

Notches on The Stick

The personality of Tennyson must continue to inspire romantic interest and to invite the lover of his poetry. That aloofness which, while yet he was with us, sometimes seemed unsocial, will be seen more and more to comport with his proper character, both as man and artist. The reclusive spirit was a part of his necessary endowment, and was not to be violated.

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Now that he lives no longer, this aspect and habit of his life need meet with no objection. He, too, loved the sons of men, if he sat not with them at his ease, like Browning; but how closely he walked with Nature, and how devoutly he communed with the Universal Soul! To the druid spirit of Wordsworth he united the refinements of the artist and scholar. He walked the earth seeing not only as the poet sees, but with the analytic eye of science, and the introverted philosophic vision. He knew the birds and the flowers by long intimacy, and was familiar with all the natural phenomena with which he dealt in a closer manner than is common to poets. He rarely errs in such illusions, as his poetry may testify. "I generally take my nature-similes," he said, "direct from my own observation of nature, and sometimes jot them down, and if by chance I find that one of my similes is like that in any other author my impulse is not to use that simile." How hard is the task, after so many centuries of recorded thought, yet he aimed at originality!

Of the sea he was a passionate lover and his favorite home was beside it. That fine cut look on the Channel where he loved to stand, watching the "the stately ships go on," may be hereafter hailed as a Colonna among the shades and flowery walks of Faringford garden, or than along the wood's edge where he paused to listen to the singing thrush, will it seem natural to image him as he went wending shoreward to draw to the full the salt tonic air that Keats declared was "worth sixpence a pint." "Somehow," he said "water is the element I love the best of all four." And how did he paint the sea, in "Ulysses" in "Enoch Arden," and render the very soul of that huge being, that, in its quietness images the heart of man! We learn how along "the downs toward the Needles" he loved to stroll solitary, or on "a platform over Scabbell's Bay, looking up to a dazzling white precipice seen far away by ships at sea," or maybe among the green rock pools on the shore, "turning over in a brown study, the seaweeds and anemones, or poring on the waves dashing at his feet.

And fitting it is that sweet swan-song of his should have been a hymn of the sea. We can imagine that Summer evening at Faringford, with windows and doors standing open, and the distant, dull, chaotic sound of the waves coming on the heavy air, "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." The aged bard wakes from musing to realize his last great inspiration. He hands the copy of "Twilight, and evening bell" to his son, who recognizes the divine note, and cheers the soul of the poet with a preface of its immortal destiny. "Mind," he said to that son, at a later date, "you put 'Crossing the Bar,' at the end of all additions of my poems." This exquisite lyric almost worthy of a place beside, "Break, Break, Break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!" was written in his eighty-first year.

It is said that one day he and Samuel Rogers were walking London streets, discussing the uncertainty of literary fame, and how few could be sure of that sort known as "immortality;" when Rogers squeezed his brother-poets arm and declared "I am sure of it." It he be what he dreamed, then two immortals were linked together.

His death was also a poem. A day or two before the end he said: "I want the blinds up; I want to see the sky and the light." Shakespeare's dirge and Gray's Elegy, mingled with his dying fancies. His funeral service at Westminster Abbey was a poem, with the anthems breathed latest by that dying bard fainting from "long-drawn aisles" and fretted arches.

The following humorously whimsical poem was written by a gifted lady, of whose writings a recent notice appeared in these columns.—Mrs. Hannah M. Bryan of Memphis, Indiana.

The Partnership Novel.
(THE GREAT UNWRITTEN.)

I've sometimes thought I'd write a book,
If but some one, with brains and time
For such pursuit, would join with me,
And furnish sense, I'd furnish rhyme.
Why, what a wondrous book we'd write!
The punctuation marks should fill

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Cathartic.

A page at intervals, that each,
Might read, and punctuate at will.
Of titles, too, some half a score
Suited to every taste and age;
With mottoes, and excerpts of lore,
Should grace a mammoth title-page.
The gems of thought my wise colleague
Would furnish forth from time to time
I'd pledge my minstrel taste and skill
To deftly set in silver rhyme.
Harsh consonants I'd cast aside;
My verse, unmarred by jarring words,
Should tinkle soft as running brooks,
And warble sweet as singing birds.
Constancy should be our theme;
And maidens fair, and gallants true,
And beating hearts, and "love's young dream,"
Should mingle in proportion due.
Of sheeny silks, of jewels rare
And yellow gold, no lack should be;
For Fancy's world is rich and fair;
And—happy thought—its treasures free.
Should want oppress that Prince of Men,
(Our hero), want and carking care,
I'll furnish my surfeited per,
And—Presto! Change!—a millionaire!

