Literature.

me nearer beaven when mother sends her

Just then we were interrupted by a neigh-

not long ago. I think I have a note from him with me. Have you ever seen his writ-

was odd and beautiful, as small and clear

him! Has he always written poetry? Did he show any 'symptoms' in childhood?" we

"No, his first poem was not written until e was 29 years old. It's name was "Christ-

mas Treasures." I believe it is in 'A Little Book of Western Verse.'"

"I remember it," said Grandmother. "I have always liked it. "It begins: 'I count my treasures o'er with care.' There is a

similarity between it and 'Little Boy Blue.'
"Yes, I believe they are written in mem

ory of a lost child, and I think the volume

'With Trumpet and Drum' was published as a memorial of the same child."

"How many children has Mr. Field?"
"There have been eight—three daughters

"Is he a man of wide reading or travel?"
"He attended school at Williams coilege,

at Knox college, at the State University of Missouri. After his school days closed he

went to France, Italy, Ireland and England, where he says he spent six months and his

patrimony.' Later in life he passed two years in the old world. His talents have been broadened and deepened by study and

experience. He has been connected with leading western newspapers for the past

"What are some of his likes or dislikes?
"He is fond of almost any kind of a pet-

dogs, cats, birds. He says if he were a legislator he would make the abuse of

horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense. He has a great dislike for politics, fireworks, guns, anything of that sort. A curious vein

in his nature is his outspoken predilection for ghosts, stories, fairy tales—and dolls!"

years from now I cannot prophecy. Mr. Field is not a writer who sounds the whole

Concerning George Elliot and Her Books

nothing in the line of a novel except a de-

scription of a Staffordshire village and the

life of the neighboring farm houses. It was

owing to the constant urging and encourage-

ment of Mr. Lewes that she made the at-

tempt then. Her first bit of fiction was

'Amos Barton." the initial story of "Scenes

from Clerical Life." This collection of short

stories was a favorite of hers through life.

She often said there was more of her own life in these sketches than in "Adam Bede."

When her stories first began to appear

inine touches, a good many children and a dog! For the rest-not just a clergyman,

but brother or first cousin to a clergyman.'

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, was sure they

were not written by a woman. Dickens, however, penetrated the secret. He said: "I

have observed what seemed to me such wo-

manly touches in those moving fictions that

the assurance on the title page is insufficient to satisfy me even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever

before had the art of making himself men-tally so like a woman since the world be-

The germ of "Adam Bede" was a story related to George Eliot by her aunt, a Metho-

she was listening to William Tell.

en-weaver with a bag on his back."

George Eliot received £500 for "Felix Holt,

7,000 for "Remola" and about £10,000 for

Of "Middlemarch" she said: "It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write

(By a Woman).

Small and new the shack. The bright

pine boards baked in the sun. Within, the table, bed, chairs, stove and dishes. On a

shelf, a shell from the sea, tinted pink as a

A woman looked from the door toward th

fields, where the corn absorbed the heat

hy with children," said Grandmother.

"That must account for his great sympa-

and five sons.'

twenty years."
"How old is he now?"

'About 45 years.'

do tell us something personal about

as the engraving on a man's card.

bor whom we had missed from our circle for

"Where have you been all this time?"
"In Chicago for the most part."

The Revival of Poe.

A contemporary speaks of the new interest "The yellow rooster froze his feet a-wadin' through the snow.

