DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.



Alas: for poor Erin, that some are still seen Whe would dye the grass red from their hatred to green; Yet, oh' when you're up and they're down, let them live, Then yield them that mercy that they would not give. Arm of Erin, he strong! but be gentle as brave! And, uplifted to strike, be as ready to suve! Let ao feelings of vengeance presume to defille The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true, and the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue! And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share with the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair, Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave, But no coward shall rest in that soft, swelling wave. Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest! Men of Erin: aware, and Queen of the West!

NOTES.

Lucas Malet's new novel, on which the has been so long at work (ever since the publication of "Sir Richard Caimady "), is announced by Dodd, Mead and Company for publication this II. Its title will be "The Paradise of

While Mrs. Harrison has given out no exact intimations of the contents of her story, it is generally understood that the novel will deal with modern Eng-ish society; more especially the intru-sion is gaining ground that the story hallenge camparison, in plot at sst. with Frank Danby "Pigs 1 Flover" and Oulda's "Massarenes. Calmady," that sinister but powerful ast novel of hers, is, we learn, still elling in this country; and its vogue n England, although dimmed, is not extinguished.

thall: "Debonnaire," by W. F. Payson; "Heart of My Heart," by Ellis Mer-edith: "A Little Union Scout," by Joel Chandler Harris; "Susannah and One Elder," by Madame Albanesi; a South American story by O. Henry, and novels by Shan Bullock and Florence Wilkinson.

The hero of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel, "The American Prisoner," is John Stark, who may or may not be a fictitious character, but who is supposed for the purposes of the story posed for the purposes of the story to be the grandson of Gen. Stark of the Revolution. He is one of several thousand captives confined in a large prison in Dartmoor during the war of 1812. Part of the novel has to do with the escape of some of these prisoners persons in the story. and with their adventures with various Nathaniel Hawthorne was born on the 4th day of July 1904. This year, many lands-largely in Europe. She has never been in China at all and the therefore, marks the hundredth anniversary of his birth. tributes paid by famous Chinamen to To commemorate this event of worldthe descriptions in her Chinese work, wide importance, Dodd, Mead and Company are to issue Hawthorne's are remarkable, stances. Miss Mathews, who now rebest work-"The Scarlet Letter"-cersides in New York, is a niece of the late Cornelius Mathews, playwright, etc. She is descended from Dutch-English tainly the greatest novel written by an American-in an edition, limited to 125 copies on Japan paper, and one copy on vellum. The letterpress will be an English-French on her mother's is the great-granddaughter of Mathew exact reimpression of the original edi-tion. There will be 15 original colored Livingston Davis, Burr's biographer. The Marquis Valence d'Aymar, of Parillustrations, all full page, by A. Ro-mandi and C. Graham. The volume will is, is her cousin, the founder of house having been that Aymar d'Vale in a special binding. ence whose magnificent tomb is one of Altogether a most appropriate and worthy memorial of America's reprethe sights of the Chancel of Westminster Abbey. . . . sentative man of letters. Since the success of "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," and her other works



WILLIAM M. COWLEY.

One of the Oldest Pioneer Printers of the West.

One of the oldest printers in the entire west is William M. Cowley, who came to Salt Lake from the Isle of Man in 1850, the year the Deseret News commenced its existence. The late Dr. Willard Richards was postmaster at the time and gave Cowley a position in the office, after which he was given employment on the paper. He commenced as "devil" and in three years had served his apprenticeship. A. C. Brower was the ruling spirit of the composing room in that day and the press was the primitive one brought across the plains by President Young, and which is now on exhibition in the pressroom of the Deseret News in a position close to the lightning perfection press that is the admiration and wonder of thousands of persons weekly, who peer down into the great basement and watch it run off its well-nigh unending rolls of paper bearing the imprint of the latest news of all the world.

