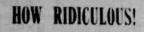
A TARELOWARLE ATTAIR and a fashi In a fashionable targ le prayer bool And a fast With a fashi fashionable preacher With a fashionable st With a fachiophie rea At the fashionable door For the fashionay hionable bearen And a fashioasble bell: fashionable Biole , For this fashionable belle fashionable kneeling And a fashionable not lonable everything able God Merchant Travoler



"What under the sun are you putting told me that I should die in wedlock, into that butter? Sugar-as true as I and I suppose it's got to be." live-instead of sait! What has got into you?" and Miss Mehitable Robinson, in a paroxysm of laughter, and retired. an old maid, whose mental and physical to her room, from whence she issued in angularities exactly corresponded, a short half hour, all ready for the picleaned over the wooden bowl of butter nic. Not so Mehitable. Two hours of which her niece - a young lady of nine- curling, fixing, and fussing, and then, teen-was working over.

"I reckon, Hope Harris, if you mother she walked across the field to Mr. Halknew what a time I was having with stead's. The most of the party had There is no doubt but she will prove of voices, in close proximity, was wafted beam of sunshine touches them troublesome sometimes, for she doesn't to her ear. I'm sorry to say take naturally to domestic pursuits'-oh lord," and here can that be? Well, I declare, if that etched patterns. Mehitable drew a long breath and pro- ain't pretty goings on! Our Hope, as ceeded to taste of the yellow lump. I'm alive, and a man's head in her lap." spread so temptingly before her.

she did! You see that butter, I sup- shawl spread down for a carpet, sat The lovellest porcelain toilet boxes are pose," continued the spinster, removing leaning agianst a tree, while, by her the wooden spoon from her niece's hand side, reclined Mr. Halstead, and truth gold and painted in realistic flower and brandishing it aloft in a manner so compels us to state that his head was patterns of the period of Martoline at comically tragic, that Hope was com- not only lying in her lap, but Hope's ceal the rising laugh.

"Yes, ma'am, I see that butter," she near, replied. "I've had the pleasnre of looking at that butter, and feeling of that saw you, and you are sure, very sure. butter, for the last hour, in the vain at- darling, that you love me?" And Richtempt to remove the last drop of butter- ard Halstead waited for an answer. milk from that butter, and I would The reply he rece d was quite unex. give the small farm I own, before here, pected. if some good angel would say, today: | Hope Harris, you need never, as long as you live, touch the sticky -goumy stuff you hussy-you arth.l, designing hussy again.' A farmers wife! No such fate I'll send for your tather and mother tofor me, if you please. Why, I'd rather morrow-that I will," roared Meh table. engage myself, for a life-partner, to old Mephistophiles, himself."

"I don't know nothing about your city Hope's parents, yesterday, and they chaps, and more than that, I don't want have given me full permission to adto; but this much I do know, you dress the young lady, with a view to needn't worry yourself about any farm- matrimony. Won't you add your blessers ever wanting you. They know too Miss Mehitable?" d is buttered.

FASHION NOTES.

which Aunt Mehitable joined, and then

the gentleman made known his errand.

The young folks visiting him, from the

stead don't stay here in the winter.

Massy' how my heart does beat!"

departure.

Women Barburn in La A lady whom I know is thinking of

city, had determined upon a picnic that very day, by the sea-shore, and would opening a haircutting saloon for gentle-Miss Robinson and Miss Hope favor men, and having a trained army of lady him with their company? The ladies hairdressers to wait upon them. There assented, and our gentleman took his is no doubt that a staff of lady haircut ters would uttract customers. There is "Lawful sakes, Hope, you hav'nt the no reason at all why women should not least idea how that man makes my be employed to "barber" men. Women heart beat every time he comes into barber's are largely employed to cut wothis house. If I didn't know just what men's hair, and a man's hair is easier to he was arter, 'twould make a considercut than a woman's. Of course the woable difference; bat, you see. John never men barbers would fiave to gain profiin the world could get along, on this ciency in shaving. Miss Mantalini in farm, without me; and then, Mr. Hal- Pall Mall Gazette,

