

With the Poets.

Vita Nuova.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of
delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted princess,
Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the ad-
venturer,
In slumber knows the destined lips,
and thrilled
Through all the depths of her unaging
heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to
love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended
woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious
souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn your-
selves
In solemn jubilation; winds and
clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials
clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that ac-
claim
The Earth's divine renewal; lo! I, too,
With yours would mingle somewhat of
glad song.

I, too, have come through wintry ter-
rors—yea,
Through tempest and through cata-
clysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me,
the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath
touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of
life;
And I would dedicate these thankful
tears
To whatsoever power beneficent,
Veiled through his countenance, un-
divulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted dark-
ness forth
Into the gracious and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a
note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and
stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string,
how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-
player,
Resolving all its mournful dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect
strain,
Harps without pause, building with
song the world.

—William Watson.

A Child's Prayer.

Lord, who wast a little child
Like myself, but undefiled,
Hear the prayer I say to thee,
As thou wast, so make thou me.

Send thy child-thoughts to my brain,
Let me think them o'er again:
Let thy child-love fill my heart—
Of my life the sweetest part.

May thy child words, angel-kind,
On my lips show forth thy mind:
And thy child-aims, heaven high,
Brighten all my inner sky.

Thy child-actions purify,
Lord I pray thee, grant to me;
Send thy child-soul to mine eyes,
Deep and sweet as Paradise.

May thy child-dreams haunt my rest
Seal thy child-faith in my breast:
Let thy child-life crystal clear
Mirrored in my life appear.

Lord, who wast a little child
Like myself, but undefiled,
This the prayer I bring to thee,
As thou wast, O make thou me.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

My Mending-Basket.

It is made of the stoutest of willow;
It is deep and capacious and wide;
Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through
its borders
Seems always to stand at flood-tide
The garments lie heaped on each
corner,
At them often and sigh,
For they seem to be able to grapple
With the life that has grown two feet,
And the layer, always, of stock-
ings
Come and depart every day;
The garments that are playing "but-
ton"
Without any delay.

Death these are strata
As the earth's ecene!
The first of the autumn,
The trees have
Dropped and made
The ground
Waiting
For the
Posses it?
Every day,
The
Away.

The empty,
The year!
The Bazar.

English
their
light of
The power of suggesting a topic of con-

tion. He fell in with their enthu-
siasm, and advised them to have a
grand opening, at which Dr. C.—a
well-known musician—should be
present.

The advice was eagerly taken. Pla-
cards were posted, and the service
was advertised in the local papers.
The all-important day arrived, and
with it Dr. C., who was at once shown
up into the singing loft, where stood
the instrument in a case brilliant with
gilded pipes known to the profession
as "dummies."

"But where is the keyboard?" in-
quired the great man, who had already
been somewhat disconcerted at the
size of the organ.

"Oh," said the churchwarden, "we
turn un round w! that there," pointing
to the handle.

The amazement and indignation of
Dr. C. were beyond words. He had
been invited to open a hand-organ!

A Social Glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

Miss Grace Soper Dole gives the
following entertaining sketch of Mr.
and Mrs. Gladstone in society:

We had waited half an hour for
Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to enter the
drawing-room. The American min-
ister and his wife, and four or five
other distinguished Americans and
Englishmen, had been asked by a
well-known London hostess to meet
the Prime Minister at dinner; but we
considered ourselves fortunate in re-
ceiving invitations to join this small
company for the post-prandial conver-
sation and entertainment. Absorbed
in expectancy, we hardly noticed the
room itself, but we were immediately
attracted by a young American reader
whose selections in Yankee humor and
Hoosier dialect were to form the chief
amusement of the evening. Seated
beside the piano, she was a bright note
in the room, her vivacious face spark-
ling in anticipation of the honor of
giving a half-hour's rest and amuse-
ment to the greatest man in England.

