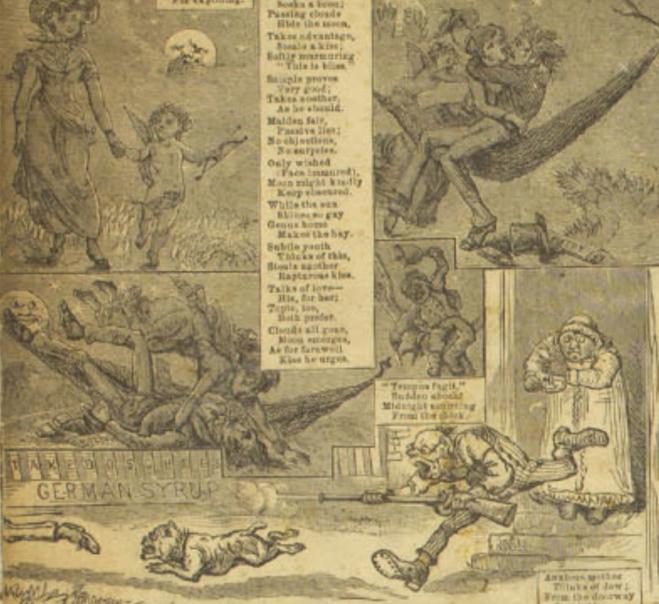


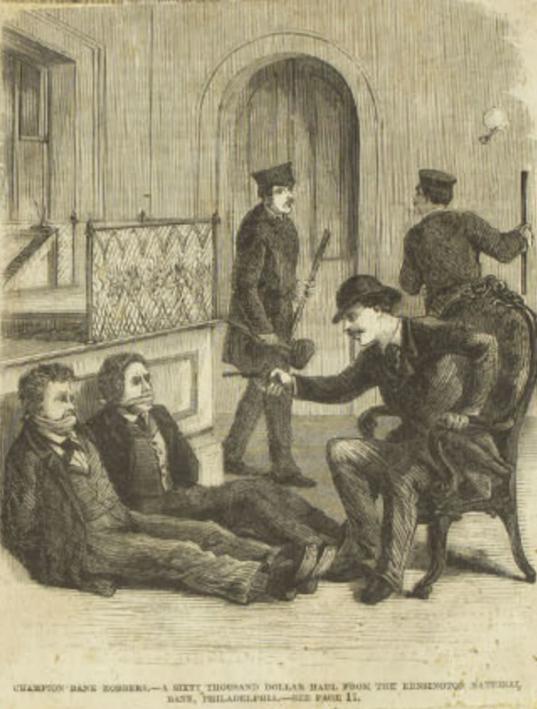
Ten o'clock!
 Drizzly rain;
 Prudy and her
 Cousin Tom
 In the hammock
 Young man waits
 How the heart
 Palpitates.

Now she looks
 Over her shoulder
 No so man born
 Clear grey eyes
 Cheeks so fair
 Boy lips
 Soft brown hair
 Coquettish nose
 Jossled chin;
 What for they
 For expiring.

Lucky youth!
 All these charms
 Now are seated
 In his arms.
 Bold young man
 Seeks a kiss;
 Passing clouds
 Hide the moon.
 Take advantage
 Soon a kiss
 Softly murmuring
 "This is mine
 As he should.
 Maiden fall,
 I am the man;
 No objection,
 I am sure,
 Only wished
 Face improved,
 Mouth might be
 Keener sweetened.
 While the sea
 Blows as gay
 Genus home
 Make the hay
 Subtle youth
 X marks the spot,
 Here's another
 Happiness has
 Talk of love—
 He, for her!
 True, for her!
 Both prefer
 Clouds all gone,
 Moon shines
 As for farwell
 Kiss he urges.



AN IRISH WELCOME.—EXPLOSION OF A BOMBHELL IN A STREET CAR IN N. Y. CITY, DURING THE PROCESSION IN HONOR OF O'DONOVAN BOGGA AND HIS TULLY GULLIES.—SEE PAGE 14.



CHAMPION HANK ROSSBERG.—A SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLAR HARE FROM THE KENNEDY'S NATURAL BAIT, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 11.



TICKETS FOR
 ALT LAKE