And nowe he leans agin the fence, when he starts in to crow." in the works and character of Edgar Allen Poe as the "Poe renalssance," and a more apt phrase could hardly be taken to express the "new hearse," and the other funny items of "news" which compose that inimithis fever which has recently so thoroughly permeated literary circles. It is interesting and instructive to note the nature and prob-able results of this renewed attention to a real poet, who died nearly half a century ago, leaving only a small volume of poetry, some wierd tales and some bits of searching and scorehing criticism, the monument of the most tragic life anywhere recorded in our some months. ilterary annals. It seems to us that this fad, if so it may be called, bears indelibly this encouraging stamp-it is the search for real poetry, the study of the art of poesy for its own sake, independent of local or national circumstances. We admire the taste of our contemporaries who thus aim high in their selection of an artist, for, love as we may the polish of Longfellow, the sweet we may the polish of Longfellow, the sweet untrained verses of Whittler of the stately lines of Bryant, when it comes to impassioned thought, embedded in perfect form. Poe outranks them all. The artist who so used a single commonplace word that it became in itself a legend of the heart, which once heard could never be forgotten, was a master whom none need fear to acknowledge, and the renewed study of whom promises the elevation of our poetic standard. With his "Nevermore" he has linked the simplest elements—a solitary man haunted simplest elements—a solitary man haunted by a sacred memory and a grisly raven, and out of the array he has made a poem for every one, the scholar and the peasant, as well, a poem whose greatness grows upon the student in proportion as he analyzes minutely its structure and its underlying thought, "The Bells" shows in a way-never thought. "The Bells' shows in a way never excelled the unexampled power of our own Anglo-Saxon to echo in its very sound the sense it would express. "Annabel Lee" again is a favorite that loses none of its realistic properties by being popular. And there are others and yet others, until our list includes almost all his matchless poems, and we begin to feel that the poet himself is the being "Whose heart strings are a lute," and not the angel of the Koran. We are glad, how-ever, that he could not exchange places with

Where Israfe!
Hath dwelt, and he where I.
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

this scraph, as he so beautifully expresses the wish, but instead sang his mortal lay:

A new and elegant edition of the poet's entire works is undoubtedly the occasion of this outburst of appreciation of the poetry of Poe. He has never been forgotten. Such spirits of his cannot be relegated to the past, for they speak a universal language, always current. The new edition, however, recalls and freshens our soul, impressions, and lot a change has taken place in our intellectual the poet; we have outgrown some childish fancies; our judgment is clearer and we are freer and more inclined to study "art for neighbor.

The poet; we have outgrown some childish fancies; our judgment is clearer and we are freer and more inclined to study "art for neighbor.

This awakened interest in an arristic poet This awakened interest in an artistic poet time, and that he will ultimately reach means much, we believe, toward the uphigher ground than he has yet reached. Iffting of current poetry among us. Writers Whether his works will be read a hundred of poetry themselves must hall the "Poe Renaissance" with joy, for it means more appreciative and enlightened readers of their own poetic thoughts, artistically expressed. THE EDITOR.

Turkey and Russia in the 19th Century. To write anything new in travel or history

in these days is almost impossible; particularly about such old countries as Turkey and Russia. And yet this is what Miss Elizabeth Latimer has done in her "Turkey and Russia in the Nineteenth Century." Her delineations of character are veritable per pictures. Alexander II. General Skobeloff, Sultan Abdul Hamid are made to live and sweet, and tender. He has brought act in our very presence, and we feel that full justice has never been done them before. Yet there is nothing like hero worship. Sultan Abdul Hamid are ma They are acting for their country's good, as They are acting for their country's good, as they see it; are truly patriots. The czar is patriarch of the whole Russian church, as well as sovereign of the Russian millions. So "Russia for the Russians" means the expulsion of all other peoples and religions. It is a ruler's solemn duty to God to carry out this principle.

The accounts of the Crimean and Turkish was the Bulgarian massacre, the treatment

The accounts of the Crimean and Turkish wars, the Bulgarian massacre, the treatment of the Jews, are all graphically given. Indeed, we forget we are reading of the cruel Russian and the "unspeakable Turk" because of the new things which are told, and told in a most interesting way. It is a woman telling what a woman saw, heard and fet and it all comes home to the heart and mind of women readers particularly. We can understand the recent Armenian outrages better when we know that the sultan is so ignorant and vain that he suppressed text books on chemistry because the symbol books on chemistry because the symbol "H2O" was supposed to indicate that Hamid II was a cypher. But one must read the book to get an adequate idea of its interest. MARY A. CREIGH.

The First Robin. The sun shines warm and the clouds that Throw flitting shadows o'er the young green And a bold red robin in the top of a tree Trills forth a song both wild and free.

As he sits and swings on a slender bough, He watches the farmer with his plough; Then, in an instant he's on the wing And away to the city to announce the spring.

Gay little robin, so happy and free, As he swings on a twig of our maple tree, And sends up his song to the April skies— Could trouble hide in his black beady eyes?