At about half past nine o'clock there
was a gentle rustle of silks and satins
on the stairs, and soon five ladies, es-
corted by the hostess, came from the
dining-room below and seated them-
selves opposite the piano. There was
a slight attempt at presentation to the
company previously assembled, ac-
cording to the American rather than
the English custom. That the habit
of making introductions had not be-
come thoroughly imbued in English
society was evident from the perfunc-
tory and rather casual manner in
which this ceremony was performed.

Whether introduced or not, the guests
chatted pleasantly together, although,
according to my personal experience,
it is not wholly satisfactory to spend
the evening with people whose names
are mostly unknown.

Four of the dinner guests wore elegant
toilettes of velvet, brocade, or
satin, cut décolleté, and resplendent
with diamonds and other ornaments.
Their heavy robes trailed across the
soft carpet and added to the richness
of the drawing-room. In the midst of
all this splendor was the quaint figure
of an old lady in a sober black gown
and bonnet. She looked as if she had
stepped out of a Dickens novel, for her
whole attire, especially the large
bonnet coming over her ears, was old-
fashioned. "Who is she?" "Why
does she wear street costume at a
dinner party?" And, "Oh, why the
bonnet?" These were natural ques-
tions among the Americans, to be fol-
lowed by greater surprise at the in-
formation that the old lady was none
other than Mrs. Gladstone, mistress of
Harwarden. The unusual fashion of
her dress showed at once the independ-
ence of her character; strong, refined
features seen under the large bonnet
gave evidence of qualities of vigor and
keen intelligence.

It seemed quite in harmony with
her costume that Mrs. Gladstone
should salute the new guests with a
prim little courtesy. Hardly were the
responses made when a group of men
in evening dress appeared in the door-
way. There were tall and distin-
guished men in the company, a diplo-
mat, a multi-millionaire, a noted
politician, a great financier; but all
made way for an old gentleman with
bowed shoulders and white hair. In
a moment the hostess came forward
and greeted the leader in a clear voice
—"Mr. Gladstone."

It was difficult to realize that we
were looking upon one of the greatest
personages of the nineteenth century.
At first glance Mr. Gladstone appeared
like a man of about 83 or 84 years of
age, nervous, energetic and courteous.
But a close observation enlarged the
comprehension of his nature. His
features are familiar through countless
portraits and caricatures, but no prin-
ciple can give the fascination of those bright
dark eyes, the brilliant indices of that
intellectual activity which has carried
him into many fields of study, and
which has given him capacity for the
labors of a political career of over 50
years.

With as much apparent gratitude as
if he were the humblest individual of
the kingdom, Mr. Gladstone received
the greetings of the company, wel-
comed the young reader cordially, and
awaited a selection. He seated him-
self by the piano within the nearest
possible hearing distance to the reader,
and throughout her recitation held his
hand to his ear, as if age had much
impaired his power of hearing.

The Yankee dialect recitation gave
him apparently much amusement, but
it seemed interesting rather through
the power of suggesting a topic of con-

versation, for he immediately began to
discourse with much animation upon
the various dialects of England. The
Lancashire dialect, rough and uncouth
as it is, seemed to win his especial
favor, perhaps because it is thought by
many to be a remnant of pure Saxon,
perhaps on account of Mr. Gladstone's
personal association with the district.
The knowledge which the Prime Min-
ister displayed upon the subject of
dialects would have been surprising to
any who had not known his versatility
of study.

Much encouraged by the apprecia-
tion of her listener, the reader would
have given another selection, but Mrs.
Gladstone interposed. "My dear,"
she said in a low tone to her dis-
tinguished spouse, "it is time for you
to go home and go to bed; and with-
out showing the slightest disturbance
at this advice of his faithful wife, Mr.
Gladstone immediately arose and said
"Good-night" to the company. He
was not permitted to go, however,
without a little ceremony of departure;
and while he shook hands cordially
with the visiting Americans, Mrs.
Gladstone honored them with her old-
fashioned courtesies. Close together
the aged couple went down the stairs,
pleased with the evening's entertain-
ment, and equally satisfied to depart
betimes.

A Little Encyclopedia.

Col. Tod, in his History of India,
says: "The sacrifice of the horse is the
most imposing and the earliest
heathenish rite on record, and was
dedicated to the sun in India."

