



## SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter.  
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter.  
Hearts will be happier—souls will be whiter.  
Some of these days!

Some of these days, in the deserts up-springing,  
Fountains shall flash, while the joy-bells are ringing,  
And the world—with its sweetest of birds shall go singing—  
Some of these days!

Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow:  
Faith in the future—its light we may borrow.  
There will be joy in the golden tomorrow—  
Some of these days!

## THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Low at my feet is stretched the lordly valley  
Across my realm the high wild stars are set;  
My garment is the light, the darkness dead;  
I wrap me round with rain and snow and hail.  
Round me and round the eagles nest and sail.  
Between my knees the thunders make their bed.  
I lap the storm-winds, and their young are bred,  
Their young that play, and chafe my rocky mail.  
Who cometh up to me, he shall have power,  
The prophet's power, the old law-giver's might.  
Ay, he shall have the tablet in his hand,  
He shall not fall, but in the evil hour  
And good, uplifted, clothed upon with light,  
His neck unbowed, as I stand shall he stand.

—John Vance Cheney.

## HAUNTINGS.

"Is that the thing you do, dear,  
Is that the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of a headache  
At setting of the sun?  
The water you forgot to turn?  
The door you did not wind, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts tonight,  
The things you might have lifted  
Or a brother's way?  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The some touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle, winning tone,  
Which you had no time not thought for  
With troubles of your own,  
Those little acts of kindness  
So easily out of mind,  
True chances to be angels  
Which we poor mortals find,  
They come in night and silence,  
Each said reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And still has fallen on faith.  
For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer slow compassion  
That arrives until too late,  
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,  
Which gives you a bit of headache  
At setting of the sun."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## A GOOD BOOK.

That book is good  
Which puts me in a working mood,  
Where to Thought is added Will,  
And to an imbecile,  
What parts, what gems, what colors  
Shine.  
Ah, but I miss the grand design!  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## NOTES.

A new novel by the author of "The Quality" is in the hands of an American publisher. It is entitled "Jack Raymond." The author, Mrs. E. L. Voelck, is the wife of a well-known London bookseller.

A great many misrepresentations have been made relative to the works of the late Maurice Thompson. Several publishers have republished and advertised as new books some of Mr. Thompson's immature works written eighteen and twenty years ago, on the strength of "Alice of Old Vincennes." It is a rank injustice to Mr. Thompson's reputation. The Bowen-Merrill company has stopped a number of publications by legal proceedings, and many persons are correcting the impression in their minds by them at first that they were recent productions of Mr. Thompson's pen. The New York Mail says: "Old stories of Mr. Thompson's posthumously—practically forgotten after their short struggle for existence, many years ago—were resurrected, cunningly dressed up and adroitly advertised, on

will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Alphonse Daudet used to say that he could never write anything worth while unless he wrote it with his own hand; and of this fact he gave a psychological explanation. He claimed that in writing with the pen there is a much more intimate connection between the brain and its product than can be obtained in any other way; because the brain not only composes but in the very moment of composition looks at the results through the medium of the eye, and is therefore simultaneously going through the processes of once-over, the process of creation and the process of criticism. Furthermore, he said that in doing his own writing with the pen he had a feeling that he was actually putting a part of himself into his work; and that in consequence the individuality and the impress of character in what he wrote were much more sharply given.

Henrik Ibsen, the eminent Norwegian writer, is fastidiously neat in his habits, punctual, and painstaking, but never in a hurry, says Current Literature. He keeps on his table a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among them a wooden bear, two or three cats, and some rabbits. He is reported to have said, "I never write a single line without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table; I could not write without them. But why I use them is my own secret."

Once a month during this year Harper & Brothers publish one of twelve American novels intended to picture the social life of this country. The fourth one in this series of "Victims of Circumstances," by Geraldine Anthony, and it is just issued. The three books previously published were "Eastover Court House," by Henry Burham Boone and Kenneth Brown, "The Philanthropist," by Arthur Stanford Pier, and "Martin Brock," by Morgan Bates.

"A Victim of Circumstances" treats of the days in New York when debutantes made their bows to society at afternoon teas in long-necked dresses. That was not so very long ago—a scant fourteen years. Jerome Park was in its glory and persons of quality congregated in front of the Brunswick to watch the start of the "Pioneers" coach on its tri-weekly trip to the new Century Club at Westchester.

