ranked with the names of its greatest writers. The Prussian government has had an edition of his works placed in all public schools. Yet this author is scarcely more than a name here, and only the scholarly could give him the titles of more than two of his books. It looks like the old problem of the "successful novel" and the "literary novel."

Miss Marie Corelli has been having a lot of trouble. She has a suit for libel against The Times of London and has been writing to the Chronicle letters of protest and justification. The lady seems to have a deal of trouble and of advertising.

Mr. Pinero's new play Iris is on the lines of The Sign of the Cross. The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. In dramatic revelations, he said to her: "Madam, this peculiarly developed power of expression, which denotes power of expression, proclaims for you a wonderful success in literature, but in the years to come, you will write a romance—a romance so great the most powerful vivisection can find no flaws in it nor in your hero."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale will be 81 years of age next April, but he appears to be as vigorous in body and keen in intellect as he was a score of years ago. He is seen frequently on the streets of Boston, and his voice is often heard at public gatherings. His pen, too, is extremely busy, but his writings are confined principally to magazine articles, etc. Dr. Hale has published a volume, The Works, published by Little, Brown & Co., consisting of ten interesting volumes. His famous story, "The Man Without a Country," is one of the classics which is ever in demand.

From Bucharest comes the startling news that the train of letters has fallen into such disrepair that the leading contemporary writers have been compelled to open beer-saloons in order to take out a livelihood. One of them, Caragiale, a popular Roumanian playwright, was recently called upon for a speech at the conclusion of the play at the National Theater. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your applause, but I won't keep here, my dear friends, neither, my dear friends, will I give you material support, come across the street to my saloon and have a drink." It is recorded that the entire audience took the hint, and that the playwright has since been constantly cavilling at the underlings of his country who find this condition of affairs interesting, when compared with the present conditions in the New York City. One of our play-acting men, a man still in the early thirties, has already amassed a fortune which is said to reach six figures. The theater of some of our popular operas has grown so well-to-do from his royalties

ties that he is not only enabled to live in ease and elegance, but he has accumulated, at great expense, perhaps the finest collection of literary memorabilia in this country. We sympathize heartily with Caragiale and his Roumanian friends, but there seems a course more congenial than saloon-keeping which is still open to them. Let them learn English and come to America.

Original editions of Blake's Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience, sold the other day in London for £250. The books are of course very rare and are as valuable from an artistic standpoint as from a literary one.

Dr. George Brandes, the great Danish critic, has issued his first volume on The Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. The book, entitled The Emigrant Literature, deals mainly with what might be called the school of Rousseau. Dr. Brandes writes always with discrimination, thoughtfulness and enthusiasm. His Shakespeare edition has ranked among the keenest of living critics, and the most distinguished.

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THE ESQUIMO

The Esquimo eats blubber
The lumbermen eat pork
These people are constantly
exposed to cold and physical
strain. Experience has taught
them that fatty foods give
warmth and nourishment.

For those who have cold
and thin bodies, or are threat-
ened with consumption or any
wasting disease, there is no fat
in so digestible and palatable a
form as Scott's Emulsion.
Physicians prescribe it.

We'll send you a little to try. If you like,
SCOTT & BOWNE, 204 Pearl Street, New York.

It is again has a slap at the romantic
and the sentimental. It is remarkable
how few "love scenes" there are in
Pinero's later work.

Graham Balfour's life of his cousin,
Robert Louis Stevenson, offers little
that is new and much that is enjoyable.
The facts of Stevenson's life have been
done amply justice by Sidney Colvin
and a dozen others. Nevertheless Mr.
Balfour's book possesses charm and
freshness.

Some of the scenes of Miss Beatrice
Harraden's new novel will be laid in
Norway, where she has been spending
several months.

A twenty volume edition of Samuel
Richardson's works has recently come
from press. It is rather remarkable

like being well off without a taste for
music or artichokes.—The Last of the
Knickerbockers.

Wherever a man strays aside from
the beaten path, there he finds the devil
waiting for him.—The Red Seeker.

One should not pay attention to
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There are few lives without that de-
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Confessions of a Caricaturist.

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Vener is misleading, for at heart
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Marriage is a sacrament or it is
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Saints and martyrs
Perhaps ain't rife—
The woods ain't full—
But, bet yer life,
I know one—
An' that's my wife.

—With Lead and Line.

Completed Proverbs.

"Before you run in double harness,
look well to the other horse," but see
to it that the other horse doesn't have
a chance to look well at you.

"Pity is akin to love," but kinship
does not always signify friendship.

