

The Appointed Part.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou a song and do thy deed.

CYNTHIA'S MISTAKE.

"It's such a lonesome place here," said Cynthia Copley, dolefully.
"Good creation!" retorted Uncle Phineas (for shortness known as "Fin").
"Good creation!" retorted Uncle Phineas (for shortness known as "Fin").

set of croquet and an outfit of lawn-tennis, some shelving boards and botanical cases, and the last new novels, and came to Lake Umbagog.
"Of course there are plenty of tourists there, she thought, exultantly, to herself, dreaming vague visions of returning home with a hat trimmed with orange-blossoms, and an Apollo-visaged young man in her train.

And now began the real course of life. Miss Cynthia took her guitar, screwed up its strings, and practiced so desperately that not a bald eagle remained within ear-shot of the Point.
"Did you really mean it?" murmured Miss Copley, with a little gasp.

Owls.
Owls were never an epicurean feast but Southey once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth; I give the sequel in his own words:
"Owls were never an epicurean feast but Southey once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth; I give the sequel in his own words:

A CRANK ON THE THRONE.
Eccentricities of the King of Bavaria.
Hiding From His Subjects and Indulging in Queer Antics.
Multifarious are the anecdotes—fables, some of them, I really believe—told of the king. He is a misogynist, a hater of court ceremonials, yet without a man who stands upon his dignity; a passionate lover of mountain scenery, and a great stickler for the anatomy of Bavaria.