The Runaway

He comes with flying feet
Through the road crowded street,
While the rain
Makes sweet music as it falls
In great drops, on roof and walls,
And each pane.

See, he stops, and on his toes
Rises; it is the store's shows
That he sees;
Oh, what rapture swells his heart,
And his precious tiny lips
With surprise.

To his head wet locks curl close,
Mud tipped is his little nose—
Naught can he see—
And one stocking o'er his shoe
Falls, and waves exposed to view
A thick knot.

Ragged is his dirty gown,
And he's drenched from foot to crown,
Happy elf!
And a romp between the rails
And the cars, he quite forgets
His poor self.

Three grass blades he feeds the beast,
And for its ease he'll at least
The sweet deer!

The rain has ceased. Behold
How the sun makes liquid gold
In the road!
Plays about the baby's face,
And on every tiny grace
Hat bestowed.

Wet as surround, out of breath,
Runs a woman, pale as death;
On the stray babe, a wild delight
Be autifies her sweet soft mien;
Kicks and smiles.

MARY M. McCARTHY.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

CHAPTER VI.

"MRS. GRUNDY, SIR!"

[body text largely illegible]

ROCHESTER RAPPINGS

[body text largely illegible]

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

[body text largely illegible]

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

[body text largely illegible]

HE WANTED TO GET OUT.

[body text largely illegible]

ASTRONOMY'S FUTURE.

Those Startling Revelations Which Are Expected From the Lick-Telescope.

[body text largely illegible]

It Took Two Hundred Pounds to Get Her Shoes On.

[body text largely illegible]

POINTS ABOUT PNEUMONIA.

How to Tell the Approach of the Malady

[body text largely illegible]

How to Reduce Fat

[body text largely illegible]

HISTORY OF COLORADO

[body text largely illegible]