

DONT FBRT.

"Don't cross the bridge before you reach it." The maxim from the old proverb is as old as time. It is a warning to be heedful of the future.

THE PARSON'S CANOE TRIP.

Old Mr. Bittleston had a charming house and garden on the Thames near Marlow, including a pretty little river. One sultry afternoon he was enjoying a placid boat in a shady arbor near the water's edge when he was aroused by the splashing of oars, and beheld a young man in a boating costume in the act of alighting upon the lawn.

shant need, nor that the weather has set in fair," he explained; "there are always some cooking utensils in a canoe, and I can dispense with the stove to light our boat and by leaving the portmanteau here I shall have an excuse for calling on our way back."

"We shall be delighted to see you," said Mr. Bittleston, "and if you leave the portmanteau at the house, to-morrow morning, it shall be taken care of."

"The Rev. Mark then took his departure. Next morning the party had left when the family came down to breakfast, but the parson had intended the portmanteau to one of the servants. The following day he wrote a few lines to Mr. Bittleston from Reading, sending a piece of music which he had composed for the occasion.

"It was very cleverly done, but there was one mistake in it," said the inspector, a sharp-eyed little man named Hardis; "the lock is a very ordinary one, and has evidently been opened with a key."

"But who could have done it? I am about the house and grounds all day, and no body could have got in and out without being observed," said Mr. Bittleston, in a great flutter.

"It is a case of burglary," answered the inspector; "there are no signs of a forcible entrance having been effected, but someone has unlocked the door and has no shutters and may have been unobserved."

entire, black-whiskered young fellow, totally different in appearance from the slim, dark, and well-dressed man who had been the same person. It crossed Mr. Bittleston's mind that the party in the lock were having a joke at his expense, and he was about to resent the impertinence in very forcible language when the inspector, who had been standing by, touched him on the arm.

"That is Mr. Avery sure enough," said the officer; "I've seen him before. That being so, I think we had better see what is inside the portmanteau. It's precious heavy," he added, seizing hold of it with sudden interest.

Mr. Bittleston was too much surprised to interfere, besides which he began to entertain disquieting suspicions. The inspector proceeded with great dexterity to unfasten straps of the portmanteau and in the twinkling of an eye had mastered the lock with a large stone. Upon his opening the lid, an exciting exclamation burst from the bystanders, for the contents of the portmanteau proved to be the whole of the articles of silver and jewelry which had been stolen from Mr. Bittleston's safe.

"Hanged if I didn't think this was it," ejaculated the inspector; "you put me off the scent, by leading me to believe that the person who dined with you was an old friend. You never told me you had entertained a stranger who had left his baggage, or I should have not wasted the last day or two."

"I had no idea that that the young man was a swindler," murmured Mr. Bittleston, apologetically.

"I can see the game as clear as daylight," said the inspector; "having recognized the premises, he and his pals do the job neatly in the night. He knows the difficulty of getting away with the articles of silver and jewelry which are searched by the police, in consequence of having been in the house the day before the robbery. So he left the things with you, and meanwhile he has made every arrangement to dispose of 'em."

OUR YOUNG BOYS. THREE YOUNG LADS IN A BASKET. Three little boys in a basket, And hardly room for two; And one like one of you, And another like your brother, For all, But what should three boys do?

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the ocean would be visible, for the popular idea as to the magnifying power of great telescopes are exaggerated. It is probable that under any but extraordinary circumstances our lunar observer with our best telescopes could not bring the earth within less than an apparent distance of five hundred miles; and the reader may judge how large a moving object must be to be seen much less recognized by the naked eye at such a distance.

of the supposition we are making lies in the fact that it will give us a measure of our own ability to discover evidences of life in the moon, if there are any such as exist here, and in this point of view it is worth while to repeat that scarcely any temporary phenomenon due to human action could be visible from the moon under the most favorable circumstances. An army such as Napoleon led to Russia might conceivably be visible if it moved in a dark soil column across the snow. It is barely possible that such a vessel as one of the largest ocean steamships might be seen, under very favorable circumstances, as a morning dot, and it is quite probable that such a conflagration as the great fire of Chicago would be visible in the lunar telescope, as something like a reddish star on the night side of our planet; but this is not in this case what we are after.

By making minute maps, or still better photographs, and comparing one year with another, much however might have been done by our lunar observer during this century. In its beginning in comparison with the present, the telescope of the North American continent, the cultivated fields along its eastern seaboard would have looked like a golden fringe bordering a broad mantle of green; but now he would see that the golden fringe has pushed the green mantle back, and that the Mississippi and would gather his best evidence from the fact (surely a noteworthy one) that man, as represented by the people of the United States, has changed one of the features of his world during the present century to a degree visible in another planet!

Man. Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill. He rieth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow or the day after the undertaker has him in the ice-box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like the lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds. He is full of life in the de, and the tax-collector pursueth him wherever he goeth. The bonister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank-teller with a sight draft for \$47. He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him and runneth him to the ground, and he is dead.

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