

SUMMER MOONLIGHT.

I love midsummer sunsets, rolled
Down the rich, golden, glowing
With blazing crests of billowy fire;

EVEN THERE.

A troop of bees in summer land,
At heaven's gate—the children's gate—
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,

WHEN SUMAC GIMMERS RED.

Across the sky cloud clouds are driven,
From trees and shrub bright leaves are risen
And at my feet are special:

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

Mrs. Loring wanted a cook, and was
talking Swedish with her friend,
Tilda, who had just come from

man was the next door girl's friend. But
one evening he came in, and she could
hear his low, steady voice

"You have had several visits from a
new friend lately, Tilda," she said, with
a pleasant smile;

"I have no fault to find with the young
man, Tilda, but I was thinking of that
nice lover of yours in Sweden. You

Mrs. Loring looked and felt doubtful,
but she remembered the many girls in her
own circle who also had "a little

Mrs. Loring continued, "I have no right
to your confidence, Tilda, if you do not
choose to give it; but you have been with

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as me, an' mar moder kennyly leet
ten, an' I got to stay. Ben an' I had fare I
went down the river, an' I saw

"You are a man—every inch—and a
good man," exclaimed Mrs. Loring, with
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BEAUTY ON THE WHEEL.
Ladies Tricycling in the Park—Growing
Popularity of the Sport.
"Look at that poor lady in the invalid's

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broke in a reporter.
"Wall, I can't say they give us any

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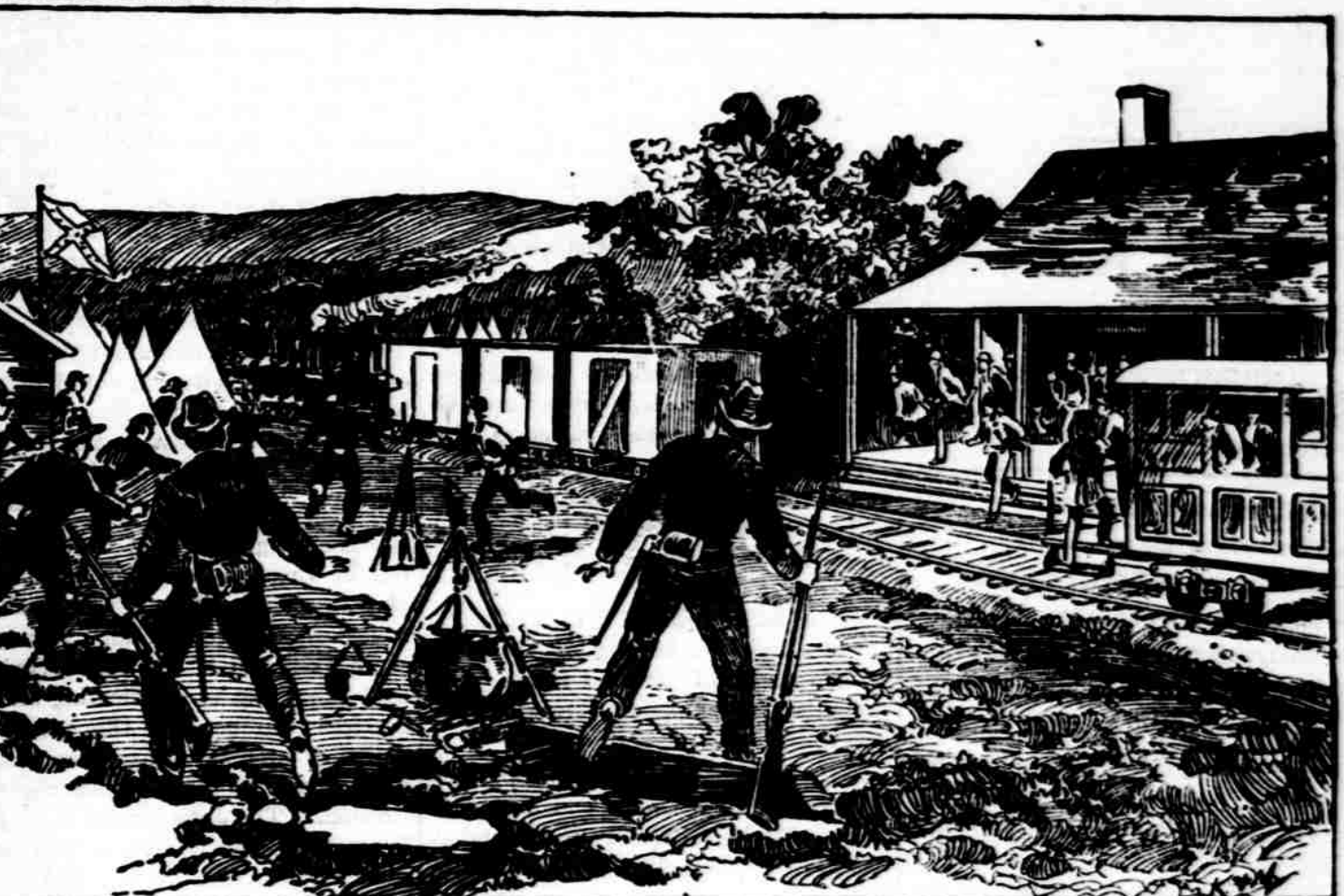
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