



SMALL THINGS.

[Written for the "News."]

"I am mighty!" cried the River thro' the drowsy summer mist
To the tiny streamlets creeping to her banks,
"It is I who bear you on
To the wonderful sea beyond,
And to you, my timid friends, I owe no thanks."
But the mountain sides grew yellow in the scorching summer heat
Till a tiny spring lay quenched upon the hill,
And the streamlets ceased to flow
To their mighty friend below,
And the river-bed grew parched, and dry and still.

"I am great and I can darken all the sunshine if I will!"
Called a rain-cloud as she scudded quickly by,
And with thunder in her throat
As the rain came pouring down,
She spread her angry mist across the sky.
But a feeble little sunbeam struggled bravely for release,
And with patient hands the angry clouds she furled,
Then with kindness in her eyes
That rekindled all the skies,
She smiled and in her smiling bathed the world.

Said the oak-tree to the violet that grew hidden at her side,
"Little friend how dull your life must seem and long,
To be always small and weak,
Always timid and so meek,
While I grow beside you here so strong and tall!"
But the tempest swayed the forest on a wild November night,
And the oak-tree in its proud resistance fell,
But the morning sunbeams shone
On the violet left alone,
As she raised her bright head, pure and safe and well.

"I am sorry for you dearest, that you cannot be like me,"
Whispered Adam to his fair admiring bride,
"But to trust me and obey
And to serve me all the day,
Is the surest way to keep me at your side."
But before the scenes were ended of that long remembered day
There were wondrous things the dainty Eve could tell:
"There is nothing you can fear
If you will but taste it, dear,
And a victim to her smiling, Adam fell.

"I am great, and strong and mighty!" shouted Error unto Truth,
"And the joys of life and earth shall be my aim,
They who serve me love me best,
For my ways are paved with rest,
While with yours are only tears and toil and pain."
But a hand that knows no falling is the hand that guides us on
Where the aids of Truth shall find a steadfast friend,
For the time of Error's ways
Is but fleeting years and days,
And the cause of Truth shall triumph in the end
BERTHA E. ANDERSON, Salt Lake City.

NOTES.

The publishers' advertisements of Miss Chimondel's novel, "The Poets," show a most remarkable increase in the sales during the past month. Three or four weeks ago the statement was made that the book was selling at the rate of 500 copies a day. In February 1,000 copies were sold, and on February 16th, orders for 1,500 copies were received and filled. In the 12 weeks since the book was published, it has gone through eight editions, amounting to something over 35,000 copies, and a ninth edition is now in press.

It is seldom that the romancer's clever efforts at realism succeed in duping the public, but now and then some one falls into the trap, and then the huge delight of the author and the amusement of the acute critic.

It will be recalled that Mark Twain's "Recollections of Joan of Arc" was believed by many to be as it purported, a translation of an old manuscript and hundreds of persons have been deluded by a clever bit of "business," which Mr. Thomas A. Janvier uses to give an effect of accuracy in his story of adventure. The Aztec Treasure House, published some years since.

In the opening chapters Mr. Janvier gravely refers to an imaginary scientific work, entitled Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America, by an equally mythical author.

It is amusing to learn from the publishers that the popularity of Mr. Janvier's story has actually aroused a considerable demand for this unwritten work, and that letters are constantly being received from all parts of the country inquiring into its character and worth. Incidentally it is a rather high compliment to the ingenuity of the author.

The Echo de Paris, one of the most literary anti-English papers in Paris, curiously enough seems determined that its readers shall not be allowed to forget that with all her faults England has produced some excellent literature, and accordingly is regaling them with translations of some of the most notable recent fiction.

Mr. Kipling's "The Finest Story in the World," has been running in its columns, and now the Echo announces, with much display, that Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," is shortly to be begun. The editor in his comment pays a graceful tribute to Mr. Hardy, and speaks of Tess as "probably the greatest work of this celebrated novelist."