The castle some convenient steep
Shall crown a ruin, massive, old;
In the dark days of armed wrong,
Cold Chivalry, a robber bold,
Through ruined corridor and keep
At midnight, as is meet and fit,
The wind with moaning cry shall sweep,
The wolf shall howl, the bat shall flit.
The haunted room, the missing will,
The ghost, the wrath of social wrong,
I'll weave, with poet artist skill,
Isotie fabric of my song.
The Gypsy Queen, with fateful eyes
And locks of night, in whose dark breast
So many a guilty secret lies,
Shall mix (and mingle) with the rest.
Each element so fully blend,
The whole will be a symphony
Of tenderest thought, and sweetest tone,
Though set unto a minor key.
Our Heroine, the fair, fond one,
Will wed the Hero: past a doubt
Their course of love will smoothly run.
We mean to leave the Villain out.
His evil eye that always glowers
His sullen, frowning, brows below,
Shall never darken page of ours.
Nor mar my fancy's rhythmic flow.
The Cousin dangerously fair,
Affair and poor, the Villain's mate
Shall be transported over seas,
Or to a sheep-ranch emigrate.
The cruel Parent of the bride,
So wont to trot the fair,
Shall follow suit, or else succumb
With Benedicite on the pair.
We will not at the altar stair
Leave our fair charges in the lurch,
As some are wont; with thoughtful care
We'll see them safely home from church.
For them all winds shall be tempered,
And happy spirits all combine
To bless the loves of let-me-see—
Of Egremont and Geraldine.

This came to the eye of Henry L. Kiner, of the "Genesee Republic," Illinois, who copied the lines, and in the following witty rejoinder accepted the tender of a partnership in "The Great Unwritten." Here are a few stanzas:

"I know you'd have your Egremont
To measure at least six feet tall,
With Roman nose and feline eye,
And a voice like the trumpet's call.
I'd have him about five feet six,
A blonde, with gently-curling hair,
Whom all men when they'd go up higher
Would find still leading up the stair.
And Geraldine, petite, brunette,
And sweet as primrose of the wild,
With just enough of womanhood
To save the appellation—child.
But you may fashion Egremont
Against my will—I'll make no sign—
If you will be as good to me
And let me fashion Geraldine.
So, lady, search Parnassian springs
For that tall Egremont of thine,
While I'll mount Pegasus and ride
Till I can find my Geraldine."

The authoress made her reply in rhyme, to the effect as follows:

It May Not Be.
I will not have your Geraldine,
A creature, petite, dark, insane,
Nor mate, with Egremont of mine

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The ideal of a typo's brain.
My Egremont, my own true knight;
With heart so true and hand so strong,
Who flings the gage of battle down
To social, and to civil, wrong.
What should she know—so slight a thing—
Absorbed in gay coquetish schemes,
Though fair as primrose of the spring,
Of woman's love, her hopes, her dreams;
My Geraldine's a noble kind,
Fair-faced, low-voiced, a lily maid,
Mature in person as in mind,
Nu-like, in vesture gray arrayed.
Some things I'll cheerfully forego;
The Gypsy Queen, with fateful eyes,
The ruined castle, too, may go,
And that is quite a sacrifice.
Then, there's the ghost—my only one,
Pale—gliding thro' the moonlight cold,—
No common vulgar spook, but one
Of gentle—bones, and centuries old;
Stately, with fixed dilated eyes,
And trailing robes of rich brocade;—
Alas, but I will sacrifice
The ghost, to save my own dear maid!
Upon the Villain try your skill,
Prosper his schemes on every page,
Unearth, at once, the missing will,
And let the cruel parent rage;
Make every evil star combine,
Nor time, nor chance, propitious prove;
But let me keep my Geraldine,
Worthy alone my hero's love.
No silly school-girl in her teens,
Shall sew the buttons on his clothes,
Shall bake his prandial pork and beans,
And darn his perforated hose;
And none, save my own Geraldine
Shall wed this Egremont of mine.