Mr. Cowley went as a missionary to San Francisco and labored in the office of the Western Standard, edited and published by the late President George Q Cannon. Later he returned to Utah and resumed his work on the Deseret News, and later still, on the founding of the Herald he took charge of the mechanical department of that new newspaper venture. Subsequently he worked on the "News," Juvenile Instructor, Godbe and Harrison's Utah Magazine and other local periodicals. It is only a few years since that he did his last work for this paper. He gave assistance to W. W. Wallace in the establishment of the Central Press and two years ago helped that gentleman to launch the Elsinore Echo. In conversation with a representative of the Deseret News recently Mr. Cowley said:

"There is a spell about a newspaper office I am unable to resist. I have tried to get away from it time and time again but I find myself back again. I love the business and I suppose I will dabble in it as long as I am able to stand. As is well understood by all printers good plain copy is, or was in the old days, as rare as Christian charity. It is not only true in Utah but wherever newspapers are printed. Many stories are told about Horace Greeley's abominable chirography," went on Mr. Cowley, "but he had a close second in some of the men who have written for the Utah papers. Now Judge Smith's writing resembled a string of Russian expletives. And I well remember the time we used to have over on the Herald, wrestling with Byron Groo's copy. We took a sample of his writing and nailed it on the wall and offered a prize of \$1 to any one who could decipher it. I have never heard of anyone winning the dollar. But the man whose copy pleased the printers most was George Q. Cannon. He wrote the clearest hand and the purest English of any man who ever gave me his copy. His pages of editorial were a delight to the printers, in fact if there was anything that he did poorly I have never heard of it.



hausted and suffering to such an extent that sleep was impossible. Every morning he forced himself with heroic resolution to resume his work. But the days went by without bringing him any relief, until it became clear that even his remarkable will power could not long sustain such fearful odds. His good wife became alarmed and both began to look eagerly for assistance. They found it at last by following the advice of a storekeeper and a French weaver whose sympathles had been

Told in his own way, Mr. Hickey's experience was as follows: "My trouble I think, came from the strong draught of cold air that played about my feet at my six looms. One foot swelled just above the ankle, and the pain became something terrible. I forced myself to limp about during the day, but it was worst at night, when I got home and as soon as I got my supper, I had to go to bed to get a little relief. Besides the torture in my foot I would have nervous jumping spells, shortness of breath and pain in my heart, "I stood it as well as I could for three

months, trying many medicines but al the time getting worse, until two friends told me what wonderful virtue they had found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Fale People. One of them said they had cured his rheumatism and that he considered them 'the fore-

most of all remedies.' "Now, I bless Dr. Williams' Pink Pills myself for the first box I took helped me and after I had taken three boxes, the swelling went down and the pain and lameness left me for good. I have had no trace of the dreadful ill-ness since. My wife and I never fail to recommend these pills to every one we find afflicted with rheumatism." There is joy in the Hickey cottage

now, for the disease that dogged the heels, and marred the sleep and sought has been com



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Man Who Carved the Ea gle Over the Eagle Gate.

The Eagle Gate is one of the historic landmarks of Utah. Its fame extends over most of the civilized world. But little is ever heard of the man who built it, that is of the man who carved the bird of freedom that surmounts the picturesque archway. This man is still living. He is Ralph Ramsev whose present place of abode is Snowflake, Arizona, though he occasionally visits relatives in Southern Utah and remains with them for months at a time. These visits, however, are becoming more rare as the years gradually add their weight to the slowly bending form that once made Ralph Ramsey a man to be counted with in matters of physical prowess. Father Ramsey is a native of England. He cast his lot with the Latter-day Saints when he was a young man and came to Utah in the days when the foundations of the territory were being laid. He was a wood carver and turner by trade and did the first work of that kind in Utah. Much of the furniture in the home of Prestdent Brigham Young was fashioned by his hands as were also some of the desks of the latter's office.