"It is hard to pay for bread that has
been eaten," but not so hard as to get
bread to eat that has not been paid for.

"Only that which is honestly got is
gain"—the rest is solvent.

"Labor overcometh all things," even
the laborer.

"Employment brings enjoyment,"
when it brings the means to enjoy.

"A wise man is moved from his
course neither by force nor entreaty,"
but the same often applies to a mule.

"Possession is nine points of law,"
and frequently all the profits.

"Every man for himself, and the devil
take the hindmost"—the cry of those
who are well in front.

"In matters of taste there can be
no dispute," for every man is so firmly
convinced that there is no standard by
which his taste can be measured.

"Whatever is best administered is
best" for the one who administers.

"Ignorance is the mother of im-
pudence," no father is named.

"I am not a man who will make his
face red," but what if his face be
made of the same metal?

"Let a child have his will and it will
not cry," but its parents will.

January Era.

HIS HOME IN TREE TOPS.

When the friends of 14-year-old Ralph
B. Cobb of River Forest, Ill., say of him
that he is "up a tree," they have no in-
tention of impugning his judgment or
the clearness of his perceptions. They
merely mean that he is a "tree-topper."

For Ralph B. Cobb was "up a tree"
—up in the tops of two of them, rather—
much of the time the past summer.

A regular "house in the treetops"
has been built for the boy by his grand-
father and father, and in this house
the boy may be said to live practically
during most of the warm weather.

A bright boy is Ralph B. Cobb, and
numerous in some ways. One of these
ways was indicated last summer when
the boy displayed a great longing to
drive a grocery wagon during his long
vacation. When after one or two seri-
ous accidents he was rescued from this
termination, his father, Thomas A.
Cobb of Chicago and River Forest, as-
sured a paternal veto against any more
waggon driving. Ralph B. Cobb gave ut-
terance to his next greatest ambition.

"If I could have a house in a tree I
wouldn't mind not working," he de-
clared, and the house was built.

The treetop house, which is neatly
painted to match the Cobb residence,
is shaded by the large boughs of the
two big trees which support it, and is
neatly paneled inside with posters and
colored pictures. Electric light bulbs,
Japanese lanterns, flags and any num-
ber of decorative and artistic
souvenirs make the place really attrac-
tive. A fur rug and cushioned seats
add to the air of comfort. Outside are
the wires of the telegraphic service, by
means of which Ralph and his father
and Arthur Jurgens, exchange tele-
graphic communications, and the ar-
rangements necessary for the control-
ling of the railroad semaphores placed
on the edge of the treetop house.

Ralph's 9-year-old sister Stella and her
girlish comrade, the 8-year-old sister of
Arthur Jurgens, find the treetop house
a most delightful place to play in, and
picnics, parties and all manner of tree-
top diversions are enjoyed with the as-
sistance of the treetop house, by nearly
all the children of the neighborhood.

Old members and friends of the Cobb
family are by no means averse to mak-
ing pleasant use of the treetop house
also, upon occasion. Mr. Cobb, Ralph's
father, declares that it is a delightful
place to sleep in.

No Place for Gossip.

In a volume called "Social Celebri-
ties" by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Rivers,
published in England, is a story told
by Cardinal Wiseman, who had a
great fund of Irish anecdotes. A
rough Irish lad entered the confes-
sional of a priest, and hinted at sa-
guinary revolutions. "What a murder
it is, ye man?" "Indeed an' it is, father,
and a many of them. What, father,
now, if it might be a matter of six
or eight?" He recounted a gruesome
list. "I don't think of any more," he
briefly said. "Indeed an' it is, father,
what were all those people?" sternly
demanded the confessor. "Well, father,
they was just taxgatherers." "Tax-
gatherers, is it, ye say?" exclaimed the
priest; "why didn't ye tell that at
first? There was no need to be tak-
in' up me time; ye don't come here to
gossip; ye come to confess yer sins."

"I thought you guaranteed that suit
of underwear you sold me not to
shrink," said the customer who en-
tered the store and stood in a somewhat
cramped attitude. "I did," replied the
merchant. "I brought it back," said
the customer in evident embarrassment,
"but I got caught out in the rain and
can't get it off."—Ohio State
Journal.

DO NOT DELAY.

The longer you delay in giving your
weak stomach the aid it requires, the
more serious becomes your condition.
Obtain a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters at once, as it is the best medi-
cine in the world for stomach com-
plaints. It will tone up the system,
steady the nerves and cure Belching,
Flatulence, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and
Malaria, Fever and Ague.

