

The Romance of a Glove.

I.

Here on my desk it lies,
Here, as the daylight flies;
One small glove—just her size,
Six-and-a-quarter.
Pearl grey, a color neat,
"Deux boutons," all complete,
Faint scented, soft and sweet;
Could glove be smarter?

II.

Can I the day forget,
Years ago, when the pet
Gave it me?—where we met
Still I remember.
Then 'twas the Summer time;
Now, as I write this rhyme
Children love pantomime,
'Tis in November.

III.

Fancy my boyish bliss
Then, when she gave me this,
And how the frequent kiss
Crumpled its fingers;
Then she was fair and kind,
Now I have changed my mind;
Still some scent, undefined,
On the glove lingers.

IV.

Though she's a matron sage,
Yet have I kept the gage;
Whilst as I pen this page
Still comes a goddess,—
Her eldest daughter fair,
With the same eyes and hair—
Happy the arm, I swear,
That clasps her bodice.

V.

Heaven grant her fate be bright,
And her step very light,
As it will be to-night,
First in the dances;
Why did her mother prove
False, when I dared to love?
Zounds! I shall burn the glove.
This my romance is.

Saville Clarke.

Elsie.—Mamma, I know why auntie dodged so in her bathing suit at the shore.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Elsie.—She didn't want the men to see her hide.—The Club.

Constance—Talk about women's hats. I sat behind a man in the theatre last night and I couldn't see anything for his head.

Clare—What was the matter?

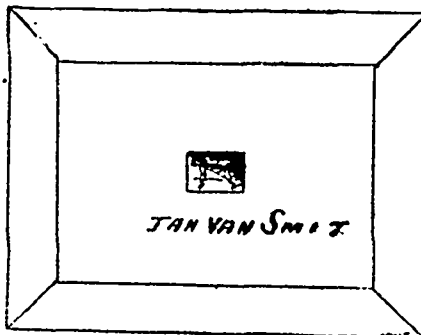
Constance—He was an actor.

If you cannot flatter don't go to the other extreme and be too confoundedly candid.

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN ART.



This is or of Smit's early Picture.



This is Smit's latest.

A Big Columbian Photograph

Baltimore will have the distinction of presenting to public view in her Columbian parade the largest photograph in the world in the shape of a picture, nine feet long and six feet high, of "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," after V. Gribayedoff's engraving of Brozik's celebrated painting. This photographic feat will constitute the float of St. Pius's Parish in the parade, and will be furthermore unique as the pioneer experiment of adapting photography to this purpose. The idea originated with Mr. William H. Weaver, of Weaver & Son, No. 1151 E. Baltimore Street, an artist of recognized ability, to whom the whole design for the float was intrusted. The design is remarkable for its artistic grace and beauty. The two colossal pictures on either side of the float will be framed in ornamental panels, also photographed, taken from the representation of "Columbus before the Council," on the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, the work of Randolph Rogers. Surmounting the float is half of the globe, on the summit of which stands Columbus and his two captains, catching the first glimpse of the New World, one eagerly pointing to land, the other as eagerly gazing towards the goal of their hopes, while they rest themselves, stands wrapt in a silent ecstasy of grateful prayer. These figures will be in relief, about five feet in height. Great dragons, with twisted bodies, their tails curving upwards, support the four corners, and at the end is to be a large photograph of Cardinal Gibbons. Four strong lights within the float will illuminate the pictures, thus making them splendidly effective and bringing out every perfection of detail and finish. The entire photographic work of this notable enterprise was done by the Messrs. Weaver themselves, and within the limits of their own studio.—Baltimore American.

Smiles.

Bangs—Who's that man scanning all the ladies ankles?

Editor—That's our weather prophet. That's the way he knows when it rains.

Bluffton—Cholly has Miss Estelle on the brain.

Scrooge—Well, she must be quite an equilibrist if she manages to stick there.

Beams—What do you take after champagne to avert the effects?

Dreams—I eat up the bar check and swear that I have paid it!

Mistress—I don't want those men downstairs, Bridget.

Bridget—If you're jealous, ma'am, I can't help it. I ain't going to invite them upstairs.

I'm a "daily hint from Paris,"
In the Herald is my pose;
I'm adroitly syndicated,
But this is "sous la rose."
I'm a tea-gown, I'm a camail,
Now a box-coat, now a cape,
I'm a dainty little picture,
And I travel on my shape.

Miss Maud—Mr. Softly, you're very tiring.

Mr. Softly—I'm very sorry.

Miss Maud—Yes, even the carpet has a nap when you are here.

Mrs. Earls—Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?

Mrs. Lamode—Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them.

Joggs—I think I'll stop drinking. It's telling on me.

Skaggs—Yes, it frequently tells on me when I go home late.

George—Pa, what's a padded cell?

Pa—A padded cell is a couch upholstered and five pound corymbs padded out to look one hundred and fifty pounds.