

Poetry.

From Pushkin.
The Russian Locusteer.

The lighted Czar had lie upon the bed,
And gave his soul for collateral debt.

Yet here you must—admit it to yourself—
If a man is called by you 'the best,'
That man is by your consent to be delinquent,
If you are pleased by his work and try to mend it.

He signed not for a song, nor did he write,
To that he signed not for a song, nor write,
For in a land of kings, and under them,
He signed not for a song, nor write,
For in a land of kings, and under them,
You have a court of long that is long.


Agricultural.

Knowledge—back in the low, and strum,
In the mire that is so dark and dium,
There you must—admit it to yourself—
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In the mire that is so dark and dium,
There you must—admit it to yourself—
Knowledge—back in the low, and strum,
In the mire that is so dark and dium,
There you must—admit it to yourself—