Miss Dickinson's volume is published
by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Wit and Wisdom from New Books.
There is no advantage in being poor
if you can't be common. It would be

like being well off without a taste for
music or artichokes.—The Last of the
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Wherever a man strays aside from
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Saints and martyrs
Perhaps ain't rife—
The woods ain't full—
But, bet yer life,
I know one—
An' that's my wife.

—With Lead and Line.

IRRITABLE WOMEN

Should be Pitied — Not Blamed —
Men Don't Understand How They
Suffer When They Cry, "Oh, Don't
Speak to Me."

All manner of extravagant expressions are possible when a woman's
nerves are overwrought.

The spasm at the top of the wind pipe or bronchial tubes, "ball
rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart, laughing and crying
by turns, muscular spasms (throwing the arms about), frightened by the
most insignificant occurrences — are all symptoms of a hysterical condi-
tion and serious derangement of the female organs.

Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be re-
garded as a symptom only. The cause, however, yields quickly to
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which acts at once upon the
organ afflicted and the nerve centres, dispelling effectually all those
dressing symptoms.



Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person,
Physically and Mentally."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to speak a good word for Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For years I had ovarian trouble and
suffered everything from nervousness, severe headache, and pain in back and
abdomen. I had consulted different physicians, but decided to try your medi-
cine, and I soon found it was giving me much relief. I continued its use and
now am feeling like a new person, physically and mentally, and am glad to
add one more testimonial to the value of your remedy."—Mrs. M. H. Lewis,
2106 Valentine Ave., Tremont, New York, N.Y.

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham is the quickest and surest way to
get the right advice about all female troubles. Her address is
Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Following is an instance:

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I would like your advice in regard to my
troubles. I suffer every month at time of menstruation, and flow so much,
and for so long that I become very weak, also get dizzy. I am troubled
with a discharge before and after menses, have pains in ovaries so bad some-
times that I can hardly get around, have sore feeling in lower part of bowels,
pain in back, bearing-down feeling, a desire to pass urine frequently, with
pains in passing it, have leucorrhoea, headache, fainting spells, and some-
times have hysteria. My blood is not in good condition. Hoping to hear
from you, I am, Mrs. EMMA HAVEN, 2508 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa." (June 3, 1899.)

Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for what you
have done for me. I suffered for four years with womb troubles. Every
month I flowed very badly. I got so bad that I could hardly do my work.
Was obliged to sit or lie down most of the time. I doctored for a long
time, but obtained no relief. I began using your remedies—Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier, Sanative Wash and
Liver Pills—and now feel like a new woman."—Mrs. EMMA HAVEN, 2508
South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (Feb. 1, 1900.)

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000,
which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters
are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special per-
mission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Bigelow Lowell Body Brussels.

This brand of Body Brussels is superior to any manufactured. In design,
coloring and quality. The name "Bigelow Lowell" is woven in the back of
the goods at the repeat of each figure, for the protection of the purchaser.
These carpets are sold by all first-class dealers.

MANUFACTURED BY
BIGELOW CARPET COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

Ask your dealer for Bigelow Lowell Body Brussels.

"I had a very bad attack of La Grippe which laid me
up at a time when I had important cases before the
court. One of my colleagues advised me to try Kic-
kapoo Indian Sagwa which I did. Within 24 hours my
fever was allayed and a general improvement had taken
place. I continued taking Sagwa and in less than two
weeks fully recovered. It toned up my general system
increased my appetite and improved my digestion. I
am a great believer in Sagwa."—Hon. Geo. P. Kelly,
President South End Bar Association, Chicago, Ill.

KICKAPOO SAGWA
SPEEDY CURE FOR GRIP

The wonderful success of Sagwa is due to its reaching
the root of disease. That's why it succeeds where other
remedies fail. It is Nature's own remedy being made of
roots, barks, herbs and gums, and it works quietly and
easily as Nature works. You will begin to be cured
with the first dose and gradually recover the strength
and energy you have lost. Don't hesitate, buy a bottle
today. Remember it is guaranteed to do all we claim or
your money refunded. You take no chance of loss in
the Kickapoo Indian Remedies. At all druggists.

The above picture, from a photo
representing Mr. Bonner in the act of
handling his smith a Putnam nail,
while superintending the shoeing of
Sunoil, will be sent in the form of a
half tone, size, 5x8, on thick, white
paper, with wide margin, on receipt
of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.

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dredge & Co., Salt Lake Hardware Co.,
and George A. Lowe, Salt Lake City
Utah.

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