

TINTAGEL.

Low is laid Arthur's head. Unknown earth above him mounted; By him sleep his splendid knights...

MEETING A POET.

I was busy one bright September morning packing my trunks for my fall removal from my uncle's house in the country to the marble fronted hotel on Broadway that numbered me each winter among its inmates...

"And why, pray?" I asked. "You know I have to go out west after I reach New York. Come what may, I must see an Indian summer on the prairies."

"My DEAR FRIEND—I am coming into the country for a month or two; my doctor positively forbids my staying in New York during the fall. Remembering our old schoolboy league I have selected W— as the place of my exile, and shall be there on the 20th—wind and weather permitting."

I closed the lid of my trunk in the twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so often longed to see, the man over whose tender verses I had made myself a Niobe scores of times—was it possible that the same roof was going to shelter us both?

Dinner was a thing unthought of in the house that day, and my uncle lunched meekly at one of the china closets off cold meat and bread and preserved strawberries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream as a suitable pendant to the work in which we were engaged.

"Very pretty house, Tom; very pretty house. Those girls your daughters, hey? I see they've got those horrid city fashions—low neck and short sleeves. If I had a daughter I'd sew her dress to her ears."

Addie and I looked at each other in consternation and barely managed to give him a civil greeting as he crossed the threshold. Was this the man who had raved about his Lydia?

Tea over, we adjourned to the rose scented parlors, and the volume on the center table caught his eye. He took it up, turned over the pages, laughing now

and then to himself, and finally tossed it back carelessly. "The unconsciousness of genius!" whispered Addie in my ear, just as he turned upon us.

"Put that stupid trash into the fire." "Stupid trash!" cried Addie, aghast, snatching up the volume.

"Yes, I wrote it. I was a boy—and, by George, my publishers took it out of my desk and went mad over it, while they actually turned up their noses at my report of the poor laws—would you believe it?"

"He shall not have one of them," she said, half crying. "His curtains shall not be looped up with them—I have a great mind to tie them back with rope yarn. To think how we worked all the day to give him pleasure, and after all he only cares about eating and drinking, and being an alderman. Oh, it is too bad!"

I burst out laughing and ran down stairs. The contrast between our dreams of the poet and the poet as he was was rich. I had to wait a moment in the hall to get my face into "company order," and then, pushing open the half closed door, I went back into the parlor.

At first sight I thought it was empty. The chairs were pushed away from the table, and there was a faint smell of cigars—had they actually been smoking there? No; I heard my uncle pacing up and down the garden, as was his wont each evening, and the fragrance of the weed came that way, but he was alone. Where was the poet?

I caught sight of him at last, sitting at the open window with the rose colored curtains falling in soft folds around him. The moon was up, shining gloriously upon the grassy yard beneath him; the night wind rustled in the leaves of the maples above his head, Addie, coming into the room, paused at the sight of my uplifted finger on the threshold.

I had been all a "sham" then! Our poet, though a hearty eater, still retained his love of the beautiful. What on earth had made him talk such heresy, when he sat rapped in enjoyment, never stirring, scarcely breathing, as he watched that glorious moon? I would steal softly to his side, pause, try to convict him and make him recant all the fibs he had told about these beautiful blossoms of his youth—the poems.

The carpet was thick and soft, and it muffled my footfall effectually, and I stood beside him unnoticed. His face was hidden by his arm. I heard a choking sound—he was weeping. My heart melted in a gush of pity; I laid my hand upon his shoulder as sympathizingly as I could; he started a little; his head settled down upon one side, exposing his face; the mouth opened, and—he snored!

The next morning I started on my trip to the west, and from that day to this I have never met a "poet."—M. W. G. in New York News.

A farmer's wife dreamed that she was walking near the house of a rejected lover—one O'Flanagan—attended by a beautiful hound, of which she was fond, when a raven dashed at him, killed him, and tearing out his heart flew away with it. She next imagined that she was running home, and met a funeral, and from the coffin blood flowed upon the ground. The bearers placed it at her feet, opened the lid and exhibited her husband, murdered and his heart torn out. She awoke, as might be expected, in great terror. But here followed the most incomprehensible part of the narrative. Her husband entertained an idiot cousin in the house, and he in doggerel rhyme repeated the very same dream to a gossip to whom the farmer's wife had related hers.

