

Notches on The Stick

The daintiest of the dainty, may be affirmed of such a snow-pure thing as Dr. James D. Kenyon's "Little Book of Lullabies." You handle it as a mother her first baby, delfly, but tenderly. A taste superfine would it be, indeed, which could desire greater delicacy in the making a book or weaving a poem. Brief songs are these for her who puts her little one asleep, and their tenor may easily be caught from the first lines, which are titles: "Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, little feet go;" "This is the road to Sleepy-town;" "Sleep, O my babe, not thine a manger," etc. We select a few of these pleasant rhymes:

Whisper, whisper out of the west,
Fold thy plumes o'er my birdling's nest,
Come, O wind, whence the poppies blow,
Come whence the lullaby fountain's flow,
Come with kisses soft and sweet
For tired little eyes and tired little feet.

Whisper, whisper out of the South,
Drop thy balm on the wee red mouth,
Come, O wind, from the palm and pine,
From the trailing moss and the tangled vine,
Come with touches soft and sweet
On tired little eyes and tired little feet.

Sleep, sleep, my babe, night will not harm thee,
Nor care disturb thy happy rest;
Here shalt thou lie, here shalt thou warm thee,
Safe-sheltered on thy mother's breast.

Sleep, baby, sleep, thy heart thy pillow;
Thee love from evil hap shall guard;
The moon hangs bright o'er yonder willow;
Above, dear God keeps watch and ward.

What do they do in Bylo-land,
Silvery, shadowy Bylo-land?
They swing no bat, they fly no kite;
The tattered dolls are forgotten quite;
But out through the gates of the City of Night
The little ones glide in garments white
To beautiful Bylo-land.

What do they hear in Bylo-land,
Glimmering, mystical Bylo-land?
Ah, little ears hear wonderful things;
Snatches of song that mother sings
When the light sinks low, and the rocker swings
And lullaby sounds from hidden springs
In the hills of Bylo-land.

How win them back from Bylo-land,
Magical, enerald Bylo-land?
When the last faint star in heaven dies,
And the dusk grows wan where the mountains rise,
When the great sun climbs the yellow skies,
Then mother's kisses on drowsy eyes
Woo back from Bylo-land.

Dr. Kenyon is the author of "At The Gate of Dreams," "An Oaten Pipe," and "Thoughts in Verse For Lent,"—books, it will be remembered, which have before been mentioned in these columns.

New tastes form slowly; yet we may acquire an appetite for garlic; the longing for tomatoes establishes itself in the room of that late disgust. And we come round to Kipling, and feed out of the dish we have picked at and passed with turned-up nose. This is the world's old way. We are more than ever convinced that the just way with an author is to read his work consecutively and entirely. Not to read a little about him, and look occasionally into his pages. You glean a prejudice or a conceit—nothing better—in that way. Read "The Seven Seas," and, in spite of shocks to the fine taste you deem your own, you will arrive at the conclusion that the writer's pen is held in a hand of power; that, in vigility, in vigor, in insight, in melody, in general knowledge of the world and of the British throughout the world, he abides with the few; in fact, you suspect him to be the possessor of that indefinable, mysterious, yet actual thing we term genius. Shock you he will; he seems to come perilously near the brink of pathos sometimes; he will descend to the absurd with greater speed than did ever Aristophanes. But our Englishman does not mean to write comedy just here:

English they be and Japanese that hang on the
Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and
the boldest thieves be Yank.

[The Rhyme of the Three Sealers]
One feels like closing the book, just to take
breath and to clear his throat. Yet it is a
rough-and-tumble style. There is a certain
majesty in the old Scotch engineer's
menologue, ["McAndrew's Hymn,"] and
especially in this outburst, as he touches
on the romance of his life and the poetry
of the steam engine. He has time to feel
it in his long voyages round the Cape.

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to Sing the
Song o' Steam!

To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon Orchestra
sublime

Whaurio—uplifted like the just—the tail-rods mark
the time.

The crank-throws give the double-bass; the feed-
pump sobs and heaves:

An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on
the sheaves.

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking
link-head bides,
Till—hear that not?—the rod's return whings
glimmering through the guides.

They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clang-
in' chorus goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin'
dynamoes.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

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chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate of speed.

Frae skylight-lift to furnace-bars, basked, bolted, braced and stayed,

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-black says:

"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:

"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

A noble lesson, truly!

