



A SONG FOR THE NORTH WIND.

Work swiftly through the cool, keen days. Fall yet may prove too late, too late. Incessant through the northern gate pours the strong windy flood that none delays.

ALONE.

There was no one who stood by her; she had not any word to say. For one mistle in life's young day. When love had seemed too good to her.

She walked from all the world apart. And kept her grief locked in her heart. A comrade dear seemed Memory; So all alone walked she.

But sang the blackbird in the brake. It seemed his song was made for her; And all along the calm blue lake The lilies pure were laid for her.

The honeysuckle in the dew. Around her door its fragrance threw. The ewe lamb by her side would lead. And white doves there would feed.

I dream the Christ of Galilee. Who on the dread cross died for her. When near to death her steps shall be. The gate will open wide for her.

That angel hands will draw her in. And lock without the old-time sin. And on her brow again will press Her lost youth's happiness.

—Corra A. Matson Dolsen in the Era.

When the New Hampshire legislature of 1902 meets in this city on the first Tuesday in January, the clerk in calling the roll will say: "Mr. Churchill of Cornwall, and the voice which answers, 'Here,' will be that of the author of 'Richard Carvel' and 'The Crisis'."

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Churchill gave a reception at their beautiful summer residence, Harlakenden House, at Cornwall, at which the "city colony," St. Gaudens, the sculptor; Maxfield Parish, the artist; L. E. Shipman, the playwright; and others fraternized with the all-the-year-round residents of the town.

At this reception the first official announcement was made that Mr. Churchill will be a candidate at the election in November for the place of representative in the legislature from his town. The announcement came as a great surprise to those present and it was very heartily received, one of the town bosses going so far as to say that not a vote would be cast in opposition to the novelist.

It is hinted that Congress is in Mr. Churchill's eye as a not distant possibility of his political career.

A short time ago Sir George Douglas, Bart., read a paper on Thomas Hardy, at the Whitefriars club, London, in which he prophesied that the present century would be known at the end of the century as the age of Hardy and not in comparison with Shakespeare, classifying him among the great imperial writers.

Now as style is the form which perpetuates art and gives it a permanent vitality, it seems to us that Sir George is strangely inconsistent in thus damaging the claim he makes for Hardy's greatness. The fact is that just because Hardy is impersonal and not individual or personal, his style varies in richness of tone according to his theme. The Shakespeare who wrote "King Lear" is the Shakespeare who wrote "As You Like It." The Hardy who wrote "The Return of the Native" is the Hardy who wrote "Greenwood Tree." Yet how vastly different the style of each author in these contrasted works! Indeed, Hardy's artistic susceptibility to the temper of his subject is one of his great gifts. It is nowhere so strikingly exemplified as in the description of Tess among the sun-faded, sun-kissed maidens at Crick's farm, and later when in her desolation she works in the turnip fields. Mr. Lionel Johnson tells us how Oliver Madox Brown, lying on his deathbed, had the first chapters of "Far From the Madding Crowd" read to him, out of the "Cornhill Magazine," which had just refused a story of his own. "No wonder," the boy exclaimed, "they did not want my writing!" And adds Mr. Johnson, time has shown that there

is little writing by modern men which is more wanted, more acceptable, than the writing of Mr. Hardy.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, author of "The Dark of the Moon" (Harpers), has been traveling on the continent for the past few months in search of rest, recreation, and fresh literary material. He is expected to return to London this month. Mr. Crockett's "Dark of the Moon" bids fair to rival the success of his former book, "The Raiders." He has the faculty of evolving the most romantic situations and setting them among wild scenery somewhat after the manner of Scott.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is writing a series of unique short stories for Harper's Bazar, in which romances are cleverly woven about certain trees which are made to figure significantly in the action. The "Great Pine" appeared in the August Bazar. A similar design was carried out by this author in her "Understudies," published last year by the Harpers, though in this case animals were used to give the keynotes to the clever stories. Miss Wilkins is spending the summer in Magnolia, Mass.

