

## Notches on The Stick

Lizette Woodworth Reese ["A Quiet Road," Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.] came at the Christmas time, singing, like the waits, at our door. We have nothing but thanks to the gracious giver who understood our preference so well, and came to visit us laden with frankincense and myrrh, to say nothing of silver and gold. "A Quiet Road," is a book in exquisite taste, is, in fact, like the King's Daughter, beautiful without and within. What a quaint, old-fashioned, joyous sort of singing it is! We shall not hesitate at the word "Poet," as applied to the utterer of such gleesome, spontaneous notes. She has "run back to fetch the age of gold" in English poetry, with choicest memories and suggestions of what we have loved earliest and most. She wanders beside English hedgerows, by Kentish meadows and watercourses, through orchard closes, and everywhere the bucolic spirit leads us, singing, like a milkmaid, blithely as she goes. She touches, now on Herrick, now on Keats, now on Charles Lamb, and we are led to the fountains whence she loves to draw.

Herrick.  
Oh, Herrick, still we love you, and our days  
Keep to the weather of the daffodil,  
Because, good Mayer, your few notes do still  
Break with their silver down our eulian ways.  
East of your line that knew to clearly sing,  
You kept your heart up to the bloomy time,  
Spending your Devon in unweary rhyme,  
And with no mood except that one of Spring.  
Oh, still we come, as to some fair estate,  
Which should be theirs, yet somehow is not so,  
Come poor and wistful heirs from overseas,  
To long and look without the fast-barred gate—  
And track you by your laughter where you go  
At thick of morn under the rectory trees.

Our slender stock of descriptive phrases cannot so well fill our allotted space, as her own golden words. She shall express herself; we will try to make some fittest selections:

WRIT IN A BOOK OF ELIZABETHAN VERSE.  
Oncoming Hour of light and dew,  
Of heartier sun, more certain blue,  
My shadow on your face doth fall.  
I am the first sweet thing of all;  
By that much the more sweet than you.

Mise is the crocus and the call  
Of guest to guest in shrubberies tall;  
The white tumult, the rainy hush;  
And mine the unforgetting thrush  
That pours its heart-break from the wall.

For I am Tears, for I am Spring,  
The old and immortal thing;  
To me come ghosts by twos and threes,  
Under the swaying cherry-trees,  
From east and west remembering.

O elder Hour, when I am not,  
Gone out like smoke from road and plot,  
More perfect Hour of light and dew,  
Shall lovers turn away from you,  
And long for me, the Unforgotten!

Telling the Bees.  
Bathsheba came out to the sun,  
Out to the walled cherry-trees;  
The tears down her cheek did run,  
Bathsheba standing in the sun,  
Telling the bees.

My mother had that moment died;  
Unknowing, I led I to the trees,  
And plucked Bathsheba's hand aside;  
Then caught the name that there she cried.  
Telling the bees.

Her look I never can forget,  
I that held sobbing to her knees;  
The cherry-boughs above us met,  
I think I see Bathsheba yet  
Telling the bees.

The following will please the ear and the fancy so well the reader may be tempted to go over it the second time:

On A Colonial Picture.  
Out of the dusk stepped down  
Young Beauty on the stair;  
What need of April in the town  
When Dolly took the air?

Lilac the color then,  
So all in lilac she;  
Her kerchief hid from maids and men  
What was too white to see.

Good Stuart folk her kin,  
And bred in Essex vales;  
One looked her happy eyes within  
And heard the nightingales.

When Dolly took the air,  
Each lad that happened near,  
Forgetting all save she was fair,  
Tore a English cavalier.

It was the end of Lent,  
The crocus lit the square;  
With waving green the bough was bent  
When Dolly took the air.

Long since that weather sped,  
Yet yonder on the wall  
Her portrait holds a faded shred,  
Some scrap of it in thrall.

The New World claims the skies,  
Although the Old prevails;  
We look into her happy eyes  
And hear the nightingales.

Staid lilac in her gown,  
And yellow gleams her hair;  
The ghost of April in the town,  
And Dolly takes the air!

A Cricket in Autumn.  
O Shape, beyond the orchard palings there,  
What mood of memory holds this lessening light,  
The lilac, fading sky, or, crooked and white,  
The young moon set above the plum-tree bare?  
For these do in your music have a share.  
But, under all, your one thin, antique note,  
Fast youth and time, and I evermore remote,  
As from the world's rim cut the autumn air,  
Certain am I that song is not in vain;

And yet, despite your piping, come and pass  
The phantom chords of him that to our door  
Brought laughter like sweet gusts that follow rain,  
His reed lies snapped and rotting in the grass;  
Yours, too, shall fall and you be heard no more!

"An English Missal," "In Time of Rain," "A Street Scene," "Robert Louis Stevenson," "Autumn to Spring," "To a Town Poet," "An Old Belle," "The Shepherd," "A Lyric on the Lyric," "The Lavender Woman," and other poems in this book of which we might name, the titles tempt us to further citation; but we conclude with—

A Pastoral.  
Oho, my love, oho, my love, and ho, the bough  
That shows,  
Against the grayness of mid-Lent the color of the  
rose!  
The light of Spring are in the sky and down  
among the grass;  
Bend low, bend low, ye Kentish reeds, and let two  
lovers pass!

