WHAT RUINED FARMER BROWN.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, the end has come at last? Old Farmer Brown is dead!
The neighbors found him in his house, stretched cold and stiff in bed.
Beneath the rags that covered him, held tight in a death-hug,
They found, with every drop drained out, his old brown whiskey jug.

How sad to live a life like his; how sad like him to die!
Alone in a deserted house, no friends nor kindred nigh;
To stagger down from manhood to the gloomy river's bank,
The happiness of earth and heaven a sacrifice to drink.

And what was Farmer Brown, dear wife, a few short years ago?
An honest, toiling, sober man, kind to both friend and foe;
There was no better farm than his in all the neighborhood;
Well fenced, well watered, and well tilled; the barns and houses good.

His wife was happy and content, singing from morn till night,
For everything upon the farm and in the house went right,
Until the tempter came and said, "You have much goods in store,
Now eat and drink, rich Farmer Brown, let toiling days be o'er."

He listened to the tempter, and that was his great sin;
He hired men to sow the seed and reap the harvest in;
He left off following the plough, he gave all work a frown,
And hitching up his finest horse, he drove off to the town.

Men put him up for office, and taught him all the tricks
That constitute a scholar in the school of politics;
This brought him often to the bar, where whiskey is the thing,
And another strong Goliah fell a victim to the sling.

From that date things went downward, as by a whirlwind's arm,
And Brown was soon a drunkard, upon a ruined farm;
The fences down, a leaky house, no crop to gather in,
No goods in store for future want in spacious barn and bin.

One cold and dreary autumn, when the leaves were falling down,
His wife died broken-hearted, and was buried by the town;
'Tis well there is an after life, made up of perfect bliss,
For broken-hearted, weary wives who find no joy in this.

And now an end has come at last, as it doth quickly come.
To all who bind upon themselves the cruel chain of rum;
He left his work to others, for the bar-room in the town,
And that, dear wife, is what it was that ruined Farmer Brown.

SELECT STORY

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

Such were the impressions of Remarkable on the subject; and such doubtless were the opinions of most of those who felt it necessary to entertain a species of religious veneration for the skill of Elnathan; but such was far from the truth.

When the physician attempted to introduce the instrument described by Remarkable, he was repulsed by the stranger, with a good deal of decision, and some little contempt, in his manner.

"I believe, sir," he said, "that a probe is not necessary; the shot has missed the bone, and has passed directly through the arm to the opposite side, where it remains but skin deep, and whence, I should think, it might be easily extracted."

"The gentleman knows best," said Dr. Todd, laying down the probe with the air of a man who had assumed it merely in compliance with forms; and turning to Richard, he fingered the lint with the appearance of great care and foresight. "Admirably well scraped, Squire Jones! it is about the best lint I have ever seen. I want your assistance, my good sir, to hold the patient's arm while I make an incision for the ball. Now, I rather guess there is not another gentleman present who could scrape the lint so well as Squire Jones!"

"Such things run in families," observed Richard, rising with alacrity to render the desired assistance. "My father, and my grandfather before him, were both celebrated for their knowledge of surgery; they were not, like Marmaduke here puffed up with an accidental thing, such as the time when he drew in the hip-joint of the man who was thrown from his horse; that was the fall before you came into the settlement, doctor; but they were men who were taught the thing regularly, spending half their lives in learning those little niceties; though, for the matter of that, my grandfather was a college-bred physician, and the best in the colony, too — that is, in his neighborhood."

"So it goes with the world, squire," cried Benjamin, "if so be that a man wants to walk the quarter-deck with credit, d'ye see, and with regular built swabs on his shoulders, he musn't think to do it by getting in at the cabin windows. There are two ways to get into a top, besides the lubber-holes. The true way to walk aft is to begin torrard; tho'f it be only in a humble way, like myself, d'ye see, which was, from being only a hander of top-gallant sails, and a stower of the flying-jib, to keeping the key of the captain's locker."