"Well," said a northern business man, laying down "The Siege of Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson, and drawing a long breath of relief after the tension of interest excited by the story, "no one but a southern man could have written that book. No cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, mercenary man sits at a desk and earns his living could think up such thrilling incidents or imagine such intoxicating scenes. It takes one of those southern fellows, who rides to hounds and carries a gun for his political opponents, and engages in neighborhood feuds and knows a lot about horse racing and mixing duels and making love—a thoroughbred southerner, in fact—to write a book like that!" As it happens, however, Mr. Dickson is a most prosaically hard-working lawyer, who achieves his romances, for the most part, in the night hours, toiling as laboriously over them as in the daytime he toils over knotty cases at law. He lives in a beautiful old southern manor house, and is one of the best known of the young men in the south, fond of sport, and a great favorite wherever he goes. He takes his writing simply as the recreation of a busy lawyer, but works slavishly at it, and the time he found to come when he will have to choose between law and romance.

Miss Jordan's recently published "Tales of Destiny" has been more pronouncedly of interested discussion than any of her previous volumes. The two stories in the collection that call for most comment seem to be "In the Case of Dora Bissler" and "A Collaboration." Some see in the latter tale a slender thread of material that would have made a successful novel, while others regard its prodigality as the surest sign of Miss Jordan's prolific imaginative power and promise of greater work in fiction.

One New York editor, remarking on the sound judgment, was heard to say the other day that "A Collaboration" was not only one of the best stories he had ever read, but dared Miss Jordan herself to better it. It will be interesting to observe how Miss Jordan accepts this challenge.

The effect of the revival of the great popularity of Charles Dickens has extended even to "Household Words," the paper which Dickens founded, and which has recently come under new management. The Literary World says: "Its circulation was numbered by hundreds a few months ago. We see a quarter of a million copies are being printed of the next issue. The Harpers report large and ready sales of their new 30-volume edition of Dickens' works." Ouida has nearly finished a new novel, which is said to be her longest. It contains 100,000 words.

Arthur Barlow, the other by Philip Amidas. They had a most interesting and satisfactory page, of which Barlow's quaint account, given in the Encyclopedia, and were hospitably received by the Indians of Roanoke island. On their return to England they were accompanied by the Indian chiefs Manteo and Ananias, and Sir Walter Raleigh was charmed with the voyagers' account of the new, beautiful country and the behavior of the natives, and in 1585 he sent a mother-in-law, diplomacy created Mato a son of England.

The keen interest in aerial navigation will be never awakened by a volume to be issued immediately by A. Wessels, editor, New York, entitled "The Conquest of the Air" by John Alexander.

In the hundred and sixty pages of the book is given entertainingly the romance of the air—with chapters on the "Balloons in War," "Scientific ballooning," "The achievements of Santos-Dumont and others," "The Airship of yesterday and today." The volume will have a preface by Sir Hiram Maxim and be fully illustrated.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company announce for immediate publication a dramatic arrangement of Longfellow's "Song Hiawatha" given with special reference to its presentation as a play by school children. It has already been successfully given in Chicago, and it is thought that it will appeal to both teachers and children. Wherever the poem itself is known and loved, in the nature of the case it has been found necessary to take some liberties with Longfellow's text, but these have been mainly such changes as are involved in turning the third person into the first and making Hiawatha, or Mnjoleewis, tell his own story. No attempt has been made to fit the play for the professional stage, and the giving of this could not be done without too extensive departure from the original text.

The editor is Miss Florence Holbrook, of the Forestville school of Chicago, whose "Hiawatha Primer" is so favorably known; and both she and the publishers believe that the present arrangement is well suited to the use of amateurs, old and young, and suggestions for costumes are given, together with stage directions and music for the various songs. There are also several illustrations from photographs of the Indian play of Hiawatha given annually at Desharats, Ontario. The book is Extra Number U, in the Riverside Literature Series and is listed at 15 cents, net, in paper covers.

The Harpers recently published a novel, Marion Manning, by Mrs. Edith Easta, a daughter of Hon. Levi P. Morton, which was at first received by the public with interest on account of the personality of the author. But within the past month the book has been called for on its own merits. The publishers state that it has gone through several editions, and shows every sign of becoming a best seller.