An English publisher made the great mistake of rejecting Kipling, and had the privilege of gnashing his teeth. It turned, however, to the advantage of Mr. Anthony Hope, when he came forward with his "The Prisoner of Zenda." The story is told in "The Chap Book" by Clarence Rook; "In the days when Hugh Conway was still a living power, there came a letter to Mr. Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, from a man whom he did not know, who was a sort of reporter on a paper of which he had never heard, published in an Indian city of which he did not recognize the name. The letter proposed that Mr. Arrowsmith should do a little publishing for the writer. Mr. Arrowsmith was busy at the time, and sent a curt note of refusal to the obscure and presumptuous fellow who signed himself Rudyard Kipling. I believe that Mr. Arrowsmith will never read the works of Kipling with genuine pleasure. For him they are poisoned at the source. However, as Mr. Arrowsmith remarked to me, he was not going to make the same mistake twice. Accordingly he had asked this same Anthony Hope for a book. In due course he received "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Arrowsmith told me, only the other day, that if Providence would send him one "Prisoner of Zenda" every two years, he would not mind being a publisher."

The modern Englishman speaks through "The Seven Seas." Since Thomas Campbell was silent no such sea-songs have arisen in Britain. But the life of the whole Empire is here, in picture as well as song. The sailor and the soldier, and the women who follow them, utter themselves in undiluted Cockney. Now and then he alights on Canadian shores. Read in "The Rhyme of the Seven Sealers," Reuben Paine's wail before death:

"The tides they'll go through Fuddy Race, but I'll go neev'more
"And see the hogs from ebb-tide turn scampering back to shore.
"No more I'll see the trawlers drift below the Bass rock ground,
Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up the Sound."

Or in his ringing, "Song of the Banjo," we catch a strain of the Western mountains:

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noonday clear—
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel—
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer—
Down the valley with our guttering brakes a squeal,

Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
So I lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the Pine.
With my "tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka!"
[And the axe has cleared the mountain croup and crest.]

So we ride the iron stallions down to drink
Through the canons to the waters of the West!

Again, from that fine lyric, "The flowers":

Green against the dragged drift.
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me!"
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;
All the winds of free Canada call the ploughing-rain.

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

A finer thing, in its way, than "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," it would be hard to find in books of modern verse. It recalls the choicest old English balladry.

Marie Corelli has the best of it, when it comes to a retort, as is the habit with certain ladies. She has taken "Figaro," as a vantage ground from which to immolate her critics. She has a peculiar habit of saying "tit," whenever a miserable object or shows his head, and ventures to say, "tat." If "My Public and I" is her last word, it will be because the mouths of the barking fraternity are all closed. But

surely some pup will "yap", when he hears this: "I envy no one their public,—no one should envy me mine. And least of all should they make that envy so broadly evident that it has become the open comment, byword and laughter of the 'great heart of the vulgar.' Take warning, my sweet and courteous foes!—your ink-pots and paper swords injure not me, at all, but they do an infinite deal of harm to yourselves. You are blotched all over with the ugly marks of spleen,—and what a pity that is! Come out of your holes and corners of Fleet Street and skake hands! I have not the least grudge against any one of you. You have sulked and shown the world your sulks long enough,—it is time to exhibit a more manly front isn't it. Don't grumble at my public,—with a public of your own!" But the critics will up. "One wishes that Miss Corelli would acquire the art of silence. . . I mean that she would cease to 'answer back,' as school-boys say. In the current London Figaro she 'replies to her critics' once again, ostensibly with the purpose of burying the hatchet; although, as it turns out, her idea of the right place of sepulture for this weapon is (like Mr. Whistler's) in her adversary's skull."

How many agreeable phases of Mr. Gladstone are lately turned to us! In great things and in little, he seems admirable; not only when he delivers a speech, or dictates the policy of an Empire, but when he dictates a complimentary sonnet to his grand-daughter, Dorothy, or mounts and masters a wheel. I vow I think him nobler with an axe!

Miss Gladys, ten-year old daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is acquiring literary distinction. She is an associate editor of "Spring Blossoms," a paper published by the Episcopal church Mission House in New York. Her two contributed articles are: "My First Impression of Washington," and "My Japanese Bracelet,"

PASTOR FELIX.

GENIUS AND OLD AGE.

Things to be Observed if you Wish to be an Octogenarian.

The Gentleman's Magazine, in an article on the "Age of Genius," tends to disprove the assertion that brain power is incompatible with health. Once we were told that if we wished to become octogenarians, we must lay aside ambition. We must be careful in our diet and temperate in our wishes. We must wait upon our bodies, and as much as possible keep the mind out of sight. In order to disprove that counsel we have only to turn from empty words to solid fact.

