

MANNERS.

I'm often quite sorry about it, And feel that it's terribly sad. But though I live long beyond manhood, My manners, I'm sure, will be bad.

MUSINGS.

If life were naught but sunshine, Would love be half so sweet? If bliss were all unbroken, Would pleasure be less fleet?

KATE'S ADVENTURE.

I am Kate. Of course I can tell my own adventures a great deal better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to nature. I'm not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen-effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was, and that is all that is necessary.

don't belong to any particular season of the year." As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back afterward, as things do come back, like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

That was my adventure. And Col. Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind desertion of him. In fact—it is quite private and confidential, mind—we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida, to try the effects of a southern climate on his health. That is all. Isn't it enough?

FEMALE DESPERADO. Who Saved Three Men From Being Lynched. Broncho Lou was a well-known frontier character in the recent history of Colorado. A woman of perhaps 25, with considerable pretensions to beauty, she could yet be as fierce as a fiend in her ferocity, or as gentle as a lamb, or as soft as an angel in her devotion to those she liked.

THE LONG NAIL MAN. Why the man with the long fingernail was not killed by the first gun at Fort Sumpter, and as for that matter, why he was ever born, is something we shall not attempt to explain. Every nail on every finger but one is carefully trimmed. This one is allowed to grow until it looks like the claw of a beast.

THE BALLET DANCERS. Where They Come From, and How are Trained. "One, two, three, four. Then you did it right. Six, seven, eight."