The Husbandman.

Earth of man the bounteous mother, Feeds him still with corn and wine; He who best would aid a brother, Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her besom, Noiseless, hidden, works beneath. Mance are seed and leaf and blossom, Golden ear and cluster'd wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty Is the royal task of man; Man's a king, his throne is duty, Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage-These, like man, are fruits of earth, Stamp'd in clay, a heavenly vintage, All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures, Earthly goods for earthly lives; These are Nature's ancient pleasures-These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling, If from earth we sought to flee? Tis our stored and ample dwelling-'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season, Land and water, sun and shade, Work with these, as bids thy reason, For thy work thy toil to aid.

Bow thy seed, and reap in gladness! Man himself is all a seed; Hope and hardship, joy and sadness-Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

A FUGUE.

The sun blazes high, for it is 5 o'clock. and mid June. The roses are out in the rectory-garden, and their luscious scent floats in on the drowsy air from the old round bed in the centre, which one cannot see because the red-and-white awning is let down over the study-window. Mr. Lascelles is out on parish work,

and the study is the chosen resort of Catherine and Evelyn Lascelles, his daughters. Catherine, or Cathie, is a girl with fleecy, golden hair; Evelyn wears her brown locks in a crop. Nature has given them a persistent wave, and the barber cuts them short. No fanciful dressing does she give to her head beyond the care of seeing that there is no order, or rather always a picturesque disorder in her locks.

The girls have been talking-one does not do much steady work on June after-Their conversation has left a noons. light of decision in Cathie's grey eyes, and a filmy haze, perhaps a voluptuous fire, in the deep-brown orbs of Evelyn. She throws herself full length on the bamboo reclining-chair by the window, and here are the last words of each sister.

Evelyn says: "It is wholly immaterial to me!" She is 18, and some indescribable expression on her face gives the lie to her haughty words. "I shall not move an inch! He comes, he goes-it is all one. And it is not all one to you!"

flash, and becomes a sparkling fire. "In the sense you would put upon it,

it is all one," replies Cathie the elder by actions, or lack of actions. We do not one year; "but it is not all one if you look at it from my point of view. It may be very fine for young Gerald transparent, honest-souled individual, Wickham to come here, but it is not very fine that he should make love to However, he smokes out a second cigar, both the rector's daughters at once. That is what people say-

"Indeed! They make no mark between the two daughters?" Evelyn would be careless, but she cannot act the part. "How can they? They only see us all in public. I wish aunt would send over for me!" "As if you need wait for the sending! Gerald can follow you there."

No; and when she has walked back again, rests his two hands on the for the half hour she pays no heed to a back of his chair, looking at his father with a laughable defiance in his blue whisle that is directed towards her; she feels none of the reddening western light eyes, but after a second or two seats that is pouring over her head, and makhimself. Clearly, the situation calls for ing of her such a suuny bit of fairnesstragic demonstration. 'Why, the place pairs you and the

she is simply absorbed in her no, other young lady; the fair one-Miss thoughts. She certainly does not see Aunt Mary Cathie!" "The place is wrong, then!" Simultaneously with this Evelyn and wave back the author of that very pro-

nounced whistle. Chris, or Christopher Landon, the her aunt talk of the same subject from their feminine point of view. Strange

doctor's pupil, or assistant, or deputy, though it may seem, at the very hour whichever you will, must keep out of when the squire is enlightening his son sight, so Aunt Mary decrees. Ah, she is a wise woman! She has the with the public opinion of the county, intuitive eyes of motherhood; she sees

that Cathie, with her bag, has not come over to Pucksleigh without a reason. that of the public. And so, alone, she comes out across the pretty, unkempt, daisy-bestarred lawn to greet the girl and to hear her story. peace, and all with the best "inten-

It is soon told. tions. Evelyn is dazed for a moment. Then A whole week runs by, and a couple she gathers together her forces, and slips of pressing messages have gone over from Aunt Mary to her brother, the rector, to beg for Cathie a bit longer. is wild. She has given her love; she has What his women folk desire, good Mr. Lascelles also desires, so there is a sec-ond week running by with Evelyn been played with-she sees it all now. No doubt Gerald has been haunting Pucksleigh, and no doubt he takes her alone.

Alone, do we say?

Not at all that.

nests.

One cannot go from the Priory to Pucksleigh without passing the rectory, and Gerald Wickham's steeds are accustomed to water at the rectory founts.

