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In my dim room, above the city street, I sat at work . . . yet all about me grew

Bright reaches of the fields, so cool, so sweet;

I heard the pretty talk of building birds,-Poem, for which no poet hath found

words,-And whir of wings, that swept the sun-

shine through. I felt soft touches of the wind, at play, Lift from my tired brow loose slips of hair,

And kiss my cheek . . . the tear that trembled there. Oh, strangest charm! . . . I did not dream, but still

The magic of a dream entranced the day. Some one had placed upon my window-

A tiny crystal cup, and in it lay A single white sweet blossom of the May!

Russian Wisdom.

The wisdom of Solomon prevails to some extent even among the judicial dignitaries of Russia. This is evident from the following ingenious device invented by one of them to discover on which side truth and justice lay in a rather difficult case that came before him recently. In the university town of Dorpat, a prosaic, plodding farmer complained to a judge that he had been defrauded by the defendant of twenty roubles-about three pounds sterling. "I bought a cow from himhe is a peasant, your honor," he explained—"and I first paid for the animal, and then asked him to drive it from the market-place into my yard. This he agreed to do. Well, when he had the cow close to my barn, he refused to budge a step further unless I paid him twenty roubles, saying that he had received nothing from me. This was a bare-faced lie, because I paid him the money a few minutes before." "Where are your witnesses?" asked the judge. "Witnesses! I have not a single What are witnesses for? Doesn't he know right well that I paid him?" "Did he pay you the money?" asked the judge of the defendant. "I never saw the color of it, your honor. Why, if he had paid me, do you think-" "That will do," exclaimed the judge; "the plaintiff's claim, unsupported by witnesses or evidence of any kind, is null and void. He seems an honest fellow, though, and has evidently lost his twenty roubles. Let's make up a little subscription for him. I head the list with five roubles. Won't you give something, too?" inquired the judge of the defendant, who had won the suit. "That I will," eagerly exclaimed the triumphant suitor, "with a whole heart! Will three roubles do? Here's the note!" The judge took the three-rouble note, examined it critically, looked suspiciously at the giver, and said-"You dare to utter false money in an imperial court of justice! Where did you get this forged money?" The man turned red and white, gave a series of explanations that contradicted each other, muttered and floundered from lie to lie, till at last in despair he cried out-"If you want to know the whole truth, here it is! This forged note belongs to the plaintiff. He did pay me twenty roubles for the cow, the rascal, but he paid me in forged notes, and that's one of them! It all amounts to just what I said—that he didn't pay me at all, and it's he that must go to Siberia for uttering forged notes, not I! I am as innocent as the babe unborn." The dishonest defendant, by his own confession an infamous perjurer, was astounded to learn that the notes he had received were as good as the best that came into the empire of the Tsar. He had been cleverly tricked by the

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

wise judge.

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