We have chanced upon a vindictive article anent "The Christian" of Hall Caine, by a free lance, pledged to the service of a knight hardly beset. The universal growl and grumble of the critics has left, for the time being, scarcely any ear-room for the melodious sound of praise. But it seems evident that Caine's book has made a deep and strong impression; and if therein he has written with a more decided purpose than usual, it is probable there are wounds,—which give intensity and vigor to the critical outcry. The writer, Rev. D. P. McParson, speaks of "my friend, Mr. Hall Caine," and says of him that he is a Manxman born out of his own country, like the Irishman; for his good mother was visiting friends near Liverpool, and her distinguished son, Hall, was born before she returned to her home in the Isle of Man. But Mr. Caine has been true to the isle of his fathers, for he has laid the scenes of his novels there. He has a house in London, but his favorite abode is Greeba Castle in Man. I have the pleasure of knowing the Caine family. They have been for years a Liverpool family, and were connected with my former congregation there. They are a very kind family, the mother—bless her!—is a sweet christian soul. Another brother, Ralph, is also a very clever literary character, and now edits a magazine in London. Hall is the very image of Shakespeare as we see his face in the old pictures. I never remember such a striking similarity. I shall never forget a delectable evening I spent in his London home. He is a charming host has a charming home, a charming wife and a charming son—a bright, intellectual lad of twelve, who can personate Hamlet faultlessly. It destiny is not ungracious we shall hear in time to come of Hall Caine's son.

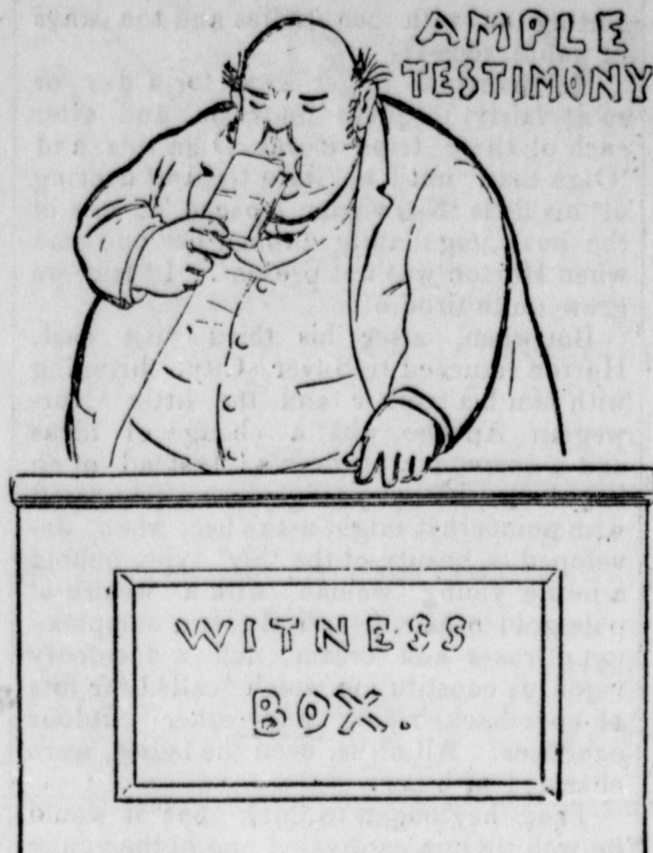
Poor John Storm, the monk and cleric and Christian of gentle blood, gets it hot and fast and thick from all points of the compass. And meanwhile the author of all this hub-bub maintains a sphinx-like silence within the venerable walls of Greeba Castle, in the snug tucked little home-rule isle of the Celtic Manxman.

The authoress of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," Miss M. G. Tuttle, known in literature as "Maxwell Gray," is an invalid in the home of her widowed mother, at Richmond, in the Isle of Wight, where they live in a pretty little white house. She is the daughter of a former medical practitioner at Newport, on that island, and lives in seclusion, rarely leaving her room.

