POOR AYLESFORD.

The Unhappy Earl who Won Sympathy Among the Cowboys of Texas.

A Colorado, Texas, despatch says: The Earl of Aylesford was liked and pitied here at this centre of the cattlemen. He was generally admired for his splendid physical appearance, and it was usual to speak of him as the "finest animal in Texas." He seemed to be full of good nature, without choice as to his companions, deeply intimate with none, but on free and easy terms with all. In business transactions he lacked sense. He put up $10 000 earnest money for the purchase of a bunch of cattle some time ago without the slightest prospect of being able to complete the purchase, and the consequence was that he lost his money. He won sympathy by this transaction, because the generous cowmen thought that he was too severely treated. He owned a small lot of cattle near Big Springs, and lived upon his ranch in a miserable little pine house. He was a surprising consumer of whiskey and brandy, and when he began to drink he lost all regard for money. His sprees were never marked by violence, and he was always cared for by his more sober acquaintances. He dropped into the Texas style gracefully, and went about in a flannel shirt, top boots, big spurs, leather leggings, sombrero and slicker. He was fond of hunting Mexican quail, prairie chicken and antelope, and eagerly shot all the wolves he could get within range of. Very little was known here of his domestic trouble. He dropped his title, so that many did not know that he possessed one. He was called Aylesford He had a merry laugh and was recognized as a jolly fellow at the bar. There was something pathetic about his life here when he was sober. He would ride for hours and hours over the prairies all alone, and at night would walk about on his ranch looking up at the sky, as though in a reverie, unbroken save by the howl of the coyote. He was restless, and seemed to love as well as to hate England. He was anxious to become a cattle king, seeing the growth of the business all around him, but did not seem to be able to control any large sum of money at one time. When he went to England last year he said he was going to sacrifice his income for years for an advance large enough to enable him to go into the cattle business as he desired. The cowboys were much attached to Aylesford. They never can be made to believe that the dead Earl was other than, as they express it, "a fellow who tackled civilization and got floored." They can be trusted to look after his interests until some one comes to relieve them. His property here is not large, and he had not had it long enough to begin to draw a revenue from it. It will take some time to get the necessary papers here, authorizing the sale of his ranch. In the meantime the calves belonging to him will be branded with his brand at the next round up, and the beef cattle will be shipped out in the spring for the account of his estate. The general comment upon his death is brief. It is, "Poor Aylesford."

A SEND OFF.

Salvation Army Officers "Farewelled" at a Mass Meeting in London.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Exeter Hall presented a scene of extraordinary religious enthusiasm, the occasion being a farewell meeting to thirty officers, chiefly women, who are shortly to take their departure for America, New Zealand and India. These men and women, some of the latter young, but most of them on the shady side of five-and-twenty, are going to act as recruiting sergeants of the Salvation Army. Gen. Booth, tall, thin, sallow, full bearded and long-haired, occupied the chair. His son stood behind him, and with them on the platform were about a hundred officers of both sexes. For the most part they were typical enthusiasts, men and women who would have been Roundheads with Cromwell and witch-hunters with Cotton Mather, but amongst them were faces cunning and shifty. Gen. Booth's remarks were received with great enthusiasm. Referring to a celebrated cricketer, who recently became a convert, he said he was going to send him to India "to guard the salvation wickets against the swift bowling of the devil." He also announced that he had under organization an army corps in every British village, who will barrack in vehicular caravans and be guarded at night by sentries. The hall was crowded to the doors.

BELLIGERENT ACTRESSES.

Helen Blythe and Her Leading Lady Have a Lively Squabble.

A despatch from Denver says: Helen Blythe is star in a dramatic company playing here. Donna Modixa, ex-wife of W. B. Daniels, of Denver, is her leading lady. Last night the money was refunded to the audience, and it was said that Miss Blythe was indisposed. It has transpired that on Monday night Modixa, who is well known here, received an ovation, and Blythe assisted her to carry her flowers off the stage. Modixa walked off the stage and stopped Blythe, telling her not to interfere thereafter. Blythe defended herself and a fierce hair-pulling ensued. Blythe refused to finish the play as long as "that nasty thing" was on the stage, but she was induced to go on. All day yesterday the manager tried to arrange matters, but at the last moment was obliged to give up. The engagement is declared at an end.