In her introduction to "Lella Herbert's"

recently published book, "The First American—His Homes and His Households," Miss Mollie Eliza Sewall draws forth, whose early death has been so generally regretted.

Miss Herbert's mother died while her daughter was still at school, and when Mr. Herbert was appointed secretary of the navy under President Cleveland, the young girl was suddenly elevated to the position of mistress of one of the cabinet houses. Of her feelings on learning of her father's appointment, she writes in her diary: "Before father came up I knelt down and prayed that his success would not bring me the hardness of heart and selfishness and regardlessness that I had seen it bring to so many of the wives and daughters of successful men in Washington. I see how it is, our circle of pleasures must be rounded out by its pains, be the circle large or small. When one is raised to high position all one's false friends rush to the front, half one's true friends stay behind, and all those who have real claims nourish hope that one cannot fulfill."

Walter A. Wyckoff, who wrote The Workers, will this year contribute to Scribner's Magazine a series of articles entitled Trip in Greenland. Mr. Wyckoff was a member of the Peary relief expedition, and his observations, as a sociologist, of the primitive conditions of the people, will be sandwiched between descriptions of his adventures.

Here is a bit from the charming preface to the Red Book of Animals, Stories, Mr. Andrew Lang's latest contribution to the delightful series of child books he has added to annually at the holidays: "If this book has any moral at all, it is to be kind to all sorts and conditions of animals—that will tell you. Most girls are ready to do this, but boys used to be apt to be unkind to cats when I was a boy. There is no reason why an exception should be made as to cats, and a boy ought to think of this before he throws stones or sets dogs at a cat. Now, in London, we often see the little street boys making friends with every cat they meet, but this is not so common in the country. If anything in this book amuses a boy, let him be kind to poor puss, and protect her for the sake of his obedient friend."

During the proceedings of the recent conference of the Library Association in England, a characteristic story of John Ruskin was told in connection with the subject of village libraries. A library for the laborers of a lake country village had been established, and just before the opening Mr. Ruskin was

asked to inspect it. He cordially consented, and upon leaving expressed his admiration of the arrangements, and proposed to send a present, which came in the form of a sumptuous set of Scott's novels. The wife of the founder thought the edition much too splendid for the purpose, and at the earliest opportunity told the donor so. "I thank you," said Ruskin, "if the money the book cost had been spent in floral decorations or wines for a dinner, nothing would have been said against it, but because it has been laid out for the enjoyment of the simple villagers it is thought extravagant."

"My earliest recollections," said Mr. Edwin Markham, author of The Man With a Hoe, in a recently reported interview, "go back to the days when I was a shepherd boy on the California hills. I was seven years old then. When my mother gave up her sheep range I turned cowboy and learned the many tricks of the trade—could throw a lasso or ride a bronco with the best of them. Later I became a farmer and spent many months walking behind the plow, turning up the rich loam of the foothills and preparing it for the harvest. Money that I earned in this way I invested in books—copies of Bryant, Tennyson, Thomas Moore and Webster's Dictionary. I derived much inspiration from the works of Victor Hugo and from Carlyle and Ruskin. In poetry I was much attracted by the passion of Shelley and by the imaginative insights of Browning. Swinburne was another favorite of mine."

Up to the 1st of December the date of the first production of Mr. William Young's dramatization of General Wallace's famous novel, Ben Hur, the number of copies sold was 540,000. The publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, counting on a strong revival of interest in the book as a result of the play, have brought out in popular form their elaborate two-volume edition, with marginal illustrations by William Johnson.

The Book of the Year—by which is meant the book of the year's best book, but the book whose sales are heaviest, and whose readers are most numerous, is written by a woman. So far the honors are with "A Double Thread" which is now in its fortieth thousand. A Double Thread was published early in 1899.