Speaking to a representative of the "News" some months ago regarding his career as an expert tradesman he said: "While the Eagle Gate may furnish the most notable piece of work I did it was the least of my carving. But as to that old wooden bird I am proud to say that I carved every curve in its body. It is, it was my work from beginning, to end. I want to say this much for the reason it has been stated that some one else had a hand in it. That is not true. It is all my work, from beak to talons, Bishop H. B. Clawson superintended the work of construction, but don't forget that I did the carving-all of it, every whit; put that down, my boy; it is mine, all mine." And as the writer put his pencil and paper in his pocket the veteran tradesman repeated once more, "Remember, lad what I tell you. It is all mine; it is all mine," And his eyes flashed the pride his heart felt.

Other work that he did in carving were the ornamental designs that embellished the old Tabernacle organ. In the later years of his life Father Ramsey has done no work in the carving or wood curving line. His days are being spent in quietude and his years, now around the four score mark, are gliding imperceptibly into the cycling periods that are bringing us all nearer and nearer the grave. May the shadows fall gently and the last milestone in life's journey be reached without sorrow or suffering.

Like most men of genius, the late mmsen, the great German histian, had striking eccentricities. One was absent-mindedness He mitted his hair to be frizzled off wa candle by whose light he was eading. But the most characteristic neident was his thrusting an infant nto his wastepaper basket when it ried. Bismarck had not much respect mmsen as a public man, but i ould have gladdened the old chancel. ler's heart to see the scholar publicly perobating the language of the kaised not long ago. No other man outside Socialist ranks dared have done such a thing in Germany.

This spring the Macmillan company publish a series of popular novels In paper covers at 25 cents. "The Vir-sinian," "Richard Carvel," and other f the best novels of recent years are c be included in the series. "The Vir-iman" with a number of stage picures will appear early next month.

It can be imagined that so busy a dan as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has little time to spend on fiction, but he is ing time to read Henry Harland's "My Friend Prospero," and has written the English publisher of that book oliday reading. sying that he has chosen it for his

A certain popular novelist of the midwest recently received an unusual letter. It advised a literary expedi-ent so simple and yet so effective that author calls himself a duffer for thaving thought of it before. Mr. Nicholson-"The Main hance" is a very enjoyable bookthe character-study. Write a sequel -wish you would-have Jim Wheaton moceed in every way and Timothy Margrave die, a victim of black smallox. You can kill such beasts in books, I not in life-without a lot of trouble. Sincerely, your well-wisher, N. W. J.

McClure-Phillips announce the folwing among their novels for the My Friend Pros-larland: "The Silent Seasor by Henry Harland: Stewart Edward White; that Eateth Brend with Me," by A. Mitchell Keays; "Daughters of The Admira Hildegard Brooks Picaroons," by Edgar Picaroons," by Gelett urgess and Will Irwin; "Said, the

by Marmaduke Pick-

erman '



Since the publication of that remarkable story, "The Red Pottage," Mary Cholmondeley has not had a novel to her credit. Nothing, in short, but her niscellaneous collection of stories, entitled "Moth and Rust." We learn now, on good authority, that she is completing a manuscript of a long novel, which she considers in many her most important book, al-VILYS

though she has not given a hint of its plot. It will appear next year with the imprint of Dodd, Mead & Company. Mr. Wister's novel, "The Virginian,"

dramatized by the author and Kirk La Shelle, has just been produced in New York. Meanwhile the great American reading public, as well as the critics who count, continue to remark occasionally that this is one of the most real and genuine American books of recent years, and it continues in demand in this country at the rate of something like 5,000 copies a month. In Canada it is even more popular in proportion; there it appears on every list of best selling books, not far above or below "The Four Feathers."

A dramatic critic has the following to say in one of the leading magazines: The success of Barrie has dispelled

forever the notion that a man must black his face before he can write a negro melody. This terrible mustery of stage construction which was flaunt-ed in the faces of men of letters, this abracadabra of technique, turns out to be a mere lime-lit bogy. It is pleasing to think I was never taken in. Not that much insight was required; one had only to look across to the continent to see the man of letters pursuing all the pathways of Parnassus alike; writing his plays, his poems, his novels, his essays, and throwing his observation and emotion into every kind of mold as the burning heart of him pleased. I

am far from arguing that the appearance of Barrie at three London theaters simultaneously stamps him as a play-writer. But it does prove that he can please the box-office, which is all that the profession means by "writing Hence my chuckling content at each new hundredth night."