Maturin Townsend is an old-fashioned man with five millions and three nephews. Those are the books who do not revolve around him are satellites of Madame Trevor, the grandmother of most of the dramatic personae. She is a despot and a social leader with strong views as to what is correct and which marriages are good form, but despite her huge influence she is just a fat old woman in a camel's hair shawl and a bonnet so shocking that only a cook or a duchess would dare to wear it. She wears it on the basis that she is an American duchess.

Madame Trevor is the chaperon and mother chicken of two sweet and thoroughly delightful American granddaughters, "Clipp" Trevor and "Spriggy" Trevor. Spriggy, whom she guards with the force of a dragon. The satellites of the old lady and of the old gentleman fall in love in criss-cross fashion and pretty indiscriminately.

An important character is Reginald Courtenay, son of the fifth Viscount of that name who, being hard up, has been forced by his father to sell out of the Irish Lancers and come to this country in search of a rich wife.

He is the villain in the book. If there is one, but his own villainy consists in looking for a rich wife—not much of a fault in European eyes. Spriggy Trevor, one of the Trevor granddaughters and rich dazzer him.

At the house party at Madame Trevor's they all revel in smart talk and repartee, the three nephews of old Townsend, who are "Trevor," "Clipp," and "Spriggy," and a scap, grace with a Mrs. Partington tendency of putting his foot in it, and Sidney Percival, a lovelock youth. Then there are Percy Townsend and a few other minor characters.

"They fall in love amid most delightful surroundings of tennis, boating and driving. Spriggy and Clipp have a perfect surfeit of sweethearts. Courtenay Roy Trevor and Sidney Percival become the most ardent of rivals. Percival takes Clipp to a garret to get some fencing foils and incidentally to propose.

## FIGURINE CEREAL.

A New Method of Using Fruit is to prepare it in such a manner that it still retains all of its natural properties and then combine it with selected grains, thereby producing a perfect breakfast beverage. This is the way Figurine Cereal, the substitute for coffee and tea, is made. Your grocer sells it. Ask for sample.

Why Some Children are Restless and nervous even their own mothers are unable to tell. Possibly they have been given coffee or tea to drink. Figurine Cereal, made from choice California fruits and selected grains, is a beneficial substitute. Figurine will feed the nerve centers. It will make the child strong and healthy. Made like coffee. Looks like coffee. But it's 54 per cent fruit and 46 per cent grain.

If you don't feel just right substitute Figurine Cereal for coffee. It's the perfect food beverage. At grocers.

Tory social atmosphere, ends with two very happy marriages.

## BOOKS.

The fourth of the American Contemporary Novel Series, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers are issuing once a month during the present year, a brief portion of which is given above, is called "A Victim of Circumstances," and the author, Miss Geraldine Anthony, is a New York society woman. As it is the writer's first novel, and is said to picture New York society, not only in the metropolis, but at the fashionable summer resorts of the Sound, a good deal of genuine amusement and food for gossip will be furnished the reader, especially as the author's knowledge of the people she writes about has been derived at first hand, and as the talk in the novel is said to be undeniably witty and piquant. It is just the sort of novel to make the sensation of a summer.

The widespread interest in the revelation of high life which figure in "The Mary-Queen of an Empire," and which continues to make that book still sell by the thousand, will be increased by the announcement of a second book by the unknown author, which promises to be as entertaining and startling in its disclosures as was her first book in "The Tribulations of a Princess," the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" has given us her autobiography, but still conceals her identity from the public for obvious reasons. Behind the shelter of anonymity she reveals the free land of European life in royal circles, and it is not too much to predicate when we say that probably no book of the year will furnish so much gossip around the tea-table as will "The Tribulations of a Princess."

A Text-Book of Psychology is a new work by Daniel Putnam, LL.D., professor of psychology and pedagogy in the Michigan state normal college. This work is equally well adapted for the general reader and for the student. It presents in simple and direct language a clear exposition of the generally accepted principles of psychology. The existence of an entity which may properly be called the mind is so recognized with all the same that the physiological aspects of psychology receive due attention, an appendix giving helpful directions for psychological experiments and the necessary apparatus. A chapter is devoted to the moral nature and the evolution of the mind. The subject of the emotions receives more attention than is usual. We are particularly pleased with the book in that an appearance of profundity is not sought by an involved style or a superabundance of technical terms of expression, but every division of psychology receives adequate treatment.