A London letter to the Book Buyer says that Mr. Watts-Dunton is a tiny man, with a heavy mustache, rather deaf, and curiously sensitive to criticism. The same letter announced two new books by John Oliver Hobbes, Robert Orange, a sequel to The School for Saints, and a three-act comedy, The Wisdom of the Wise.

The late Mrs. Lean (Miss Florence Marryat), the sixth daughter and tenth child of the famous novelist, was herself the author of some seventy novels. She also appeared as a singer and an actress, and managed a school of journalism.

Apocryphal of the new volume recording the doings of The Brownies Abroad, it is reported that of Palmer Cox's various Brownie books over 150,000 copies have thus far been put upon the market. The following interesting bit of personal description is taken from Mr. James Leatham's biography, William Morris, Master of Many Crafts, published by the Twentieth Century Press of London: "He has been compared to one of his own Berserkers; but I am not sure that any of us Jews, at least, charged, but then no skipper ever wore an Inverness cloak, or broad-brimmed felt hat, or carried a thick stick, or slung a brown canvas bag over his head containing, among much else, an armory of pipes, which he would lend to any member of the company who had left his pipe at home. He had somewhat the look of those patriarchal shepherds who come down from the Highlands, driving their flocks before them to the cities of the plain, and uttering marvels of articulation to their dogs. But shepherds do not wear blue serge, nor have they the air and bearing of this man. In short, it was as difficult to match Morris outwardly as it was to find the exact peer of him intellectually and morally."

Zangwill, which is the writer's real name, is a genuine and very ancient surname. It came to England from Chaldea. Chaldeans were always a favorite language with the Jews, and the Jewish population of foreign birth in the East-End of London, as in New York, Yiddish is the jargon spoken, and pure Chaldean is the principal language studied, or rather the jargon of the street. Zangwill, means a nail of cloves, spice, or any common flower; it corresponds with "clou de girofle," found so often in ancient deeds—a nail of glyster-presents by way of a very clear name among the Jews. In 1253 some property was sold in Norwich, and after the statement in Hebrew that ten marks were paid in "Zangwill," was a line to the effect that the purchaser must present annually "three zangwills, which they call 'clous de girofle'."

The New York Times prints as follows a few passages from a letter to a friend by the late Edward Noyes Westcott, author of David Harum, soon after his return from Europe in 1895: "My literary work is not so clear as a short one—shorter than I intended when I left home, for I expected to have a few more to write."

Farmer Fainstock thinks he owns the stock he is in. But as a matter of fact the stock owns him. He is the humble servant of horse, cow and pig. He looks after them better than he looks after himself, and feeds them before he feeds himself.

It so often happens that just about the time that Farmer Fainstock is at the point where he can take things easy, he breaks down.

It is a common thing for people to have been more quickly appreciative of the tonic properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery than farmers and stock raisers. They have found it pre-eminently a tonic for the system, cures disease. It keeps the stomach in healthy operation, stimulates the organs of digestion and nutrition and increases the secretion of the blood-making glands. The use of "Golden Medical Discovery" at seasons when the strain of work is greatest, keeps the system in good working order and prevents the breakdown which comes from over drafts on the strength.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thomas, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much and so long with indigestion. I could do no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh 160 pounds, and am as well as the best on the farm. I have recommended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for it. It is the best medicine I have ever used."

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. A single item of medical knowledge when life is at stake has a value past computation. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has 100 pages of priceless practical facts. This great work is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of postage only. Send at once ten stamps for paper-bound edition, or 25 stamps for edition in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

