

# HOMES AND HAUNTS OF HAWTHORNE.

## America's Greatest Novelist and the Places He Has Made Memorable.

**Pure Food.**  
 Valuable after volume has been written on this subject and no other is of such great importance to everybody. In Canada they had considerable discussion on this point among the stores, and it ended in the condemnation of quite a number of them. HAYDEN BROS.' big grocery department derived considerable advertising at the time and is now known as the Pure Food Department. They carry incredibly large stocks of everything in the grocery line and the quality is guaranteed. The prices are fully one-third below regular retail quotations. They have a free circular of quotations and all mail orders promptly addressed Hayden Bros.' Pure Food Department, Omaha, Neb.

When in the city see their stock of Harness, Whips and Horse Supplies.

A couple named Newton Lord and Jennie Helper were married in an eastern Kentucky town some days ago, and the editor of the local paper was almost clubbed to death by the infuriated groom because he made use of the heading Lord-Helper.—Kansas City Star.

If a popular vote could be taken, it would probably be established that in the minds of the American people the greatest author America has ever produced was Nathaniel Hawthorne. Certainly no greater novel than "The Scarlet Letter" has ever been produced by any of our countrymen, and few novels in the English language surpass it in human interest and insight. Every intelligent visitor to the ancient town of Salem is sure to ask to be directed to the old house at 21 Union street where Nathaniel Hawthorne first saw the light of day on the 4th of July, 1804. The house is a small clapboarded building, with the big single chimney that characterized the homes of long ago. It was evidently built without any regard for show. It has eight rooms and there is a small garden or yard back of it. Directly back of it is the house to which Hawthorne lived with his wid. wed mother and sisters after his return from Bowdoin College. Here in an atmosphere utterly lacking in anything stimulating or inspiring Hawthorne wrote his "Twice-Told Tales," and here in a dimly lighted and cheerless room he wrote: "In This Dismal Chamber Fame Was Won." It is but a few steps from this house to the Salem custom-house, where Hawthorne spent some years in most ungenial work, against which his spirit chafed, but which he could not give up because of his poverty. His environment here was so dreary and depressing that one wonders how it could ever have been the scene of one of his most charming and picturesque bits of autobiography. Near by is the famous town pump made immortal by Hawthorne's pen. It is not far to the old graveyard referred to in "Doctor Grimshawe." The "House of the Seven Gables" is near at hand, and it is thought that the Matthew Maule of the story of the "Seven Gables," had his prototype in a certain Thomas Maule referred to in the annals of Salem. This Thomas Maule was a despised Quaker, and the records of Salem show that in 1669 Samuel Robinson and Samuel Ira Locke were fined twenty shillings each for entertaining him." Other names mentioned in the annals of Salem were undoubtedly the originals of some of the characters in Hawthorne's stories. At the Essex Institute in Salem may be seen the old desk at which Hawthorne worked in the custom-house, and on the lid of which he one day scratched his autograph with his thumb nail. In the custom-house one may see the room in which, so says tradition, "The Scarlet Letter" was found. It was in Hawthorne's day at the custom-house an unfinished room full of barrels and boxes packed with old papers, letter and records of every sort.

Salem is rich in memories of Hawthorne. It was here that his mighty genius developed. It was of his old

room in his house back of the one in which he was born, on Union street, that he wrote: "If ever I have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind



THE OLD MANSE WHERE HAWTHORNE LIVED.

and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent, and here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner or whether it would ever know me at all. . . . By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber and called me forth—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude."

The place most intimately associated with Hawthorne, next to Salem, is Concord, Mass., to which town Hawthorne removed immediately after his marriage in 1842. Here he took up his residence in the Old Manse, one of the most historic houses in New England, a house still standing and looking exactly as it looked when Hawthorne took his young wife to it more than a

half century ago. It is very near the bridge and the monument to, which are engraved Emerson's famous lines: "Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world."

