☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

KINSHIP.

I am of royal kin. All lovely things
That wear bright charms to glorify the earth,
All birds, sweet voices floating on fleet wings,
All flowers, all streams, are bound to me by birth;
The hand of one great Maker formed us all,
We have one God whom we our Father call.

The thought steals on me when I walk alone,
When timid forest hares, as white as mist,
Dart by me, and my path is overgrown
With friendly ferns, by shadows wooed and kissed,
And, overhead, trees fringed with sunset gold
Sing breezy songs with leafy tongues untold.

I hear the brook that babbles all it thinks;
I see the thrush flit by on russet wings;
I hear the liquid notes of bobolinks;
I hear the tiny cricket where he sings—
And as I look, I feel the truth anew,
That He who made these was my Maker, too.

The drowsy wild-bee, lulled to honeyed sleep,
Where fairy breezes rock the cradling flower,
The cataract that thunders from the steep,
The wind-kissed hills, that in their glory tower,
The clouds, that, in their rosy babyhood,
Like angels float through dawn's hushed solitude—

These are my kin. My frame was modeled not
Of kinglier things than that which served for theirs.
'Tis true, I have a mind, a soul, a thought;
But who shall say but that you blossom wears
Within its leaves a deathless soul unknown,
That worships God immortal as man's own!

The daisy white—that modest quaker-bloom
Whose shining bosom gems the quiet field—
She is my little comfort. In my gloom
Her tender smiles have oft my sorrow healed;
I love her with my soul, and every spring
I bless her for her gentle blossoming.

The meadow blossoms are my kindred, too—
The bee-wooed violet, the blue marguerite,
The thoughtful pansies, wet with glistening dew,
The blushing wild-rose, ruby-eyed and sweet,
And every tender flower that brings its calm
To add to nature's breast another charm.

They know I am their kinsman poor, for when
My weary spirit leads me to the wood,
They smile upon me, ah, so kind! and then,
With loving breath, profess their sisterhood;
And when my soul is weighed down with its dust
Then bid me trust our Father as they trust.

But hush! Dost hear yon plaintive blue-bird's note
Fell like an angel's whisper on the air?
Dear bird, his peace is not so far remote
From this poor song I sing away from care—
He is a brother of a hope of mine,
And for us both God made His morning shine.

His wings, like flakes of sky, so soft, so blue,
His breath, pulsating with its tender voice,
His eyes, as bright as colored dew,
They make me for his little life rejoice.
It fills me with a peace to know that he
Was made by that same Father who made me.

All praise to God's kind greatness! All that lives
Thrives from the constant breathing of His love!
Each joy that unto day its beauty gives,
Source of its being finds with Him above!
And He who made man's soul, with that same hand
Formed each green blade that springs to cheer the land.

Yea, all ye lives of earth, He made us. We
Are men, and birds, and streams, and trees, and flowers,
To be on earth His children, and to be
His children still where Heaven's bright Kingdom towers;
For I believe not e'en a flower dies
But adds its risen angel to the skies!

—*Ernest W. Shurtleff, in Youth's Companion.*

A MYSTERIOUS VALISE.

The Story Told by an Ex-Life-Guardsman.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied. "If I am relieved before your return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the city by nine. I prefer leaving my valise with you; there are so many vagabonds always swarming about Hyde Park, that it is quite possible that one of them might take a fancy to it while I am bathing. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents 'of no use to any one but the owner,' as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman turned away, and walked briskly across the park in the direction of the Serpentine.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for some time before been reported to the police. I lifted the bag—upon which the letters W. N. were painted, and which was in the battered condition indicative of having been much tumbled about—and placed it behind the low wall that lay between the barracks and the footpath.

The barracks clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the "quarter-past" was chimed from the neighboring clocks, and still he did not turn up; and, as the minutes passed, I thought to myself that it was time he was looking sharp if he really wished to be in the city by nine.