No, indeed! he's a naughty flirt, Billing and cooling, much to his hurt; For away in the southland his love

awaiting
To tell him her mind when he comes a
mating.
DOROTHY S. HOLLAND.

A Chat About Eugene Field. The children had insisted on hearing some of Eugene Field's poems before they went to bed. After they were gone Grandfather said "I wish you would read 'Casey's Table d Hote,' "A Little Book of Western Verse" was brought and opened at the required page. Our laughter over this poem called for others of the humorous class. "Our Lady of the Mine," "The Conversazzhyony," "Mr. Dana of the New York Sun," "Modjeska as Camille," amused me. "I think there is Camille," amused me. "I think there is some very delicate humor in many of those melections, but I sometimes wish he would leave out the slang," said Grandfather. "Field seems capable of so much higher

"That is true and his latest poems show it.

As for the slang, of course these western
verses introduce us to the life of a mining verses introduce us to the life of a mining camp. You scarcely expect the dwellers there to take off their hats whenever they approach the queen's English. Don't you think in 'Our Lady of the Mine,' the tenderness of the ending raises it to a different plane?' Grandfather admitted that it did. "Now, read some of the pathetic ones," said he. "I like 'Our Whipping' and 'The Old Fire Hangherd's Nest.' The Humming Top.' or 'Over

like 'Our Whipping' and 'The Old Fire Hang-bird's Nest,' The Humming Top,' or 'Over the iHils and Far Away.' In these poems Mr. Field seems to recreate the hopes and ambitions of childhood and again to see things through his juvenile magnifying glass. He recognizes in the noisy rivalry over tops and knives the same nature that in man-hood strives for gold and laurels. It is like reading a homely philosophy into the rhymes

reading a homely philosophy into the rhymes that were once only the jingles of Mother

wish you would read 'Little Boy Blue, "I wish you would read Little Boy Blue, said Grandmother, who had hitherto taken no part in the talk. After that touching little piece was finished, she shrank away from the others, forgetful of present surroundings and dreaming as one does who has loved and has

Suddenly, her eyes caught sight of the shell. She seized it, lifted it to her ear, and listened. Slowly and softly a smile dawned, trembling round about the pitcous mouth, while in the eyes the tears came gently as while in the eyes the tears came gently as summer rain. Their brine fell on the shell, which had known the brine of ocean. Still she listened. In its pink convexity roared the breakers—majestic, eternal! The tears dried for sheer content. The smile faded into peace. The blood fled pleasantly from the throbbing head back to the heart. The hands was standy. Before the eyes forted vivons grew steady. Before the eyes floated visions —visions! Green and marvelous blue, like the wing of the wild duck, were the tossing waves. The wind lifted itself up from mysterious hiding places and ranged at will. The said Cousin Ned, and soon we were laughing wild gull dipped his wings. The song of the sea-the exultant shout of the sea was there!

> A Woodland Woolng, The south wind went a wooling
> The violet in the dell;
> With soft and warm caresses
> He vowed he loved her well.
> The robin in the oak tree
> Sang sweetly all day long,
> And his love for the blue-eyed violet
> Was the burden of his song.

She laid the rosy shell back on its shelf.

The moss that grew around her feet His true love dared not tell, While the wind spoke soft and the bird sang sweet, But the violet knew it well,

"What have you been doing?"
"Oh, everything, work, play, you know
the pace one goes there. I see you are fond
of Eugene Field's works, judging by these
books. By the way, I dined at his home n autumn flew the robin-In autumn flew the robin—
The south wind came no more—
But the moss, who feared no winter,
Crept closer than before,
His timid heart grown bold now,
His loved one warm to keep,
And in his faithful bosom
The violet fell asleep,
—Ethelwynne Kennedy.

To Whom the Prize? (Translated from the French of L. Lahure.) The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty o Animals gives each year prizes to those of its members who show themselves most worthy and faithful adherents of its pre-

A great French woman, friend of beasts in general and of flies in particular, was annoyed by the buzzing of a large fly that had gained access to her bed chamber After having vainly tried to make it go out

the window, she called her servant and said to him: "Catch that fly without injuring it and put it out of doors."

The servant, with the greatest precaution, seized the fly and disappeared. After a mo-ment he returned tenderly holding the fly

between his fingers.
"Well:" said the lady, "why have you still the fly in your hand?"
"Madame," said the servant, "I had not the heart to put it out-it is raining too GEORGIA LINDSEY. hard."