"Benjamin speaks quite to the purpose," continued Richard. "I dare say that he has often seen shot extracted in the different ships in which he has served; suppose we get him to hold the basin; he must be used to the sight of blood."

"That he is, squire, that he is," interrupted the ci-devant stewart; "many's the good shot, round, double-headed, and grape, that I've seen the doctors at work on. For the matter of that, I was in a boat, alongside the ship, when they cut out the twelve-pound shot from the thigh of the captain of the Foodyrong, one of Mounsheer Ler Quaw's countrymen!"

"A twelve-pound ball from the thigh of a human being?" exclaimed Mr. Grant, with great simplicity, dropping the sermon he was again reading, and raising his spectacles to the top of his forehead.

"A twelve-pounder!" echoed Benjamin, staring around him with great confidence; "a twelve-pounder! ay! a twenty-four pound shot can easily be taken from a man's body, if so be a doctor only knows how. There's Squire Jones, now, ask him, sir; he reads all the books; ask him if he never fell in with a page that keeps the reckoning of such things."

"Certainly, more important operations than that have been performed," observed Richard; "the encyclopædia mentions much more incredible circumstances than that, as, I dare say, you know, Dr. Todd."

"Certainly, there are incrediable tales told in the encyclopædias," returned Elnathan, "though I cannot say that I have ever seen, myself, anything larger than a musket ball extracted."

During this discourse an incision had been made through the skin of the young hunter's shoulder, and the lead was laid bare. Elnathan took a pair of glittering forceps, and was in the act of applying them to the wound, when a sudden motion of the patient caused the shot to fall out of itself. The long arm and broad hand of the operator were now of singular service; for the latter expanded itself, and caught the lead, while at the same time an extremely ambiguous motion was made by its brother, so as to leave it doubtful to the spectators how great was its agency in releasing the shot. Richard, however, put the matter at rest by exclaiming:

"Very neatly done, doctor! I have never seen a shot more neatly extracted; and, I dare say, Benjamin will say the same."

"Why, considering," returned Benjamin, "I must say that it was ship-shape and Brister-fashion. Now all that the doctor has to do, is to clap a couple of plugs in the holes, and the lad will float in any gale that blows in these here hills."

"I thank you, sir, for what you have done," said the youth, with a little distance; "but here is a man who will take me under his care, and spare you all, gentlemen, any further trouble on my account."

The whole group turned their heads in surprise, and beheld, standing at one of the distant doors of the hall, the person of Indian John.

CHAPTER VII.

"From Susquehanna's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The shepherd of the forest came."
— FRENEAU.

Before the Europeans, or, to use a more significant term, the Christians, dispossessed the original owners of the soil, all that section of country which contains the New England States, and those of the Middle which lie east of the mountains, was occupied by two great nations of Indians, from whom had descended numberless tribes. But, as the original distinctions between these nations were marked by a difference in language, as well as by repeated and bloody wars, they were never known to amalgamate, until after the power and inroads of the whites had reduced some of the tribes to a state of dependence, that rendered not only their political, but, considering the wants and habits of a savage, their animal existence also, extremely precarious.

These two great divisions consisted on, the one side, of the five, or, as they were afterward called, the Six Nations, and their allies; and, on the other, of the Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, with the numerous and powerful tribes that owned that nation as their grandfather. The former were generally called, by the Anglo-Americans Iroquois, or the Six Nations, and sometimes Mingoes. Their appellation, among their rivals, seems generally to have been the Mengwe, or Maqua. They consisted of the tribes, or, as their allies were fond of asserting, in order to raise their consequence, of the several nations of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas; who ranked, in the confederation, in the order in which they are named. The Tuscaroras were admitted to this union, near a century after its formation, and thus completed the number of six.

Of the Lenni Lenape, or as they were called by the whites, from the circumstances of their holding their great council-fire on the banks of that river, the Delaware nation, the principal tribes, besides that which bore the generic name, were the Mahicanni, Mohtcans, or Mohegans, and the Nanticokes, or Nentigoes. Of these the latter held the country along the waters of the Chesapeake and the seashore; while the Mohegans occupied the district between the Hudson and the ocean, including much of New England. Of course these two tribes were the first who were dispossessed of their lands by the Europeans.