About half-past eight I perceived a great commotion in the park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I reflected, however, that its owner may have been chained to the scene of the disaster by that morbid curiosity which induces people to linger about the spot where any calamity of the kind has recently occurred, and then, finding that he was pressed for time, and knowing that his property would be perfectly safe, had gone direct to the city.

I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him anything of the circumstances of the case; and when he returned from duty at eleven, I eagerly asked him if the valise had been called for.

"No," he replied; "it is still lying behind the wall."

I went on sentry again at one o'clock and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London season and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance; but the imposing array of splendidly-appointed equipages, dashing equestrians and fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centered on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three I had it conveyed to my room in barracks, and after coming off guard placed it for greater security in the troop store. That evening, before "stables," when the orderly corporal had read out the duties for the succeeding day, he said, addressing me: "Jones, you have to attend the orderly room tomorrow."

"Why?" I inquired.

"You have been reported for neglecting to salute Captain Sir Carnaby Jenks as he passed you while on sentry this afternoon," was the corporal's answer.

I said nothing by way of excuse. This heinous charge was in all probability true. I believe I might have omitted to "present" to Her Majesty the Queen herself, if she had passed that afternoon in her state carriage, so distracted was I by the engrossing subject of this valise.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile newsvender, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

"Nixon! That corresponds with the initial 'N' on the bag," I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd, before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

Reaching the house I knocked softly at the door, and stated my business to the domestic who appeared, by whom I was shown into a room, and immediately afterward was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who, naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning," she said; "but possibly you may recognize him from the photograph," submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning and returned to the barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

"Could the owner of the bag be the thief who was caught in the act of plundering the dead man's clothes?" I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind, as being absurd and improbable.

Next day I attended the orderly room, and received a severe admonition from the commanding officer. Fortunately for me, as it happened, Sir Carnaby had been in plain clothes, so my offense in the eye of martial law was of a comparatively venial character. Immediately afterwards I considered it my duty to report the circumstances attending the valise to the adjutant, who in turn communicated with the police authorities at Scotland Yard; and that evening, pursuant to instructions received, I had the bag conveyed to that establishment. After I had explained how it was placed in my charge, it was opened in my presence by an official, and was found to contain just a suit of old clothes and a few newspapers, but no documents of any kind, as stated by its owner.

After this the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it. I may mention that I read an account in the evening paper regarding the alleged thief who had been apprehended on the Serpentine Bank under the circumstances before alluded to. By the name of Judd he had been taken before a magistrate and remanded for a week, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said: "Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice: it was that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise, he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and mustache which he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and have left my house for the first time to-day. I made inquiries at the barracks about you; and as the soldier I spoke to seemed to know about the bag I left with you, he directed me here."

"Well, sir," I said, "I had quite made up my mind that you were the gentleman who was drowned that morning; and when I discovered my mistake, I am almost ashamed to own that I took you for the man who was apprehended on the charge of trying to plunder the drowned man's clothes."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly and said: "Ah! I read about that. And now to business. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe-keeping at the barracks?"

"It's much nearer at hand," I replied—"just across the street from here;" and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

"It is very awkward indeed," he said. "I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I replied. "I won't be relieved until four; and even then I daren't leave the guard; nor would I care to ask permission to do so. You should go at once to the Captain of the guard and represent the case to him; and perhaps, under the circumstances, he will permit me to accompany you."

Acting on my advice, he proceeded at once to the officer in command, leaving me extremely amused at the fuss he was making about his bag, considering all that it was worth.

Soon afterwards he returned with a smiling face, and informed me that the Captain had acceded to his request. I expressed my gratification at this intelligence, and added: "Surely, sir, you have been shaving since I last saw you!"

"Yes; I was threatened with the recurrence of a nasty skin complaint to which I was formerly subject."

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner, ever and anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and, dismounting, led my charger to the stable and handed it over to a comrade; then, divesting myself of my cuirass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and crossing the street reached the police headquarters in a minute or two, and on making inquiries were directed to the "Lost Property" department. We stated our business; and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. "Why didn't you see about this before?" he asked, addressing the gentleman.