Kidd's Social Evolution. Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution" is pronounced by Dr. Marcus Dodds to be "one of the greatest books we have had since Darwin's 'Origin of Species." "It is," he says, 'wide in its survey, penetrating in its insight, sustained and masterly in its argument and surprising in its conclusions." This estimate, strong as it is, seems too moderate to the sympathetic reader, especially if he be a student of social problems. To him the work seems to stand alone as a logical and comprehensive statement of the present con-ditions of the social organism, its history and the method of its future development. Others have set social questions in array; Mr. Kidd

answers the great inclusive ones "Whence?" and "Whither?" as these are applied to society. Others have enlightened; Mr. Kidd gives a new point of view.

The significant fact about the book, which. by the way, Dr. Alfred Wallace characterizes as "thoroughly scientific," is that therein a man of high scientific attainments, after years of special scientific study along social lines, declares religious beliefs to be "not a class of phenomena recular to the childhood of of phenomena peculiar to the childhood of the race," but the "characteristic feature of our social evolution." The process of his gamut of human emotions. His themes are written in the keys of C major and A minor, with a few harmonic changes. He confines argument, which it is well-nigh impossible to mention in the space permitted, is some-

himself to humor and pathos and does not indulge in Byronic flights. In fact, Mr. Field openly announces his dislike for that much discussed seion of the British nebility. thing like this: First. The "survival of the fittest" is the immutable law of all evolution, Prof. Drum-mond to the contrary notwithstanding. Possibly he is what might be called a poet of the hour, but in these days when mortals are prone to browse among the classics or Second. This law, which is one of progress to contract mental indigestion in their franof the individual, who is therefore always at

war with society. Third. A religion which involves (1) a sanction, superior to reason, for conduct in the individual, and (2) an altruistic motive. affairs that the best interests of society will be observed. That is, it is a religion of faith and love which has been the most powerful force in the progress of society for turies. To such a religion we must look for the "progressive subordination of the present interests of the self-assertive individual to Previous to 1856 George Eliot had written

the future interests of society."
FRANCES M. FORD. THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CRITIC. Apropos of Poe, the Literary Dicta-

Where are the critics of old times, those Berserker men of might who, armed with only a fragile goose-quill laid about them as with a bludgeon? Not to go so far back as the great autocrat, the tea drinking doctor, or that dread creature who said: "This When her stories first began to appear over the name of "George Eliot" the identity of this new genius was a problem interesting to many great men and women of England. Thackeray said they were certainly written by a man. Fronde said: "I do not know whether he is a young man or against the northern literati, yet he was the champion of southern poetry against the northern literati, yet he was the champion of southern poetry against the northern literati, yet he was an old—a clergyman or a layman." Jane
Carlyle said: "I have conceived him in my
mind—a man of middle age, with a wife,
from whom he has got those beautiful feminine touches, a good many children and a crescences of Longfellow's verse; of Lowell and Hawtherne. He checked the fulsome general worship of Elizabeth Barrett Browning while paying her a glowing (ribute him-self. He was great enough to say kind, meaningless nothings about the literary

ladies of his acquaintance and lift them a round or two up the ladder of fame before they should slip off forever. Poe took and easily kept the chair of Sir Oracle among men of letters, although the bulk of his poetical work was so much less than that of his compeers, and, what was more, the temper of his mind was so un-certain. Would he have the same place now? Would be pull down the mighty from their seat to such general applause? Times have changed. Then a champion needed but the backing of one or two good maga-

