A POPULAR AUTHOR.

As he was climbing—somewhat slowly and hesitatingly—on to the parapet, I rushed forward and dragged him down again to the pavement. He sat there glaring at me.

"Interference!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I have saved your life! I observed, "Without the least knowledge of the circumstances," he retorted savagely. "Impertinence! Bad taste!"

"Get up and don't make a fool of yourself."

As he rose and stood in the lamplight brushing the dust from his clothes I recognized him. I had never met him before, but I have his face from a hundred portraits, his tastes and habits from a thousand interviews.

"It cannot be," I said astonished.

He saw that he was recognized.

"But it is," he said.

"The popular author!"

"The same."

"Look here," I said. "Perhaps I was too hasty just now. If I had known that you were an author, I should not have interrupted you. The profession is horribly overcrowded. Pray excuse your suicide at once."

"I won't," he replied. "You've spoiled my whole pleasure in it. You've given the thing the air of a fiasco."

"I am indeed sorry. One gets so into the habit of saving people's lives without making any previous inquiry. Now that I appreciate your motive—your generous desire to get out of the way and make room for the younger generation that is knocking at the door—"

"It was not that. It was not that at all."

"Then what was it?"

"I will tell you," he walked on together. "You called me a popular author just now. I accepted the designation, but you were wrong."

"I wish I could think so, but I fear that your hold on the public is too strong. Your popularity is unfortunately still an undeniable fact."

"The popularity is all right, but I am no longer an author because I do not write."

"I am delighted to hear it. When did you first find that you were exhausted—had used up all your ideas?"

"I didn't. I haven't. I am a mass of congested ideas and plots and stories and they are all good, but I shall never use them—never any more—never, never! My popularity has killed my authorship. Tell me, did you ever read an interview with me?"

"I spend my life in dodging the different interviews with you in the different periodicals. I may have skimmed at the first four or five, but I always skip you now."

"Quite right. You don't hate those interviews more than I do."

"So you always say in the interview, but you go on being interviewed."

"How can I help it? The advertisement is useful and I have a wife and family to support. Besides, my good nature makes me weak. The interviewer has an editor who knows a man who knows me, and that is how it happens. All mutual friends ought to be abolished. All the same, I do honestly hate these interviews. They take from me time, thought, energy, those that might have been given to authorship. Besides, for three days after every interview I am so protected by chaff and soft raillery that I cannot write a single line."

"But in the intervals—why don't you write then? After all, there must be an occasional week when you are not interviewed in spite of your popularity."

"Interviews are not the only curse." He pulled a letter from his pocket. "Read that."

Standing under the lamp I read it. It was from the editor of The Home Hilltop. The editor was anxious to get the opinion of a number of eminent and representative men on what he believed to be an important, domestic question—Should women use face powder? He would be exceedingly grateful if the popular author would forward his views on this subject, in which case these complimentary copies of the number containing the symposium would be forwarded to him.

"That's all right," I said. "If I were ever to get a communication of that kind, I should drop it into the waste paper basket and get on with my work."

"You would do so," he replied. "It's very easy to think you would when you're not popular enough to be insulted in this way, but you would find it very different in practice. The Home Hilltop gets into more middle class families than any other periodical, and the middle class families buy books, and if they get my name put before them sufficiently they will buy my books. With the responsibilities of a wife and family upon me, I can't afford to neglect an advertisement like that, but it will take me days of work. I've never thought about face powder before, and now I've got to think about it. What is more, I have to be wise and witty about it. My reputation on face powder stand, you see, in a position of a free tasting sample. The only thing is that it—the scourge result of popularity—takes the time and energy which might have been given to authorship."

"And is this all?" "By no means. There are invitations which I never get in my unpopular days, and one cannot refuse all of them. Besides, it is a distinct advertisement to have one's name in the daily papers in the list of notable people who have attended a function, but it takes time—and it takes time—for that bill on the Hoardings." I read it aloud, "Gurley's Humanized Oats. Hundreds have attended. "Will," he continued, "if Gurley had spent so much money on advertising his beauty pills that he had no money left with which to manufacture the pills, he would be exactly in the position of a popular author. For three months I have written nothing—nothing except answers to invitations and gratis contributions to symposia." "I'm sorry I interfered," I said, "but there was a score of the rout of the street, and they'll cost you cartridge and send ask no questions. Cartridge is a poison."