First, to take the great men celebrated in war and conquest, since theirs, also, is a species of genius, is to find the list headed with Xenophon, Dumouriez and Wellington at eighty-six, eighty-four and eighty-three. Thence it continues to Charlemagne at seventy-one. From him the numbers decline, though not hastily, to Napoleon at fifty-one and, lowest of all, Alexander the Great at thirty-two. Nearly sixty per cent, of warriors closed at random reached the Biblical standard of threescore and ten.

Then, beginning with the great names of statecraft there are Franklin and Talleyrand, both at eighty-four, Palmerston at eighty-one and Washington at sixty-seven, with the list keeping well up over the fifties, and at the end slowly falling to forty-two. This is imposing, especially if we add Gladstone and Bismarck, both well over their eightieth year.

Science and philosophy begin with Humboldt at eighty-nine, and furnish an imposing list of men whose brains were worked to the fullest extent, and of whom no less than sixty-three per cent., completed their seventy years.

In short, almost one-half the greatest geniuses the world has yet seen have attained the age of seventy years. Let no one be deterred from becoming a genius by the fear of early death!

Decline in Pearls.

A curious effect of the plague in India has been a sudden increase in the number of pearls reaching the London market, and a consequent fall in prices. This is not due to unusual industry on the part of the divers, but to the fact that the native dealers at Bombay have been in such haste to quit the stricken city that they have eagerly disposed of their wares at far below the customary market value. One English firm of importers of Indian pearls has accumulated a stock which, it placed suddenly on the market, it is estimated, would send down quotations fully 25 per cent.

William Lee, Esq., Mayor of Parish of Quebec, writes: "I have used 'Quickcure' for most painful rheumatism and got almost instant relief, and the pain has not returned since last Spring; it also healed a wound caused by a rusty nail in a marvellous manner. I consider it the healing remedy of the age. We do not fear even toothache now, as always keep 'Quickcure' on hand."