at least to go to England, but when it came to the point I was too tired to go, and I was too much of the time I was abroad I was half sick, and much of the time more than that, and while I am at present very much better in my mind, I do not find that I have been as much benefited as I hoped to be. Bad weather combined with loneliness to increase the invalid's woes, and he says that "on the whole I had a pretty dull time of it." He continues: "I was under the doctor's care all the time in Rome, though not confined, and he kept me so long that my plans were considerably curtailed. It was quite a relief to get almost wholly without acquaintances, so that a good part of every day hung pretty heavily on my hands. Novels were my chief resource. I could manage three or four hours in the morning among the relics of the past, but the mind which is nourished exclusively on forums, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, holy families, descents from the cross, entombments, Virgin Mary's, saints and martyrs in general, catacombs, bones, old clothes and ancient history, gets dyspeptic after a long course of that sort of thing, and has to be kept in good humor by the hope I am not more Philistine than the majority, but I was glad to have done with it, and turn my face toward home." This letter is preserved as a treasure beyond price by Mr. Charles R. Belden, of Hartford, who made Mr. Westcott's acquaintance on the steamer that carried them both to Italy.

BOOKS.

Two more volumes are added to the Fine Old Bound edition of Rudyard Kipling's works, published by Charles Scribner's four hours in New York, and for sale by subscription only by A.L. McLeod, 927 Market street. Volume XIV includes the second part of "The Day's Work." Among the stories which make this volume interestingly a "new" is the story of the locomotive, "The Maltreated Cat," which is probably the best polo story ever written; "Bread Upon the Waters," that sea tale of old Engineer McPhee, which is full of humor, and "The Brushwood Boy," the finest of all Kipling's stories, for it describes a boy's ideal love that found its fulfillment when he reached young manhood. The sketch of the dream life of the two young people is in such admirable style that it is difficult to distinguish the dreams from the realities. In one of Kipling's stories he has created a new type of the young Englishman than Cotter, and in the sketch of the evolution of this type, some young fellow has really touched on the secret of the power of the British military service. The book is illustrated in a unique way by J. Lockwood Kipling, the father of the author, as the pictures are drawn from models made in clay.

The fifteenth volume includes the first part of "From Sea to Sea," those early letters of Kipling's written to the Civil and Military Gazette and the Allahabad Pioneer. This volume contains those which deal with East Indian cities, the Straits Settlements, Hongkong and Japan. They abound with interest, for Kipling, fresh from his years of close observation in India, saw a hundred things which would never be noticed by the ordinary traveler, unversed in the ways of the Oriental. Especially good are the chapters on the Japanese, whom he saw as they were, before they started the world with the exhibition of their military prowess in the short war with China. Kipling was much impressed with the physique and military spirit of the Japanese soldier, and his prediction that the Mikado's troops would make a good showing in actual warfare was quickly demonstrated. The volume is illustrated with fine reproductions of photographs of many scenes mentioned in the letters.

A handsomely bound little booklet of about a hundred pages is "True Motherhood," by James C. Fernald, an early whose writings have already favorably identified him with the discussion of subjects relating to the family hearth and household. It embraces eleven chapters on the various phases of the duties of a mother, and gives some advice, precepts and suggestions to the motherhood of the land, and in simple, sympathetic and engaging phrases points out its pleasures as well as its responsibilities. It is a book that should be read by every mother, and its advice, precepts and patriotic statecraft would not hesitate to place at public expense in every home in the Republic.

Scattered through it are many strong and happy expressions for thought—this, for example: "The advance of the age is toward the perfection and exaltation of the home. The Former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits had his home in his mind, and he fashioned the soul of woman." Again: "Woman's mental, as surely as her physical qualities, call her to the home life as her special and peculiar work. It is not that she does nothing else, but that she can do nothing so other. If she does not make home, home cannot be made. The world needs her. Her own heart calls her to it."

One of the most suggestive little volumes that has come from the press in many a day is called Answers of the Ages. It contains short extracts from the works of the saints and prophets of the world, and touches on the vital issues of life and thought. Without being too profound to be easily intelligible, these extracts still suggest an amount of wisdom and beauty. They touch the deepest issues of life and the activities of imaginative thought.