"Because I was too ill to see about anything," was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs caught up his property, and we left the office. When we got to the door we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jack-booted guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr. Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them, and gaining the street hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled up. "Here is something for your trouble," he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent douceur. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: "Euston, as fast as you can," and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view of starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The man belonging to the Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watching the operations from the window; and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man at length remarked.

"No; it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr. Nobbs.

"Well," said the man—whom I at once surmised was a member of the detective force—"that's the name you gave, anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave."

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct, after all; while Mr. Judd, alias Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

"Come out of that cab," said the detective.

"You've no right to detain me," said Nobbs, "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you.—But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes, I assure you," said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the detective, seizing the bag. "Out of the cab—quick! and come with me to the office."

Mr. Nobbs complied with a very bad grace; while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

"There is certainly no grounds for detaining this man," said an inspector, standing near.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and cried: "You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. "Pack up your traps and clear out!"

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective, seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

"Hillo! what's this?" cried the officer. Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found—about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklace carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweler, and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds!

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector: "I thought, sir, when he gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag that it was more than it was worth; but now I find that I have been mistaken."

"A sovereign!" cried the inspector. "Let me see it."

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of an accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it, and threw it on the table. "I thought as much," he remarked; "it's a bad one."

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert coiner, burglar and swindler who had long been "wanted" by the police. He was convicted, and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr. Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweler's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewelery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry. Such is my story of the Mysterious Valise.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FOR THE BOYS.

A Chapter of Sensible Advice Given in a Humorous Vein.

The longer we live the more we learn, and the more we learn the less we think we know. Such is the inconsistency of man's ideas, my boy. The less one knows, the greater his opinion of his abilities and wisdom.

In the morning of life man prides himself on his greatness, and wonders to what grand channel he will confine his talents. He looks upon his school district as the world at large, and himself as the great genius in whose keeping the world's future rests. He imagines that when he speaks nations tremble and mountains totter, and the jack-rabbit flees. He imagines that a gaping and wondering populace are gazing on him with open-mouthed wonder and iron-clad astonishment, and that he holds the world with a grasp that is perpetual.

But as the days, and months, and years, scoot by in rapid succession, the young man finds out that he is possibly mistaken, and that if he should wander away or get lost, some one or more of all the people on earth might not miss him. With each succeeding year his knowledge grows and his mind takes a broader hold on the things of life, and by and by he begins to realize that he is only one out of many millions of people, and that instead of standing forth as the center of attraction, he only fills a small niche in some obscure corner, and really attracts but little more attention than a rat-hole that sets up in opposition to a cavern.

My boy, there is no greater detriment to the growth and attainment of mankind than these human bumps who are so often found sitting in the road for the weary traveler to stumble over. We find them everywhere. They are the men who don't know anything, and are too blind to know it. The less a man knows the less he wants to know, and the result of it is he breaks down early in the journey and becomes a wreck, obstructing the way of others.

The ignorant man who realizes his ignorance, and who doesn't seek to pass himself for more than he is worth, is pardonable, but the self-conceited, twenty-cent-on-the-dollar cuss, who tries to pass himself off at a premium, is to be pitied as well as despised, while the base counterfeit-not-worth-a-tinker sort of chap is too low for either pity or contempt.

The best way, my boy, is to hold your self-esteem a little down, and not rate yourself too high. The man who climbs the highest has the farthest to fall, and it is more pleasant to be invited to take a higher seat than it is to be kicked out into the back yard. It is more pleasant to be a king in a cottage than a servant in a palace. It is better to gnaw a cold bone in a cabin than to be a rabbit peeler for royalty. It is better to walk than to swing on the tail end of some coupling pole like a tar-bucket. It is better to be a clear, clean, genuine five cent piece than to be a bogus quarter. In other words, my boy, it is better to hold ourselves at what we honestly are worth.

The world is full of people who never learn anything, because they think they know enough to commence with. Thousands of men try to teach when they need to be taught; thousands believe themselves wise when in reality their ignorance is lamentable; thousands who try to palm themselves off for pure gold when they are only thinly plated, and the brass shows through in many places.