The gnat is provided with a regular
set of lancets and a cupping-glass from
which the air can be withdrawn.

Of the Presidents of the United
States, eight have been of Welsh de-
scent—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison, James Monroe, Wil-
liam Henry Harrison, James A. Gar-
field, Benjamin Harrison and John
Quincy Adams.

A certain sign of death is when the
temperature of the body in the arm-pit
is 68°.

A scientist claims to have discovered
that the eye of a man is luminous to the
extent that one can in total darkness
see the movements of his arm by the
light of his own eyes.

There are said to be 80,000 stut-
tering children in the schools of Germany.
The increase has been so great during
the past four years that the defect is
considered to be transmitted from the
stuttering scholars to the others.

A railway train traveling night and
day 50 miles an hour would reach the
moon in six months, the sun in 200
years and Alpha Centauri, the nearest
of the fixed stars, in 42,000,000 years.

A Spanish musician has devised a
system of musical notation by which
the sharp and flat system is done away
with.

A single nerve, the pneumogastric,
supplies the heart, lungs, stomach and
bowels.

In Paris when a local shop-keeper
advertises to sell "at cost" he has to
keep his word or the Government
knows why.

Newspaper Wit and Wisdom.

Misplaced Genius.—Unsuccessful
persons excuse themselves by saying
they are better adapted for some other
business than their own.—[Philadel-
phia Call.

Satisfaction Deferred.—There is
nothing more tantalizing than to go
home all primed to scold about some-
thing, and find company there and be
obliged to act agreeably.—[P. & S.
Bulletin.

Sermon of a Stamp.—My son, ob-
serve the postage stamp. Its useful-
ness depends upon its ability to stick
to one thing till it gets there.—[Elmira
Gazette.

Vicarious Safeguards.—Don't rely
for your daughter's safety on the moral
training other mothers are giving their
sons.—[Galveston News.

Bucolic Utopia.—Every man who
doesn't know anything about farming
looks to move on to a farm and get
rich while taking life easy.—[Atchison
Globe.

Experimental Happiness.—They say
that money does not bring happiness.
This is an experiment, however, which
every one wishes to try for himself.—
[Tit-Bits.

Domain of the Unthought.—You
hardly ever see a person who admits
that the subject proposed has hereto-
fore never entered his thoughts.—
[Chicago Herald.

Subdued Pride.—Once in a very
great while you meet a man who owns
a dog, and who doesn't think that he is
really the most remarkable dog, by
Jove, that ever lived.—[Somerville
Journal.

The Sexes Sixed Up.—When a
family has quail for dinner, the woman
wants company, so the neighbors will
know it, but the man wants to be
alone.—[Atchison Globe.

Pity vs. Action.—What is a friend?
A friend is a man who points out the
silver lining in the clouds to avoid
lending you an umbrella.—[Lowell
Courier.

Newspaper Art.—It's wonderful how
proud a man acts when he is going to
have his picture published, and how
humble he is after.—[Washington Star.

Personal Pull.—It takes a man with
a good deal of influence with himself
to do something he doesn't want to
do and doesn't have to, because he ought
to.—[Puck.

The disease of our time is superiority.
There are more saints than riches.

Just for Fun.

"Why does Mr. Spatts wear such
short trousers?" "Because they fit
him. I asked him for a small loan
and he said he was so short his corns
made his head ache."

Willy—Say, pop, I'm glad you
wasn't killed in the war.
Father (pleased)—Are you, Willy?
Why?

Willy—Because I'd be going to the
cemetery to-day, instead of the ball
game.

Master Bobby's father is the owner
of a hatching machine. The other
day as little Bob was watching a
chicken energetically breaking its way
through its shell, he remarked: "I
see how he gets out; but how did he
get in?"

Myrtle—Florence, is that Fred Dun-
ley's handwriting?
Florence—Yes, dear, I'm engaged
to him, you know.

Myrtle—Yes, I know it. I was en-
gaged to him last summer, Florence.
The dear boy! I wonder who will
marry him eventually.