To any man who likes Mr. Bernard Shaw the season which brings out a new book by him is marked with a red line. His followers never lukewarm; they are either prophets, or whimsical and capricious prophet. Each one of his vagaries is more interesting than the past, and one follows the twists and turns of his mind with a delight that he has never known elsewhere. His vagaries are not whimsical, but they are so interesting that they can be called "vital" and "impossible" ideas as meat and drink to the initiated, and no book of his appears which follows the traditional lines of conventional comedy. His "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" will contain among other things the delicate piece of character study which Mr. Richard Mansfield has made popular in America, "The Devil's Dislike." One may agree with Mr. Shaw or not, but he has a personality that cannot be passed by, and those of us who like him can only commend the unfortunate who do not.

Mr. Benjamin Swift has made a unique place for himself in England, and his new novel, Dartnell promises to give him an individuality in this country also. It is not a very voluminous person who could pick it up on the counter and read half a page without discovering the individuality and force of his style, and the fact that such men as Mr. Robertson Nicoll, and Richard Le Gallienne consider him one of the strongest of the younger writers should give his book a start which the writer himself can unquestionably carry on to the goal.

Of the many enthusiastic reviews of Mrs. Crowninshield's latest book, San Isidro, that which appeared in the New York Tribune is perhaps the most discriminating. It begins: "Mrs. Crowninshield's new novel is a study of relentless destiny working its cruel way through circumstances expressive on the surface of non-sense, the real and the impossible. Between the white players and the women of mixed blood on her West Indian island there is amity, there is even love, until some woman of unimpeachable descent comes to sweep the easy-going lover off his feet and turn her predecessor into a rejected and despairing creature. One gathers from San Isidro that all this is common enough, but Mrs. Crowninshield has found in her Agnes, the heroine of the book, a woman who lifts the usually soulful experience to the plane of romantic tragedy." And the reviewer

The Tea for 1900
Let the wind bluster and howl,
And pretty maids' tresses blow free;
There's comfort awaiting at home—
Japan's best and most fragrant tea.

Pride of Japan
(Tree) Tea
Quality never varies

closes his notice with, "San Isidro is a fact, pretty much all of the time I was abroad I was half sick, and much of the time more than that, and while I am at present very much better in my mind, I do not find that I have been as much benefited as I hoped to be. Bad weather combined with loneliness to increase the invalid's woes, and he says that 'on the whole I had a pretty dull time of it.' He continues: 'I was under the doctor's care all the time in Rome, though not confined, and he kept me so long that my plans were considerably curtailed. It was quite a relief to get almost wholly without acquaintances, so that a good part of every day hung pretty heavily on my hands. Novels were my chief resource. I could manage three or four hours in the morning among the relics of the past, but the mind which is nourished exclusively on forums, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, holy families, descents from the cross, entombments, Virgin Mary's, saints and martyrs in general, catacombs, bones, old clothes and ancient history, gets dyspeptic after a long course of that sort of thing, and has to be kept in good humor by the hope I am not more Philistine than the majority, but I was glad to have done with it, and turn my face toward home.' This letter is preserved as a treasure beyond price by Mr. Charles R. Belden, of Hartford, who made Mr. Westcott's acquaintance on the steamer that carried them both to Italy."

Albert Lee, the English novelist, whose "Key of the House" proved so successful, has written another striking historical romance called "The Gentleman Pensioner." The scene of this historical romance is laid in England of the sixteenth century, at the time when the plots of the partisans of Mary Stuart against Elizabeth seemed to be approaching a culmination.

Standard books are ever welcome when they come to us in forms and bindings representing all the embellishments of the art of bookmaking. Such a book is "The War in South Africa," published by The Dominion Company, Chicago, a copy of which has just come to our desk. The contents are well arranged, the illustrations are fine, the print is clear and neat and the binding is superb. The Dominion Company is forging ahead as the leading publisher of standard books, making a specialty of fine subscription books. Having salespeople in nearly every nook of the country, the company enjoys a large and growing trade. This company has a known reputation for liberality towards its agents and fair treatment of them, an agency in this community for the above book, or some other published by this company, would be a source of considerable profit to the one fortunate enough to secure it. Interested readers should write the company for full particulars.