We can't tell what is in a nut till we crack the shell. One can't tell whether or not an apple is sweet by its looks. We can't judge of the world by ourselves. The world is large and its lessons varied. The wisest man knows but little. What you and I know is but a small drop in a large bucket, and what is known by humanity now is infinitely small when compared with what is yet unlearned. A glance at the world does not reveal all its beauties and richness and immensity. The title page of a book does not explain the contents of the pages that follow. A little knowledge of the world and of life's mysteries does not give us a complete understanding of all things that are to be known.

My boy, the wisest of us are comparatively ignorant, and thousands of young men who have grand ideas of their own abilities will wake up some time in the future to a realization of the fact that they have been laboring under a large-sized delusion. Many a young man's life is gilded by bright dreams that come in the early stage of the game, but later those dreams lose their charms and they become but mince-pie nightmares, and, oh, how bitter is the change when it does come.—*T. B. Monford, in Peck's Sun.*

AFTER DOLLARS.

Sharpers who Fleece the Innocent and Gull the Guilty.

"The slickest piece of work in the way of a fraud conducted through the mails that has come to my attention recently," remarked Chief-Inspector Sharp of the Post-office Department, "is what we call the bogus-medicine dodge. The ingenious author of this scheme now languishes in jail, but at the same time he showed himself to be a man of no mean order of ability. His plan was to send out circulars announcing a great cure for catarrh, which was discovered by himself after many years of study and investigation. He then proceeds to give, without cost, the preparation for this wonderful medicine, and enumerates twelve ingredients which enter into its composition. At the end of the circular is a note which states that if the druggist does not happen to have all these ingredients the prescription will be filled and forwarded upon the receipt of three dollars. The person receiving the circular and desirous of trying the remedy takes the prescription to the drug store, but is told by the druggist that he has three ingredients, but not the other nine. He looks through his book, but fails to find even their names, and so, of course, is unable to furnish the required medicine. The discoverer of the remedy is applied to, and if the three dollars has been furnished a bottle of some mixture is sent on, which, of course, is entirely worthless.

"That is one phase of the case," continued the inspector. "Now the man prepares and causes to be published in some paper in New York City an article about the prominent doctors in New York City, with a portrait of each and a sketch giving some account of the life and services of each. All the men mentioned are bona fide doctors, the leading men in the profession, with the exception of a man whose name is, say, Dr. Hart. He is unknown, but the sketch states that he left a practice of $25,000 per year to devote himself to the practice of his specialty—catarrh. The bogus medicine man then procures a large number of copies of this paper, and, marking the picture of Dr. Hart and the sketch, sends copies, together with the circular, broadcast throughout the country. In consequence he receives an immense mail, and large numbers of money orders and registered letters. After the Postmaster-General had directed that no more money orders and registered letters should be delivered to Dr. Hart, $3,000 accumulated in the Brooklyn post-office that had been sent to him. When an attempt was made to find Dr. Hart, of course no such a man could be discovered; but a sign over a door at the advertised number was found, and that was all. A Dr. Lawrence occupied the same rooms, and to him the mail was delivered, and when he was told the letters could not be given to him, as he was not Dr. Hart, he went off and got a power of attorney by which Dr. Hart authorized him to receive the mail. About this time, however, the officers came in and relieved him of further annoyance about his mail matter. This same man was managing some other scheme under the name of Lawrence, while his real name was Connolly. He must have made a great deal of money, as one of the witnesses in the trial testified that he had been offered $2,000 to personate Dr. Hart."