When Robert Burns once sat in a church beside a strange young lady, he noted that the sermon, a discourse on the terrible punishment of the unregenerate, greatly agitated her. So he borrowed her Bible, and penciled on a flyleaf:

Fair maid, you need not take the hint, Nor idle texts pursue; Twas only sinners that he meant, Not angels such as you.

That the German emperor has a very intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's works is proved in the following story: When "Richard II," was performed at the Berlin Theater in the presence of the emperor, William II, sent for Herr Bernay at the close of the performance and said to him: "During the performance, Herr Director, four lines were recited which are not to be found in Shakespeare's works." "It is true, sire; they are an interpolation by Dingel-stadt in order to obtain greater clearness." The emperor frowned. "In fu-ture such mutilation must be avoided. One does not play tricks with Shake-

speare." Miss Frances Aymar Mathews, the author of "A little Tragedy at Tien ore in America than any other book Tsin" (Robert Grier Cooke), was born in New York City, but has lived in of Mr. Merriman's published here.

Miss Mathews has been the recipient of

world, asking here everything-from what she eats for breakfast, to making

proposals of marriage, and offering gifts of houses and lands. Many people

She always answers every letter she

gets. She is the only American woman

who has ever dedicated a book to an English monarch. The Queen of Eng-

land sent her a letter of thanks for the

dedication of the English edition of one

of her novels. She is the only American

woman who will have had a play pro-fuced in England-"Pretty Peggy,'

which will appear there in April next

The Queen of Italy sent her her por-trait, and a letter commending a little

The newspapers frequently confound

this popular and talented author with another person of nearly the same

other individuals who have the same

initials . Miss Mathews is often taken

for a married woman by her corre-spondents, and some of them utterly

refuse to believe that she is still sin

Among the stories in "A Little Trag-

act of a little Englishman in Tien Tsin, during the Boxer outbreak. "The Broth-

ers" is a story of that wild, uncouth Canada, into the heart of which Miss

Mathews went, on the first train through on a new branch railroad, a

"Lady Peggy," and is to be dramatized

. . .

The cover design of this book con-

sists of silhouette bats on a red back-

ground, done in wonderfully attractive

style, and the frontispiece in colors, which is a fascinating picture of Wing Tee, the heroine of the title story, is a

work of art by Miss Georginia A. Davis.

The proof of the statement that lit-

erature is a paying profession, the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, au-

be pointed to. During 11 years Mr. Merriman made \$265,000. That is no

doubt, a number of thousand dollars out of the way, for Mr. Merriman has

robably not yet received the returns

cessful book, the last, "Barlasch of the

which was the best novel in

from his publishers on his most suc

"Barlasch of the Guard,"

edy at Tien Tsin.'

dozen years ago.

t Tien Tsin." "The Go-away was suggested by the heroic

is in touch and in line with

"The Broth

"At the Sign of the

fact there are apparently two

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at once.

Guard.'

address her as "Mr." and "Dear S

letters from strangers all

It has been noted that Conan Doyle is the most popular among the Ger-mans of our English authors. A German publisher announces a forthcoming edition of Dr. Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," which ought to put the under the circumauthor's reputation still an arch higher among the Germans.

Mr. Phillpott's new novel., "The American Prisoner," has gone into its fourth edition within six weeks from publication.

If the advance demand for a book is any indication of the popularity it will attain, H. A. Mitchell Keay's new novel of divorce, "He that Eateth Bread With Me," is marked for sure success. The book was to be published in March, but according to the statement of the publishers, the first edition was sold out a week before the date of publication.