The Old Manse was built in 1763. The house is a little study on the second floor from which the Rev. William Emerson, grand-father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, saw the great revolutionary battle, and his account of it is the earliest and most authentic on record. It was in this same room that, years later, Hawthorne wrote many of the

tales to be found in his "Mosses from an Old Manse." It was here that Hawthorne spent some of the happiest days of his life. Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, Longfellow and Margaret Fuller visited him here, but he had nothing to do with the social world, and there were often times when he did not wish to see even his chosen friends, and his nearest neighbors saw little of him, so solitary were his habits. The rewards of literary labor were far less than now, and the Hawthornes had to live in a very frugal way in order to make both ends meet.

After living four years at the Old Manse and being deprived of a part of his small income by the failure of the Democratic Review, the magazine in which most of his work appeared, Hawthorne returned to Salem as surveyor in the custom-house. Here he remained for three years and in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter" may be found the story of this part of his

took up his residence in West Newton, a suburb of Boston. Here he wrote "The Blithedale Romance," a story founded on the author's experiences at "Brook Farm."

In 1852 Hawthorne drifted back to Concord, where he purchased the house to which he gave the name of "The Wayside." Here he wrote "Septimus Felton," a tale founded on a story told to him by Thoreau of a man who once lived at "The Wayside," and who cherished the delusion that he would never die. In 1853 Hawthorne sailed for Liverpool to fill the high and honorable position of consul at that port. President Pierce appointed him to the position in grateful recognition of the service Hawthorne had rendered him in his campaign life of Pierce. He returned to America when the air was full of premonitions of the civil war. His sympathies were with the north, but he did not voice them very forcefully because he disapproved of the war altogether and felt that it could be avoided. He went to Washington in 1862.

In May, 1864, Hawthorne and Pierce went on a trip to the White Mountains and while they were at the Pemigewasset House in Plymouth, N. H., Hawthorne died in the night, in his sleep, on the 24th of May, 1864. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow in Concord, Mass., and within a few yards of him are the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Louisa and Bronson Alcott. It would be impossible to find in America a more notable group of graves. In them lie the authors of the best literature our country has produced.



GRAVES OF THE HAWTHORNES.

MORRIS WADE.

**Wireless Telegraphy on Ships.**  
 It is reported that the Marconi system of telegraphing without wires is to be tried on a French warship. Since storms and other atmospheric disturbances have no effect in arresting the messages passing through the air, it is believed that the system can be applied to signalling among the ships of a squadron, and to similar uses at sea. A copper wire whose upper end is elevated 20 feet will send or receive a message over a distance of a mile. The distance then increases as the square of the elevation, a wire 40 feet high sufficing for a distance of four miles, and one 80 feet high for a distance of 16 miles and so on. From the top of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, an attempt is to be made to send a wireless message to England, over a distance of 230 miles. The tower is 84 feet in height, a far greater elevation than necessary for the distance, according to the rule just stated. But the wire on the English coast is only 150 feet high.

**Liquid Air Power.**  
 Wide currency having been given to the statement that liquid air promises to do the work of coal at next to no cost, because an experimenter claims to have produced "ten gallons of liquid air by the use of three gallons in an engine," President Henry Morton of the Stevens Institute has pointed out the fallacy of the claim. He shows that it really takes twelve times as much power to make a gallon of liquid air as that gallon could develop in an ideally perfect engine.

The love of a woman passeth all understanding, not only in its depth, but in the peculiarity of its object.

### OUR BUDGET OF FUN

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Olden and Modern Original and Selected—Fiction and Jokes from the Vids of Humor—Witty Sayings.

**Gentle Mildred.**  
 Fair Mildred has a tender heart; It makes her sad to see Bad boys epy the birdie's nest And tear it from the tree; Yet, while she sorrows for the bird The solemn truth is that She always has a wing or two Affixed unto her hat.

Fair Mildred has a tender heart; She says the butcher who Would slay a little calfie must Be cruel through and through; Yet while she chides the butcher and Abhors his cruel steel, Sweet Mildred, tender past compare, Is very fond of veal.

—Chicago News.