The plum-tree is a straightened thing; the cherry is  
but vain;  
The thorn but black and empty at the turning of  
the lane;  
Yet mile by mile out in the wind the peach-trees  
blow and blow,  
And which is stem, and which is bloom, not any  
maid can know.

The ghostly ships sail up to town and past the  
orchard wall;  
There is a leaping in the reeds; they waver and  
they fall;  
For lo, the gusts of God are out; the April time is  
brief;  
The country is a pale red rose, and dropping leaf  
by leaf,  
I do but keep me close beside, and hold my lovers  
hand;

Along the narrow track we pass across the level  
land;  
The petals whirl about us and the sedge is to our  
knees;  
The ghostly ships sail up, sail up, beyond the strip-  
pling trees.  
When we are old, when we are cold, and barred is  
the door,  
The memory of this time will come and turn us  
young once more;

The night of spring will dim the grass and trem-  
ble from the sky;  
And all the Kentish reeds bend low to let us two  
go by.

No lofty key is struck: here are no pro-  
fundities, nor are there minor chords to  
which much stress is given. But we have  
that which edifies, while it pleases, a book  
of cheerful, sprightly song, that leaves be-  
hind it never a tinge of gloom nor bitter-  
ness.

PATERICK.

### HARD WORK AND EASY WORK.

There was a time very lately when Mr. Donato Arnoldi found it hard to keep up with his work. Not that there was more to be done than usual, but he didn't feel like working at all. He was dull. He had no edge. He could have afforded it he would have knocked off altogether. But there's where it is. Those of us who must work when we are sharp, must keep on working when we are dull. Necessity obliges. Expenses keep on, and so we must keep on.

Dear, dear, what a thing it would be if we were always right up to the mark—eating, sleeping, and working with a relish. We might not have money to burn even then, but we should have some to save. Well, let's hear Mr. Arnoldi.  
"At Easter, 1893," he says, "I began to feel as if a cloud had come over me. I was weak, low, and tired. My tongue was thickly coated and my mouth kept filling with a thick, tough phlegm. I could eat fairly well, yet my food seemed to do me no good. After eating I had a feeling of heaviness at the chest and pain at the side. I lost a deal of sleep, and night after night I lay broad awake for hours. I kept up with my work, but I was so weak that I was scarcely fit for it. This state of things naturally worried me and I consulted a doctor. He gave me medicines that relieved me for a time, and then I went bad as ever.

"Seeing this, I saw another doctor who said my stomach, and perhaps other organs were in a very bad way. I took his medicines, but they did not help me as I hoped they would. On the contrary I got worse and worse.

"At this time cold, clammy sweats began to break out over me, and as I walked my footsteps were uncertain. Sometimes my legs gave way under me, as if they were too weak to bear the weight of my body.

"Not to trouble you with details, it may be enough to say that I was in this miserable condition month after month. In fact, I came to think I never should be any better.

"Then I thought of a medicine I had heard highly spoken of—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I said to myself, I will try it. I am thankful I did. After taking only two bottles all the pain was gone, and shortly I was well and strong as ever. Since then I have had good health and worked without trouble. When I feel I need it, I take a dose of the syrup, and it keeps me right.

"I am a surgical instrument maker, and think my illness was due to the quicksilver that I worked amongst acting upon me when in a low state of health. At all events,

I feel no ill effects now from the mercury I use in my business. (Signed) Donato Arnoldi, 39 Spencer Street, Clerkenwell, London, May 1st, 1894.

No doubt lead, arsenic, mercury, and other poisons do often produce injurious effects on those who habitually handle them; but the symptoms in Mr. Arnoldi's case go to show that his ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. This abominable disease generates plenty of poisons of its own, and has no need of help from outside death-dealers. He wasn't able to eat much, nor to digest what he did eat, and his nerves got weak and shaken because they were not fed. That accounts for his wretchedness and for his uncertain footsteps.

Take the ashes out of your furnace, clear the draft, and light a fresh fire, and things are buzzing and humming directly. And that's what Mother Seigel's Syrup does for the human body when it sets the digestive system in proper operation.

### Making Glass Resist Fire.

Attention has lately been drawn to a product called "wire-glass," which it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire. It consists simply of a mesh-work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces, and experiments have shown that, employed in windows and skylights, wire-glass not only resists the heat of fire, but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

### A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial, But Worse; a Physical Wreck—Past Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nervine.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: "I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nervine, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself today strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine."

### His Dad's Diversified Presents.

"Got any presents this year, Jimmy?"  
"No—only did."  
"An' what did he get?"  
"Lots! One man give him a bottle of whiskey, an' nuther man give him thirty days!"

### Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me.

### A Pleasant Surprise

is in store for the house-wife who has never kept Johnston's Fluid Beef on hand ready for immediate use, for making Beef Tea, Gravies and Soups.

Johnston's Convenient. Fluid Beef. Economical.



16 oz. Bottle, \$1.00.

## SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.  
You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century.  
There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

## Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I, S. JOHNSON, Esq. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this.

"Best Liver Pill Made."  
**Parsons' Pills**  
This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan. 1840, first left at my store some of the same I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sale. JAMES KNOWLTON, Newburg, Maine. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



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NAME OF PERIODICAL.	PUBS. PRICE.	WITH PROGRESS	NAME OF PERIODICAL.	PUBS. PRICE.	WITH PROGRESS
Advertiser, Boston, daily,	\$6 00	\$7 00	Globe, (Boston Sunday)	2 00	3 25
Amateur Gardening,	50	2 00	Godey's Magazine,	1 00	3 40
Amateur Sportsman N. Y.,	1 00	2 25	Golden Days,	3 00	3 90
Amateur Photography,	0	3 15	Good Housekeeping,	2 00	3 25
American Horse,	2 00	3 50	Good News,	3 50	3 60
American J. of Education	1 00	2 15	Good Words, (Eng.)	2 25	3 40
Anthony's Photographic Bulletin,	2 00	3 15	Harper's Bazaar,	4 00	4 75
Arena,	4 00	4 25	Harper's Magazine,	4 00	4 60
Argonaut,	4 00	4 65	Harper's Young People	2 00	3 00
Army and Navy Gazette,	7 50	8 25	Herald, (Boston Sunday)	2 00	3 85
Argosy,	1 10	2 40	Household,	1 00	2 35
Art Amateur,	4 00	6 00	Household,	2 00	3 15
Art Interchange,	4 00	4 00	Houseman,	3 00	3 75
Art Journal,	6 00	6 25	Journal of Education,	2 00	3 75
Athenaeum,	4 00	6 00	Judge,	5 00	5 75
Babyhood,	1 00	2 40	Judge's Library,	1 00	2 25
Babyland,	50	1 95	Ladies' Home Journal,	1 00	2 50
Beacon, (Boston)	2 50	3 40	Life,	5 00	6 00
Blackwoods Edinb' Mag. (E),	8 00	8 50	Lippincott's Mag.,	3 00	3 85
Blackwoods Edinb' Mag. (A),	3 00	4 35	Littell's Living Age,	6 00	7 25
Bookbinder,	1 00	2 40	Littell's Living Age,	2 00	3 25
Book News,	50	2 00	" (Am.)	1 50	2 75
Boys Own Paper, (Eng.)	2 25	3 25	Little Men and Women,	1 00	2 35
British American,	1 00	2 40	Live Stock Journal,	1 00	2 30
Cassell's Family Mag.,	1 50	2 75	Longman's Mag.,	2 00	3 25
Century Mag.,	4 00	5 10	McClure's Mag.,	1 00	2 25
Chatterbox,	50	2 00	Milliner's Guide,	2 00	3 00
Chautauquan,	2 00	3 40	Munsey's Magazine,	1 00	2 25
Christian Witness,	1 50	2 80	New England Mag.,	3 00	4 00
Churchman,	3 50	4 90	New York Weekly,	3 00	3 75
Church Union,	1 00	2 15	Nickie Magazine,	50	2 0
Clipper, (Sport)	4 00	6 00	North Am. Review,	5 00	5 7
Cosmopolitan Mag.,	1 00	2 50	Our Little Ones and the Nursery,	1 00	2 45
Delicacy,	1 00	2 50	Pall Mall Mag.,	4 00	4 60
Demorest's Family Mag.,	2 00	3 15	Peterson's Mag.,	1 00	2 30
Detroit Free Press,	1 00	2 25	Popular Science Monthly,	5 00	6 25
Donahoe's Mag.,	2 00	3 50	Public Opinion,	2 50	3 65
Dramatic Mirror,	4 00	4 85	Puck,	1 00	1 75
Dressmaker and Milliner,	1 00	2 50	Puck's Library,	1 25	2 45
Eclectic Mag.,	5 00	5 75	Quarterly Review, (Eng.)	6 50	7 00
Education,	3 00	4 00	" (Am.)	4 00	5 15
Educational Review,	8 00	4 15	Scotsman,	2 50	3 75
Family Herald and Star,	1 00	2 25	Scottish American,	3 00	4 00
Family Story Paper,	8 00	3 90	Season,	3 00	4 65
Fashions,	50	2 00	Strand Magazine,	2 50	3 60
Field, (London)	10 00	10 25	Sun, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 00	3 40
Fire-side Companion,	8 00	9 00	Sunday School Times,	1 50	3 05
Fortnightly Review, (E)	7 50	7 75	Sunny Hour,	1 00	2 40
" (Am.)	4 50	4 75	Truth,	5 00	5 50
Forest and Stream,	4 25	4 75	Turf, Field and Farm,	4 00	5 15
Forum,	8 00	4 25	Witness, Montreal, daily,	3 00	3 50
Frank Leslie's Ill. News,	4 00	4 85	" " weekly,	1 00	2 10
Frank Leslie's Pop r Monthly,	2 00	3 90	World, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 50	3 80
			Young Ladies' Journal,	4 00	4 75
			Youth's Companion,	1 75	2 50