"Huh!" exclaimed the first little
girl after she had heard the story of
the fall of man; "the serpent couldn't
tempt me with an apple. I don't like
apples." "But," argued the second
girl, "suppose somebody told you not to
eat apples?"

"I think I will take a holiday the
next three weeks," remarked the sec-
retary and treasurer of a private company
to the chairman thereof. "But you
are returned from one only two weeks
ago." "True; that was my holiday as
secretary. I wish to go now as treas-
urer."

"I don't mind a woman bein' neat,"
said old Mrs. Jason, "but one woman
I used to know was just a little too neat
for any use. Why, that there woman
used to take a couple of goldfish she
had out of their tank every Saturday
night and give 'em a bath."

New girl—What does your papa
like for his breakfast?
Little Mabel—He always likes most
anything we hasn't got.

"This assignment," said the reporter
in the white duck trousers, who had
been sent to write up a fire in a coal
yard, "just soots me."

Doctor—Well, my fine little fellow,
I was sure that the pills I left would
cure you. How did you take them,
in water or in cake?
Boy—I used them in my pop-gun.

Married a Century.

We have all heard of tin weddings,
celebrated after 10 years of marriage,
of crystal weddings, after 15 years, of
china weddings, after 20, of silver after
25, of gold after 50, and of diamond
after 75—or, as Europeans celebrate
it, after 62½ years. But the scale of
celebrations does not seem to extend
any farther, and one wonders what
precious thing would be selected to
give its name to a wedding anniversary
recently celebrated in Hungary—the
100th anniversary of the marriage of
Jean Szathmari and his wife.

This appears to be a circumstance
which is entirely impossible. But the
marriage of this aged pair is duly and
officially recorded as having taken
place in May, 1793, at which time, ac-
cording to the record, they were of
marriageable age. As in Hungary at
that time a bridegroom must have
reached the age of 20 and a bride that
of 15, the pair must now be at least
120 and 115 years old. The 100th
anniversary was celebrated at the town
of Zsombolyi, in the Banat, which has
for a long time allowed the venerable
couple a pension in recognition of
their great age and fidelity to each
other.

Even the oldest residents of Zsombolyi
have no other recollection of
Jean Szathmari and his wife than as
old people. Not one relative of
either survives. Their century of
wedded life is so well and officially
attested that many notables and Hun-
garian officials attended the anniversary
celebration, and gave them many
presents.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Joseph Hutton, in his book of gos-
sip entitled "In Jest and Earnest,"
tells an interesting story of one of the
strange happenings at the British
Museum. A prince who was visiting
at Windsor Castle went one day to the
museum, to see a famous coin, the only
one of its kind known to be in exist-
ence. The keeper took him into a
private room, and with much solemnity
drew forth the precious relic. The
prince examined it with the liveliest
interest, and a suppressed excitement
which indicated that he, too, was a
collector of coins.

The keeper turned away for an
instant and heard something fall.
"I have dropped it!" exclaimed the
prince.

The keeper joined him in his search,
but nowhere could the coin be found.
Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed.
The prince looked at his watch.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I have
an appointment, I must go."
The keeper walked to the door,
locked it, put the key in his pocket,

and said, looking the prince straight
in the eye:

"Not until you restore the coin I
saw last in your hand. You cannot
leave this room until you give it
back!"

"What! One would think, from
your manner, that —"

"Not at all," interrupted the keeper.
"Come, let us find it."

The prince bit his lip, turned pale,
and resumed the search. At the end
of an hour he declared his determina-
tion to leave the place.

"If you insist," said the keeper, "it
will be my painful duty to call an
officer and have you searched."

The prince leaned against the walls,
overwhelmed.

"Do you mean that?" he gasped.

"I do."

"Then we must continue the
search."

Every nook and cranny was re-ex-
amined. After a while the prince sat
down, the picture of despair, when
suddenly he saw the coin packed away
against the skirting of the room, and
lying as if glued to the wood.

"Oh! oh!" cried the keeper, "here
it is!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed the
prince.