Where Undertakers Got Their Title.

Philadelphia *Press*: Funeral directors came to be called undertakers in an odd way. Formerly a poor set of haberdashers were known as "upholders" because they came in when every one else was out, caring for the dead bodies of the poor, whom haberdashers of the ordinary stripe did not deign to notice. At length there came to be a distinction even among upholders, and so, for the matter of a name, they called themselves undertakers. Finally the upholders also got aristocratic notions into their heads, and they adopted upholsterers as their title, so that "the 'upholder,' rueful harbinger of death," who "waits with patience for the dying breath", of whom Gray wrote, is now entirely unknown, at least in name.

'Tis hard for a man to say all the world is mistaken but himself. Be it so, who can help it?

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The Precarious Position of the British Forces—Desperate Fighting Feared—Discipline Expected to Overcome Superior Force.

A Cairo cable says: If General Wolseley is to succeed in carrying out his purpose of being in Khartoum on the 24th inst. news of heavy fighting may be expected at any moment. The most exposed position for the English forces will be on the desert stretch between Gakdul and Metamneh. General Stewart is well on his way with 2 000 men, and has probably reached Abu Kru, twenty-four miles from Metamneh. This place, in the opinion of military critics, would be favorable for the enemy to make their attack. The Mahdi has five Gatling guns, twenty cannons, some 300 skilled artillerymen, and from 20,000 to 30 000 tribesmen. These latter are armed for the most part with spears, but they have also a considerable number of rifles. The Arabs will likely pursue their usual tactics of attacking, in a simultaneous rush, two sides of the square which the English must form, as there is no cover, and then it is victory or death. Across the stretch of desert it is impossible with the limited number forming the expedition to keep open a line of retreat. General Stewart is confident of the superiority of discipline over numbers, and the only question of misgiving is the conduct of the camels. The Guards will certainly not be as much at home on those "ships of the desert" as they would be astride of their own chargers. But while confident of success, both officers and men are fully alive to the fact that the fighting will be terrible. The Arabs are brave and they are fanatical, and many an Englishman's best blood will be drunk up by the thirsty sand. Gen. Wolseley is pushing on from Korti, leaving as many men as he can spare to keep open the base. And here another danger presents itself. Gen. Earle is expected to be able to handle the Monassirs, who are near Hamdah, though they are numerically his superiors. But after the Monassirs he will probably encounter Osman Digma, who is a brave and wily officer, and is generally believed to be the military head of the rebellion. Osman has to be crushed, for his success would be fraught with the most disastrous consequences. Should Osman win he would immediately make a flank movement on Korti, take the town, cut the wires, seize the supplies and follow Gen. Wolseley. This is the situation—one of great gravity and peril—and news is being waited for with feverish anxiety.

ANOTHER WAR BROKEN OUT.

Colombia in the Throes of Revolution—A Battle Fought.

A Panama despatch says: An alarming condition of affairs prevails throughout the Republic. A general conflict is imminent. Civil war is under way in Cundinamarca, Boyaca, Santander, and Magdalena, and it seems is about to break out in Cauca. In Panama more trouble may occur, but there will be little bloodshed. Heavy fighting has already taken place in the interior. The Radical party has detached a fraction of Conservatives, and united they are endeavoring to turn out the Liberal Governments in the different States which are the strongest supporters of the Government of President Muniz. If unsuccessful they will unite with the States they hold in an effort to overthrow the general Government. Severe skirmishes have occurred in Santander and Boyaca. A cablegram this morning says a battle has occurred at Tunja, in Boyaca, in which the Federals were defeated. The Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Montirfar, and another general were killed. The fighting must have been severe, as the rebels are in strong force. They were reported to be surrounded by three thousand men. On December 9th President Muniz issued a decree raising the strength of the army to 8,000, and on the 18th he proclaimed martial law in the disaffected States.

The opinion of the Isthmus is that the Necaraguan Congress will not ratify the treaty with the United States, even should it be approved by the United States Sinate.

DREADFUL EXPERIENCE.

A Tale of Death and Suffering in the Northern Seas.