≈BOOKS.≈

"The Horse-Leech's Daughters" is the title of a new novel by Margeret Doyle Jackson. The ambition of a selfish wife as extravagant as she is beautiful, the of a generous, typically American husband (a member of the stock exchange) and his ultimate happiness through the love of another woman, give the central motive of the plot of Mrs. Jackson's new novel. It is further explained by the origin of the title, which is taken from the familiar verse in Proverbs: "The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, 'Give, give.' The ook shows the reckless extravagance of well-to-do Americans. It is set to the stirring pace of present-day New York, and reflects the mood of buoyancy and power which belongs to the great metropolis and its brilliant society,

To one who thinks life is a comedy, as well as to one to whom it is a trage-dy, this novel will have an attraction as extraordinary as it is unusual. It is totally unlike anything that the author has yet done. The story is told with a skill that leaves in the mind a vivid picture and a sense as of having just watched the actual play of character, so real is it. Through all the apparently hopeless tangle, the author keeps in hand the thread of the happy ending .--Houghton, Mifflin Co.

John R. Carling, the author of that interesting novel, "The Shadow of the Czar," has written another story which just published. It is entitled. "The Viking's Skull," and is a spirited story of love and adventure, with an ingeni-ously constructed plot, which tells how Idris Marville, true earl of Ormsby, re-covered a treasure hidden by one of his progenitors-a Viking of the ninth cenury-and how he cleared the memory of his father, who had been wrongfully onvicted of murder. There are three scenes of great interest and strengththe tragedy in the prologue; the opening of the tomb containing the treasure; and a dramatic performance at Faven-hall, the home of the noble house of Ormsby, where Lorelle, the heroine, denounces the spurious earl. These and many other scenes and incidents are rendered with singular power, and the whole story is exceptionally strong, dramatic, vivid, and interesting-compelling. -1.ittle, Brown & Co., publishers, Bos-England for this season and also sold ton. Mass.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Recently the Bobbs-Merrill company the eminent historian, Dr. John Clark purchased "The Reader," and under the new management this young monthly is to be enlarged and greatly improved. Ridpath, who was called to take charge of the magazine, was unable to check the deflection. In less than a year Dr. And now comes the news that the Arena has been purchased by Albert Brandt, the publisher of the famous "Brandt books." The Arena is now in its thirty-first volume. It was founded Ridpath retired, and the magazine passed through various hands, losing many of the distinctive characteristics that had made it a positive power in the periodical world. A few years ago, in 1889 by B. O. Flowed who was sole editor until the latter part of 1896, when it passed into other hands. The cilen-Dr. Charles Brodie Patterson, the publisher of Mind, purchased the Arena, and for a time Dr. Patterson and Mr tele was largely a personal following, as was seen in the fact that the subscrip-McLean were the editors. Later, Mr. Flower was secured as an associate editor, and last spring, when Mr. McLean terprise tions so rapidly diminished that even

the ruin of the weaver. annonnonnonn annonnannonnannannannan pletely mastered by Dr. Williams' Pink Obstinate cases of neuralgia, atica and even of locomotor ataxia have also yielded to the same remedy is a specific for all diseases of which the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

retired, Mr. Flower assumed his duties, in addition to his own. Since this time a great number of the old contributors, who were largely responsible for making the magazine famous, have returned to its pages, and the magazines has taken on much of its old-time forceful and aggressive ethical spirit. Mr. Brandt, who is the publisher of Mr. Flower's new book, "How England Averted a Revolution of Force," has long been great admirer of the founder of the Arena, and before purchasing that magazine he made arrangements, it is said to secure Mr. Flower as sole editor in the event of his acquiring the review. It is the purpose of the present manage-ment to strengthen the magazine in many directions. In addition to ethical, economic, political and educational problems, special attention will be given o the vital progressive movements in literature, art, music and the drama, Mr. Brandt has acquired an enviable reputation for the making of handsome books, and his friends predict that within a few months the Arena will show immense improvements in its mechani-

cal make-up. ...