"My dear sir," said the keeper, "can
you forgive me?"

"Yes, certainly," was the reply. "I
was never more frightened, I assure
you. I never realized until now how
circumstantial evidence might hang a
man for a crime of which he might be
perfectly innocent. Stand a little way
from me, please, and I will show you
why I was so anxious to be gone. You
say that coin in your hand is the only
one in existence?"

The prince put his hand in his
pocket, and drew out its fellow.

"I came into possession of this a
year ago. Ever since, I have had a
burning desire to see the British Mu-
seum coin. But had I been searched,
what would you have thought of my
explanation that there were two such
coins, and that I had come to compare
mine with yours? Would you have
believed me?"

"I am bound to say, sir, I should
not."

"What should you have done?"

"I should have been guided by the
police."

"Of course, and I could not have
blamed you. Good evening. I have
missed my engagement, but I am no
longer afraid to look you in the face."

A Telescopic Marvel.

SECTIONAL LENSES.

"For \$50,000 I will undertake to
construct a telescope with an objective
ten feet in diameter, better in every re-
spect in proportion than the 40 inch
\$500,000 Yerkes telescope, and to
finish it sooner. For a proportion-
ately larger sum I will undertake to
construct a telescope with an objective
100 feet in diameter, more efficient in
proportion for every scientific purpose
than the Lick or Yerkes telescope.

There is no reason in telescopic
science why we should not see the in-
habitants of Mars and see to pick up
a pin on the moon." This is the bold
but intelligent utterance of Louis
Gatham, an amateur optician, astron-
omer, scientist and inventor of the
North Side, Chicago. Mr. Gatham has
for twenty years been possessed with the
idea that a great improvement could
be made in telescopic lenses, especially
in respect of size. His doctrine is that
wherever there is an urgent need for
a non-existent thing, that thing can be
discovered. Accordingly he has chafed
a good deal under the idea that tele-
scopes had reached their ultimate size
on account of the impossibility of cast-
ing large pieces of glass without
bubbles, as well as the other infirmities
inseparable from glass in large pieces.
His dream has always been that a lens
could be constructed in sections. Two
years ago he completed his discovery
and made a working model. Since
that time he has kept his discovery
secret in order to secure his patent
rights, first in Germany and then in
this country. As his German patent
has been issued, and as his American
patent is as good as secured, he has
had for some time no motive for
secrecy.

Mr. Gatham's discovery is, in
brief, that a lens that is made in sec-
tions can be made as correct as any
other lens, provided the sections are
separated by dull black partitions,
which prevent an interreflection of
light from their margins. The sensi-
tiveness of a lens to such disturbances
is well understood. A single air
bubble, however small, in a lens, how-
ever large, renders it worthless, the
reason being that it splits and refracts
certain rays of light and causes con-
fusion at the focal points. Mr. Gatham's
theory is that if the bubble is
bored out and the opening filled with
dull, black material, the lens will be
perfect again, but he thinks there is no
use going to this trouble when lenses
can be made in small sections and the
perfection of each section assured be-
fore it is used. This principle has for
many years been applied to reflectors.

There are not only search-light re-
flectors, but reflectors of reflecting tele-
scopes, constructed in sections. These
reflectors have been found to be as
good as any others, and the wish has
constantly been expressed that the
principle were applicable to lenses and
to refracting telescopes, for reflecting
telescopes are comparatively worthless.
But opticians and astronomers were so
well satisfied a priori that the prin-
ciple was inapplicable to lenses that
they would not condescend to experi-

ment with it. Not so, however, with
Mr. Gatham. He reasoned that if
the interreflection of light was the only
obstacle, that could easily be pre-
vented by interposing non-reflecting
surfaces between the sections of the
lenses. He tried it and was success-
ful.