**His Philosophy.**  
 "Not gwine ter meetin' dis mornin', Brer Henderson?"  
 "Cyarn' do it, parson. Got ter hot over some corn, jist planted."  
 "But cyarn' de corn wait?"  
 "Not so well as de Lord can."

**One Who Escaped.**  
 "Your father, I think, was a literary man," remarked the passenger sitting on the end of the car seat. "I knew him pretty well, being somewhat in the same line of work myself."  
 "Possibly, sir," stily replied the passenger who was occupying two seats. "Literature with him, however, was merely an avocation and not a vocation. He didn't have to follow it, as some people do. When he got tired of it he laid down the pen."  
 "Laid down the pen, did he?" rejoined the other. "I notice he seems to have let one of the hogs out."—Chicago Tribune.

**Apogee of Summer.**  
 Husband—My dear, I want to ask one favor before you go off on that long visit.  
 Wife—A thousand, my love. What is it?  
 "Don't try to put the house in order before you leave."  
 "It isn't hard work."  
 "Perhaps not, but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything."—Peerson's Weekly.

**One of Those Questions.**  
 They had been talking about the insurance on the church, when the little one suddenly broke into the conversation.  
 "The church is God's house, isn't it?" she asked.  
 "Yes, dear," replied the mother.  
 "And does he get the insurance if it burns down?" was the next question.—Chicago Post.

**Had to Stick to the Figures.**  
 "Why are Brown's gas bills so much lighter than his neighbors' bills?" asked the manager of the company.  
 "Does he burn so much less gas?"  
 "No," replied the meter inspector, "but the suspicious scoundrel always goes to the meter with me and juts down the figures himself."—Chicago Post.



**A Certainty.**  
 "Well, old fellow, are you going to the organ recital in the saloon tonight?"  
 "No, thank you; I am having all the organ recitals I need."

**Source of the Trouble.**  
 "Why must you and your wife separate, Pat? Can't the trouble be patched up?"  
 "No, sir. That's jost it. She won't patch up me pants."—Philadelphia North American.

**He Should.**  
 "Bobbler's wedding was the culmination of a romance. He met his wife on a train."  
 "He did? Why doesn't he sue the company?"—Indianapolis Journal.

**Only Thirty and Gray**

How is this?  
 Perhaps sleepless nights caused it, or grief, or sickness, or perhaps it was care. No matter what the cause, you cannot wish to look old at thirty.

Gray hair is starved hair. The hair bulbs have been deprived of proper food or proper nerve force.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

Increases the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair bulbs.

Used according to directions, gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns. Would you like our book on the Hair? We will gladly send it to you.

**Write us!**

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. He may be able to suggest something of value to you. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is about to make a radical change in its method of running dining cars and it is expected that the new plan will meet with popular approval. On and after the first of June, all meals, except dinners, will be served on the "a la carte" plan. Hitherto on the main line, all service was at the uniform rate of one dollar per meal. Two new dining cars are being built and will be in service by July 1, so that all through trains will be provided with first-class dining cars.

**SALVE FREE FOR PILES.**  
 Kindly inform your readers that for the next thirty days we will send free of charge a sample box of our wonderful "3 Drops" Salve, which is a quick and positive cure for Piles, regardless of how severe or how long standing. It is the greatest specific known to the medical world to-day for this terrible malady. This is acknowledged by thousands of grateful individuals who have been completely cured by its use. Do not continue to suffer, write at once and secure a free sample box of "3 Drops" Salve. Price 25c and 50c per box, prepaid. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 160-164 East Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Do not expect so much that you will be disappointed, even when you have a good thing.

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
 Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

You can always tell when an actor has made a hit. The next day his shirt collar is an inch higher.

One of the Greek letter fraternities of Cornell university has appointed a committee to consult with New York city's department of parks with a view to acquiring the Egyptian gate and sufficient blockstone of the reservoir wall of Fifth avenue to build a chapter house for the society on the college campus at Ithaca. The contractors are demolishing this historic landmark, which is to give away to the new city library, and the plan of the fraternity will, no doubt, receive favorable consideration.

Always keep your temper; it is worth more to you than anyone else.