

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Album. My photograph album? Certainly, you can look, if you wish, my dear; To me it is just like a graveyard, Though I go through it once a year. Any new faces? No, indeed. No, I stopped collecting some years ago. And yet, Jeannette, look well at the book: It is full of histories strange; The faces are just an index, dear, To stories of pitiful change— Drama and poem and tragedy, Which I alone have the power to see. Ah! I thought you would pause at that face; She will far as a poet's lay, The sweetest rose of her English home, Yet she perished far, far away; In the black massacre at Canton, She suffered and died—we know no more. And that? Ah, yes, 'tis a noble head! Soul sits on the clear, lofty brow; She was my friend in the days gone by, And she is my enemy now. Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow—alas! One of life's tragedies—let it pass. This face? He was my lover, Jeannette; And perchance he remembers to-day The passionate wrong that wrecked us both. When he sailed in his anger away. Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years, At length I forgot him—despite these tears. That handsome fellow? He loved me too; And he vowed he would—my dear, When I told him "No"—'tis long ago; He married the very next year. That one I liked a little, but he Cared much for my gold, nothing for me. Brides and bridegrooms together, dear, And most of them parted to-day; Some famous men that are quite forgot, Some beauties faded and gray. Close the book, for 'tis just as I said— Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead. —Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Stoughton's Diamond.

Greta had seen her household gods fall about her before she was able to put pride into her pocket, where there was plenty of room, and turn her hand to the only work she understood. It was some five years since she had begun to go out by the day to make and mend carpets, old and new, for the housekeepers of Hampton. She had plenty of employment now, some money in the bank, and a lover. She looked forward to the time, not so far off, when she should begin upon her own carpets, when the money in the bank would be drawn out to buy the parlor set and the household linen, pictures and knickknacks, perhaps, the wedding gown and bridecake. She had been working for Mrs. Stoughton for several days, when her troubles began, and had gone home, quite tired out with the conflict over that lady's chamber carpet, which had seen its best days. She had been obliged to rip and patch figures and insert patches to deceive the very eye, and at the end Mrs. Stoughton had told her she would settle the bill when she heard from her husband, who had gone away on business, and taken the key of the money-drawers with him by mistake. Greta shrewdly suspected that the drawer was as empty as a drum, but made no demur. She would oblige a neighbor, and never remember it. The following day she was engaged at Dr. Cardamon's, when she heard Fred rush in from school, and shout: "I say, ma, 's supper ready? Give me a hunk of gingerbread, anyhow. Where's Greta Loring? I want to ask her if she's stole Miss Stoughton's diamond out of her ring. Jack Stoughton says his mother's going to haul Greta over the coals. I don't believe a word of it, and I want to ask her—"

"Do tell!" said one gossip to another; "Greta Loring's going to step into clover, and no mistake." "It's a powerful change for her. I hear Mr. Grafton's always had a hankering for her. He told Mr. Jobson any man could marry any woman he set his heart upon, if he'd only work hard enough and wait like a spider in his web." "I guess he got Greta for the asking, eh?" "I dunno; there was that Sotherne who was sweet on her." "I reckon that's blown over—only a young man's pastime. I'm surprised at Tom Grafton, though, with all his airs and frills, with his family tree and his coat of arms, and his ancestors and his motto. How does he get over that little bit of Mrs. Stoughton's diamond? I suppose he expects folks to visit his wife and ask no questions, once she's a Grafton." "Law! it's the way of the world: a pretty face makes a man forget trespasses and get rid of his judgment. It's no use quarreling with such things at our age. Greta'll make a fine lady, and I mean to pay my respects at Grafton Place directly; I'm just crazy to see the new fixings. I'd just like to see how I'd look in the blue parlor." And all this time Greta had not even consented. It is true, wealth and comfort were alluring. She had told herself that Providence would provide; and how could she know but this was the very provision made for her? It would be delightful, no doubt, to enjoy such an establishment as Grafton Place. Only let her say "Yes," and she might wear her velvets and laces with any lady in the land, drive in her satin-lined carriage, and have servants under her and all that heart could desire. All? Yes, all but self-approval, love and Stephen Sotherne. Still, let her answer "No," and Stephen and love would still be lacking, and hardship, want and public disapproval be superadded. "The miserable little thief!" thought the exasperated Mrs. Stoughton. "She has played her cards to perfection, cozening that old fellow into marrying her. No doubt he'll rue the day, and serve him right." In the meantime, as Greta had not given him a refusal, Mr. Grafton chose to consider himself accepted. He consulted her about the wedding journey, about the new servants to be engaged, as if the marriage was a matter of course. She acquiesced in his suggestions, but she had no choice to make; she was drifting with the stream, not rowing hard against it; she was making believe that she could love him by-and-by; his attention, his consideration for one so forlorn, his generosity, touched her; that was all. One