A New Article of Dress He's got a house in New York and The most sensible thing that has come they do say 'tis elegant where he goes, forward lately is the "Estelle Clayton just as quick as the frost comes. shirts" for ladies. It is made of the usual material of laundered shirts, and is just "Why, Aunt Mehitable, you don't like a man's, so far as the bosom, collars suppose he wants to narry you, do you ?" and cuffs go, which latter are made on "Yes, Miss; and why not, 1 should the shirt. The only way in which it diflike to ask? Men never look at women, fers from the masculine garment is that as that man looks at me, without meanit is shorter and has a drawing string ing something. Fortune-tellers always hat holds it around the waist. Every woman who likes to wear cuffs, but who boy though he was, he threatened his dislikes the instability and pricks of guards with death. Hope threw down the butter-spoor pins, will thank Miss Clayton, if she be the inventor of this garment, which, by the way, why not call the "Clayton" without the name shirt attached? We wear "Sontags;" why not "Claytons?" New York Commercial Advertiser. with stately step and dignified mein,

Fashions in Toilat Sets.

It is a fashion of the hour to use you, she'd about give up, in despair, started for the shore, and Miss Robinson mumber of articles for the toilet table The last words she said to me, standing followed. The path she took was a in richly cut crystal in place of silver. right there, in that front entry you little circuitous, but the spinster chose silver toilet articles require constant can see the spot yourself, if you're a it because she desired to give herself a care. The crystal, moreover, throws mind to look -was: "Mehitable, I leave little more time to think. It wound over the dainty drawn work cover of Hope to your care, and all I ask is, that along by a winding brook, under the the toilet table and over the delicate you endeavor to make as good a house- shadow of a great rock. Here Mehit- tinted hangings of the boudoir the lovekeeper of her as you are yourself, able stopped to take breath. The sound liest iridescent lights whenever a stray Brushes and combs, however, are still "Goodness alive," she muttered, "who mounted in silver in old repousse and

A Queen Anne bedtime candlestick of polished metal is preferred to one in There was no mistake about it. The crystal but not to one in Berlin or "Take naturally." I shouldn't think old maid was right. Hope, with a Dresden porcelain or even blue Delft made by the Berlin factory, mounted in Meissen, or in fine landscapes of old pelled to turn her head one side to con- tingers playing lovinging with his hair. Dresden. The Berlin factory does little Mehitable, with cat-like tread, drew work of original design, but makes the best reproductions from old Dresden "Hope, I loved you the first time I patterns.-New York Tribune.

The Fashion in Boots

This high cut boot with a top that can be removed at will is a novelty for lady tourists who wish to climb or walk much. By lacing the top of the boot proper above the ankle it is drawn tight and acts as a support to the ankle, while the loose extra top protects the imb without causing any inconvenience. With the extra top removed the boot is a stylish one for rambling or for lawn games -Boots and Shoes.

Skirt for Spring Wear

The fiat has gone forth that soft, light, clinging materials like foulard will be

YOUTH UNDER THE AX. Toungest Victim of the Guillotine.

"That man has recently witnessed rare and infrequent sight," said a well known man-about-town to a New York ournal reporter on Broadway, pointing to a foreign-looking man who was just going into the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The reporter approached the gentle-man, who gave his name as George Herbilion, a well known Parisian jour-nalist. He left Paris about ten days

ago. "Yes; I have witnessed a strange sight, and one I don't care about seeing again," he said, with a strong foreign sccent.

He then related the incident. He had seen the guillotining, about two weeks ago, at Paris, of the youngest person who had fallen a victim to grim az in Paris since the French Rev. lution.

It was a boy of 18 who had suffered the awful punishment. His name was Georges Henri Kaps. He had murder-ed his sweetheart in May last. At the trial for this crime '; was shown that young, beardless Kaps at the age of 14, had assassinated an old man in a dark side stree*.

When arcested for this last murder

"I have seen many persons die, said M. Herbillou. "I was in the com mune in '71 and at the executions after it, but I never saw anything so distress-ing as the end of this young murderer. "He was only a boy fit still for a mother's caressing," went on M. Her-billon, "but he displayed the most remarkable nerve during the trial and greeted the verdict of death with a

When the officials came in to th prison to announce that his hour come he showed no fear, though till that moment he had expected a commutation of sentence. He dressed himself with out assist

ance. When a priest approached he motioned him to leave with a wave of his little hands.

Afterward he gayly skipped to his place in the sad procession for the guillotine. When he arrived at the "Place of the

Ax" he glanced curiously at the few spectators. Catching sight of the deadwagon that was soon to carry away his lifeless body he smiled visibly Standing beneath the glittering knife, the priest extended the crucifix to the boy's lips, but he turned aside his head.