## MAGAZINES.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has but just closed a delightful series of Irish sketches in one magazine to begin a new series of English sketches in another. Scribner's Magazine is the favored periodical this time. In the May number is the first of three installments of "The Diary of a Goose Girl" in which she sets down her experiences in a tiny village of rural England which she suddenly fell in love with. The sketches are written in a simple, direct, and charming style, and took up temporary residence there, among the geese, Belgian hares, rabbits and sheep, to say nothing of the village worthies and village urchins. The diary is charmingly "Wigginized," and the illustrations by Charles A. Sherrington are admirably in keeping. E. W. Hornung relates more adventures of the Amateur Cracksmen; John Fox, Jr., concludes his sketches of "The Southern States"; Thomas F. Millard has a paper on Gen. Christian Dewey; Walter A. Wyckoff tells about his experience as a worker "With Iowa Farmers"; John La Farge gives sketches drawn by himself; "The South Sea Islands" by Charles A. Sherrington is a paper on the "The South Sea Islands"; and there are other sketches, stories and poems—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Country for May contains a number of what may be called "travel papers." It opens with an account by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, of "A Hamlet in Old Hampshire," the village in the heart of England which she visited last year. Next follows "Breakfast in Naples," by Mary Ida Scott, with illustrations from photographs. The road to France by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who temperately eulogizes Emile Louvet and Stoddard Dewey, who wanders "Along the Paris Quays," peeping into the bookstalls, pointing out the picturesque features of Paris in profile on the other bank of the Seine, and gossiping, as he walks, of men and books and other mundane things. "Out-of-the-Way Places in the Orient" are picturesquely described, in separate sketches, by Mrs. Lockwood de Forest, Marion M. Pore, and V. C. Scott. G. Connor, with illustrations by J. Lockwood Kivling and from architectural and other photographs. Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., writes of "A Peculiar City of Alexander the Great." Fanny Corbett Hays tells of missionary experiences in China. Charles Battell Loomis makes us acquainted with some more "American Abroad" and Robert T. Hill, in "The Broken Neckline," (the Antilles Islands chain), directs attention to a timely lesson in the government of distant colonies. "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Run-

"Why" Miss Trevor inquired with lively curiosity.  
"So that when he came back to her she might find nothing unnatural or disagreeable in his staying. So that when he asked her the question that was in his heart she wouldn't be startled and frightened and hate him for disturbing her."  
"Let me finish it," said Miss Trevor.  
"The Knight went away to take charge of his own estates and being inconstant forgot the princess in a week. She thought of him twice a day until she grew tired of waiting and then she began to think of somebody else who happened to be close at hand. And as he never came back she never knew what his question would have been nor how she would have answered it if he had asked it."

"But surely she could guess," said Percival.  
"She was a stupid Princess and not good at riddles," said Miss Trevor.  
"Please hold your candle so that the light will fall in that corner. Yes, there are the foils."  
This finishes Percival and Clipp, who eventually becomes engaged to Roy Trevor.  
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The story, which has the correct New

kle is brought to a happy ending this month, E. L. Irving Hatcher's "The Dilemma" continues on its course and among the short stories are "A Japanese Illusion," by Virginia Hall, and a good, old-fashioned tenement house tale, by Jacob Bliss—The Century Company, New York.

## TALE OF A STAMP.

I'm a tramp—  
A postage stamp—  
A two-center.  
Don't want to brag,  
But I was never  
Licked,  
Except once.  
By a gentleman, too;  
He put me on  
To a good thing;  
It was an envelope—  
Perfumed, pink, square;  
I've been stuck on  
That envelope  
Ever since.  
He dropped us—  
The envelope and me—  
Through a slot in a dark box;  
But we were rescued  
By a mail clerk.  
Now in the pit,  
He hit me an awful  
Smash with a hammer;  
It left my face  
Black and blue;  
Then I went on a long  
Journey  
Of two days;  
And when we arrived—  
We were presented  
To a perfect love  
Of a girl.  
With the stunningest pair  
Of blue eyes  
That ever blinked;  
Say, she's a dream!  
Well, she's mutilated  
By the ink envelope.  
And tore one corner  
Of me off.  
With a hairpin;  
Then she read what  
Was inside  
Of the pink envelope.  
I never saw a girl blush  
So beautifully!  
I would be stuck  
On her if I could.  
Well, she placed  
The pink envelope  
In the pink envelope;  
Then she kissed me.  
Oh, you little go-devils!  
Her lips were ripe  
As cherries.  
And warm  
As the summer sun  
Was.  
The pink envelope and me—  
Are now  
Needling snugly  
In her bosom;  
We can hear  
Her heart throb;  
When it goes fastest  
She takes us out  
And kisses me.  
Oh, say!  
This is great!  
I'm glad  
I'm a stamp—  
A two-center.