Probably no literary man in the country, of anything like equal fame, has succeeded in keeping himself and his photograph out of the public eye as has Joel Chandler Harris. A portrait sketch of the author of Uncle Remus, by Clay, decorates the cover of the Reader Magazine for April. Harold MacGrath's new novel begins in this number. "The Man on the Box" is the title, but what kind of a box is not explained in the first instalment. The writers and readers' department has been moved to the back, the magazine this month opening with a short story. Israel Zangwill's "Without Prejudice" and Josiah Flynt's 'Reflections of an Investigator" are among the more important articles in this number, which, in addition to the regular book news and reviews, conregular book news and reviews, con-tains six good short stories—"The Mon-strosity," by Herman K. Viele; "Co-lumbia and the Cowboy," by Alice Mc-Gowan; "The Long Circuit," by James Gardner Sanderson; "Enter Mr. Bur-rage," by Helen Sterling Thomas, and "A Glaim on the Clinker," by Will Com-'A Claim on the Clinker," by Will Com. fort.

. . . Leslie's Weekly contains the follow ing interesting story: To P burg came three American To Petersbusi. ness men to secure a gold min ing concession. There are \$51 places where gold is found in Russia, and our wanted the privilege of working friends one of those places. First, they had to deposit \$50,000 with the ministry of the interior as "good faith." So much for the, regular, legal part of the program, Now for the irregular, illegal part. They kept in their room at the Hotel Europe a bag of hard, cold cash in golden roubles. This cash they doled out in installments, first to this prince then to that count, for "influence. Each time they handed out the money they were told that their proposition had been found good, and promises were made that the concession would speedily granted. Each time the would. concessionaires believed that they had accomplished something, and each time they were disappointed and had to refill the money bag. The weari delay in the negotiations continued week after week; technical obstacles, each more serious than the preceding one, were brought forward; and se weeks grew into into months, and the Americans were not one step nearer the Deciding that bankruptcy would goal. come before any kind of a definite con-clusion could be obtained, they went away with what cash they had left and an accumulated amount of disgust, Their \$50,000 was returned with all legal formalities, but consideably more than that sum was left in the hands of the princes and counts. Such has been

the experience of many other Americans

seeking to do business in Russia-each in sheer desoration abandoning his en-

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

annound and a second and a se

Edmund Gosse, all interestingly in. Special Correspondence. ONDON, March 24 .- Although a

poet, Edmond Rostand has rather a practical mind, and the dramatists's neighbors near Cambo as well as the dwellers in several other rural districts of France are blessing him for an eminently businesslike innovation that is about to be introduced in these "de-partments" through his influence. Ever since he has lived on his secluded estate in the heart of the Lower Pyre-nees, Rostand has been maddened by the slowness, haphazardness, and gen eral badness of the postal service in the district. The author of "Cyrand de Bergerac" is a motorist, and not long ago he asked himself why in his neighborhood as well as in other "chateau" districts where estates are distant from the railway stations the mails could not be collected and distributed by means of automobiles. Shortly after conceiving this idea, Rostand sounded the French secretary for postes and telegraphes on the subject. and that official has been so taken with the idea that next spring not only the Lower Pyrenees but seven other French "departments" will be furnished with

auto mail cars. In the case of Rostand's district, this will mean a gain of nearly twenty-four hours in communication with Paris. Meanwhile the poet declines to be drawn to the capi-tal, even to attend the meetings of the academy, to which he was elected last He is hard at work on a new year. play for Coquelln, but says that another piece which he has in hand will be completed first.

Rider Haggard, whose "Stella Fregelius" has just been published in book form, and whose story of the Crusades is now running as a serial, says he wants to forget all about literary work and agricultural problems, too, for while, and, the better to do so, Mr. Haggard left London a day or two ago bound for Egypt. The novelist's ago bound for Egypt. daughter, Miss Angela Haggard, with him on this trip, and, after staying in the land of the Pharaohs for a while, they mean to visit Spain.