The wars of a portion of the latter are celebrated among us, as the wars of King Philip; but the peaceful policy of William Penn, or Miquon, as he was termed by the natives, effected its object with less difficulty, though not wihh less certainty. As the natives gradually disappeared from the country of the Mohegans, some scattering families sought a refuge around the council-fire of the mother tribe, or the Delawares,

This people had been induced to suffer themselves to be called women, by their old enemies, the Mingoes, or Iroquois, after the latter, having in vain tried the effects of hostility, had recourse to artifice, in order to prevail over their rivals. According to this declaration, the Delawarer were to cultivate the arts of peace, and to intrust their defence entirely to the men, or warlike tribes of the Six Nations.

This state of things continued until the war of the Revolution, when the Lenni Lenape formally asserted their indepcndence, and fearlessly declared that they were again men. But, in a government so peculiarly republican as the Indian polity, it was not at all times an easy task to restrain its members within the rules of the nation. Several fierce and renowned warriors of the Mohegans, finding the conflict with the whites to be in vain, sought a refuge with their grandfather, and brought with them the feelings and principles that had so long distinguished them in their own tribe. These chieftains kept alive, in some measure, the martial spirties of the Delawares; and would, at times, lead small parties against their ancient enemies, or such other foes as incurred their resentment.

Among these warriors was one race particularly famous for thir prowess, and for those qualities that render an Indian hero celebrated. But war, time, disease, and want had conspired to thin their number; and the sole representative of this once renowned family now stood in the hall of Marmaduke Temple. He had had for a long time been an associate of the white men, particularly in their wars, and having been, at the season when his services were of importance, much noticed and flattered, he had turned Christian, and was baptized by the name of John. He had suffered severely in his family during the recent war, having had every soul to whom he was allied cut off by an inroad of the enemy; and when the last lingering remnrnt of his nation extinguished their fires, among the hills of the Delaware, he alone had remained, with a determination of laying his bones in that country where his fathers had so long lsved and governed.

It was only, however, within a few months, that he had appeared among the mountains that surrounded Templeton. To the hut of the old hunter he seemed peculiarly welcome; and, as the habits of the Leather-Stocking were so nearly assimilated to those of the savages, the conjunction of their interests excited no surprise. They resided in the same cabin, ate of the same food, and were chiefly occupied in the same pursuits.

We have already mentioned the baptismal name of this ancient chief; but in his conversation with Natty, held in the language of the Delawares, he was heard uniformly to call himself Chingachgook, which, interpreted, means the "Great Snake." This name he had acquired in his youth, by his skill and prowess in war; but when his brows began to wrinkle with time, and he stood alone, the last of his family, and his particular tribe, the few Delawares, who yet continued about the head-waters of their river, gave him the mournful appellation of Mohegan. Perhaps there was something of deep feeling excited in the bosom of this inhabitant of the forest by the sound of a name that recalled the idea of his nation in ruins, for he seldom used it himself — never, indeed, excepting on the most solemn occasions; but the settlers had united, according to the Christian custom, his baptismal with his national name, and to them he was generally known as John Mohegan, or, more familiarly as Indian John.

From his long association with the white men, the habits of Mohegan were a mixture of the civilized and savage states, though there was certainly a staong preponderance in favor of the latter. In common with all his people, who dwelt within the influence of the Anglo-Amdricans, he had acquired new wants, and his dress was a mixture of his native and European fashions. Notwithstanding the intense cold without, his head was uncovered; but a profusion of long, black, coarse hair concealed his forehead, his crown, and even hung about his cheeks, so as to convey the idea, to one who knew his present and former conditions, that he encouraged its abundance, as a willing veil, to hide the shame of a noble soul, mourning for glory once known.

