

"We found him clinging to a sapling," said one. "But he's about gone—poor fellow!"

Poor fellow, indeed! Mrs. Renfro felt the lumps rise in her throat as she gazed upon that wreck, and thought. Presently Herne opened his eyes—already filling with the death-mist—and his gaze fell upon her face.

"Alice," he whispered, "my troubles—are over. This"—he tugged at something in his bosom with his uninjured arm, when some one drew forth his Bible, drenched and torn—"this saved me. I could have killed him—" he glanced at Renfro, who amid his pity now wondered. "I could—

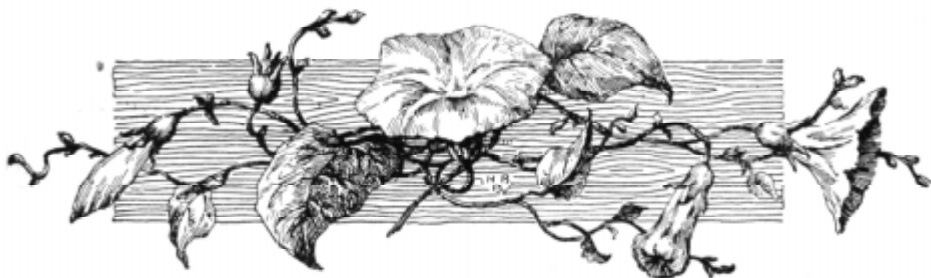
but—I saved you. And—now—Jesus—have mercy—"

These were his last words, for in another minute Herne the Hunter was a thing of the past, and a weeping woman bent over him. After that there was silence for a while. Then the wife said to her husband, while the others removed the dead man:

"It was his misfortune, not my fault, that he loved me. Has he not made amends?"

And the husband, with his hands clasped in hers, could find no other heart than to say:

"Aye—most nobly!"



## AN OUTING.

Down country lanes,  
O'er treeless plains,  
And seas of prairie grasses,  
I wheel along,  
With cheers and song  
To every breeze that passes.

I leave the town,  
Walls bare and brown,  
The bustling, sordid masses—  
The business boom  
Of counting-room,  
The dandies, dudes, and asses.

O, healthful steed!  
My only creed,  
Beyond dissent or doubting,  
Is Nature's way,  
In holiday  
Upon a summer outing.

Awheel, awheel,  
The miles I reel,  
Afar from heated highways,  
And odors greet  
Of verdure sweet,  
Along the country by-ways.

By fields of grain,  
O'er daisy plain,  
Adown the pretty valley;  
By drowsy kine,  
By cot and vine,  
So joyfully I sally.

Jay Gee.