That very night the farmer was murdered, and the next morning the poor idiot, to the horror of all, exclaimed, as he rose from his bed: "Ullick—Ullick Maguire was the farmer's name—is kilt! Shamus dhu More kilt him!" [Shamus dhu More O'Flanagan—big black James] "and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden. I dreamed it last night—every word of it." Search was made at the spot indicated by the dream, and the body was found with the skull nearly cleft in two. In the meantime O'Flanagan absconded and enlisted, but was subsequently arrested, confessed his crime and was executed.—Fall Mail Gazette.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Baby Julia De Grignan. Julia De Grignan, or "Baby" De Grignan, as she is better known, has made a hit as Pearl in "The Scarlet Letter" in Richard Mansfield's production at Daly's.



to it like a duck to water. Her first speaking part was in "Editha's Burglar," and then came "Raglan's Way," with Edwin Arden, and in the summer of 1890 Baby De Grignan appeared with Rosina Vokes at Daly's.

Architecture at the Fair. The architectural standards of the average man are the best buildings he has seen. To show him the possibilities of beautiful construction is to enlarge his aspirations and make him dissatisfied with inferior jobs.

Swing Away, Baby. Swing away, baby, in the tree top; Though the wind blows, I've no fear that you'll drop; Shoot the tough break it won't matter at all, Others below you can catch in your fall.

Swing away, baby, your little feet Shows how your forefathers used to exist; In your wee fingers a Robinson sees Proof that your ancestors lived up in trees.

Swing away, baby, swing away, you have not Need of a cradle, a crib or a cot; Mansion or cottage, or lodgings or flat; Trees, only trees, are your true habitat.

Swing away, baby, Monkey and man Both have been made upon one common plan. One missing feature you'll live to bewail; Only a rudiment's left of your tail.

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Patching Up the San Marco Lion.

One of the most wonderful pieces of mechanical work ever undertaken by human hands has just been completed abroad. The celebrated landmark of Venice, the Lion of San Marco, has during the past three months been greatly missed from the top of the mighty column of the Marcus place by strangers visiting the City of Lagoons.

More than 250 screws were used to reunite the separated pieces of metal, and the cracks and interstices were filled out with an inside lining of bronze. This difficult piece of work was brought to a happy close with marvelous skill.

A Bit of Bangor Property. There is one piece of real estate in Maine which is entailed so far as such property can be in this country. It is known as Dundee, and is situated in the town of Limington. In 1698 Francis Small bought it with other lands from the Indians, the original deed being yet preserved in the family.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Wanted—A Situation. If anybody can't do what's the thing I'd ratherest Puvdin I could have my pick of jobs, I guess the work my natur' would the soonest tackle to.

The Coming Poem. All motion is rhythm, says wise Herbert Spencer. A sage so immense that no sage is immenser. All the words dabble on with a rhythmic teeter.

A Change of Taste. When he was youth and she was maid Full oft would he declare He loved to see her charms displayed In setting rich and rare.

The Underdog. You hadn't ought to blame a man for things he hasn't done, Fer looks he hasn't written or fer fights he hasn't won;

The Years. The years are all alike. With childish laughter The follow butterflies with endless wings; They peep into the birds' nests; they look after White lambs and other pretty little things.

Missionaries in Scotland. It seems odd to think of missionaries going to Scotland, the home of the Covenanters, to convert the savage inhabitants to Christianity.

A Nine Cent English Stamp. A new stamp is to be issued in Great Britain of the value of fourpence half-penny—nine cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes.

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CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Four Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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YOU WILL FIND US AT THE TOP IN THE CLOTHING LINE. With more fresh styles, low priced attractions and serviceable goods than ever. The big chance and the best chance to buy your fall clothing is now offered.

JOHN SMITH, BIRKBECK BRICK, FREELAND. H. M. BRISLIN, GO TO UNDERTAKER Fisher Bros. Livery Stable EMBALMER.

Wise's Harness Store. HORSEMEN ALL KNOW THAT. It is still here and doing business on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.

HORSE : GOODS. Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen. Good workmanship and low prices is my motto. GEO. WISE, Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St. Advertise in the Tribune.