The victim's manner was so naive that a movement of pity made a murmur in the little throng as the executioners forced him back and laid his

neck in the fatal groove, 'As he lay for a second before the blade dropped," said Mr. Herbillon, "I caught a lingering smile upon his lips. "Then I turned away," he said, "and the sound of the falling knife was

heard. The boy died more like my 'dea of a Christian martyr than any one I ever saw die." Experimented ou Dad.

One of the well known citizens of sound, the conductor came into the smoking car with a cry of "Tickets, please!" and as there was only one fresh Pawtucket, R. L., and a man of decidedly mechanical turn of mind withal, says the Providence Journal, was severely shocked the other day in the following manner: He has a son, 15 years of age, who is a chip of the old block in his love of mechanics and "What's up, Kurnel?" he asked as his desire to see into the reason for the conductor halted before him. every thing. The young man is very much interested in and a firm believer in the wonderful power of electricity. A few days ago, as the father sat down to dinner and attempted to take his knife, the knife refused to be taken up. He glanced at it hurriedly, and saw that it appeared to have been fastened down with a piece of string. Think ing one of little ones had tied it down for a joke, he administered a mild and playful reprimand, at the same time attempting to take up the fork at the other side of the plate. But the fork also refused to be taken up. Thinking that his two younger children had com-Thinking bined in the joke, he reprimanded the other little one. In the meantime the young man had been quietly watching the progress of events with a good dea of interest and saying nothing. The father then attempted to take up the knife and fork in each hand, and then he understood the matter, as he re ceived an electric shock that rai him from his chair and set him shak-ing like a touch of ague. He finally shook the kuife and fork from his hand and then proceeded to investi-gate. He discovered that the innocent looking young student of electricity had been trying an experiment. Tak-ing a battery which he had made him self in his father's shop, he had concealed it under the table; then, cutting down the bell wire, he had it at tached to the battery and attached one pole to the knife and one to the fork. The result of the experiment was satisfactory to himself, whatever the father might. 'ought of it.

GARE OF WATCHES ..

The Manner in Which a Pocket Tin Should Be Handled. A watch, even of very good quality,

can only give satisfaction if it is treat-ed zecording to its subtle construction says the American Analyst. Its pos-sessor must prevent it from falling or being knocked about. A jump from a street-car has more than once caused a good timepiece in the jumper's pocket to change its rate. A watch must be kept in a clean place. Dust and small articles of the pocket lining gather continuously in the pockets, and even the best-fitting case can not protect the movement from dirt finding its way to the wheels and pivots of the move-ment. Watch-pockets should be turned inside out and cleaned at regular inretiring. Second, because the full power of the mainspring is more likely to reduce to a minimum the irregularities caused by the movements of the owner during the day. When not carried in the pocket a watch should al-ways hang by its ring in the same po-sition that it is worn. As a tule watches will run with a different rate when laid down. Only high-grade watches are adjusted to position and and will only show a few seconds' difference in twenty-four hours, while common watches may be out of time several minutes in one night.

Ladies often complain that their watches do not run regularly. This may be on account of smaller size and more difficult regulating, but the main reason for the faulty rate is to be found in the fact that ladies do not always earry their watches and consequently often forget to wind them. Never leave a hunting-case watch open during a considerable length of time. A careful observer will find in the morning a layer of dust on the crystal of a watch that has been open during the night. The dust will find its way into the movement. The dust on the outside of the case will be unconsciously rubbed off by the wearer, but when the watch is closed the dust inside of the case must remain there. A watch case must remain there. A watch ought to be cleaned every two, or at the utmost three, years if it is not to be spoiled. The oil will change. It will become thickened by the dust that care spoiled. The oil will change. It will become thickened by the dust that can not be kept out of the best clesing-diverse substances. Do you mean to anse. The dust will work like emery, and grind the surfaces of the pivots of the train. The best of movements will be spoiled if this requirement is negected. Even after being cleaned and put in order they will not recover their exactness. Many times it has been observed that a watch ran well for years, and that it was unreliable after having been cleaned. The reason is to be jound in the fact the pivets and their thick oil fit the jewel holes, and the eleaned pivots and their clean oil do aot fit the same jewels. Choking Off a Farmer.

SOME THOUGHTS OF EDISON.

The Great Investor's Conception of Mat-

The following extract is from "Talks with Edison," by George Parsons Latbrop, in Harper's Magazine. Is addition to being extremely practical in his thoughts and processes, Edison has a rich imagination of a creating sort, and moods of ideal dreaming in his morticular line. One day at dimans his particular line. One day at dinner he suddenly spoke, as if out of a deep revery, saying what a great thing it would be if a man could have all the component atoms of himself under complete control, detachable and ad-justable at will. "For instance," he explained, "then I could say to one particular atom in me-call it atom No. ment. Watch-pockets should be turned inside out and cleaned at regular in-berrals. A watch ought to be wound up regularly at about the same hour every day. The best time to do it is in the morning, for two reasons. First, because the hours of disrobing and regular than the hours of disrobing and retiring. Second, because the full periences while they were parts of those different substances, and I should have the benefit of the knowledge."

Of course this was only a passing fancy, an imaginative way of express-ing the constant desire which exists in the inventor's mind for a more intithe inventor's mind for a more inti-mate knowledge of the nature of things concerning which he has already learned so much. This desire is gratified to the farthest practicable extent by the great store of all sorts of materials animal, vegetable and mineral-col-lected in his laboratory, where he ex-periments upon and combines their various properties as a composer plays upon the instruments of his orchestra. Indeed, in this large imaginative as-pect of his mind Edison distinctly reminds me of men having creative musical or poetic or artistic genius. The mingled abstraction and tire in their faces and eyes are noticeable in his, at times, when he emerges from some private room in the laboratory where he has been engaged in deep inventive wark.

The above remark about the atoms, too, recalls a statement which he once made to me regarding his conception of matter. "I do de not believe, said," "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it see diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelli-gence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or increating shapes and colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if express-ing their satisfaction. In sickness, death, decomposition, or filth, the disagreement of the component atoms im-mediately makes itself felt by bad odors. Gathered together in certain forms, the atoms constitute animals of the lower orders. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" I asked.

"From some power greater than our-

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?" "Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chem-

istry." Surely it is a circumstance calculated to excite reflection, and to cause a good deal of satisfaction, that this keen and penetrating mind, so vigorously repre-senting the intelligence-the mind of remarkabl science, and of a brilliant and prolific inventor who has spent his life in deal-ing with the material part of the world —should so contidently arrive at belief in God through a study of those media that often obscure the perception of spiritual things.

Hope, that man's got to coming here walked away. pretty often, lately. I never have done anything, in the whole course of my thought that your aunt had an idea turnures are seen, though it is predicted life, but I had just as lief everybody in that I was in love with her?" said Dick, the created world would know; but I as he watched the tall figure stalk allotted time of popularity, and they begin to be pretty well scared about majestically away. All the answer he what folks will say about this old received was a merry laugh, andbachelor's coming up here e'ena' most every day. How does my hair look, Hope? All of a frouse, I'm sure; but given them. it'll never do to run and fix up a bit, because he's seen us both. I wish he

would go to the front door." Hope's curls were tied out of her eyes by a knot of scarlet ribbon, which added not a little to the coquettish make-up, The sleeves of a light cambric wrapper were pinned to the shoulders, displaying an arm which would make an astist wild, to copy. And then, Hope's eyes! No one had ever detected their exact shade, though sonnet after sonnet had been dedicated by her numerous lovers, to her blue, brown, cerulear, sca-hued, gray, and other colored orbs.

Aunt Mehitable had laid down the wooden spoon, at the approach of the stranger, and Hope, as if life or death depended upon her celerity, spatted away with a vengeance. The tones of the new comer's voice were very pleasant, but Hope didn't turn around. Her cheeks were as red as the ribbon which peeped out from among the brown curls

"Good morning, Miss Robinson ex cuse my early call. I---

"Oh, don't talk about excuses. Mr. Haistend. Some people are always welcome. I was just telling Hope how sant it was to have you for a neighbor. Hope, child, why don't you look around? Here is Mr. Haistend."

"Ab, bon jour, Mr. Halstend," said the butter-maker, giving him her little left hand.

"You find me very busy. The fact is, I en trying ever since breakfast to whip the properties, which suntie declares should be foriegn to good butter, out of this unmanageable lump, d now, having used sugar instead of alt to flavor it with, I shall have, I ppose, to bang away an hour or two as! how I do detest

Mr. Haistend laughed heartily in

Heavens and airth! If here don't come it? The ingratitude of one's own flesh Mr. Halstead! Between you and I, and blood!" And the irate spinster

"How ridiculous, Dick!

