

Miscellaneous.

A Tree-Agent Freed.

The July Scriber contains the concluding installment of Mr. F. B. Stockton's droll "Rudder Grange" sketches, which are to be published in book form in the fall.

Yesterday Americans in Paris were able to see a passing, common enough in Europe, but such as hardly can be seen on our side of the Atlantic. Sixty thousand troops, cavalry, infantry and artillery, were reviewed at the Bois de Boulogne, a large park just without the walls of the city.

"This is a very unpleasant position, sir," said he, when I reached the tree. "I simply came into your yard, on a matter of business, and finding that raging beetle attacking a person in a tree, I had barely time to get up into this tree myself, before he dashed at me. Luckily I was out of his reach; but I very much fear I have lost my property."

"No, he hasn't," said Pomona. "It was a big bug he dropped. I picked it up and took it into the house. It's full of pictures of peaches and flowers. I've been looking at it. That's how I knew what he was. And there was no call for his getting up a tree. Lord Edward never would have gone after him if he had'n't run as if he had got on his back."

"I suppose, then," said I, addressing the individual in the cherry-tree, "that you came here to sell me some trees?"

"Yes, sir," said he quickly. "Trees, shrubs, vines, evergreens, everything suitable for a gentleman's country villa. I can sell you something quite remarkable, sir, in the way of cherry-trees, French ones, just imported; bear fruit three times the size of anything that could be produced on a tree like this. And these are of the finest flavor and enormous size."

"Yes," said Pomona. "I seen them in the book. But they must grow on a ground vine. No tree couldn't hold such peaches as them."

Here Euphemia reproved Pomona's forwardness, and I invited the tree agent to get down out of the tree.

"Thank you," said he; "but not while the dog is loose. If you will kindly chain him up, I will get my book, and show you specimens of some of the finest small fruit in the world, all imported from the first nurseries of Europe—the Red-gold Amber Muscat grape, the—"

"Oh, please let him down!" said Euphemia, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

I slowly waited toward the tramp tree, revolving various matters in my mind. We had not spent much money on the place during the winter, and we now had a small sum which we intended to use for the advantage of the farm, but had not yet decided what to do with it. It behooved me to be careful.

PARIS LETTER. A French Military pageant. Sixty thousand Little French Soldiers in nice uniforms. Spectacle of the greatest brilliancy. The Exposition likely to prove a financial success. What it cost and what it will bring. Many International congresses. Streets lighted by Electricity.

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"I should think a person in gray trousers standing among the branches of a cherry-tree not very far from the kitchen door. The tree was not a large one, and the branches were not strong enough to allow him to sit down on them, although they supported him well enough, as he stood close to the trunk just out of reach of Lord Edward.

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