Some time since John Lowry, a well-to-do farmer of Centreville, Alameda county, went north to Alaska to investigate some mines in which he had acquired an interest. The inspection resulting satisfactorily, he remained there to assist in developing the mines, all the reports received from him for some time being favorable. A schooner was finally fitted out and departed for the North to bring a load of ore to San Francisco for reduction, since it could be done here cheaper than in Alaska. Mr. Lowry was also expected to return in the vessel. Weeks lengthened into months, however, and no tidings were received of the schooner or Lowry and his companions. All hope was finally given up, as it appeared certain the vessel must have been lost on her return trip with all on board, and Lowry's will was admitted to probate, his wife and children mouroing him as dead. A few days since, however, a sailor visited Mrs. Lowry and told a startling tale. On the Alaskan coast, above Sitka, a wrecked schooner had been discovered, the bodies of four men being found near by. Two others of the crew were discovered wandering about, crazed from starvation and exposure. The description given of one indicates that he may be Mr. Lowry, and his wife, eagerly seizing the idea, is making energetic preparations to have him brought home, when time and care may restore his reason. An agent of hers will leave on the next steamer to make a thorough investigation and search.—*S. F. Call.*

Hon. William Parsons, now lecturing in America, says that until the marriage of the present Queen, no English nobleman travelled on a railway in England. He sent his baggage by rail, but travelled by coach, so that he might not meet tradesmen on the same level. A nobleman was travelling on a train which met with an accident. As soon as he recovered from the shock he inquired: "Where is my servant?" "He was cut in two," was the reply. "Will you be kind enough to find in which part of him he has got my luggage keys so that I can get my smelling-salts?" my lord directed.

A CAGED EDITOR.

Mr. Edmund Yates Enjoying the Sweets of Prison Life—Four Months for Libel—His Jail Reception.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The celebrated Yates libel suit ended to-day by the appeal being dismissed and the editor of the *World* surrendering himself to the officers of the law. He has decided to abandon the proposition of his counsel to further appeal his case to the House of Lords, and will go to prison and serve his four months. The paragraph which led to the suit appeared in the *World* of January 17th, 1883, and read as follows: "A strange story is in circulation in certain sporting circles concerning the elopement of a young lady of very high rank and noble birth with a young peer, whose marriage was one of affection, but whose wife has, unfortunately, fallen into a delicate state of health. The elopement is said to have taken place from the hunting field. The young lady, who is only one or two and twenty, is a fair rider, and the gentleman a master of hounds." The Earl of Lonsdale assumed that this paragraph referred to him and instituted proceedings for libel against the editor of the *World*. The paragraph had neither been written nor instigated by Mr. Yates, but had been contributed by Lady Stradbroke, a relative of Lord Lonsdale, who, for several years, had been a paid contributor to the journal. The case was tried before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in May, 1883 and on April 2nd, 1884, Mr. Yates was convicted and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The judgment was, however, respited pending an appeal upon a point of law. The case was opened before the Court of Appeal on Monday and continued on Tuesday, Mr. Charles Russell appearing for Mr. Yates, while Lord Lonsdale was represented by Sir Henry James, the Attorney-General, and to-day at 2 o'clock Right Hon. Sir Wm. Brett, Master of the Rolls, delivered the judgment of the court, dismissing the appeal.

Mr. Yates is now comfortably lodged in the jail in Holloway road, which is known officially as "Her Majesty's Prison or House of Correction." It is a civil prison and the wardens and attendants are uncommonly civil when their palms are crossed with silver. Mr. Yates is entered as a first-class misdemeanant and can have all the comforts within the prison walls that he chooses to pay for. Your correspondent called at the prison to night and after sending in his card was ushered into the corridor where Mr. Yates was holding his reception. The place was full of visitors, and Mr. Yates was kept busy in explaining the beauties and comforts of his new abode. He called the occasion a house-warming, and took his guests in groups of two or three to his cell, which is fairly furnished, and contains a well equipped sideboard and a small collection of books, which, Mr. Yates explained, would be augmented to morrow, or as soon as he had time to send a list to his other residence in Hyde Park gate. In answer to an expression of condolence by your correspondent, Mr. Yates said cheerily: "No, you should congratulate me. Don't you see, I escape the gloomiest part of the year in London, and I will emerge with the butterflies. Besides, I have lots of literary work on hand, which requires absolute isolation to perform properly. Here I expect to get time and repose for that work which I haven't been able to find during all the fuss and bother of the last few months."

Late Scotch News.