"Hope Harris, on . one along with

"There's no occasion," replied Mr.

Halstead, coolly. "I saw both of Miss

me! I never woold have thought it-

To this day, Mehitable has not for-NELLJE AMES.

Ingersoll a Tenderfoot. One of Denver's old time citizens last

evening at the Windsor related a very interesting incident of an experience of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the noted atheist, as a "tenderfoot," say the Denver News, Colonel Ingersoll has for years past been interested in mining and ranch properties in the west, and his immense cattle ranch in New Mexico, owned jointly with ex-Senator Dorsey, is known all over the union. Several years ago Bob" and some eastern confreres were investigating mining property in New Mexico with a view of purchasing. At

one mining camp where the party visited, the owner of a mine, which had after a thorough trial proved to be scarcely worth working, saw an opportunity to "strike it rich" by selling his almost worthless mine to the eastern tenderfoot. In order to effect the sale who don't afford a winter overcoat. he decided to "doctor" the mine, as nothing else than a personal examination would satisfy the worthy Bob. So

the very richest silver ore and strewed her life,-Buffalo Express. the lumps along the floor of the mine

close to the wall where the vein, which was being worked, cropped out. At an hour appointed Colonel Bob and the trickster, equipped with hammer and sack, went to the mine to bring away some samples of ore in order to test

them. The great infidel attacked the ledge

where the ore cropped out with his hammer, and as the lumps knocked off fell at his feet his companion stuffed into his sack the rich pieces of ore with which he had strewn the floor of the ca.e. Great was the astonishment of "wise men of the east" when the samples brought away from the mine assayed from \$700 to \$1,000 per ton. Of course a bargain was struck, and at the mine owner's figures.

ised for spring dres es, crossing in fold on the bodice, which they nearly cover, yet showing the outline of the figure and falling thence in graceful folds on "Do you know I have sometimes the skirt. Only flat skirts without that this fashion has had nearly its are made much longer than formerly. The correct thing is only just to show the tip of the toe in front and to lay four or five inches on the ground in the back. The definite styles of Henry II and Louis XVI are losing favor, and one sees only crossway folds round waists, coming to the hips with a small point in front. The waist is made long at the back, the gathered skirt fastening on to it, while bows of ribbon or velvet rosettes retain the draperies and folds.-Exchange.

Female Anomalies.

A woman will walk up street in the rain to save a street car fare, and then she will give a ouarter of a dollar to the first beggar she meets.

She will go over every carpet in the house with a damp cloth and brush, and then go down town with a black spot on her nose.

She laughs because the Smith girls wear old fashioned bonnets and cries because she knows of some poor boy

She will arrange a silk scarf over a picture frame until a man's eye will bulge with admiration, but she can't the wily miner procured a quantity of tie a plain, ordinary necktie to save

Covering Books.

The books we are most intimate with are apt to grow more or less defaced by frequent handling. To restore their attractiveness by concealing the original covers is a pretty home art quite worthy of practice. If the book is bound in black or dark cloth, a silk with black ground and colored figures may be elected for the new covering, as a lighter round, unless the silk is very thick, is apt to be shadowed by the darkness under it. The cover is cut to fit the book, much as the slip covers to school books are cut, excepting thet only a small portion is left to turn in ou tos wrong aida .-- / Joston Record.

STATISTICS OF OLD ALE.

An Analysis of Returns Respecting Fifty-Two English Centenarians.

Prof. Murray Humphry has just brought together a remarkable book on "Old Age," says the Pall Mall Gasette It is based upon the results of an in-quiry conducted by the collective in-vestigation committee of the British Medical association.

In a portion of it the analysis of the In a portion of it the analysis of the roturns respecting 52 centenarians are given; of these 16 were males and 36 females. Eleven of these were single (10 being females), 5 were married. and 86 were widowed. Out of 50 re-turns 8 only were in affluent circumstances, 28 were comfortable, and 19 peor; of these 9 were comfortable, and 19 males), 20 were spare, and 18 of average condition. Twenty-five were erect m figure and 25 were bent.

