

In the Meadow. As lovely as the rose of June. She came about the day's decline. Where, sparkling to the summer moon, The dewy meadow grasses shine...

THAT MYSTERY.

"Now, Phil, really, what do you like best—the white blouse or the pink?" "My dearest Blanche, you look lovely in either."

"There was no one with that gentleman who came in here this afternoon, and he was alone at table d'hote! Now, do you understand?" Phil gave a low whistle, but before he could make any remark the waiting voice reached them again.

Blanche's grasp on her husband's hand tightened. Philip listened not less intently than she did. "Have pity, Frank, have pity! Don't you remember that you used to say you loved me? Why are you so cruel, now? I never did you any harm. Oh! let me out! I can't bear it! You can have all my money, every penny; only don't make me go back!"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. A CAPTIVINE. Our baby has a secret. It twinkles in his eye. His little golden brown curls...

ODD FUNERAL RITES. Peculiar Burial Customs of the Mojave Indians. Showing Their Grief By Eating the Corpse's Horses.

When I Am Tired. O love not alone when days are bright. And azure skies smile on the waiting earth. When hearts respond to the sweet world of light.

HUMOROUS. A man is as old as he feels, but not always as big. When a paragrapher makes a joke about work he naturally expects it will float.