

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache At the setting of the sun.

NOTHIN' BUT GALS.

The great barn doors, swung wide on their hinges, gave one a glance of well-filled mows and scaffolds, a wind-swept floor, and a roughly-framed picture of mill and woodland beyond.

don't they weed out the beets and the turnips?" That Farmer Gray felt proud of the proficiency his daughters made in their studies, he never showed, though he did tell his wife that Squire Farnham said that both Lucy and Mary were "the smartest scholars in town."

between the eyes, that seemed to grow deeper every hour, showed that the problem was yet unsolved; and, toward morning, the oft-wandering eye and the muttered words told the pale watcher that another day would find her patient in a high fever.

which was twenty-three more, making," consulting her book, "two eighty-three forty. He offered me two hundred and fifty dollars for Dolly, and the old hay I sold to Squire White for one hundred and forty dollars.

be broke up for fall, and let ye know," he added, as Hetty left the room. "I'm all broke up," he told his wife, who came in soon after to get him to bed.

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