Out of 35 returns 28 used glasses, 7 did not; out of these 4 wore poor, 6 had used glasses for 40 to 50 years, 5 for 30 to 85, 4 for 10 to 20, 2 for 4 to 6 years, 6 for "many years," 2 for a few years. From among these 1 had used specta-cles for many years, but for the last 12 years had been able to read without them; snother had not used them for 15 years, another "not for many years," but I can not now got them strong

"Going right to Cincinnati?" "Yes. Ticket, if you please." "Yes. Ticket, if you "I had a ticket, but-"I had a ticket, but ____. Sav, how's wheat looking along the line?"

As the train left Dayton,

"Ticket, sir?"

"Yes."

"Yes. Is she on time?"

passenger he walked directly up

him. The new arrival was from the

south

"Give me your ticket." "Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month? Feller was telling me yesterday that he never-

"I'm in a great hurry, sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Haven't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? got caught once last week, and me'n Bill had to work like nailors to beat a thunderstorm

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course." "Then haud it over at once! I can't

fool away any time here!" "Shoo! Wall, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you are might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never one who was in a hurry. Say, if you

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face, and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you de-cent after they get it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to town, and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."-N. Y. Sun.

Getting a Substitute.

In China nothing is more common than for a gentleman who is in a serious trouble with the law to hire a substitute to take the punishment for him. The payment varies according to the gravity of the offense; but when it is murder, for which the penalty is death it runs, we are told, to ±12 exactly. In England these matters are seldom settled by proxy, and the last persons likely to volunteer to be persons likely to volunteer to be hanged for one are one's relatives; they will see us hanged first. This makes the scene at the Portsmouth Police Court the other day very remarkable. A young gentleman of 19 is brought A young gentleman of 19 is brought up on several charges of burglary; the evidence is, unhappily, clear, but his father comes forward and expresses bis wish to act as substitute. "What do you mean?" asks the astonished "To go to jail for himP" magistrate. "To go to jail for him?" "Yes, certainly!" Upon this amazing proposition being rejected the young gentleman faints; a young lady whose relations with him have been described by an adapter from Shakspeare as be-ing "a little loss than kin, and more than kind," faints also; and the self-sacrificing parent has a fit. This is, probably, the most emotional family, as well as the most free from conven-tion, that has yet been discovered. magistrate.

A Pleasant View of Swinburne.

How very conservativo Mr. Swin-burne is in his daily habits. He generally takes an afternoon walk from Put-ney over to Wimbledon, where he "puts up" for a quarter of an hour at a house he is fond of visiting. He never carries a walking stick or an umbrella, though I have it on very good authori-ty that he is not above lining his pockets at a confectioner's shop with sweets and biscuits, and dispensing these free-ly to the youngsters whom he meets on the road. The other day Wimbledon was deluged, and the Common especi-ally was a place to be avoided, but when the downpour was heaviest-about 4 o'clock-I saw Mr. Swinburne calmly marching along toward his usual resting place, and he was protected against the ungentle rain from heaven by neither umbrells nor mackintosh. He was wet through. From his large-brimmed felt hat rills of rain ran down upon his garments, his face was shining as if anointed with oil, his long white cuffs were in a miserable state. The number of stories, by the way which are told at Wimbledon about way which are told at winnered a vil-the poet, whom every child in the vil-lage knows and admires (the admira-tion being, no doubt, a kind of cup-tion being, no doubt, a kind of cup-tion being, no doubt, a kind of cupboard love), is quite endless. The other day I asked the confectioner wife whom Mr. Swinburne honors with his custom, whether she knew who the his custom, whether she knew who the gentleman was who had just left he shop. "Oh, yes," she replied at one once, "that's Mr. Swinburne, a private gentleman, but he isn't quite right is his head; he is what they call a poet, I'n told." When he is walking along it his soldierly fashion, Mr. Swinburn never takes his eyes off the ground, an evidently does not see that he is the observed of all observers. The othe day a charming young isdy said to mae in an ecstacy of admiration: "If only dared, wouldn't I like to have the in an eestacy of admiration: " only dared, wouldn't I like to have honor of shaking hands with him. he looks too stern." The sterns however, vanishes altogether when their playground on the Common sees the children at play or b wheeled about in their perambulat And if you "catch" Mr. Swinburn such a moment you no lenger such a moment, you no longe that this is the great poet w "Atalanta." His face is tra-and from his ayes there shin which is not of the sarth.--Gasette.