English "journalists" delight in telling about a probably mythical Ameri-can reviewer who "noticed" "Pilgrim's Progress" as a new work, but even is not much worse than the real blunder of a British "book whacker" discovered Fenlmore Cooper's "Pathfinder" in the same way last week. This ingenuous scribe, whose deliver-ances are published in a weekly paper of some popularity, "reviewed" the Cooper book with perfect gravity, informing his readers that "the scene the romance is America." that "the characters of the Pathfinder and Mabel are well drawn," and adding "the book is equal to any from the pen of this popular author." . . .

American book collectors should be well represented at the coming sale of the library of the late W. E. Henley, on March 14, as nearly all of the many vol umes to be disposed of are of unusua umes to be disposed of are of unusual interest. Most of them were presented to the veteran writer by his now fa-mous "young men." For instance there is Barrie's "Little White Bird," inscrib-ed briefly, "W. E. H. from J. M. B. Nov, 1902," and Rudyard Kipling's "Depart-ments of the second second second second second pathware second second second second second design of the second sec mental Dittles," similarly dedicated not to mention a 20 volume edition de luxe of the same writer's works. Then are also 10 volumes of Meredith, with an autograph letter from the auth Justin H. McCarthy's book on and also the Edinburgh edition. In 20 vol of Robert Louis Stevenson' umes "To WI liam Ernest Henley and Anna, his wife. O pulchra filia! O filia aureola! Vale. Vale." Among the many other prizes works, with this dedication: are Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and volumes by Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle, R. le Gallienne, and

scribed. . . . A good deal of comment has been aroused here by Madame Albanesi's re-cent action in altering the title of her uncommonly successful novel, "Susannah and One Elder." published several months ago. The "one elder" was not intended by the authoress to refer to any pillar of the church-simply to a char acter older than her heroine, but the title proved to have misled so many readers that the publishers strongly urged Madame Albanesi to change it, as she now has done, to "Susannah and One Other," which is more definite if less striking. This authoress generally has found odd titles for her novels, witness "Love and Louisa" and "Peter, a Parasite." Apropos, longish titles seem to be coming in again on this side of the water, Florence Warden having just published a novel called "What Ought She to Do?" while another forthcoming romance is named "He That Had Received The Five Talents."

It is doubtful if any novel published within the last few months has been reviewed more flatteringly than "A Magdalen's Husband," which appeared in London about a fortnight ago. case the romance has not yet been published at home it may be said that its author is Vincent Brown, who seems to be a newcomer. The story is simple, but powerful in its simplicity. The scene is an English country villagethe Magdalen a woman who at first "went wrong," but who has come back to her old home, determined to live down her offenses and who has married a rather rough customer of a farmer. He ill treats her, not for any fault of hers, but to satisfy the rancour which occasionally seizes him when he realizes her moral superiority to him. But the hardly-used woman is loved by a lion-hearted countryman, and when her husband finally insults her by bringing her early betraye home to spend the night, this country betrayer man kills him. He is not suspected of the crime, everything seeming to point to the heroine's betrayer as the guilty man, but the avenger finally gives him. self up and dies for his attempt to an. ticipate divine justice

HAYDEN CHURCH.



As Spring approaches you commence to feel poorly and you wonder at the cause. You feel tired and out of sorts, Your head aches, you have no appetite and the blood is impure. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will quickly tone up the system, overcome that tired feeling and make life a pleasure. Test it for yourself. It also cures Dizziness, Bloathing, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, In-somnia, Liver Troubles, La Grippe and Malaria.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Saponifier.

Pennsylvania Soponifier is the orig-nal and old relia-PHILAD CIPHIA Concentrated No for family soap making and gener-al household uses. Beware of counter-feits The success of this article has induced unprinci-pled parties to imi-tate it. None genu-ine unless Pennsyl-vania Salt Manu-facturing Co., Philadelphia, is stamp-ed on the lid.

Ask your grocer for it and take no other