day Mrs. Stoughton's husband returned home. It would seem as if no event could have less effect upon Greta's fortunes. She watched him walking by, and wondered if Mrs. Stoughton was glad to see him. "Any news in Hampton?" he asked, at his dinner table. "News enough. Mr. Grafton is going to be married," returned his wife. "That reminds me—I must see Grafton directly. Married, eh? Well, he's old enough. Who's the bride elect?" "That little hussy, Greta Loring." "Softly, softly, my dear; it sounds envious." "I'm envious of that little thief!" "Thief? What has Greta stolen—old Grafton's heart? Nobody knew he had one before. Perhaps she has only developed a latent organ in him." "Oh, Herbert, I am so sorry to tell you—I never could make up my mind to write it; but she was at work here—Greta Loring—by-the-way, I haven't paid her yet—and my diamond ring was in the same room, and—'tis there yet, only the diamond's gone. Nobody else had been in the house. What could I think? Of course she stole it, though she brazen it out as she does." Mr. Stoughton turned ash-color, laid down his fork, and stared at his wife. "And you accused her of stealing the diamond?" "I wrote to her very kindly and considerably. She replied in a high and mighty tone, which was simply insulting. I put the case into Mr. Grafton's hands." "Into Grafton's hands! Well, and what did he say about it?" "Said! Why, he's going to marry her!" "Looks as if you'd win your case," laughed Mr. Stoughton, unthinkingly. "And so Greta is going to marry the old fox. A pretty kettle of fish! My dear, I really wish you had notified me of your loss." He took up his hat and went out grimly. He had a very disagreeable duty to perform, and he wanted it over with; it had spoiled his dinner, and that was enough. He knocked at Greta's door. "The diamond again," she thought. "After all," he cogitated, "why not let well enough alone? Perhaps she loves the fellow." Greta bore herself like one with good news; a tender color trembled on her cheeks, a sort of suppressed joy shone in her eyes. An open letter lay before her, and Mr. Grafton sat in her easy-chair. Mrs. Stoughton, watching from her window, wondered what under the sun Herbert could have said that would make her so long, and hoped he was giving Greta a piece of his mind, but grew all the more bewildered when he and Mr. Grafton came out together and separated without a word. "I guess her cake is dough," she conjectured. When Greta was left once more alone, she turned to her open letter, written in a strange hand: "What does it mean, my dearest Greta?" it began. "I sometimes think I'm not quite sane yet, and it's all a fiction of my disturbed brain. Here I was, just picking up from a fever, in a strange city, when I received all my old letters and keepsakes from my sweetheart, and not a word of explanation. It was like a bombshell. I was out of my head for a month afterward, and small wonder, Greta, I love you—love you; so much

love was never meant to be wasted. The hospital nurse kindly writes this for me, since I can only swear that I am still, and ever will be, your devoted lover, "STEPHEN SOTHERNE." Mr. Stoughton looked very sober when he sat down to his tea table that night. "I'm dying to know what Miss Greta had to say for herself," remarked his wife. The stronger vessel smiled. "Your tea, my dear, resembles the church of Laodicea—it is neither hot nor cold." "It waited for you long enough to cool. I wonder you didn't see that you were de trop at Miss Loring's." "I think maybe Grafton found me de trop. In the mean time, my love, I am happy to restore your diamond," and he passed a tiny box across the table. "Then she has confessed!" sparkled Mrs. Stoughton. "You jump at conclusions. Women are fond of such gymnastic exercises, I hear. No; the confession comes from your humble servant. I am the culprit, Mrs. Stoughton. It was I who, wanting some ready money for business purposes, abstracted the diamond from your ring, and pawned it to Mr. Grafton. He advanced a considerable sum upon it, and I never meant you should know it till I had redeemed it—perhaps not then. After all, perfect confidence is the only safe thing between you and me, I find. Now we must go and beg Greta's pardon." "And Mr. Grafton—" "The blue satin parlor is a mistake, as well as the boudoir; he will remain a bachelor." "How—how does he explain himself?" "All's fair in love and war, even forgery, is his creed." "Then Greta will return to her carpets?" "Not if Stephen Sotherne can help it." —Harper's Bazar. GONE TO GRASS. Peter Harrison left his home at Erie, Pa., to become a bank cashier in Detroit. Some one in Erie told him that thirteen cashiers were wanted here at once, and he came on as fast as conductors on freight trains would permit him. Disappointment is the lot of man, or of lots of men, and Peter reached Detroit to find all the best positions taken. One bank offered to permit him to cashier in ten bushels of coke, but Mr. Harrison didn't come to this town to drudge. He was trying to obtain a few hours' sleep on the grass in the public park previous to a second struggle with the mad world, when an officer suggested the propriety of a walk to the station. "You see," began Peter, when walked before the court, "I struck this town with nothing but an empty tobacco-box in my pocket, but I am determined to work up. John-Jacob Astor worked up, Horace Greeley worked up, and all I want is a little time. You see, I haven't had anything to eat except grass since I crossed Detroit river, and you can't expect me to whoop up riches in two days." "Yes, I think you will work up," quietly observed his honor, as he looked down on the prisoner. "I think you will work up to the House of Correction in about half an hour." That's mean, judge. What would George Washington have amounted to if he had been sent up just as he was trying to get a start in life? "This court has nothing to do with George Washington, sir. If he had been brought before this bar with his shirt-braided torn off, his nose the color of carmine and his breath smelling of whisky, he would have been sent up for sixty days in the very best style. Don't you let his case bother you any." "Well, I'll go up rather than have any fuss over it; but I shall stick to it that it is not a fair deal. If I am ever made judge I'll give the boys a chance, and don't you forget it." His honor put thirty days extra on the prisoner's sentence in order that neither should forget it, and then Peter went into the corridor and sat down on the handle of the coal-scuttle. Men may come and men may go, The winds may sigh and the winds may blow, But Peter will put in his time in the chair business just the same.