Miss Ono Watana's novel, "A Japanese Nightingale," was written rapidly, as are all her stories. When once a story is formulated in her mind she writes with great speed, finishing page after page without much effort. She is a very conscientious worker, and revises with persistent care. "A Japanese Nightingale" was written last year, and is one of the best of the publications of Harper & Brothers. The book has been dramatized, and will be produced on the stage next season with more magnificence, it is promised, than any of the other plays of the year.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of "The Chester Tales" and "John Ward, Preacher," is now at her summer home in Kennebunkport, Me., where she is resting in the bosom of her literary work. Mrs. Deland has been writing a series of "Tales of the Century" for Harper's Bazar for August under the title "The Passing of Dora." In this paper Mrs. Deland writes of the charm of women of the olden time, and how they captivate just as Dora captivated David Copperfield and everybody else. She contrasts her with the more vigorous type of girl now prevalent.

Mr. Peter Newell, the well known artist, has recently recovered from an attack to typhoid fever, but is now strong again and busily engaged on work for the "Century" and "Harper's." He has not worked from models, as most of the illustrators do, his figures not being drawn on conventional lines. He made an exception to this rule in the case of his pictures for the "Century" edition of "Alice," published last autumn by the Harpers. For these pictures the artist's little daughter Josephine, posed, not literally as a model, but as a suggestion for "Alice."

Last winter when Will N. Harben was writing "Abner Danks" (Harpers), he often met Frank R. Stockton at the artist's club. One afternoon Harben met Mr. Stockton at the new book store, and added that he had been trying to get up his courage to ask to be allowed to send it to him when it was published. Stockton assured Mr. Harben that he would be glad to receive the book, and another novelist sauntered, across the room and said:

"Frank, D— has just sent me a copy of his last book and wants me to review it. I don't care to do it, but he is bored with similar requests?"

It was an awkward moment for Stockton and Harben, but the former was equal to the emergency.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "it is rather hard to write reviews of books for friends when one is busy writing novels, but I do certainly like to read books written by men I know."

Harben walked away. He thought the matter had passed out of the mind of the genial humorist, but a few minutes later Stockton came to him and said: "I don't want you to interrupt me and that book. I am very interested in it." But Mr. Stockton never lived to receive the promised "first copy." He died while Mr. Harben was reading the proofs of the novel.

Richard Le Gallienne has gone back to England, but it is quite probable that he will return to New York, as he had a healthier place to live in than London, and has met with considerable success in his journalistic and literary work over here.

In "The White World" (Lewis, Scribner & Co.), a book devoted to experiences of Arctic explorers, Admiral Schlegel gives an account of his rescue of the crew of the "Tees" and the survivors of his expedition in 1884. His gifts as a speaker reappear in his writing.

Rudyard Kipling has removed from Rotterdam, near Brighton, to the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells, where he is busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to the pencil drawings for his forthcoming collection of juvenile tales, telling how the elephant got its trunk, etc., and entitled "Just So Stories."

A "playgoers'" edition of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" has recently been published by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. The original Gibson pictures have been omitted, and cuts from scenes in the dramatization, as brought out with Robert Edson as Clay, have been substituted. The text remains practically unchanged.

Dr. Conan Doyle has made £1,000 out of his war pamphlet. With £5,000 of this he has established a South African scholarship at the University of Edinburgh. The rest of the money he has invested in gold digger cases for friends abroad, who have helped in the work of distributing copies. These cases are to be inscribed, "From friends in England to a friend of England."

"Confessions of a Spy," by the pseudonymous author, "Mary Adams," will be issued by the Century company in the autumn. The publishers began to get orders for this book four months before its completion in serial form in the Century Magazine, and several London publishers have contended for the honor of issuing it in England. Granville Smith has made the illustration for the book.

Mr. Le Queux, the English novelist, will bring out, in the autumn an elaborate illustrated history of the ancient Republic of San Marino, an independent state over 1,500 years old. He has been engaged upon this work for a long time—a fact which has been recognized in his appointment by the republic as its consul. He was, by the way, the secretary to the British diplomatic mission which arranged an extradition treaty with San Marino last year.

Very few people know that England has created one American, and one only, a peer. He was made "Lord of Rosnoke," and he was the Indian chief Gibson, whose pictures have been omitted, and cuts from scenes in the dramatization, as brought out with Robert Edson as Clay, have been substituted. The text remains practically unchanged.