## Whispering Trough.

A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: Our three children took whooping cough last summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness and came out in much better health than other children whose parents did not use this remedy. Our oldest child would call lusty for cough syrup between whoops.—Jesse Pinkey Hall, Springfield, Ala.

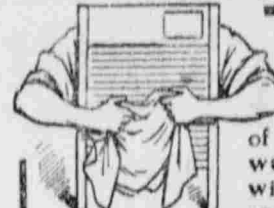
## MILLICEN FAMILY NAMED IN NUMERALS.

"In a long experience in the Treasury Department I have come across a very large number of names, many of which are rather peculiar," explained an old official to a Washington Star reporter, "but I think the list of names in connection with the subscription to the \$ per cent bond surpasses anything in the way of peculiarity that I have ever observed."

"Of these the one that struck me most was a man who signed himself Ten Million and who resides out in Oregon. We thought the name was an imaginative one and wrote the man that it was desired that bonds should be registered in the real names only, and that no further attention would be paid to his subscription until he was heard from. His letter was written on the printed letter head of the firm of Millicen & Millon, two brothers. Then followed an explanation that his father and mother were unable to select names for their children that were mutually satisfactory, and as a result of this they had had their children, none of them were ever christened formally. The first child was a girl and was known as One Million. The second child, also a girl, was known as Two Million. Thus the list went on, until Ten Million was reached, and he was the writer of the letter, the other member of the firm being a brother whose only name as far as the family was concerned was Seven Million, the seventh child. He added that one Millicen had afterward called herself Una Million, that the third girl was known after she had grown up as Trio Million. The others had taken on additions to their names and he had adopted the name of Ten Million, but his real name was Ten Million and nothing else. The bonds were issued to him, and today stand on the books of the Treasury Department registered in the name of Ten Million."

"Peculiar names in connection with the name subscription came in from other cities, and though I kept notes of some of them, I cannot recall all of them now. An instance, John T. Forward and Anson K. Backward reside in Saint Augustine, Fla., while Abram M. Saint and E. F. Forward and Cushtis L. Discharge lived in Chattanooga, Tenn.; Elsie I. Smart, Richard A. Dull and William C. Active were residents of St. Paul, Cassell Stone, Robert Diamond, Michael Finn and Austin Pearl lived in Washington, D. C.; Karl Plunge, Hensel Smith, Charles Sawyer and Ed-ward Toback resided in Cincinnati; Michael T. Meat, Timothy Apple, Thomas Coffee, Rudolph Egg and William Ham, besides others suggesting established firms in Baltimore; Christopher Pain, Joshua Suffering, Edmund Growl and James S. Colic reside in Louisville, Ky.; George W. Blumish, W. H. Perfect, August Plain, Daniel D. Fanny and Henry Elegant are Bostonians; Frank M. Long, Joseph Short, Reuben Mite, Samuel S. Yard and Lemuel W. Inch reside in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herschel Q. High, Charles W. Low, Frederick N. Medium live in Milwaukee, Wis., which city also has John E. Holt and Eugene S. Siro as residents. New York with its number of subscribers has the names of Eugene R. Carpenter, Quintus Plumber, George F. Painter, Claude Wheelwright, Alpheus R. Tinner, Magnus SilverSmith, Charles A. Baker, William Dist and dozens of other occupations. Richmond, Va., has William K. Allagatch, Richmond, Ind., has a subscriber named Alfred Never-caught, while Galveston, Texas, has a subscriber named Mizner Nottcaught."

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured After Fourteen Years of Suffering.  
"I have been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for fourteen years," says Josh Edgar, of Germantown, Cal. "I was able to be around but constantly suffered. I tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured, and I am happy to say it has not since returned. Why not use this liniment and get well?"



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is what wears out your clothes—a month of ordinary wear is less than one dose of wash-board wear. PEARLINE does away with the deadly wash-board rubbing—thus it saves wear, work, worry, and money. Can you doubt it's economy? Millions use PEARLINE—bright people.

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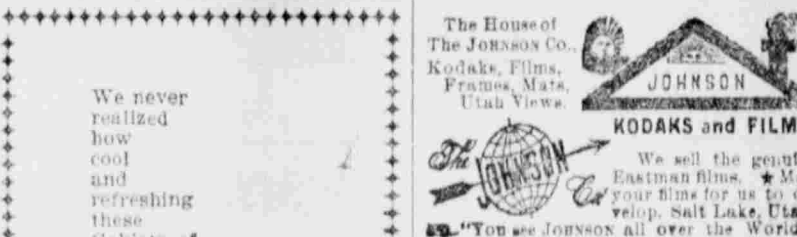


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