

itself"—a remark to be comprehended by the gods and some mortals. Mr. Frederic is an American, having been born and reared in the New York valley. His boyhood was spent in getting out of bed at five in the morning to look after the cattle, and until the age of fourteen he drove a milk wagon as a "side issue" in agricultural duties. Preparatory to writing his story, "In the Valley," which deals with American life during the colonial period, he made eleven years' study of the domestic and political history of that time, the records, the "costumes and properties." For a number of years, Mr. Frederic has lived in London, and has long enjoyed the distinction of being the most popular of the many correspondents in the world's metropolis.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, authoress of the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died at her home in Hartford, Conn., on July 1st. With the death of this noted woman, there has passed a landmark in the history of a nation, and in the progress of the world.

Legislators and reformers spent years in arguing for and against the abolition of slavery in the States. With the advent of each fiery orator, or astute politician, the strife grew apace, and the end thereof seemed farther off. And then a hand that rocked the cradle and tended the smallest human needs, in a small New England home, dealt a blow felt round the world. The story of Uncle Tom smote the conscience and heart of the American people, and there followed that tidal wave of blood that washed away the wrongs of a century. Although one of a gifted family, Mrs. Stowe had no literary training previous to the publication of her famous novel, and she firmly believed the work was an inspiration. Whatever may be said of its claim to a niche in the temple of art and letters, there is no denying it the merit of speaking to the universal heart, and of having been one great instrument used in rescuing the black man from his brother, and the latter from himself. Although the book was written for a special purpose, in a special land and at a special time, it has met with such favor among

all the people of the world, as scarcely a dozen other works in English literature have known. More than a million copies have been sold in all languages, and even at this date, far out of its time, it enjoys an unfailing popularity, and still leads the list of books most called for at all public libraries.

MRS. STOWE's home life afforded that combination of plain living and high thinking which is so little understood by those born into more complicated social conditions. She was in every sense the household fairy,—friend, philosopher and inspiration to her husband, an all-reaching providence to her children, and the one factor in housewifely care, doing her own work. From time immemorial the New England kitchen has been a haven of hospitality, more cleanly, cheery and inviting than oftentimes the "best room," of less favored regions. Mrs. Stowe kept paper and pencil on the table, and many a page of manuscript was scribbled while the bread was in the oven, and her pie crust shading from amber to brown. On a certain blizzard day of a typical winter, Emerson lifted the latch of this *sanctum* and on entering found Longfellow diligently paring the carrots which Mrs. Stowe had put aside while she read aloud from recently written pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Then Dr. Stowe came home from a round of work among his parishoners, the "boiled dinner" was served, and one loves to think of the attic salt spilt on that occasion.

THE assumption on the part of youthful members of a successful author's family, that all quotations spring from one source, is amusingly illustrated in the story of Mrs. Stowe's young grandson. A neighbor found him swinging rather too vigorously on another neighbor's front gate, and warned him that Mr. Smith might not like it, whereupon the independent young gentleman remarked: "I don't care for Mr. Smith, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his." "Do you know who wrote those words?" asked the friend, deeply shocked. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "I dunno,—Grandma Stowe, I suppose."