Mr. Healy, the Irish M P., in the course of his recent speech at Glasgow, attacked Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and said the right hon. gentleman proposed to rule Ireland by a class of scoundrels, thieves, robbers and unspeakable offenders, with whom the commonest Irishman would not walk the streets.

Rev. John Hood, Free Church minister, of Dunnichen, died at his manse, Letham, about six miles from Forfar, on Tuesday week. He had been ill since March last, and his duties have been discharged by a temporary assistant. Mr. Hood was in his early days a teacher in Dundee, and afterwards studied for the ministry. He went to Letham in 1850 and was ordained minister in 1851.

The Dumfries *Standard* gives a hitherto unpublished *jeu d'esprit* written by Burns. It was received many years ago by an old man in Maxwelltown from a shepherd, who resided in Dalswinton, had been intimate with the poet, and was present when the verse was written. According to his story, while Burns was in the farm of Ellisland, he was in the habit of frequently meeting a blacksmith, known from his residence as "Rhodes." On one occasion, Burns, Rhodes and Ned (as the shepherd was called) were together having a friendly "crack" over a bowl of toddy, when the smith challenged the poet to write an epitaph on him. Burns immediately dashed off the following:

Beneath these sods lies drunken "Rhodes,"
Wha ne'er was kenned to drink cauld water,
Like clack o' mill the whiskey gill
Inspired his tongue wi' endless clatter.

Philosophy on the Bridge.

The wind blew strongly across the bridge The black Derby of a large, burly, red-faced man suddenly cleared the iron fence and fell upon the railroad track. The face of the owner grew redder as he leaned over the pickets and saw a train approaching. But he never moved a step, although some thoughtless spectators looked on to see him follow the course of his property in a mad resolution to rescue it. A small boy on the roadway opposite saw his plight, leaped from his waggon, mounted the fence, picked up the hat and handed it to the owner.

The red-faced man said simply, "Thank you," and resumed his way. "Never go for a lost hat yourself," he observed to a companion. "During a long experience I have uniformly observed a principle in human nature which invariably leads somebody else to run and pick it up."

"My dear fellow," replied his companion "the principle is of universal application The great man is not the one who does things himself, but who can make others do them for him."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Statistics show that the wheat trade of California, Oregon and Washington Territory with Europe give employment annually to more than four hundred sailing vessels going around Cape Horn. The average passage for each vessel is about 16,000 miles, in an average time of a little over four months.

MARY BAGWELL'S FATE.

A Dark Mystery Solved After Seventeen Years.

One of the unsolved mysteries of Carroll county, writes a Villa Rica, Ga., correspondent to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, is the disappearance of Miss Mary Bagwell, over twenty years ago. She was the daughter of one of the most prominent farmers of this section, and as a petted child of fortune had been gratified in every whim. Suddenly she disappeared from the neighborhood in 1865. Her father shook his head silently and sadly whenever her name was mentioned, but had no explanation to offer. It was supposed by some that the girl had been crossed in some of her whims and had merely gone off on a visit. The lapse of time, however, and the mysterious sadness of Mr. Bagwell put this theory at rest. Finally the rumor got out that a waggoner, who knew Mary by sight, on his return one day from Atlanta, declared that he had seen her in one of the houses adjacent to McPherson barracks. Others, later, declared that they had caught a glimpse of such a face, but whenever those interested investigated the matter the clews proved to be naught.

His years passed away with no word from Mary, but the bent figure and whitened hair of her father showed that he was failing beneath his load of grief. Five years, then ten, and it may be said that Mary was forgotten. Five more completed fifteen, and most of those who had known the playful girl were either dead or had moved away, or had their minds engaged with business affairs which shut out the past. Whenever old Mr. Bagwell would hobble around, leaning heavily upon his stick, the looker-on would simply remark: "He is looking for his child," and would then dismiss him from thought.

When seventeen years had passed by, a local sensation was created by the discovery which two little boys had made. On the farm of Mr. Bagwell, a little off the main road, there was a shaft over fifty feet deep, leading to an abandoned gold mine. While playing around the opening one of the boys fell in a little ways, and after getting over his fright he determined to go on an exploring expedition. Soon he came out to his companion carrying a strip of faded red ribbon. The two then returned and found, first, one skeleton, and then two, and one of them picked up a peculiar piece of jewellery. The find was reported abroad, and intense excitement prevailed. A party of men organized, and with the coroner and physicians entered the mine. The examination developed the fact that one skeleton was of a young woman and the other of a man in middle life.