"It is a singular thing," observed the Colonel, "how these offers to give something for nothing take with the people, and how rogues fatten upon the credulity of the public. There is another species of fraud, which one would naturally suppose had been given such wide publicity that no one would now be deceived by it. I mean the counterfeit-money dodge, where men propose to forward a large amount of counterfeit money by express or mail on the receipt of a small amount of genuine money to pay for the manufacture. Usually all that the victim receives in return is a box filled with sawdust. But a recent operator has devised a new plan. He locates near a small town in a country district and then sends out his letters. He does not offer to forward the counterfeit money, but invites persons to visit him and inspect his stock and buy what they wish. When the visitor arrives the operator has a large quantity of good bills, which he shows him and allows him to examine. In order, however, to avoid outside interference, the visitor is taken off in the woods, where the business proceeds. The operator produces his money and the visitor examines it and determines how much he will take and what price is to be paid. Just as they are about to close the transaction suddenly two men emerge from the bushes, announce themselves as detectives, and proceed to place them under arrest. The detectives do not fail to take all the money from both the men. As they are about to march them off to the town, the operator obtains permission to speak privately with the victim. He asks him how much more money he has than what he was going to use in the transaction, and if he has more, he advises that they had better try and buy off the detectives, for if they don't they will both land in the penitentiary. The victim is ready to pay anything to get out of the grasp of the supposed representatives of the law, and eagerly agrees to contribute to a fund to pay the detectives. The latter, of course, accept the bribe, and, pocketing all the money, disappear. The victim gets away as fast as possible, and goes home and never says a word about his loss. He is too much ashamed."—*Washington Star.*

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

How the Czar Alexander II. Punished His Traducer.

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Empress, but also all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the Empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no," said the Empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening." When the poor man was told this, he felt as if his last hour was come, and that the Emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand state rooms, one after another, without seeing any one, till at last he arrived at a small, common-place room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and there he saw the Empress, the Emperor and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come, that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

Then the poor man prostrated himself at the Emperor's feet. "Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier; only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the Empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself."

And the Empress asked him.

When he had finished she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."—*Studies in Russia.*

Extent of the British Empire.

The British Empire covers nearly a sixth of the land surface of the earth. The entire surface of the globe is estimated at 197,000,000 square miles, of which a little more than a quarter, or 51,500,000 square miles, are land, and the total extent of the British Empire is 8,990,211 square miles, which may be tabulated thus:

	Square miles.
Great Britain and Ireland	121,115
Indian possessions	1,556,254
Other Eastern possessions	40,898
Australasia	3,181,784
North America	3,625,856
Guiana, etc	193,000
Africa	270,000
West Indies	12,541
European possessions	173
Various settlements	98,171
Total	8,990,211

The population of this enormous empire is estimated at 310,225,000 souls, and well was it said to be "a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."—*London Times.*

—The New York *Tribune* says: "The name of the Rev. Dr. Leroy Sunderland, who died recently at Hyde Park, near Boston, aged eighty-two years, is unfamiliar to many of the present generation. But forty years ago he was one of the best-known writers and lecturers of the d—

TIMBER ON HIGHWAYS.

How Trees Should Be Planted—The Cultivation Necessary.

In the prairie sections of Illinois the highways, which were properly laid out and plotted when the land was first surveyed, run upon all section lines and are sixty-six feet wide. In some localities, however, the highways were not laid out when the land was surveyed, and the farmers who bought the land set their hedges and fences ten to twenty feet from the line, leaving a space of only twenty to forty feet in width for the road. In townships where this was done the farmers, rather than move their hedges and fences, manage by hook or crook to elect road commissioners who will allow things to remain as they are, and consequently they have no roads fit for travel except in the driest portion of the year.

When a person driving across the country passes out of a township where all the roads are sixty-six feet wide into one where the other short sighted policy prevails he can not fail to be struck with the vast difference in the general appearance of the country. Where the lanes are narrow the people seem narrow and selfish in their views. Their roads are chronically bad, and they appear to be similarly affected. Their lawns, when they have any, are made to match their highways, and everything about them seems to be on the same pattern except the army of curs they keep, and they are constructed, as to teeth and bark, on a generous scale. To talk to such people about planting forest and fruit trees along their highways is like throwing pearls before swine, because they have no highways that a respectable tree could live, much less grow, upon. To those who live where the highways are wide, or who have been generous enough to widen them, a few hints may not come amiss.