"Born in the Purple" is the title of Anthony Hope's new romance.—We have found another pronunciation for the name of the author of "Quo Vadis"—Sin-kee-witch.—Rudyard Kipling, accompanied by his father, seeks relaxation in South Africa.—Gilbert Parker has gone on a trip to the Nile. His new novel, "A Hundred years ago," will appear in "Good words."—A new story is promised, in Lippincott's, by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy).—"Love Lore, and Other Poems," by the late W. J. Linton, with illustrations by the author, in limited edition, will be prized by collectors of rare books.

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Knowing what you expect to see here, says a writer in Godey's magazine, here, it is only natural for you to enter the cemetery with some little nervousness and trepidation. But you are reassured when you do enter the big gate, for there is nothing uncanny or 'triste,' yet to be seen. On the contrary, this Mexican 'God's Acre' is all tranquil and bright and beautiful—and you do not think even of the square, black-lettered spaces, that are honey-combed, one above the other, all the way around the great wall of the Panteon. These square spaces, five rows of them, contain a vault each, and that is where interment is made.

It is an enormous place, this cemetery. And well that it is so, during the great typhus epidemic in 1893, it received (so people say) about a third of the then population of Guanajuato. For a time, the City Council kept some sort of tally on the deaths, but as, later on, the Council itself, and most of the physicians, succumbed to the fatal disease, no count was kept, and interment was made in a great trench dug in the centre of the Panteon, one coffin, with a spring in the bottom, serving for all, when the ceremony of a coffin was used at all.

However, waiving the matter of epidemics, in Guanajuato, when a person dies, the family at once arrange to rent one of the box-like spaces in this Panteon, rent \$1 per month, payable in advance. Then the 'deader' (as 'Sentimental Tommy' has it) is put away in one of these vaults—not to wait the last Trump, but to await the next Panteon pay-day. When that day comes, if the family can't raise the \$12 for the next fiscal year, the City Council have the vault unsealed, the coffin taken out, and the 'deader' transferred to the huge passages below the Panteon, in the 'Catacombs.'

The 'Catacombs' comprise enormous underground passages that run all the way around the Panteon.

The Panteon man pushes back a big, flat stone, over in a corner in the cemetery, and invites you to step into a small dark hole, which admits only one person at a time, and contains a small, winding stone stair, built pretty much on the corkscrew plan.

Some godless person, with more sense of humor than grace, has placed the tallest, ugliest and uncanniest (if there is such a word) of all the mummies, at the very bottom of the last step, so arranged that as you descend the crooked stairs, you land right into his bony arms!

It is truly a grisly thing to see, once you are safely there. Imagine to yourself long, seemingly endless white passages, silent as only death can make them, heaped up at each end with great piles of bones—the bones of those who refused to mummify—and lined thickly with mummy after mummy, horrible, brown, skinny things, fastened in a standing position against the

walls, many of them with grinning fleshless faces turned toward other mummies, as though in conversation, others with heads bowed, as in meditation or prayer, and others with faces blankly staring up at the stone walls above! Once seen, it is a thing that you do not soon forget.

Along one side, are the gentleman mummies, on the other, the ladies, and, indiscriminately mixed among them, are the poor baby-mummies.

There is not, strange to say, the slightest hint of a disagreeable odor. Rather there is a smell of lime. The place is beautifully clean and white, and there are even some birds that build down here, and bring up their young ones, among the mummies.

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Badly off.

The colored people found it "hard times in Georgia" last December, during the smallpox scare. So we may infer, as all events, from a scrap of dialogue reported by the Atlanta Constitution.

An old Georgia negro, with his arm in a sling, was talking to another on a West End car.

'Yes, suh,' he said, with emphasis, 'I gone up now, fer sho!' You see dis arm in de sling, don't you?'

'Yes,' 'Well, suh,' the old man continued, by way of explanation, 'I'll be eighty years old next harvest; I done see lots er trouble in my day, but by de grace er God I miss de Ku-klux. I miss de Vigilance Committee I miss de Whitecaps, en I miss de Regulators, but how, in my old age, please God, de waxinators kotched en cut me!'

Father, mother, children, all should take Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

Mrs. Sarah Wilkies, a rich and eccentric widow of Atkinson county, who manages a large farm successfully but who is in constant litigation, pleads her own cases. Recently, by permission of the State Supreme Court, she pleaded her cause in a case before that August tribunal and won it.

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