The instant that Mohegan observed himself to be noticed by the group around the young stranger, he dropped the blanket which covered the upper part of his frame, from his shoulders, suffering it to fall over his leggins of untanned deer-skin, where it was retained by a belt of bark that confined it to his waist.

As he walked slowly down the long hall, the dignified and deliberate tread of the Indian surprised the spectators. His shoulders, and body to his waist, were entirely bare, with the exception of a silver medallion of Washington, that was suspended from his neck by a thong of buck-skin, and rested on his high chest, amid many scars.

As this child of the forest approached them, the whole party stood aside, and allowed him to confront the object of his visit. He did not speak, however, but stood fixing his glowing eyes on the shoulder of the young hunter, and then turning them intently on the countenance of the Judge. The latter was a good deal astonished at this unusual departure from the ordinarily subdued and quite manner of the Indian; but he extended his hand, and said:

"Thou art welcome, John. This youth entertains a high opinion of thy skill, it seems, for he prefers thee to dress his wound even to our good friend Dr. Todd."

Mohegan now spoke, in tolerable English, but in a low, monotonous, guttural tone:

"The children of Miquon do not love the sight of blood; and yet the young Eagle has been struck by the hand that should do no evil!"

"Mohegan! old John!" exclaimed the Judge, "thinkest thou that my hand has ever drawn human blood willingly? For shame! for shame, old John! thy religion should have taught thee better.

"The evil spirit sometimes lives in the best heart," returned John, "but my brother speaks the truth; his hand has never taken life, when awake; no! not even when the children of the great English Father were making the waters red with the blood of his people."

"Surely, John," said Mr. Grant, with much earnestness, "you remember the divine command of our Saviour, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' What motive could Judge Temple have for injuring a youth like this; one to whom he is unknown, and from whom he can receive neither injury nor favor?"

John listened respectfully to the divine, and, when he had concluded, he stretched out his arm, and said with energy:

"He is innocent — My brother has not done this."

Marmaduke received the offered hand of the other with a smile, that showed, however he might be astonished at his suspicion, he had ceased to resent it; while the wounded youth stood, gazing from his red friend to his host, with interest powerfully delineated in his countenance. No sooner was this act of pacification exchanged, that John proceeded to discharge the duty on which he had come. Dr. Todd was far from manifesting any displeasure at this invasion of his rights, but made way for the new leech, with an air that expressed a willingness to gratify the humors of his patient, now that the all-important part of the business was so successfully performed, and nothing remained to be done but what any child might effect. Indeed, he whispered as much to Monsieur Le Quoi, when he said:

"It was fortunate that the ball was extracted before this Indian came in; but any old woman can dress the wound. The young man, I hear, lives with John and Natty Bumppo, and it's always best to humor a patient, when it can be done discreetly — I say, discreetly, monsieur."

"Certainement," returned the Frenchman; "you seem ver happy, Mister Todd, in your pratique. I tink the elder lady might ver well finish vat you so skillfully begin."

But Richard had, at the bottom, a great deal of veneration for the knowledge of Mohegan, especially in external wounds; and, retaining all his desires for a participation in glory, he advanced nigh the Indian and said:

"Sago, sago, Monhegan! sago, my good fellow! I am glad you have come; give me a regular physician, like Dr. Todd to cut into the flesh, and a native to heal the wound. Do you remember, John the time when I and you set the bone of Natty Bumppo's little finger, after he broke it by falling from the rock, when he was trying to get the partridge that fell on the cliffs. I never could tell yet, whether it was I or Natty who killed that bird: he fired first, and the bird stooped, and then it was rising again as I pulled the trigger. I should have claimed it for a certainty, but Natty said the hole was too big for shot, and he fired a single ball from his rifle; but the piece I carried then didn't scatter, and I have known it to bore a hole through a board, when I've been shooting at a mark, very much like rifle bullets. Shall I help you, John, you know I have a knack at these things."