Historical fiction, descriptive of Colonial days, has taken pre-eminent place in the successful literature of the past two years, and it is doubtful if any past attempt may claim the high palm of honor won by Miss Johnston's latest literary success, "To Have and to Hold," recently published by Houghton Mifflin Co. The appearance of Miss Johnston's first notable novel, "Prisoners of Hope," created a sensation which has not been often repeated in quick succession by any living novelist, and it speaks well for the virility of the gift possessed by Miss Johnston, that her second novel has fallen not only well behind the first in interest and workmanship, but in the bidding fair to keep it at the head of the list of the remarkable historical novels of the day. The scene is laid in Virginia in the early colonial period of Indian uprisings and one of these periodical disturbances makes a thrilling incident in the fascinating plot of the story. From the beginning where Ralph Percy, acting on the advice of his father, the Earl of Jamestown, to buy a wife from amongst the shipload of English maidens sent out to wed with the hardy pioneers of his royal majesty's American possessions, to the closing chapters, the book is every line bristling with interest, incident upon incident crowding each other with dramatic climaxes looming ahead to forbid even a temporary cessation of the reader's interest until the book is finished. Nor is this its chief charm. The distinctive claim of the work to literary pre-eminence lies in the marvelously faithful and minute delineation of the life of the times, scenes and events of the period, and the masterly touch evidenced in drawing in these historical essentials. Nothing is left in outline; each sketch is a clear picture, and the reader may see the face to face with seemingly real features and figures and details, leaving nothing for his imagination to patch out. In pictures of scenery the delineation does not seem descriptive of the words seem actual, pigments, laid in vivid strokes upon the canvas of the reader's mind forming the actual scene. A brief portrayal of a scene in the forest where Percy is held a so-called captive but actual captive in the hands of the Indians, at Uttamussac will serve as illustration.

"The wind had been high during the day but with the sunset it sank to a desolate murmur. The sky wore the strange crimson of the past year at Weyanok. Against that sea of color the pines were drawn in lines of death, the winding, thread-like creeks that pierced the marshes had the look of split blood moving slowly and heavily to join the river that was black beneath the pines. The light touched the light touched it. From the marsh arose the cry of some great bird that made its home there; it had a lonely and boding sound, like a trumpet blown above the clouds. The wind died, and with a heaviness that dragged at the very soul." The incidents are no less vividly sketched, and accurately conceived, only one prominent instance showing a trace of marked improbability and strained effect. That the heroine should be allowed to suffer the kiss of her despised lover, and that the latter should voluntarily accept of the advantage gained to him through the circumstances playing directly to the success of the scheme by which he hopes to ruin his rival is a departure from the even dignity of the rest of the book. That the hero, however, cannot be declared, despite this and one or two insignificant inconsistencies in historical treatment the story remains the most notably interesting of the year.

MAGAZINES.

College nines and any one else interested in college athletics will find a fascinating story in this week's number of the Youth's Companion in the opening number entitled "Cupid, The Freshman Manager." It relates the trials of the manager of a college nine who have been steadily losing games through the lack of a capable pitcher, with expenses running against the nine, and the public patronage through which they hope to recuperate steadily dividing from lack of real interest in the games played with so pitifully uneven scores. A game is on with the local High School boys and the manager is reviewing mentally the probable defeat before his team, when an avenue of hope opens in the introduction of a new pitcher whom a devoted alumnus produces from an adjoining medical college. With the pitcher's aid the team wins the game, and the manager puts the new man into the field where his skillful handling of the ball puts joy into the hearts of the college team and suspicion into those of the opponents whose captain finally recognizes him as a "professional," who has been in the field with expert players on various occasions. The antagonistic demand for withdrawal and "Cupid" stand against the wishes of his own team for the higher moral standard in college athletics makes a most interesting story. A half dozen other readable pieces of fiction and miscellaneous articles make up the number.

