THE SPECIAL PARTY CONTROL OF THE PARTY CONTROL OF T 

SOLEAB.R Whea this te blow a do lightly float About the pasture height And shrill the h.w.k. a parting note, And orceps the frost at night, And considered the frost at night, And white the strength of the frost and the strength of the facing ferry. In high wind creaks the leafless tree And nods the fading ferry. The knoils are due as snow-clouds be, And cold the sun does burn. Then he, holle: though calling so, I cannot keep it down: The tears arise unto my eyes, And thoughts are chill and brown. Par in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The p. stridge drums-funereal 1 oils
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain. So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And cail the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping classer fill
The barn with warming din.
And he, told, ho : though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

—The Atlantic Monthly

DIVORCED. It is a dark afternoon, late in December, not many days before Christmas. No snow has fallen yet, but the aspect of the sky and the cold north-easterly wind that blows indicate a possible fall before many hours are over. It is not much past four oldow when the London express aftour the clock when the clock

by his eldest nices, in spite of it being a terrible compound of sweetness, for it is a part of Dora's creef "to do unto others as she would be done by"

"Hilds is having tea up stairs with Miss Holt; she's too little to come down stairs yet," Dora remarks with great complecency.

Uncle Charlie smothers a ya n, and gets up and stands in front of the treplace.

"And who is Miss Holt, Dora!"

Mabel, who site in a distant window, lifts her head from her book and saswers quickly.

"Miss Holt is our new governess, and like her very much." Then relapees into quiescence, and is once more absorbed in her book.

"That's the first time Mabel has had a good word to easy for only governess in my by his eldest niece, in spite of it being a man down in the west

State of the control of the control