Mohegan heard this disquisition quite patiently, and, when Richard concluded, he held out the basket which contained his specifics, indicating, by a gesture, that he might hold it. Mr. Jones was quite satisfied with this commission; and after, in speaking of the event, was used to say, that "Dr. Todd and I cut out the bullet, and I and Indian John dressed the wound."

The patient was much more deserving of that epithet while under the hands of Mohegan, than while suffering under the practice of the physician. Indeed, the Indian gave him but little opportunity for the exercise of a forbearing temper, as he had come prepared for the occasion. His dressings were soon applied, and consisted only of some pounded bark, moistened with a fluid that he had expressed from some of the simples of the woods.

When Mohegan had applied the bark, he freely relinquished to Richard the needle and thread that were used in sewing the bandages, for these were implements of which the native but little understood the use; and, stepping back with decent gravity, awaited the completion of the business by the other.

"Reach me the scissors," said Mr. Jones, when he had finished, and finished for the second time, after tying the linen in every shape and form that it could be placed; "reach me the scissors, for here is a thread that must be cut off, or it might get under the dressings, and inflame the wound. See, John, I have put the lint I scraped between two layers of the linen; for though the bark is certainly best for the flesh, yet the lint will serve to keep the cold air from the wound. If any lint will do it good, it is this lint; I scraped it myself, and I will not turn my back at scraping lint to any man on the Patent. I ought to know how, if anybody ought, for my grandfather was a doctor, and my father had a natural turn that way.

"Here, squire, is the scissors," said Remarkable, producing from beneath her petticoat of green moreen a pair of dull-looking shears; "well, upon my say-so, you *have* sewed on the rags as well as a woman."

"As well as a woman!" echoed Richard, with indignation; "what do women know of such matters? and you are proof of the truth of what I say. Who ever saw such a pair of shears used about a wound? Dr. Todd, I will thank you for the scissors from the case. Now, young man, I think you'll do. The shot has been neatly taken out, although, perhaps, seeing I had a hand in it, I ought not to say so; and the wound is admirably dressed. You will soon be well again; though the jerk you gave my leaders must have a tendency to inflame the shoulder, yet you will do, you will do. You were rather flurried, I suppose, and not used to horses; but I forgive the accident for the motive; no doubt you had the best of motives; yes, now you will do."

"Then gentlemen," said the wounded stranger, rising, and resuming his clothes, "it will be unnecessary for me to trespass longer on your time and patience. There remains but one thing more to be settled, and that is, our respective rights to the deer, Judge Temple."

"I acknowledge it to be thine," said Marmaduke; "and much more deeply am I indebted to thee than for this piece of venison. But in the morning thou wilt call here, and we can adjust this, as well as more important matters, — Elizabeth" — for the young lady, being apprised that the wound was dressed, had re-entered the hall — "thou wilt order a repast for this youth before we proceed to the church; and Aggy will have a sleigh prepared to convey him to his friend."

"But, Sir, I cannot go without a part of the deer," returned the youth, seemingly struggling with his own feelings; "I have already told you that I needed the venison for myself."

"Oh, we will not be particular," exclaimed Richard; "the Judge will pay you in the morning for the whole deer; and, Remarkable, give the lad all the animal excepting the saddle; so, on the whole, I think you may consider yourself as a very lucky young man — you have been shot without being disabled; have had the wound dressed in the best possible manner here in the woods, as well as it would have been done in the Philadelphia hospital, if not better; have sold your deer at a high price, and yet can keep most of the carcass, with the skin in the bargain. 'Marky, tell Tom to give him the skin too, and in the morning bring the skin to me and I will give you half a dollar for it, or at least three-and-sixpence. I want just such skin to cover the pillion that I am making for Cousin Bess."

"I thank you, sir, for your liberality, and, I trust, am also thankful for my escape," returned the stranger; "but you reserve the very part of the animal that I wished for my own use. I must have the saddle myself."

"Must!" echoed Richard; "must is harder to be swallowed than the horns of the buck."

