

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour when life in its lightest and most frivolous form is on parade in the upper part of the city's great artery of traffic—Broadway.

as him with wonder again. It was inconceivable to her that she should feel timid in his presence.

"On no consideration," replied the artist. "It is reserved at a price which even the most extravagant would never care to go."

Venerable Vanity. The vanity that survives the decay of every personal charm is, of all follies, the most ridiculous.

The Funny Man. However, those who have seen much of the inside life of comic journals and other journals with comic departments know that this kind of work, like pretty much every other kind, may be made almost completely mechanical.

The Scheme Worked. The theatre was crowded. The tails had just risen. Jeweled plumes on wondrously beaded feathers fluttered in the heated air, softly waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes toward the hush of expectation that precedes the opening of the play.