Perhaps the impassioned eyes-girls cannot always set a calm veil over their Pucksleigh. passion-of Evelyn declare their beauty to Gerald. He always stops there and as she says in her heart of hearts. never gets to Pucksleigh. under her wing just now, for she knows

Perhaps at first he thinks he has something like an intention of going there; how the even tide of the Pucksleigh life but days go on, and one day he wakes is getting astir in its deeper nether up to the fact that no such intention waters. does at last have any influence with him.

He is sure which girl is "best" now. Evelyn is "best" the most perfect girl, times, and its future has no apparent the one woman for him.

scintillations of light darting towards the present. Pucksleigh, to Aunt Mary, And he makes his discovery in no dulcet, dreamy way. Evelyn has said is her own house, the doctor's house, some fiery words of scorn about his aim- and she knows that a drama of life is less, pleasure-loving, empty life, and, near its climax. like a whipped cur, he has gone riding Her husband, Her husband, the doctor, had a pupil, who is no longer a pupil, but works along the flowery lanes back to dinner hand-to-hand with the doctor himself. at the Priory.

It is a tete-a tete dinner with his father, An open-browed young man is Christopher Landon; he has but lately come and, like a tacit reproach to his own doback to Pucksleigh from winning his nothing state, he finds the squire is bent upon hurrying over port wine and straw-M. D., and he elects for a year to work on with his old master and friend, while berries. He is up to the ears in business; he has magisterial papers to con he looks quietly about him for a pracbefore the morrow; he has this and that | tice. He stands alone in the world; but fate to do. And telling it all as by habit to has treated him kindly, and the wealth he inherits has never held before him a his son, he little thinks what purposes he is driving into that son's, as yet, temptation towards idleness. He comes irresponsible personality. He goes away to his den, and Gerald lights a cigar and of a race of doctors, and the inherited saunters out over the quaint old pleasbent of his mind has been happily fos

tered by the people among whom the lad ance with his collie at his heels. has grown up. He is a grown man A young man's fancies are turned now; he looks forward with clear eyes many ways. Gerald may be somewhat on the broad vista of life that lies Here the soft fire in her eyes takes a displeased with the reproving world in which he suddenly finds himself, he may spread, sunlit before him. When he sees Catharine Lacelles come be somewhat dissatisfied with his own from over the meadow, and seeing he knows her well, he whistles a blithe care to dive into the mystery of his welcome. He is hurrying out of the thoughts; he is perhaps a thoroughly surgery when he hears voices. Ah, there is Cathie coming in under the and as such may not reward our search. trellised roses, but Aunt Mary is with and he finds himself at what he is her! And Chris draws back. Suddenly he pleased to consider a logical conclusion sees his own thought. He had wished

to one division of a multiform difficulty. for Cathie alone! That means one thing: He wall marry Evelyn Lascelles! Then

"A Man as Was Wronged."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if we hadn't all been out of sorts with our luck, we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon, As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him. The stranger seemed to expect just

such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised, He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking

"Bad man, I'm afeared," growled Judge Slasher, as he partly closed one

"Bin bounced out of some camp fur

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look, Every man in the camp was down on cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar was en-

excused our manners and asked the

robbery or murder."

'good morning'' no one had struck hands with him, or entered his shanty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag of dust was buried in a corner of the fire-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imagine that there was a first-class row in no time. There was the hole where some one had dug under the stones and carried off our

case of stealing ever known on Betsey Jane Hill. Yes, we were mad, and in the excitement of the first discovery we came near having a free fight among ourselves. It

the thief!' "Who is he?"

It is not cut out as straight corks are made. When it pops from the bottle coming in here last night to borrow a the head is cut up by the string and the cork looks like a mushroom. We put them in a big kettle of boiling water and swell them. Then they're as good as new. Ordinary sound corks sell for twenty-five cents per gross, but corks from champagne bottles, made with more labor, bring \$2.50. We have handled enough corks in the past twenty-five years to float the Great Eastern.'

been made by some animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused

and murdered an innocent man. It came to us in full force as we stood there, and men sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those selics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a child, and in a voice that they will italicize only the words that are supplied for making good sense hardly audible for his great emotion, he moaned:

"Heaven forgive me for this awful deed!'

With sorrow-with tenderness-with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor body into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the head-

board and engraved thereon:

"Here lies a man as was wronged!"

Fortunes Made in Old Corks.

"You wouldn't think a man could make a fortune selling old corks and bottles, would you? Well, I know a man who bought out a coffin shed twenty-five years ago and began to deal in old corks. Eight years ago he went into the bottle business, and he is now a rich man." The policeman who said this took the writer down Mulberry street, and a few blocks below Bleecker stopped before a rickety old building, in front of which stood several barrels filled with bottles of all sizes. There were bottles emptied of Vino Vermouth, Piper Sec and Rhine wine, of Bass' ale, claret and stomach bitters. Inside the shop were seen the necks of a thousand bottles, pointed toward the door like little howitzers. They were piled up and boxed up and were in rows on the floor. From the roof hung dingy demijohns, covered with cobwebs, and in the center of the room was a barrel of champagne corks.

"How many corks have you sold today, Hugh?" asked the policeman. "Eight barrels."

"How many bottles?"

"Seventy-five gross. You see we

never take the labels off, and never wash the bottes. The men who buy wine bottles want the labels as well as the bottles-sometimes want the labels much more than the bottles; but we do not deal in labels. When a junkman comes in with a load of bottles he may have twenty different kinds. We sort them. When we get a gross of , a certain kind we know where to sell them. A gross of quart champagne bottles fetches \$4.50; pints, \$2.25. Claret bot-tles sell for \$3.75 per gross, and so do soda water bottles. Bass' ale is worth \$2.25, but for Rhine wine bottles we get \$6 per gross. "Tom" gins and stomach bitters go at \$4; porter and Vino Vermouth at \$2.25. Apollinaris, quarts, we sell for \$5 per gross, and pints at \$3.25. A gallon demijohn is only worth 20 cents, but larger beer bottles with the patent stoppers bring \$8 per gross. Root beer bottles sell for \$6, while ginger ales only fetch \$1.50. We sell Hathorn, Congress and Geyser bottles back to the mineral spring men in Saratoga for 30 cents per dozen. Most of the table sauce makers. We don't buy medicine bottles. We sell very little

Italics in Our English Bibles.

The King James Bibles italicize all the words supplied in translating, even the pronominal subject which is implied in the verb by its inflection, or the copula-verb implied by the juxtaposition of words. The revisers, in their preface lay down a rule which is, for substance, that are supplied for making good sense in English, and not those which are properly implied in the phraseology of the Hebrew. But in their use of this rule they seem to count all the ordinary conjectures by which the translator into English supplements the Hebrew phraseology as implied; it is only in extraordinary instances that they count anything as supplied. That their rule, property understood, is a correct one. I do not dispute; but I am constrained to question its correctness as interpreted by the use they make of it.

That their usage is that which ordinarily obtains in popular translations into English from other languages will readily be admitted; but the English Bible, though a popular translation, is in some important respects different from most other popular translations. If their was any reason why revisers should spend so much time upon it, that reason is found in the fact that the Bible is a religious book-a book which people are expected not merely to read and lay aside as they do the latest novel or poem, but to study carefully and accurately. It follows that all means not inconsistent with the flowing character of a popular book should be used to make the translation an accurate reproduction of the original. The revisers recognize the use of italic type as a means of this sort. We are familiar with it. It does not offend the eye. It does not interfere with continuous and fluent reading. It ought to be retained, therefore, whereever it actually conduces to the more accurate expression of either the meaning or the characteristic style of the original. Probably half or more of the omissions of italics in the Revised. Version are in violation of this princi-

Let me illustrate this by a few instances taken at random from Malachi: (1) "My name shall be great among the Gentiles" (Mal. i. 11), the Revised Version translates "my name is great," putting "shall be" into the margin. The revisers, therefore, here recognize the fact that it is a matter of difference of judgment whether the copula should be supplied in the present or in the future-that is whether the passage is a statement of fact or a prediction. The insertion of the word is to make out the sense in English is not merely the insertion of the copula which is implied in the Hebrew, but is also the insertion of the opinion of the translator that the statement is that of a fact and not of a prediction. I think that this opinion is correct, but manifestly it is supplied as a matter of critical judgement. and not implied in the Hebrew of the clause. The italicizing of it would indicate this, and would thus avoid the stating of the conjecture as if it were small bottles are bought by catsup and a fact. In this iustance, the matter is somewhat less important, because the marginal note calls attention to the difference of opinion as to the tense; but in hundreds of similar

'Pour you out a bles

Here the Re-

Mrs. Symons is giving to Evelyn her private opinion, which concurs with around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty. Some women are idiots-blind, foolish rousers of evil passions, destroyers of

eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

stealin'," added the big chap from Kenaway to bed. But-you have had a hint of her fiery, passionate nature-she tucky.

put in the man known as "Ohio Bill," the fresh arrival, and that without and a stranger coming among us met

No, Gerald, though, has been near

So we were cross-grained and out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no cause to pick a quar-The next day was bright and fair. and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it

come along here and gobble him up fur

tirely gone.

rel.

stranger to chip in and become neighborly; but the Judge said:

by the way his head is set on his body. Fust thing we know a committee will

Two weeks had passed, and while some or us had given the stranger a curt

treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each other, and we could not suspect outsiders because none of them knew where our bag was concealed, and because this was the first

increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try the harder to pick up a clue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with the exclamation: "By the bones of Kidd! but I know

stock to medicine men.

"You know a champagne cork has a sound head and is turned from the bark. instances there is no marginal note. (2)there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. iii. 10). vised Version omits the italics except with the last three words. The Hebrew is here obscure. Different scholars give several different explanations

"Can! Yes! Will-No."

"Take care!" cries Evelyn.

And at the instant there comes, mingling with the scent of the roses, another perfume, that of-tobacco,

Gerald Wickham, the squire's son, from the Priory, lifts the red striped awning

And Evelyn lies languid, playing with a huge red Japanese fan; the color has all gone for a moment out of her face. while he lazily leans against the frame of the French-window by which he has come in. Cathie's color heightens one degree-the smallest degree. He is nothing to her; but she is angry that he will make love to her, he for whom Evelyn is wearing out her fiery soul.

He is quite honest; he does not know yet which girl he likes best. He plays

with both, but his nature-his lighter nature-wants the pride, the ambition, the fiery purposing of Evelyn's to make out, or will he play on, and in the end think that gentler Cathie "best," simply because he will have stung Evelyn into Gerald then clicks the latch of the little some bitter revolt against him?

He has nearly an hour of flirtation, if you please to call it by such an ugly word. But he is so bright and gay, he is taking the world to be a very good thing indeed, his future squireship is such a comfortable one, he is the very zulmination of optimism-why not talk for an hour with two such nice girls as the rector's daughters?

Cathie thinks she knows why not. needful gear into a black bag, and goes of his son and heir. down to the aunt who keeps house for the rector. Then she signifies her intention of going over to Aunt Mary's for a day or two.

Mrs. Symons knows that Mary always wants the girl, and both girls always do just as they like, so she merely says: "Very well, dear."

And now we see Cathie standing at the rectory gate. Better, far better, to port. fly for a few days, for a week even, if only Gerald will in the interval come to his senses.

Something strikes the girl that she is the doctor in Pucksleigh village, half an hour's walk along by the canal and the meadows, is more truly mother-like to these girls than is the other aunt, who daring tospeak of him or his. has lived with them for so many years. No, there is no strangeness in going over there for a day or two, but is there not a vague mastering or commanding of fate in what she has taken for the reason of her action.

This thought makes her grave. She loes not feel the sweet evening coolness that comes across the shining canal waters; she does not see the fair white, and blue, and gold meshings of flowery and reedy things that fringe the bank; of me?" he does not hear the cheep and twitter

he'll thevel a while, then--now grandly easy it all stands out in the future, that | that moment he clasps his lately awakthe moonlit garden frames in for him- ened thought as a boy knight might then he'll put up for the southern divis- clasp his first sword. He has a treasure ion of the country. There must be a general election before the year is out! "Hey! Presto!" cries the magician, "and is all this to be carried out before

the end of the year comes?" "Assuredly!" answers Youth and Gerald.

The morning rises, and with it Gerald goes once again to the rectory. He then waits by the little green gate; looking in, he sees a tall man, with grizzled, closely-cut hair, walking along by his flower-beds. His lean hands are loosely clasped together behind his back, the long loose flaps of his clerical coat are quaintly opposed to the severe, thin, dry character of his physical self. He is sweetest rest she can know; for, one either controlling or watching a girl in evening, Chris speaks some words in her her morning gardening-a girl who ear-quiet, brave, manly words they wears a dark-hued crimson linen dress. and whose dark head is shaded by a big flapping willow hat.

A lilac bush, full with summer leafage may screen him, and Gerald chooses of life. And he is satisfied with the still to be so screened; it does not enter into his masterful plans that he should see him a successful man. Will he find this the rector in any way but one that day. How the dear rector dallies among the roses! But he goes in at last, and

> gate and-Enough, By-and-by he walks into the study, and he has that interview with the rector which he had planned to

have. And another evening comes when he and his father, the squire, dine tete-a-The squire, good old man, is tete. tired with his day; he and his brothermagistrates have had a full time of it, and he is predisposed for an after-dinner | canal's banks. Burdened with the dis-She slips out of the room, and puts some | nap, and heedless of the restless vivacity

> But Gerald rules the hour. Suddenly his easy, happy-go-lucky nature finds a persistent masterfulness within, and peacel

what he wills he does. He tells the squire that he has "won his wife." "No-hey! Well, that's right, my boy. And who may she be?" The squire nods his head roguishly,

and pours himself a further glass of

"Maybe I have a guess. "Miss Lascelles."

Gerald is loftily cool.

The squire smacks his knee; he has turned, and sits sideways in his comdoing a strange thing. Her visit is not fortable everyday habit. strange-no, that might happen any "Good-good!" he ejaculates half to lay, because Aunt Mary, who is wife to himself. "Which one, though? They

say-"They! Who are they?" and Gerald at once feels wrathful at any "they"

"Walcott, of Bray, and Daly, and—" him, "Bah!" contemptuously. "It is Miss Evelyn Lascelles. I wonder you talk of At private concerns with such men as those!'

"Miss Evelyn? Ha—hum!" rather doloriously. "My good sir"—the squire rouses, "those are all very good men— very good men, indeed. Walcott is older than we are in the county, mind

you!' "What may they have chosen to say

of the waterfowl hidden in those rushy seat to the window, but here he comes expect eggs.

and Chris is manly and true, and from -a thing to hold in purity and brave manliness before the eyes of the world! -in common village parlance he shows himself as this girl's lover! Surely a simple English gentleman would do this.

because Cathie will have none of him!

She lies awake all night, and in the

morning she will fly to Cathie, and fling

Plainly, she is bereft of her senses.

The morning wakes and she goes.

Cathie has had a "heavenly time,

Aunt Mary is glad to have the girl

Pucksleigh, as a hamlet, drones on as

it seems to have droned since prehistoric

the gift of a lover back to her!

The doctor and Aunt Mary bid him 'God speed!" but also bid him give Cathie time. As they see things, she is not a girl to be won hastily, even by a man she knows as well as she knows Christopher Landon.

So days run on in the sweet summertime, and Cathie grows to forget the cause of her flight, because, unwittingly, her soul is becoming steeped in the are-and she, flushing rosy red under them, is in an unclouded paradise. She just lays her hand in his. They are to walk together along the valleys and hills

answer. It is the evening when, under the same radiant sunset, Gerald and Evelyn are thinking of her-Cathie.

The morning comes. There is a sea of harmony floating about her-serenest, divinest content. All is, if one may so speak, like one burst of grand majesttic monotone.

Have you never heard many voiceshundreds of voices-singing free from the changing break of chords? And has not such music held your soul as by an almost godlike power?

But they are flying to her-flying across meadows, and by the reedy cords of jealousy, fired by the difficulty of counter-wills; by different roads they come, each bringing a surging, angry tumult into the grand monotone of

But Gerald and Evelyn meet. Coming hurriedly, they have to meet where the garden paths join in a surrounding

drive. The flight is over. No one runs away any more-no one seeks to fly any more. Again we borrow from the ways of old music; all the discords, all the fine, sweet melodies, all the quaint fancies are gathered together, and march in simplest grandeur of finale. The har-mony is perfect; one would shout a cry of victory on the sound of the first creative theme.

Christopher, coming out of the dimness of the doctor's doorway, is drawing a white-clad girl along with him. The girl is Cathie, and she, smiling up at him, is saying something one does not

At the moment two figures meet before their eyes. Chris draws Cathie's hand within his arm.

"We are going to the rector," says Chris "Turn back with us."

THE man whose negligence drives his fowls, for the satisfying of their thirst, to the snowdrift or vile gutter, The young man has walked from his is worse than Pharaoh, if he demand or ment.

That hang-dog. ger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of his shovel, and it was his digging under the stones which started that dream! He has held aloof from us, and that's proof enough that he came here for no good purpose.

It was a straw to catch at. We had ost in a night all we had gained by months of hard work, and we didn't stop to reason. It was decided to lay the charge at the stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much

the better for him. The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed, spread like wildfire, and as we started for the stranger's claim our crowd numbered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You will say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm. As the crowd swooped down on this

man be started off at a run. "Halt! Halt! Halt, or we'll shoot!" shouted a score of men.

"He's the thief-stop him! stop him!" roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost as one, and the fugitive tumbled forward on the rocks. Three bullets entered his back, and as the foremost man bent over him and turned his white scared face to the heavens he gasped out:

"You have murdered me--God forgive you!" "Now to search him!" said the Judge

as he came up, and a half dozen hands made quick work of it. Resting on his breast, and made fast to his neck by a ribbon, was a package wrapped in oilskin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge rudely snapped the string and held the package in his hand. It was our dust. self-possession, an absence of haste and

No! We formed in a circle around worry in the life of these sturdy farmthe judge as he sat on a rock and opened ers which afforded a pleasant contrast to the package and in less than a minute much that I saw in other parts of there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair faced middle aged woman, and on America.

the card was written:

"Mary-died June 9th 1857." That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph-that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge

read aloud in a trembling voice: "Our Harry-died April 4th, 1857." That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a bit of plaid like the dress the baby

wore when photographed. Relics of what? Of years agone-of a fond wife and beautiful child-of joy and happiness-of a husband's love and a father's grief!

And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing, halfwitted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fire-place he had | whips 'em out, peppers 'em and swaller moved the bag, and in the excitement em.

over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened away for the mo- long sigh.

English Farmers in America.

Mr. Burt, a member of the British Parliament, spent much of last summer in this country, and in an interesting letter writes: On the prairies of Illinois and in the neighborhood of Kingston, Canada, I met several people who were formerly laborers in England and in the north part of Ireland, who are now the owners of the farms they till. They seem to be doing well. I spent a few days in Illinois with two brothers who went from the north of England as natural for the Hebrew to express some thirty years ago. They took nothing with them but stout hearts and a pair of ready, willing hands. They have now farms of their own, in one case of one hundred acres and in the other of eighty acres. They have erected good houses, stables, barns, and the usual outbuildings connected with a well-equipped farm. Surrounding their homesteads are orchards in which they grow many kinds of fruit. Their land is well cultivated, and well stocked with fine animals. Nearly everything they require is produced by themselves; in short, they are independent as far as anybody on earth can be independent. They still work hard, but work for themselves, and were among the happiest people I met in my travels. There was a quiet dignity, a

of it. The translators of King James takes one explanation, but make it evident that they obtain it by filling up from the Hebrew. The revisers take the same explanation, and conceal the fact that it is mostly explanation. If one should retranslate the King James version into Hebrew he would be very likely to hit upon the exact words of the original. If he should retranslate the Revised Version he would obtain a result entirely different from the original. (3) A very different instance is "a

son honoreth his father, and a servant his master" (Mal. i. 6). Here the revision omits the italics. In this case it is true that the word his is implied, which would ordinarily be sufficient reason for leaving it undistinguished. the pronoun as for the English; that the omission of it is a mark of peculiar style; that this peculiarity might be transferred into perfectly good English: "A son honoreth a father, and a servant his master;" that the peculiarity is at least indicated in the old version by its noting that the word his is supplied; that it is buried out of sight in the revision, and that the test of retranslation would here vindicate the old and condemn the new.

The instances thus objected to must be nearly half as numerous as the verses iu the Old Testament. They may be relatively fewer in the New Testament. In this matter the Bible of King James, with all its superfluity of italics, is greatly to be preferred to that of the revisers, with its thousands upon thousands of supplied conjectors, undistinguishable from the other parts of the text.

M. Mangins, of Paris, France, has recently made an interesting experiment with a paper balloon of about 150 feet cubic capacity. It was filled in ten minutes with pure hydrogen, furnished by the Egasse apparatus. A Swan in-candescent lamp was suspended in the centre of the balloon, surrounded by the gas, and a current passed through The incandescent light rendered it. the balloon transparent, giving it the appearance of an immense Chinese lan-tern. It was held captive about 70 feet above the surface of the ground and experiments made to prove its value for signaling. The signals were made by lighting and extinguishing the lamps. The same experimenter is working on the problem of reheating balloon gases during nocturnal voyages, but beyond the ability to use the balloon as a signal-light carrier in case of war, the invention has apparently little real value.

The process of curling feathers consists in heating them slightly before the fire, then stroking them with the back of a knife, when they will curl.

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a mg sigh. "I wish we had a bushel

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurrican, "why nothing's easier if you only know how.

'And how's how," inquired Staright. "Scotch snuff," answered old Herricane, very sententiously, "Scotch snuff; bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off.' "I know a genius," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats

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ning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico-sometimes a legend of his love-sometimes a marvellous stock operation. As he proceeds the oysters get interested; one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gape, my friend

The hole under the stones had of them here now-they'd open easy."

himself in the center, and begins spin-