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NO. 41.

FARM AND GARDEN.

An Improved Rail Fence.

The plan of setting stakes X-fashion, and of laying the rails in the angle between them is unwise, for the

little compound. "Whoever would have thought of keeping a pet cobra on the estate? These indoors are a sum lot."

Two or three hours after the King of Babar again passed by Soli's little hut, as he approached his own domain.

"Mind, Doob," said he to the barking dog. "Mind you see about that girl yonder."

Babur intimated that the will of the Light of the Universe should be so, as in all other respects, promptly obeyed. But the same dark hood crossed his face as he sprang down to run before the horses and open the gates for the king's carriage to pass through.

In a little, Soli again stood at the door of his hut, her late delect with a wreath of stephanos—the delicate perfume of which filled the air about her.

Some time was seen moving across the little compound from the direction of the king's palace, while a familiar voice exulted in tender accents: "Soli."

"All hail, Doob," the girl responded with delight. "I knew you would not come."

Then as she ran quickly forward to greet the king's barker, there came again a single, monotonously followed by a cry of muffled pain and terror, and Soli took her lover's arms, exclaiming: "Doob, I am blighted. It is Siva. That forgotten. He has not been fed."

"Did you find out who that girl is?" asked the barker of his barker the next morning. "I did, your honor," Doob sadly replied.

"Whom, then?" barked quickly, for a little later Doob, said the barker. "She was only Soli, the king's girl," replied the barker.

"Wos only a blither. Well, who's she now then?"

"Siva alone knows," replied the barker. "Siva the blighted."

"That's right," repeated the barker with a smile, as his exasperating master disappeared.

"Now, you see, it's a soli."

"A blighted, unloved, unloved, the king." "A soli, too, blighted," said the barker, as he barked.

"It was the will of my—said the barker, as he barked.

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