That a man owning a farm of one hundred and sixty acres with a highway on two sides of it can grow about all the fence posts he needs with very little cost to himself is a fact often overlooked, even by thrifty, enterprising farmers. The law gives him permission to plant forest or fruit trees along *his side* of the highways adjoining his farm. The Stock law prevents owners of stock from permitting them to run at large upon the highways, and thus insures his trees against injury from that source. All he has to do is to plant the trees and bestow a reasonable amount of care upon them.

Forest-trees for planting along the highways should be at least six feet high. They may be planted in either spring or fall, whenever other work is not pressing. Those planted on the north sides of the road may be set eight or ten feet apart; eight feet is not too close for ash. On the south side, however, they should be placed fully twenty-five feet apart. If set closer they so shade the road as to prevent its drying readily, and thus do more harm than good. On east and west sides they may be set twenty feet apart without injury to the road.

The cultivation and care necessary is a good mulch of wet or half-rotted straw or other material placed around them in the spring of the first, third and fifth years after they are set, and the shortening in or cutting off of useless or straggling branches and superfluous leaders early each spring. With such care they are sure to make fine trees. The mulch should cover a space around the tree three to five feet from its trunk, in order to keep the soil mellow and kill out the grass and weeds.

As soon as the trees will make one post, each alternate one should be cut down and another planted close by its stump. When these are large enough for one post, those left standing at the previous cutting will make three posts and an enormous quantity of firewood, and they should be cut down and others immediately planted by the stumps. By alternating in this manner the supply of posts and wood will be constant, while the attractive appearance and usefulness of the highways will not be impaired in the least.

The principal objection to trees along the highways lies in their being allowed to attain such a size as to completely exclude the sunlight from the roads, and thus prevent their drying quickly. By pursuing the method I have outlined this trouble will be entirely obviated.

It is not generally expedient to plant fruit trees along highways, except immediately in front of the house, as they are apt to be neglected, and thus become a harbor for insect pests, which are multiplied by wholesale, to the great detriment of the fruit interests.—*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

SPECULATION.

The Danger of a Premature Advance in the Price of Farm Products.

Are not Americans too mercurial in their temperament? We discount rumors of war with as much apparent confidence as reliable evidence of a short crop. It ought to be evident if we get up a corner on wheat or other grain, and push the price up too high, we prevent exportation—the very basis of the use. Perhaps we have not sufficiently considered the fact that Europe's supply is mostly already laid in to harvest time—especially our harvest time—and, with our very large surplus, how is it to be held at a very high rate till the new harvest is determined?

In the event of war only Russia's surplus is cut off. That is only a drop in the bucket to our surplus, and will hardly be felt. England, on a pinch, could get along to harvest without any new shipments from this country. Yet, if prices are not too suddenly pushed, the demand would likely become brisk at a reasonable advance. It is not reasonable to suppose that England will buy our wheat here at a dollar without knowing the real prospect of the future harvest, so close at hand.

But let us look at the prospect to our friends, the producers. We are happy to say that their present prospect is not so doubtful. Every push up of the wheat market by the grain gamblers means the present increase of money in the farmers' pockets. It will take the wheat out of their hands and load it upon the speculators. Well, we do not feel a consuming anxiety on the speculators' account, and possibly the wheat farmer may be so much ahead; but all things are evened up in the end, and too reckless a push in prices may lose us a market for so much wheat.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

—The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. Do not sweep carpets oftener than is necessary. A broom wears them very much. When a carpet is faded, strong salt and water will often restore the brightness of the color.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Early lambs are considered by many sheep men the most profitable source of income from the flocks.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The most popular and successful newspaper writer is the paragrapher. His work is always read.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a cousin of Rob Ingersoll, is a prominent contributor to the Pacific Coast religious press.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—William F. Laffan, who succeeds the late Isaac W. England as publisher of the New York *Sun*, is the "chief" of the Tile Club, and edited Harper's "Christmas."

—Garibaldi's memoirs will not be published until ten years have elapsed from the time of his death. This is in accordance with the wish of the Italian Government.