He finished me warmly. I left him at the door of the shop and sat not without hope that there will be an interesting news item in the papers tomorrow morning.—Barry Pain.

Great Not as Stock Buyers.

A Birmingham bookseller was interviewed the other day respecting the ways of some of his distinguished customers. Asked how Mr. Gladstone orders books, he replied, "He writes for the volume marked, with the instruction, 'Send three.'" "And what else?" "Mr. Chamberlain?" "Mr. Chamberlain? Oh, he buys books of the—well, useful kind. I have sold him many such. Then Mr. Balfour is an other old customer of mine." "And what was his peculiarity?" "Well, if he bought 40 the worth of books, he would send us a check for £10 and say, 'Give the change to the packer.'"

Too Much Sermon.

The new minister just called to a rural parish was a young man of exemplary character and pleasing personality. There was much curiosity among the various families under his charge as to which should have the privilege of "boarding him." The honor it was at length decided should fall to a couple of squatters old enough to be the young man's mother and devoted to the church and its interests. The minister was duly installed under their roof and for several weeks the combined wisdom of the relatives relished the delight they felt at their good fortune. Then there came a change. Either the delight was less or the spinsters showed it less. What was more, they became irregular in their attendance at church.

Toward spring the minister announced his engagement to the prettiest girl in the parish and it wasn't long before he took up his abode in his own house. The spinsters, unlike Calypso, were not incensed side at his departure. They really seemed to receive after he had gone, while their attendance at church became more regular. Somebody one day diplomatically asked them if they didn't miss the minister. "Well, you see the sermons were so long," he, but I tell you what—it's a great relief to be able to go to church and not know just exactly what the sermon's going to be. Now, I'm tired of sermons, but Dolonica and Sophronia are tired of our Lord one thing and having them talked at you during breakfast, dinner and supper for a full week beforehand's another."—New York Sun.

Would Like to Know How.

"Do you think it's right to deceive your wife?"

"I don't know, but I'd like to find out."—Chicago Journal.

ORDER.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, Probate Division.

In the Matter of the Estate of John S. Davis, Deceased.

ON READING AND FILING THE PETITION of Joshua Davis, executor of the last will and testament of John S. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has fully administered the estate of said deceased, and praying for a decree of distribution to the persons of the property of said deceased, and for the discharge of said executor and the sureties on his bond, for the final discharge of said executor.

It is Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said John S. Davis, deceased, be and appear before the said court at the court room thereof in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Saturday, the 6th day of November, 1897, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause why a decree of distribution should not be made of the property of said estate to the persons entitled to it in accordance with the laws of the territory of Utah, and why said executor and the sureties on his bond should not be discharged from their further liability on said bond, and for the final discharge of said executor.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the daily issue of the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper published in the city and county of Salt Lake, Utah, for four consecutive issues prior to the said day of November, 1897.

Dated this 5th day of October, A. D. 1897.

OGDEN HILL, Judge.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial Division of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

Mary Mobile, Plaintiff, vs. Harry A. Waring, Defendant.

The State of Utah sends greeting to Harry A. Waring, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county, or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The nature of the claim of said plaintiff is as follows: Plaintiff complains of the defendant and alleges that on the 1st day of April, 1896, at Salt Lake City, Utah, the defendant made, executed and delivered to the plaintiff his promissory note of that date, whereby he promised to pay to the order of the plaintiff, at the office of the Commercial Mercantile Agency, in said city, reference to which is hereby made for the terms and conditions of said note, the sum of $75 in gold coin of the United States, with interest thereon at the rate of 1 per cent per month from said date, and a reasonable attorney's fee for the collection of said note, if it should be collected by an attorney at law, and that said note is now due and owing with interest as aforesaid, and defendant has failed and refused to pay said note or any part thereof, except the interest thereon, and has failed and refused to pay the attorney's fee for the collection of said note, and has failed and refused to pay the interest on said note since the 1st day of April, 1896, and has failed and refused to pay the principal of said note, and the whole thereof is now due and owing from the defendant to the plaintiff, and plaintiff has duly performed all the conditions of said note on his part to be performed, and defendant has not performed any of the conditions of said note, but defendant has failed and refused to pay said note, and has failed and refused to pay the principal and interest thereon, and plaintiff has been compelled to employ the undersigned attorney at law to collect said note, and has agreed to pay him a reasonable attorney's fee for his services in the premises, and plaintiff has duly demanded payment of said note from defendant, but defendant has failed and refused to pay said note or any part thereof, except the