

BOYISH VISIONS.

In the splendor of the sunset, misting western... In the distance of the sunset, misting western...

and having no wardrobe to speak of... Then the pretty creature fluttered away...

Then the pretty creature fluttered away... And when he awoke from his strange dreams...

AN AFRICAN CHIEF'S BADGE. Hussein Clings to a Brass Teakettle... Among the many wares of dark continent...

DECAY OF AN OLD FRIEND. Fast Time and Dining Cars Knocking... "Dinner for four! Yes, sir. But you will have to wait a few minutes."

DROWNED IN A WHIRLPOOL. The Tragic Death of President Brown in the Colorado Marble Canyon. On the morning of July 9, Mr. Brown and the supplies having arrived...

CASTLES IN THE AIR. A Fraudulent Halt at Which Americans Are Too Often Prone to Bite. It would seem, after all the publicity given to the scheme in the papers...

THE PINK POCKET

Miss Sara La Rue had danced all the evening at a ball at her next neighbor's... No answer came to him. Sara had sent the dress, pocket and all, away in a box...

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Twenty years had passed. Moss grew on the white stone over the breast of Sally La Rue. And at the old La Rue place her brother lived—a widower, with one daughter.

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It was the residence, you would naturally have said to yourself, of people of means. And being unblest with real estate, you might have sighed, with a little spasm of envy for folk who owned such a solid dwelling...

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It was in the old days of the south, when a southern gentleman might not work, and that wonderful gardener was their only servant. He was older than Mr. La Rue and prouder of the family.

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There is a fascination to people of his race in making believe a great deal, and Scipio spoke of his fellow slaves, sold one by one away from their old home, as though they were about the place still, and through his zeal La Rue looked as well as ever. He mended the fences, repaired the verandas, kept the lawn and garden in order, trimmed the trees and flourished a long handled scythe among the cowbells that gathered so fast in the long, low hung hall that the spiders loved.

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The last of a large family early gathered to the tomb, following their consumptive mother thither only a year or two apart, Miss Sally, at 18, was the picture of health. The family sorrows were not hers. All was over when she was born, and life was before her and her home was lovely, and she felt as much above common folk as a queen.

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