"Yes, must," repeated the youth; when turning his head proudly around him, as if to see who would dare to controvert his rights, he met the astonished gaze of Elizabeth, and proceeded more mildly — "that is, if a man is allowed the possession of that which his hand hath killed, and the law will protect him in the enjoyment of his own."

"The law will do so," said Judge Temple with an air of mortification mingled with surprise. "Benjamin, see that the whole deer is placed in the sleigh; and have this youth conveyed to the hut of Leather-Stocking. But, young man thou hast a name, and I shall see you again, in order to compensate thee for the wrong I have done thee?"

"I am called Edwards," returned the hunter; "Oliver Edwards. I am easily to be seen, sir, for I live nigh by, and am not afraid to show my face, having never injured any man."

"It is we who have injured you, sir," said Elizabeth; "and the knowledge that you decline our assistance would give my father great pain. He would gladly see you in the morning."

The young hunter gazed at the fair speaker until his earnest look brought the blood to her temples; when, recollecting himself, he bent his head, dropping his eyes to the carpet, and replied:

"In the morning then, I will return, and see Judge Temple; and I will accept his offer of the sleigh in token of amity."

"Amity!" repeated Marmaduke; "there was no malice in the act that injured thee, young man; there should be none in the feelings which it may engender."

"Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," observed Mr. Grant, "is the language used by our Divine Master himself, and it should be the golden rule with us, his humble followers."

The stranger stood a moment, lost in thought, and then, glancing his dark eyes rather wildly around the hall, he bowed low to the divine, and moved from the apartment with an air that would not admit of detention.

"'Tis strange that one so young should harbor such feelings of resentment," said Marmaduke, when the door closed behind the stranger; "but while the pain is recent, and the sense of the injury so fresh, he must feel more strongly than in cooler moments. I doubt not we shall see him in the morning more tractable."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GROWTH OF ENGLAND'S POPULATION.

London Spectator: The increase in the population of England and Wales is still very rapid. According to the statistics for 1886, just published by the Registrar General, the births in that year were 889,179 and the deaths 617,998, an increase of 357,511 within the twelve months, without allowing for immigration. That is a good solid colony added to the total population every year. The total number now exceeds 29,000,000 or six times the population of Ireland, which was once once more than half our own. The birth of men exceed those of women by 16,411, so that the disproportion between the sexes in favour of women is due entirely to imigration and occupations abroad. But for these intervening causes the number of the sexes would be nearly equal, the excess of male deaths being more than 14,000. At the present rate of increase the population of England and Wales will, in 1900, be at least 50,000,000, rather a formidable prospect if it were certain that the rates would keep steady. There is, however, no certainty of the kind.

STAMP COLLECTING.

A story is told of an elderly uncle who left to his nephew the entire contents of his house, which was very nearly all he had to leave. In the uncle's desk was found an enormous accumulation of papers, for he had had much correspondence with many corners of the world, and had carefully preserved eveay letter he had received. And, what is more, inside the fold of every letter was the envelope in which it had come. The nephew, who was an ingenious young gentleman, saw a small fortune in this seeming triviality. Many of the foreign and colonial stamps on the envelopes were of great value, and he sold them en bloc to a dealer in foreign stamps for several hundred pounds. Some of these very stamps may, perhaps, have found a place in the exhibition which lately opened in Vienna, says a London journal. It clearly will not do to laugh at the stamp maniacs any more. Stamp collecting is no longer confined to schoolboys, but has become the amusement, and often the passion, of millionaires. For to make a collection with any approach to completeness is only possible to a millionaire—or his son-in-law. It is, we believe, a member of the French branch of the house of Rothschild who possesses the most complete collection. It seems rather a crazy thing to give £50 or £100 for a postage stamp; but the man who does this is no worse than the book collector who gives a handful of sovereigns for an edition which is half an inch taller than one for which he would not give half a crown. We are all mad on some point; so by all means let us have free trade in manias.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. — MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

THE PRINCE AND A BLIND MAN,

I was recently told the following story of a piece of silverware existing in the plateroom at Marlborough House. One day the Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and his dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature the Prince came to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterward he received a massive silver inkstand, with the following inscription:—"To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action." Neither note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered. But I think this anonymous gift is not the least prized of the many articles in the Prince's treasure chamber. I can vouch for the authenticity of this anecodote, as it came to me direct from a young English lady who, by the kindness of a member of the Prince of Wales' household, was shown through Marlborough House during the absence of its owners, and the inkstand in question was pointed out to her by the conductor.—London Letter.