dist preacher, who had attended a girl con-demned to death for child-murder, in order to offer her religious consolation. The fight zines among the very few to command his public and quell cavillers. Now a score of reviews of reviews, of booklets on booklets, between Arthur and Adam, the novelist con-ceived one night at the Munich opera, when bandy the last word until the thought is all gone. He could now, as then, rely on his prestige as a poet. I doubt if he ever caused an irreverent smile that he asked for a change of lyre with Israfel. But this The name of "Mill onthe Floss" greatly perplexed George Ellot. Among the names suggested by herself and her friends were "The Tullivers." "St. Oggs on the Floss." "Sister Maggie," "The House of Tulliver," "Life on the Floss," and "The Tulliver Famlast month the criticlets made merry when a rhyme of Edmud Gosse said in substance that he had not the art of Shakespeare. And Edmund Gosse holds very much the same position among lettered men of England that formerly belonged to Poe in America. Of the origin of "Silas Warner" she said: 'It came to me quite suddenly as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollections of having once, in early childhood, seen a They might well be compared in learning, in artistic discrimination, in knowledge of form. But in criticism the more modern writer had learned an urbanity and modesty which the older writer never had to as-sume. Poe, to have readers in these times. The writing of "Romola" was the greatest strain of her life. She says: "I began it a young woman-I finished it an old woman."

sume. Poe, to have readers in these times, would have to discontinue the use of exuberant quotations from foreign languages, especially those a little wide of the mark. His provincial tone, his raising of the American flag or the southern crest would be pitted by the 5-cent weekly pamphlets. His self made canons of form would have to yield before the theories even of the laity properly taught. His fashion of repeating himself would be pointed out by the dullest. Then what would remain of Poe, the great critic? I am one who likes to believe that a great deal would remain. The authority would vanish, as do other authorities of these latter days, but the knightly spirit, the love of truth the eve "this raise." these latter days, but the knightly spirit, the love of truth, the eye "that winces at false work and love the true" cannot be im-

agined out of him any more than his match-less gift of song.

CLAIRE RUSTIN M'INTOSH.

Collectors of American autographs, manuscript, poems and first editions prize most highly things of this kind belonging to Poe, probably owing to the difficulty of obtaining

'Twas Ever

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of the raven from Mrs. Browning's "Court- this, another translation appeared almost ship of Lady Geraldine." A cursory examination of her poetry will at once show how fond she was of using refrain and how effective it became in her hands.

Some of the world's greatest books lay Written Upon Her 80th Anniversary by Mrs.

apparently dead for months after issuing from the press. A notable example of the The morning of life, with its bright golder

first six months of its life. This seems to be a period of evolution and our literature in common with other growing things takes on the character of "The Evolution of Industry." Henry Dyer and published by Macmillan stands a sort of companion to Kidd's "Social Evolution," published by the same house.

Lovers of George Eliot will be gratified at the announcement made by Merrill & Baker of New York of a cabinet illustrated edition of her works, which may be purhased either in the set, including Cross's "Life." or singly and at a very reasonable price. The books are embellished with ex-quisite etchings. The paper and printing are perfect and in every way it is the best American edition of this great woman's

works. The royalties on Eugene Field's "With Trumpet and Drum" are paid to his eldest daughter, Mary French Field. Ibsen has produced in his last play, tle Eyolf," a simple and appealing thing possessing none of the "unknown" quali-ties of the "Master Builder," but presenting instead many attributes entitling it to rank beside Dickens' 'C'hristmas Carol.''

In speaking of the late Christina Rossetti the scholar and devoted helper of her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Theodore Watts, says: "Steele said of a certain lady that to know her was a liberal education," but in describing the sweet lady and poet and saint of whom I am to write, Steele's eulogy would have to be amended in something after this fashion: "To know her was an education of the heart and a

A prominent critic after examining Grant Allen's book, "The Woman Who Did," adds rather significantly that the title ought to be completed so that it would read "The Woman Who Did Nothing." He closes an uncomplimentary criticism by saying that

the novel possesses the one unpardonable fault of a novel—dullness.

The latest biographer of Napoleon is Prof. William M. Sloane of Princeton, who is contributing to the Century the serial now attracting so much attention. He is the son of an Ohio pioneer who served as president of at least two colleges in that state. Prof. Sloane has demonstrated by the few numbers of his "Napoleon" already published that he is a vigorous and accurate writer. Taine said of him: "He knows France better than any other foreigner I have ever met." He has been at Princeton eighteen years, part of the time as teacher in Latin and later as professor of history. It is interesting to note that he received his inspiralion for historic work from George Bancroft while serving as sec-

retary to him in Germany.

Mrs. Humphry Ward makes her first essay a serial story, writing in the May Scribner, which will contain the first part of a novel called "The Story of Bessie Costrell." called "The Story of Bessie Costrell."