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MELANCHOLY WOMEN.

Always Afraid Something Dreadful is Going to Happen. Why Should Women Have the Blues More Than Men?

When a cheerful, brave, and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way:

She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous. Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine."

But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established. Her doctor has made a mistake.

She loses faith; hopes vanish; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Please send me your advice in my case. The doctor has examined me, and said my womb was out of place, crooked, and inflamed, and that he could do me no good. I am twenty-nine years old and been in bad health for five years. Menstruation is not regular, have a discharge all the time, have sleepy spells, my sides and back hurt all the time, and am reduced to a mere skeleton."—MRS. MAGGIE STABRETT, Keyser, W. Va. (May 16, 1900.)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the good it did me. It eased my menstruation to come all right which had not been for one year, and I am otherwise well, thanks to you."—MRS. MAGGIE STABRETT, Keyser, W. Va. (Oct. 4, 1900.)

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published without obtaining the writer's special permission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

was proud and irascible, a man to be approached with caution. The town folk of his splendid Scotch community regarded him with mingled feelings of fear, dislike and envy. All this John Gourlay gloried in, and he sought to increase the ranking in his neighbors' breasts by flaunting his prosperity.

The downfall of the house of Gourlay is the tragedy which the story tells. A shrewd business competition, a shrewd wife, a cowardly doll of a son, a ray of hope comes when young Gourlay wins the Raeburn, a much sought literary honor, through his wondrous and abnormal powers of visualization. But the morbid pictures of his own brain are disastrously potent, they lead to heavy drinking and wretched failure. Expelled from school, he comes back to Barbie, the pitiable wreck of John Gourlay's last hope, and the recital of the father's reception of his disgraced son, and the final tragedy that ends the tale is appalling in its somberness. The characters throughout are sketched with a fine hand and are appealing from their life-likeness. McClure, Phillips & Co. are the publishers. Sold at Desert News Book Store.

Under the title of "Forces in Fiction" Richard Burton has collected in book form a number of essays dealing with some of the vital points in the making of good literature, together with a couple of charming original prose sketches in which are aptly illustrated some of the points elucidated in his articles. The titles of these give the trend of the themes, the most important, perhaps, being "The Fundamentals of Fiction," "The Modern Trend for Literature," "The Use of English" and "Literature as a Craft," the latter combining the subdivisions—"The Love of the Fine Phrase," "What is Literary Merit?" "Must and Emotion in Poetry." The book will be an excellent addition to the library of student, scholar, author or literary critic, combining as it does good judgment and critical acumen with fine phrasing and general elegant expression.—Bowen, Merrill Co., publishers, Indianapolis.

The third installment of "Tales of a Mississippi Pilot" appears in the Youth's Companion in an entertaining story called "Soft" Jack Hogan and the Voice." "Grandmother's Room," "The Sun Lake Contest" and "Why Shorty Loves the Professor" are the other pieces of fiction in the number, and under the title of "A Correspondent in Panama," J. D. Whelpley gives an interesting sketch of the Central American isthmus. The usual good poetry and department material appear in the number.

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.—An eminent lawyer of Baltimore, Md., John Henry Keene, has recently written and published a wonderful booklet entitled "Crimes, Science and Its Enemies." In which he startlingly condemns the pulpits' attacks upon Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy and Christian Science.

representative of the press called on Mrs. Eddy to enquire as to her endorsement of this book. In reply she said, "Upon reading the grand preface

of Mr. Keene's book, I laid it aside from lack of time just then and sent my compliments to the author with an order for said book. After perusing his book thoroughly I changed my opinion and high intent (although I have never seen him), but of the advisability of publishing the book; and immediately requested the parties to discontinue publishing it in its present form of treating the subject. I did this, solely because the author's vehemence in denouncing the pulpits' furious attacks upon me was not consonant with my Christian sentiment. It is written of our Great Master whose life and teachings furnish my model that, "When He was Reviled He reviled not again."

LIFE OF A PIONEER. Autobiography of Capt. James S. Brown, 220 pages, bound in cloth. Price \$2.00, for sale at the Cannon Book Store, (Deseret News, Props.), 11 and 13 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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