The advantages of Mr. Gatham's
invention are wonderful and incalcu-
lable. The first is that all limitation on
the size and power of telescopes is
completely done away with. The
manufacture of the Yerkes 40-inch ob-
jective is regarded as a daring feat and
a wonderful success, which will prob-
ably mark the ne plus ultra of astron-
omical exploration. The main reason
is that the larger a lens is made the
more difficult it becomes to exclude
air bubbles. But there are also other
difficulties attending large lenses.
They are greatly affected by expansion
and contraction, and when set up on
edge, a long time they are found to sag
or mash together, of their own weight,
so as to interfere with their correct-
ness. Now, a lens made in sections
has none of these infirmities, and it is
altogether possible to make it 100 feet
or 100 yards in diameter if desired.
There seems, in fact, to be really no
fixed limits to its size, and if found on
experiment to fulfill all requirements,
such a lens would open thousands of
new worlds to the astronomer.

Child Philosophy.

It is said that the patient endurance
shown by the children of the London
poor is something pathetic and won-
derful. However hard their lot they
seem never to question the justice that
decrees it. When we consider their
inevitable ignorance, it seems the more
marvelous that they should be able to
accept with patience riddles over
which the wise and learned are in con-
stant perplexity.

Once, says an English artist, asked
an interesting little boy with a pale,
care-worn face and intelligent expres-
sion, if he had ever wondered why it
was that he had no boots, and some-
times no bread to eat, while I had
plenty of everything. He looked at
me with a calm, patient expression, as
much as to say, "I have never won-
dered at such things."

"Tell me," I persisted, "have you
ever thought about this difference?"
"It's the Lord's will," he replied;
but he seemed reluctant when I
pressed him to explain what he meant
by the Lord's will. At last he said in
a timid, hurried voice:

"It is all the Lord's doing, this way.
You are grand-like and dress nice, and
lives in a big house, and you have a
planner, and—and"—he looked about
the room that he might enumerate all
our titles to consideration—"and a
sofa; so the Lord sees as how you're
gentlefolks, and he thinks lots of such
like as you. But we are very poor, we
are; mother pawns the blankets, and
father beats mother and swears awful.
We ain't got no Sunday things; we're
all raggedy, so the Lord don't take
much notice on us."

About People.

Miss Lillian Tomm, a Cornish girl,
has taken a first-class in the law
trips at Cambridge. She took a first
in the historical trips of 1893. Miss
Tomm is therefore a "double first,"
and the only woman who has been in
class I. in the law trips.

Eighteen Hundred and Nine was a
memorable year, since it gave to the
world Lincoln, Tennyson, Darwin,
Gladstone and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mr. Elliot Stock recently published
a new edition of Thomas a Kempis.
A favorable review was cut out by a
news-cutting agency and addressed to
"Thomas A. Kempis, Esq." care of
his publisher, intimating that on re-
ceiving a guinea he could be supplied
with all references to his writings.—
[Westminster Gazette.

"I dare say," wrote Edward Fitz-
gerald in one of his letters, "I may
have told you what Tennyson said of
the Sistine child, which he then knew
only by engraving. He first thought
the expression of his face (as also the
attitude) almost too solemn even for
the Christ within. But some time
after A. T. was married and had a son
he told me that Raffaele was all right,
that no man's face was so solemn as a
child's full of wonder. He said one
morning that he watched his babe
'worshipping the sunbeam on the bed-
post and curtain."

Miss Agnes Irwin, who has just
been appointed dean of Radcliffe
College, is a great-granddaughter of
Benjamin Franklin, and the daughter
of a former United States Minister to
Denmark. Miss Irwin is not a col-
lege graduate, but has gained her great
erudition from home study. Dr. Weir
Mitchell says of her that "she carries
her learning with an amount of
modesty that is as pleasing as it is rare
with those who are her equals in ac-
complishments."

Archibald Forbes tells this story at
Stanley's expense: Stanley had deliv-
ered an unsuccessful lecture. When
his manager came to call on him about
it he heard an unearthly noise going
on below. "What's that?" asked the
manager. "That's my black boy; he
always makes that noise when he is
cleaning my boots." "All right," said
the manager. "You divide tonight's
lecture in half, and at the end of the
first part have your black boy on to
make that noise." The experiment
was a triumphant success—such a suc-
cess that the audience would not bear
of his leaving off for Mr. Stanley to
resume.