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The International Monthly Magazine for March opens with an interesting article entitled "Degeneration: A Study in Anthropology," and a half dozen other important articles, under the titles of "John Ruskin as an Economist," "Some Recent Balaam Literature," "Henry Irving and The Southern Question" make up the issue.

The South African war has made the British soldier a prominent figure in current literature. Munsey for this month contains an article entitled "Soldiers of Unrest," and "Soldiers" are a few other interesting contents of the number. "Trained Motherhood" for March opens with an article entitled "The Ideal Child," by Mary S. Peirce, dealing with the elements of parenthood, training, culture, and environment in ministering to the moral, mental and physical welfare of the child. The writer says amongst other things worthy of note, "The fact that forces itself upon us that, morally, mentally and physically our children are dependent upon us and that before we can have the 'ideal child' we must have ideal parents—we had almost said the ideal mother, for so much more, whether justly or not, does the

responsibility seem to rest with her." "Pre-natal influence for the Mother's Benefit" is another important article bearing on the same lines, and the rest of the number is filled with a list of interesting prose articles and poems.

Under the title "The Residence of English Sovereigns," the Juvenile Instructor for March presents an interesting description of Windsor Castle, accompanied with a fine illustration of the audience room at the home of England's queen.

"Marius King, Morion," is the title of a new serial story by Nepht Anderson, which promises to be a most interesting narrative, and La Dalton contributes a short and well told sketch for young people. Poetry and the usual interesting prose departments make up the number.

THE KING DETHRONED.
He wore the purple a year and a day—
His pride was high, and his will was strong.
"Then why was his reign so brief?" you say—
He reigneth gently who reigneth long.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Thus speaks the mother fish:
"My children dear, take care
Lest, when you're playing in the waves,
You tumble in the air."
"For, if you wish to live
As many years as I,
You must be very careful
To keep out of the dry."
—Harper's Round Table.

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done;
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The guests that past a darkening shore do hail;
The bursted miasma down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the futility of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesteryear,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep.
Homer his sight, David his little lad!
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

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The Best Washing Powder.

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UTAH IMPLEMENT CO.,
Importers and Dealers in
Elegant and Fashionable Vehicles,
Repository 131, 133, 135, 137, 139 State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Agency for Mitchell and Rushford Wagons; Osborne and Milwaukee Mowers, Binders and Rakes; Rock Island Sulky, Gang and Hand Plows; Spring Tooth, Disc and Peg Tooth Harrows and all of the latest Agricultural Tools and Machinery; best quality of Hardware and Blacksmith Supplies.

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Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases.
So obstinate and so difficult to cure by ordinary methods.

BLOOD POISON
Completely and permanently eradicated from the system in from 20 to 40 days by a treatment that contains no injurious medicines, but leaves the patient in a healthy condition as before contracting the disease.

MEN suffering from mental worry or overwork, private diseases, inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, highly colored urine, loss of ambition and many other indications of premature decay, are cured by Dr. Cook guarantees to cure, to stay cured, or to refund your money.

Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele Permanently Cured.
My guaranty is backed by \$100,000 incorporated capital, and more than 25 years of successful experience.

My charges are within the reach of all; both rich and poor alike are invited to have a confidential talk regarding their troubles. No honest man need go without the treatment that will effect his complete and permanent cure. Consultation free.

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BICYCLE DEALER

You Need Cleansing
Throughout your entire system, to rid the blood of the acids and impurities that clog the physical machinery and corrode liver, kidneys, heart and lungs. Enrich and purify the blood by using our well-known Herb Bitters, which will tone the nerves and bring new life and energy to all the bodily and mental functions. All this and more can be done by using Sarsaparilla and Dandelion Compound.
In large bottles, \$1 each, 6 for \$5. Prepared only by the old reliable
Godbe Pitts Drug Co.
SALT LAKE CITY.