

SEEMING FAILURE.

The wedding dinner, you know, is over. By the soft glow of some glowing lamp...

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER.

If she be not an ice-cream. What care I how fair she be? sung Ronald Hume with considerable conviction and a very decent baritone voice.

It was a still, sunny July day and Rosseter sat on the boat with a few yachts under the shade of some overhanging branches...

HOW DAHOMEYANS FIGHT. The strange Amoy change was noted in the morning. A French officer in Dahomey writes...

A MILLION IN BONES. AN EXTRAORDINARY NIGHT AT THE PORTICO. Whales Teeth Are Guarded Like the mounds...

IN THE DAYS OF THE POSTBOY. How the Grandfather and Their Mail Two Hundred Years Ago. Perhaps a little chat about the methods and difficulties of conveying letters...

LUSTY HIS PORT WHISKER. And Alford that must have shared with the whiskers of Aking Rear Admiral...

AN ALPINE GUIDE.

How He Saved His Patron From Falling Into a Crevasse. A thrilling story of mountaineering is told in the Quarterly to illustrate the danger of making difficult ascents...

TOLD BY TRAVELERS.

The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, and yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon...