

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.

A FUGUE.

The sun blazes high, for it is 5 o'clock,
And mid-June. The roses are out in the
retory-garden, and their luscious scent
floats in on the drowsy air from the old
round bed in the centre, which one can-

neither, No; and when she has walked
for the half hour she pays no heed to a
whistle that is directed towards her; she
feels none of the reddening western light
that is pouring over her head, and mak-

Perhaps at first he thinks he has some-
thing like an intention of going there;
but days go on, and one day he wakes
up to the fact that no such intention
does at last have any influence with him.

And he makes his discovery in no dul-
cet, dreamy way. Evelyn has said
some fiery words of scorn about his aim-

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,

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

Something strikes the girl that she is
doing a strange thing. Her visit is not
strange—no; that might happen any
day, because Aunt Mary, who is wife to

back again, rests his two hands on the
back of his chair, looking at his father
with a laughable defiance in his blue
eyes, but after a second or two seats
himself. Clearly, the situation calls for

And she was in a great way, and
she hadn't all been out of sorts with our
luck, we should have had a word of

It was a straw to catch at. We had
lost in a night all we had gained by
months of hard work, and we didn't

The morning comes. There is a sea
of harmony floating about her—serenest,
divinest content. All is, if one may so

And he is flying to her—flying
across meadows, and by the reedy
canals of banks. Burdened with the

And now we see Cathie standing at
the rectory gate. Better, far better, to
fly for a few days, for a week even, if

"A Man as Was Wronged."

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

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-

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made by some animal in search of
food, and in our haste we had accused
and murdered an innocent man.

Fortunes Made in Old Corks.
"You wouldn't think a man could
make a fortune selling old corks and

English Farmers in America.
Mr. Burt, a member of the British
Parliament, spent much of last sum-

How to Open Oysters.
"Talk of opening oysters," said old
Hurrican, "why nothing's easier if you

M. Mangins, of Paris, France, has
recently made an interesting experi-
ment with a paper balloon of about 150

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.

Italics in Our English Bibles.

The King James Bible italicized all
the words supplied in translating, even
the pronominal subject which is implied
in the verb by its inflection, or the co-

Let me illustrate this by a few in-
stances taken at random from Malachi:
(1) "My name shall be great among

(2) "Pour you out a blessing, that
there shall not be room enough to re-

(3) A son honoreth his father, and a
servant his master" (Mal. i. 6). Here
the revision omits the italics. In this

The instances thus objected to must
be nearly half as numerous as the verses
in the Old Testament. They may be
relatively fewer in the New Testament.

And we were looking down upon
these things and feeling our hearts swell-