—Charlotte M. Younge is now in her sixty-third year. She began to write in 1854, and one hundred and twenty books, of various sizes, bear tribute to her incessant energy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Stephen Bulmer, the well-known English atheist, recently deceased, left five thousand dollars to his co-worker, Bradlaugh, and to his own wife, who had supported him for years, he left the princely allowance of three dollars a week.

—The oldest actor was Jean Noel, who died in Paris January 13, 1879, aged 118 years. He entered the profession in his eighty year, and still acted when 100 years old, having represented in all 2,760 roles. He acted 28,010 times.

—Rev. David Winters, who died at Dayton, O., recently, had been in the ministry for sixty years, and is said to have married more people than any other one man in the country. Up to April 22 he had married 5,000 couple.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Charles Welford, of the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, died in London a few days ago from the lingering effects of a serious attack of pneumonia which he suffered about a year ago. He was an Englishman by birth, but had many interests and ties in this country which made him regard it with affection. Few men knew more of books and authors than he is said to have known.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The correspondence of Peter the Great is being prepared for publication. A commission of Russian literary men was appointed to bring together the materials for such a work, and so thoroughly have they accomplished their task that they have collected more than eight thousand letters and documents of the highest interest relating to the great Czar. Among these documents are some of the exercise books in which the young Peter wrote his writing lessons. There is also a letter dated 1688, in which Peter, only six years old, describes to his mother the works which he had seen in progress in the shipbuilding yards at Pereislawl.

HUMOROUS.

—"Do I believe there's such a thing as a haunted house?" asked Fogg. "That depends upon how good-looking the girl is who lives in it."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Why is it called the honeymoon?" asks an exchange. Honey, because it is full of cells, and moon, because it "comes high." Throw another one at us.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—It takes but thirteen minutes to lead an elephant on a train, while it takes twenty for any sort of woman to bid her friends good-by and lose the check for her trunk.—*Troy Press.*

—Judge: "How did you come by these fish?" Prisoner: "I hooked them." Judge: "What have you to say, Mr. Officer?" Policeman: "He tells the truth, your honor; he did hook 'em and I saw it." Judge: "Then why do you bring him here? Discharged. Next case."—*Boston Beacon.*

—They were engaged. She was well aware of his proximity, but with assumed unconsciousness she turned her back to him. He approached noiselessly and kissed her. "Oh!" she screamed, with feigned surprise. "You are a regular electric battery!" "Yes," he replied, "and you know exactly how to stand so as not to miss the shock."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Jim McSniffer," said a Galveston school teacher to the worst boy in school, "you have been behaving yourself much worse than usual for the past few days." "I know it, but I've got to behave bad," responded the boy. "Why have you to behave worse than usual?" "Because the mumps are going the rounds, and I want to make up for the time I am going to lose when I catch 'em."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A rural gentleman, who had never seen a furnace, while in a crowded store stood some time over the hot-air register. He finally remarked to his wife: "We better go home at once; I think I am going to have a fever; I feel such hot air running up my legs." He was a twin brother to the Connecticut woman who sat down to warm her feet against the iron safe. After sitting there twenty minutes she remarked: "I never did like them kind of stoves. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas burners don't."—*Boston Globe.*

—"You bet I fooled my wife the first day of April," said one man to another the other morning. "How did you fool her?" "Why, I went home at dinner-time and pretended to be as mad as the dickens about something, and when she asked me what was the matter I ripped and snorted around and told her it was none of her business, and that if she didn't keep her mouth shut I'd ben her ears. And, will you believe it, I fooled her so badly, pretending to be angry, that she hauled off and knocked me down with a skillet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Bruin Hugged a Buzz-Saw.

"Talking about funny things," said a big bronzed, bearded man in the reading-room of an up-town hotel last night, "the funniest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw-mill out in Michigan. We used a heavy upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day not long ago the men had all gone to dinner leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result: a badly-cut paw, a blow with the other paw followed and it was also cut. The bear was by this time around to perfect fury and rushing at the saw caught it in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. It was his last hug and we lived on bear steaks for a week. When we came up from dinner, there was half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.—*N. Y. Tribune.*