Then arose the question, how came the bodies there, and why? The story of Mary Bagwell was at once revived. The faded red ribbon was identified by an old lady as one worn by the girl on the day before she disappeared. The piece of jewellery was recognized as an heirloom in the Bagwell family, and was known to have been in the possession of Mary. Still, there was no cause why her body should have been found in such a place as this, and there was no clue to her companion. Just then a long-hushed up tale furnished the explanation. It was known to those in the friendship of the family that the girl had formed an attachment for one of her father's ex-slaves. The man was forbidden the house, and so far as the community knew, had left the country, and hopes were entertained that the girl might be weaned from her strange infatuation. To the horror of the family, it was discovered that the girl had passed the period where her shame could be hidden.

Almost crazed by grief, her father became moody and morose. He made a visit to Atlanta, and on returning home after dark detected a female figure standing by the deserted mine. Stealthily creeping up, his blood froze as he beheld his daughter in the embrace of the black wretch. Imagination told the rest of the story. In a grapple with the seducer of his child the scoundrel was hurled into the pit, and his dying groans told the story of coming death. Filled with remorse, shame and frenzy, the girl precipitated herself into the abyss below.

Finding his way home several hours later, Mr. Bagwell bore his secret to himself. Fortunately the abandoned mine held its counsel, and it looked as if the old man would carry his horrible secret to the grave with him.

The result of the examination and the theories thus adduced was the arrest of the aged father for murder. The case hung long in the courts. It was felt he was clearly innocent of murder; that the tragedy occurred about as described, and he was finally acquitted.

Still it is with a shudder that the citizens pass the tragic spot, and they pity "Poor Mary Bagwell."

Valuable Invention by a Convict.

Three years ago Edward Lee, alias Proctor, was sent to Clinton prison for twenty years for a burglary committed at Whitehall, says the Auburn *Dispatch*. His arrest was accomplished in a passenger train at Mechanicsville after a desperate struggle, during which the robber terrorized the passengers by firing his revolver several times indiscriminately in the car. Lee was at that time considered a desperate and a dangerous man, but prison life at Clinton has worked a change. He has been employed in the clothing department of the prison, and in extra hours, after his prison work, he has been permitted to work on his own account, and has succeeded in perfecting an improved window shutter. Lee had his invention patented, and he has realized $5,000 upon it. The money is in the prison safe, and will be given to Lee upon his discharge. In case of continued good behavior his commutation of sentence will give him his liberty in nine years. Lee says he is determined to lead an honest life when he gains his freedom.

A young minister in a country parish who prided himself on speaking the highest English, told his servant to *extinguish* the candle. "What's your will, sir?" said Jenny. "Put out the candle," said the minister. A few days afterward, when he was entertaining some friends at dinner, Jenny asked if she should *extinguish* the cat.

England has scarcely felt as yet "the icy finger" of winter. A correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing from Lyme Regis, says that in her own and neighbor's garden she gathered within two hours fifty-seven different kinds of flowers.

NO MOURNING AND NO EXTRAVAGANCE.

A Good Man's Sensible View of His Own Death and Funeral.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The following is a copy of a letter that was written by the late Augustus Leggett ten years ago and ordered not to be opened until after his death. It was read yesterday at his funeral by the Rev. T. B. Forbush:

To my dear wife and children:

Holding as I do a strong testimony against the idle and wicked pomp and extravagance of funerals, I beg of you for the sake of example to provide that my funeral shall be of the simplest description; that my coffin shall be plain; that you shall wear no mourning; that my wife shall not follow my remains to the grave, save at her urgent request; that my headstone shall be small and uncostly; and lastly, that you shall honor my memory, if honor it deserves, by cheerful faces and manners. For what is there to grieve for? That you shall attend as usual your intellectual clubs and friendly gatherings. This I wish to be read aloud at my funeral by whomsoever shall officiate, firstly, that my example may have some weight; secondly, that you may be relieved from the imputation of meanness, a want of respect, which Mrs. Grundy would otherwise be so free to attribute to you. Rest assured, a compliance with my request will save others from the additional grief of seeing all their means of support poured into the grave of a departed one.