"The Poet on the Poets" is certainly a catching title. Such is the name of a little book compiled by Mrs. Richard Starchey and made up of leading bits from our great poets on their art. The work contains Sidney's "Apologie for Poesie," the famous preface to "The Lyrical Ballads," by Wordsworth and Shelley's "Defense of Poesy" among its other selections. The interest of the book to students of poetry must be great in that within small compass we shall be able to study the reason for the various poetic methods that have become standard owing to their usage by famous poets.

There is a new "Trilby." really older how-ever, than the sesame Trilby which has so recently solved all questions from the naming of a corn salve to furnishing the of today and is being issued through a translation purely as a literary curiosity. Triby is a fairy in the old tale and it follows, if our childhood doctrine of fairles be correct, that the fairles' feet were small; Though rough be the waters, so turbid and she is a boy this time, a fact that takes some of the romance out of our notions of

Written Upon Her 80th Anniversary by Mrs F. M. Douglas. last generation was "Vanity Fair." Benjamin Kidd's book, now undoubtedly the
most popular work of its kind, slept the
most popular work of its life.

All laden with fragrance, passed quickly

> Sometimes life's pathwa had over the Where bright waters gushed from each But whether o'er mountain, or ocean, or journeyed so slowly-He still held my hand.

> ometimes the way seemed dreary and lone, then my sweet flowerets faded in life's early morn.
> "Grieve not," said my Savior, "they are blooming above.
> In the garden of Heaven, all safe in my

> Weep not for your flowers, so sweet and so Each bud is expanded in Heaven's soft air." gave up my treasures, and bowed at His feet.

> from sight. My lily of lilies, so graceful and fair, Whose pure petals drooped in life's murky

say, And then with the angel went gladly away, Through the bright pearly gates, to the mansions of love Prepared for God's children in His kingdom The sobbings of anguish were hushed by the word, 'Be still, faithless heart, and know I'm the

In my beautiful garden a river is flowing, And on its green banks your lily is grow Long years spend on, less bright than before, And again the pale messenger stood at the

Our hearts grew so heavy, we spake not For we knew that the angel was Jesus the We saw not His glory, but we felt He had come,
That the dear one we loved so would go with Him home.
A soft voice then whispered: "Oh, be not

O'er life's checkered path, I have called From sin and from sorrow forever at rest. my days. Their love falleth on me like the dew the flowers. Gladdening life's pathway and brightening

Thy Savior is near thee, will comfort and

its hours The shadows of evening, so Are falling around me on forest and hill The dew-laden flowers have an added perfume, And the star-petaled jessamine opens its

But the voices of loved ones, calling me naming of a corn salve to turnishing the plot for the latest drama. The story was originally written in French by Charles Nordier and the complete title is "Trilby, the Fairy of Argyee." Some notable differences between this older story and Du Maurier's are to be found: First, the story of M. Nordier depends entirely for its interest on the magic stratched to the Trilby magic. And the crests of the billows are burnished

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NEW because it is made by an Entirely New Process, and we are prepared to convince dealers who will call at the factory, 1115 Nicholas Street, that this is the article their trade demand. No Impure Articles are used in it. Once TRIED, always USED. Respectfully yours,

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CONSOLIDATED MUSTARD CO.

In fact, the whole group seemed to have passed to a different zone of feeling. We had drifted from the frolics of childhood, past the sports and mistakes of the mining camp to the region of calms where the sage muses on the past and wonders about the future.

"Read that one called 'Father's Letter,' the food was as not as a torge, and the probably owing to the difficulty of obtaining them. Hawthorne ranks second in the list of "rare finds" and Longfellow and Whitblur to her. She took some water from the bucket, gingerly, with a consciousness of the need of economizing it, and moistened all her head with it. The water was tepid, that he borrowed the repetend movement

rose. Without, the plain.

hungrily and swelled with mere vegetable corpulency. Then she turned back to her baking. What with the stove and the sun, the room was as hot as a forge, and the woman's blood throbbed in her face and burned in her eyes. Once she staggered from the heat, and the room grew a twilight

terest on the magic attached to the Trilby

Trilby. The publishers, Estes & Lauriat, took extreme care before its appearance in the book stores, to prevent its being stolen by some other house. Notwithstanding "Better Land."