

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

A Graphic Pen Portrait of the Brilliant Novelist.

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Some Specimen Nuggets of Her Brilliant Conversational Powers.

Home Life and Surroundings of the Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" - Pathetic Story of the Great Grief of Her Life.

WASHINGTON, May 30.-There is nothing in Mrs. Burnett's home which marks it as the abiding place of genius.



MRS. FRANCES H. BURNETT.

son, or that he was one of the best oculists in Washington. The colored man asks if you want to see the doctor.

compare her in this respect to nothing but one of those luminous fountains which delighted the people at the Paris exposition.

A question, a suggestion, a name is sufficient and away you go. It is like opening the throttle valve of a locomotive.

HER GREAT POWER OF IMAGINATION. A word about her reminiscences of child life now being published in Scribner's

HOW SHE CONVERSES. Mrs. Burnett is clever, of course she is, as everyone who has read her books knows.

Now Mrs. Burnett enters. She wears a black gown and has yellow hair. The skirts have the orthodox swish-swish and train along the floor.

Mrs. Burnett is not an American. She was born in England, loves English people and their ways, speaks and looks like an English woman.

One will pass through many places without finding such a talker as the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

They traded elsewhere and they have felt the bitterest pangs of regret ever since. Yes it is wise to think before you leap—because "It is too late to lock up the horse when you have lost the stable door."

but when I get them home they scratch as badly as my own. There is a strange perversity about pens.

At that rate one wonders why she does not work morning, noon and night.



HOME IN WASHINGTON. THE HALL AND PARLORS.

people may call my virtues I find myself possessed with a harassing tendency to reason them back to faults.

Justification in heredity or something else by the converse method, but I cannot do it.

MRS. BURNETT'S DEN IN HER WASHINGTON HOME.

writing. And then what happens? MRS. BURNETT'S HOME AND FAMILY. So much for the jewel, now a little more about the setting.

of Mrs. Burnett's sons, Vivian and Lionel, one of whom has been taken from her.

Dr. Burnett's offices are on the other side of the house at the front.

THE GREAT GRIEF OF HER LIFE. I learned later from an intimate friend of hers that once she lay unconscious for five days from concussion of the brain.

ously ill. His mother determined that he should be spared that knowledge, in as his whole life had been happy and bright, so should his death be.

Week's before his death Mrs. Burnett had prepared herself for the final scene. She was determined not to break down when it came.

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ZACH TAYLOR AND HIS WIFE

Mrs. Jefferson Davis Corrects Some Recent Misstatements.

GEN. TAYLOR'S BOYHOOD.

Interesting Pictures of Old-Time People and Their Ways.

Instead of a "Simple Old Woman Smoking Her Pipe and Bemoaning Her Fate," Mrs. Taylor Was a Refined and Elegant Lady.

LIB liberty of the press is one of the sacred rights of freemen, but liberty trenches on license when such an article as the following is uttered by a conservative and dignified monthly magazine.



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

attack on the Taylor family did not meet the eye of their friends until after it had deeply wounded and incensed the children and grandchildren of the heroic old ex-president.

After setting forth that Mary Anderson was born in Louisville, etc., the writer goes on thus:

The parents of President Zachary Taylor were Virginians but they settled near the present city of Louisville about the year 1798. It happened that Zachary Taylor was born in Virginia, but was brought to Louisville when he was only a month or two old, and he grew to manhood working on his father's farm.

It would be hard to have written two paragraphs, containing more errors than these two which speak of the Taylor family. It is true that General Taylor was taken to Kentucky when very young, and that he grew to manhood in that state—but that he grew up working on his father's farm is untrue.

IN COMMENTS OF WEALTHINESS

They traded elsewhere and they have felt the bitterest pangs of regret ever since. Yes it is wise to think before you leap—because "It is too late to lock up the horse when you have lost the stable door."



Beware also of snide dealers or you will be badly bitten to your sorrow. Trade with Freed and you are safe.

Leaders of Low Prices. Easy Payments.



She wept great weeps and her dog wept in sympathy after seeing the beautiful things her dearest friend had bought from Freed's and bankrupt stocks.

The Mammoth House Furnishers.



Grandpa is tickled to death with his new chair that was bought from Freed's. Easy, Soft and elegant.

Freed Furniture & Carpet Co., 32 and 42 East Third South.