AUGUSTUS W. LEGGETT.

A PECULIAR PENALTY.

The Tar and Feather Temperance Society.

On the night of December 31st, 1883, three young men sat around a tavern fire in Georgetown, a little village about ten miles from Norwich, Conn. The three were intoxicated and were watching the old year out. As the clock struck 12 one of the young men said: "Boys, the new year is here; now let's swear off and form a temperance society." The others, in a spirit of fun, agreed. The articles of association were then and there drawn up. They were similar to the rules of other temperance organizations, with one exception. The clause containing the pledge had the following penalty attached: "And any one of us who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsover, between now and midnight of December 31st, 1884, shall be tarred and feathered." This clause becoming known gained the club the name of "The Tar and Feather Temperance Society." Meetings of the society of three were frequently held. Gradually application for membership began to pour in, and before six months had passed the society numbered thirty members. The year of abstinence expired on Tuesday night, and a grand ball was given, to which a large number of the best people of the place were invited. The hall was filled. At midnight the President announced that the pledge had expired. By an unanimous vote the pledge was renewed for another year, and some twenty new names were added to the roll. The peculiar penalty proves an attractive advertisement, and the matter is the talk of the neighborhood. Nearly every resident wears the society's badge. The badge is blue ribbon, with a lamp of tar filled with chicken feathers attached.—*Norfolk (Conn.) Correspondence St. Louis Republican.*

Prices of Live Stock in England Long Ago.

In King Tua's laws, which were made betwixt 712 and 727 (A. D.), over 1,150 years ago, it is said that a ewe with her lamb is worth 1s., till thirteen nights after Easter. About the year 986, a palfrey was sold at 10s. In the Senatus Consulta de Monticolis, in the time of King Ethelred, about the year 1000, if a horse be lost the compensation must be 30s.; a mare or colt of a year old, 20s.; a mule or young ass, 12s.; an ox, 30 pence; a cow, 24 pence; a swine, 8 pence; a sheep, 1s.; a goat, 11 pence (note that this is Saxon money, 5 pence to the shilling, and 48 shillings to the pound). In 1302, in London, the price of a bull was 7s. and 4d.; a cow, 6s.; a "fat mutton," 1s.; a ewe sheep, 8d.; a capon, 2d.; a cock or hen, 1½d. In 1314, according to Stow, the prices fixed by Parliament were: A stalled or corn fed ox, £1 4s.; a grass fed ox, 16s.; a fat stalled cow, 12s.; an ordinary cow, 10s.; a fat mutton, unshorn (corn-fed), 1s. 3d.; a fat goose in the city, 3d., but everywhere else, 2½d.; a fat capon in the city, 2½d., elsewhere, 1d.; two chickens in the city, 1½d., elsewhere, 1d.; in the city 3, elsewhere 4 pigeons for 1d.; in the city 20, elsewhere 24 eggs for 1d. In 1553, fat oxen were sold for 26s. 8d.; fat wethers, 3s. 4d.; fat calves for the like price; a fat lamb for 12d. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor. Every piece 2½ and sometimes 3 lbs. for a penny, and 13 and sometimes 14 of these pieces for 12d.; mutton 8d. the quarter, and the cwt. of beef for 4s. 8d.

Rabbits in the Northwest.

The woods south of the river are overrun with rabbits.—*Portage la Prairie Tribune.*

It is a curious, and so far as we know, an unexplained fact, that rabbits are periodically (about once in seven years) affected with a disease that nearly exterminates them. For years past they have been increasing in numbers until they threatened to become a nuisance, but those killed recently bear evidence of the return of this disease, and if it is as fatal as usual very few will be seen for some years to come. The glands in the throat swell just as they do amongst men in cases of "mumps," and few seem to survive an attack. At present they are in unlimited numbers in all the wooded parts of the country and are being snared by Indians at the rate of thousands a day.—*Battleford Herald.*

The number of plant specimens known to botanists has been placed at 100,000, but it seems there are many still unknown.

Hyde Park, London, contains nearly 400 acres; Kensington Gardens about the same Regent's Park, 450 acres; Battersea Park, 320 acres; Victoria Park, 290 acres. The Bois de Boulogne, Paris, has an area of 2,250 acres.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom, and to forgive it, of great mind.