THE EMPEROR PLAYS SOLDIER.

A Berlin correspondent of The Glasgow Herald reports that Emperor William, a little time ago, wishing to realize the sensations of a soldier on guard, put himself on duty for 24 hours in an extemporised guardroom within his own garden at Potsdam, and stood sentry during four spells of two hours each during that time. He wore the uniform of a private soldier, carried a rifle and ate of the soldier's ordinary. Only one or two persons of his entourage were aware of what he was doing until he had done it. When the whole thing was over he was asked how he enjoyed standing sentry at night, and he answered:—"I was thinking all the time how many millions of poor wretches have gone through the drudgery of military life while loathing it, and have got killed in wars for the causes of which they did not care a button."

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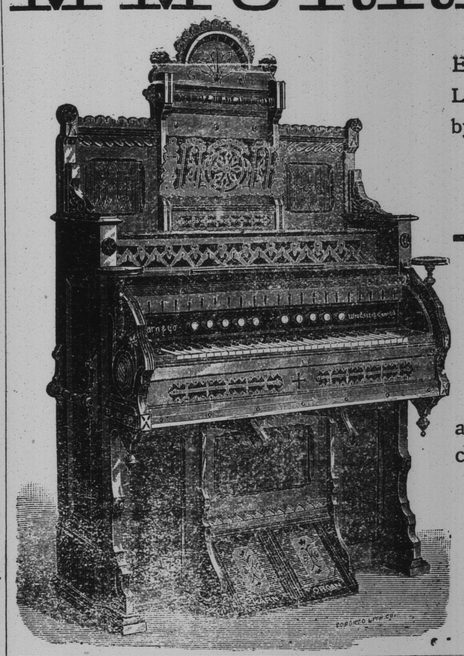

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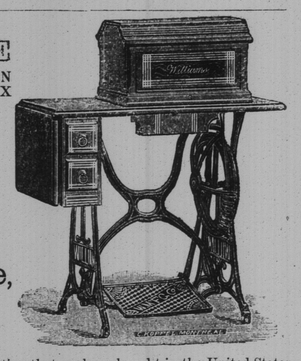

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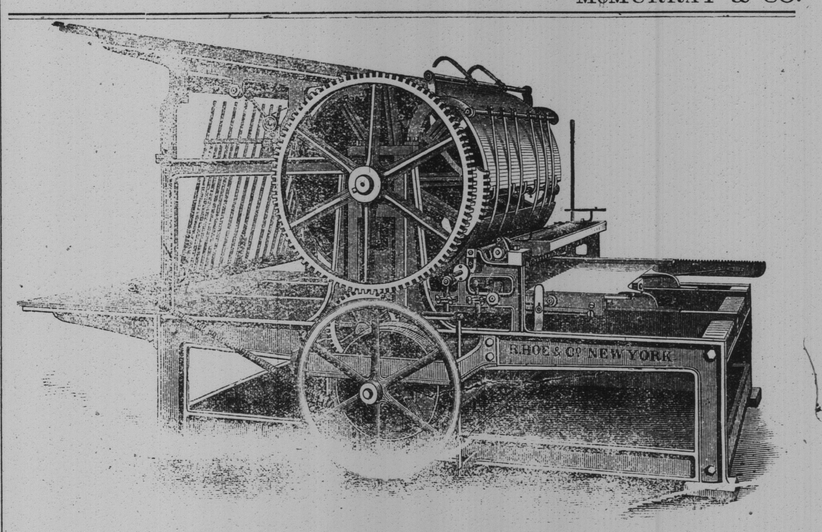

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