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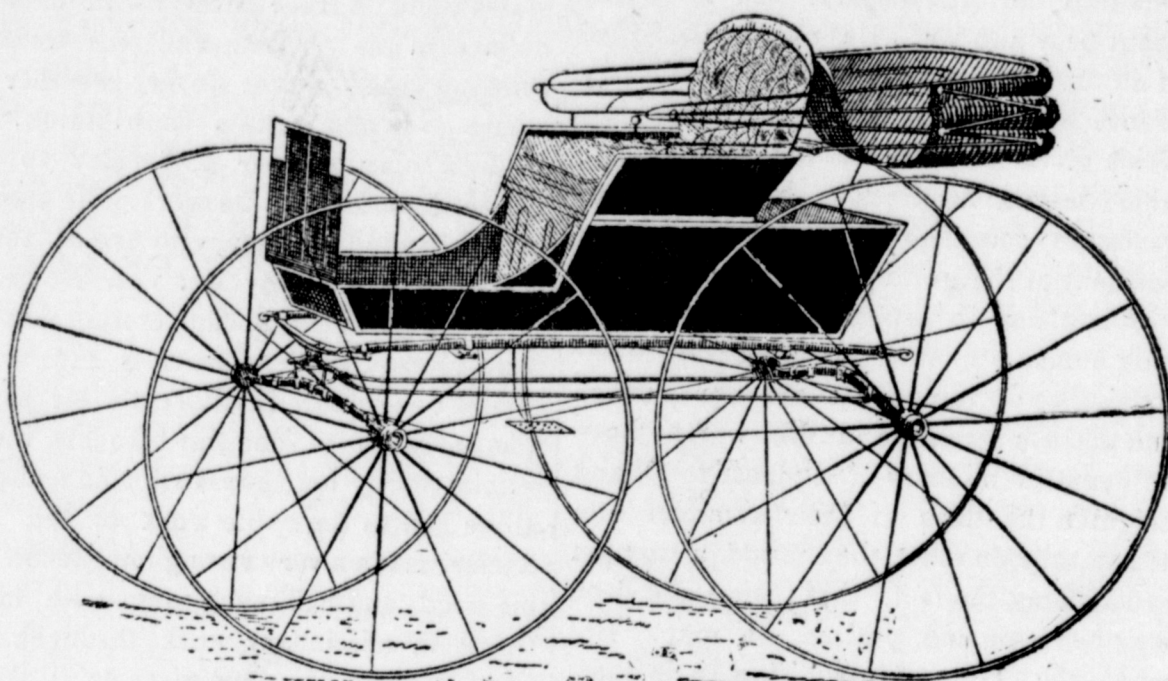
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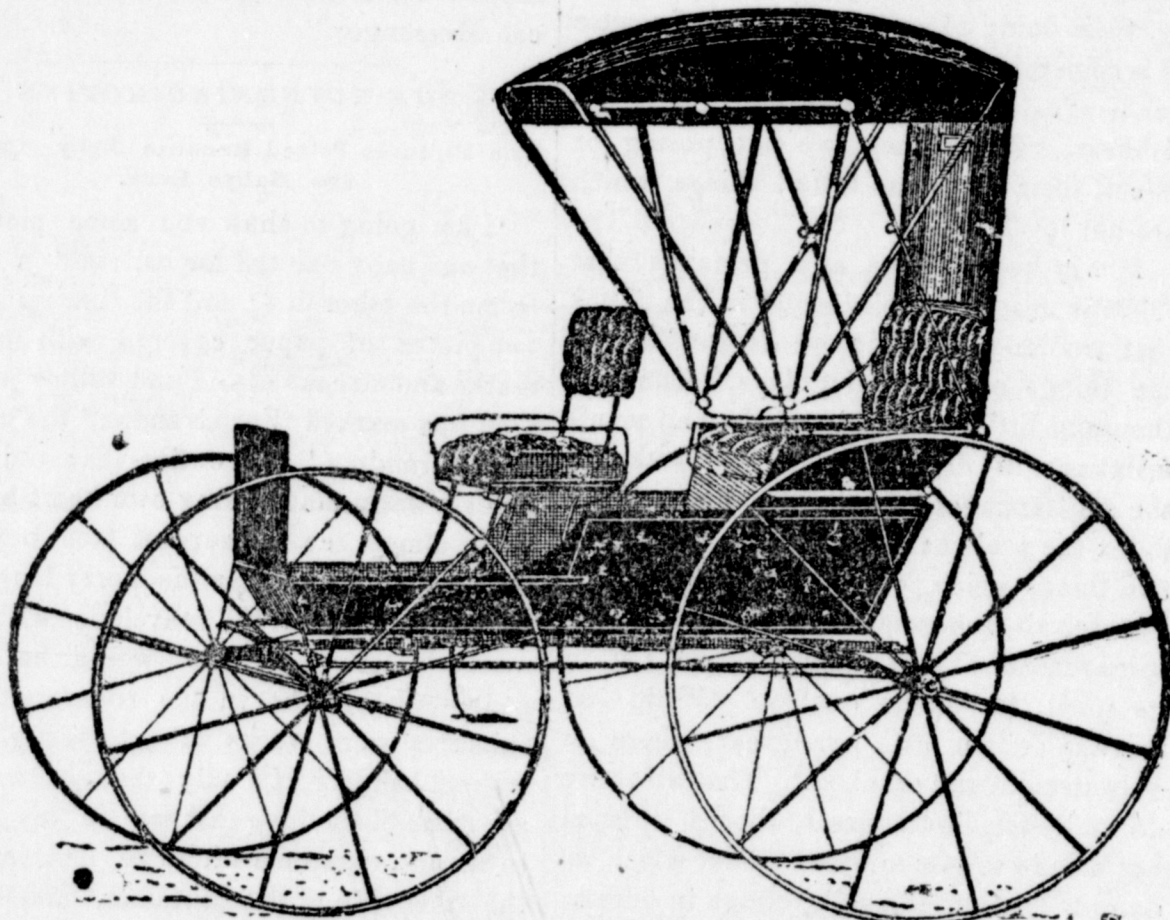
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RARE OLD DAINTIES.

A Wonderful Feast That was Given by an Antiquarian.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels. A description of it is furnished to the Boston Cooking School Magazine by one of the guests, Mr. Amaliah Dukes, of New York.

At that dinner I ate apples that ripened more than eighteen hundred years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing, barefoot, with the boys of Genoa.

The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it has lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a

teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple-jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as it had been put up yesterday.

Saved by a Sleigh Box.

From Wadena, Minnesota, by way of the St. Paul Dispatch, comes a story of a narrow escape from death on the part of a farmer and his family—who live two miles out of the town—during a snow storm in January last.

They attended church in Wadena on the night of the storm and about nine o'clock started for home. As the road is straight and well sheltered most of the way, and as their horses had travelled it hundreds of times, they had no misgivings.

They had proceeded about half-way, however when they discovered that they were lost, and instead of being on the road were driving round in a circle. They at once unhitched the horses from the sleigh, turned the box over, crept under it, and being well provided with robes and wraps, stayed there till daylight without freezing.

The horses were found next morning in a grove not far from the house, where they had been sheltered.