—Detroit Free Press. WORDS OF WISDOM. If fun is good, truth is better, and love is best of all. He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault. No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions. Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares not only loses one of them, but is pretty sure to lose the other also. You ought not to ask odds of any one. Like a blooded horse, all you have a right to demand is to be put even on the whiffletrees. After that show your mettle. The fortunate man is he who, born poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow. No man possesses real strength of mind if he cannot, after having heard all that others have to say, resolve, and firmly resolve what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom; but above all take counsel with yourself; make up your mind what to do in the world, and—do it. A habit of scolding indicates a want of self-discipline. The machinery has got under our own hands, and has fallen to grating and destroying itself under the friction and perplexities of life. "Possess thyself" is a more important rule than "Know thyself." Without this primary virtue, we are not in a condition to receive much good ourselves or to afford aid to others. TIMELY TOPICS. The grave can have no terrors for an eccentric individual out in Illinois. He scoffs at the comforts of a patent spring mattress, with the accompanying pillows, bolsters, sheets and snowy coverlets, and even deems the Indian luxury of a blanket and a fire effeminate and unworthy of man. In his back yard there is a shallow trench, in which he lays himself each night at bedtime, and a faithful man servant shovels earth over him till nothing but his head is left uncovered. He has no fear of fire or burglars, but sleeps serene and happy in his couch of earth. If he should wake up and find himself dead some morning, he would be both dead and buried. It is hardly necessary to say that he is not a married man. Occasionally the newspapers contain accounts of the examination of bodies that give what is called unmistakable evidence of having been buried alive. Speaking of this matter, a city paper opposes the belief which prevails in the minds of many that persons are frequently buried while the spark of life has not yet left the body. It says that "while such things have happened, and may still happen, they are of the rarest occurrence. Winslow, the celebrated anatomist, is said to have had two narrow escapes from burial alive, and to have published in consequence, a treatise on the signs of death. Bouchut, Michel Levy and other physicians have also expressed their views on the subject; but all testimony procurable establishes the fact that burial alive hardly ever takes place in these times. In corroboration of this, many German cities have in their cemeteries mortuary houses, in which the dead are kept some days before final interment, the bell-pull being so arranged that the slightest motion of the body would sound an alarm. So far these precautions have been superfluous. In more than forty years not one supposed corpse has proved to be anything else." During the siege of Paris there was nobody more popular, and afterward there was nobody more unpopular than Sergeant Hoff. He with his own hand slew twenty-seven Germans during the first six weeks of the siege. His gallantry was rewarded by praise lavished in his regimental order of the day and in a general order of day, and the Legion of Honor was bestowed on him. The Minister of War told him it was very important that a dispatch should reach Marshal Bazaine and offered him \$4,000 to undertake the mission. It was perilous. He stalked his head on success. It was easier for him than for many Frenchmen—he was an Alsatian and spoke German well. He said to the Minister of War: "I accept the mission, but I refuse the money." How after howl of indignation went up when it was found Sergeant Hoff had disappeared. It was said that he had always been a Prussian spy and was now a traitor. The government gave the key-note to these howls to save Hoff's life if he were discovered as he passed through the enemy's lines. He safely reached Bazaine. The war over he was made keeper of Vendome Column. The keeper of the Triumphant Arch died the other day, and Sergeant Hoff, to the delight of the Parisians, has been appointed to the vacant place. A New York paper has an article in regard to the proposed plan of General Fremont, Governor of Arizona, to extend the Gulf of California by tapping the northern end and letting it run into and fill up the great Colorado Desert. It seems that the sediment carried down for ages by the great river Colorado at last collected at what was then its mouth, in sufficient quantity to dam off the northern arm of the Gulf of California from any connection with the ocean. The water in this unfed reservoir then slowly evaporated, leaving a dry basin 130 miles by thirty, and this, together with the surrounding slopes, soon became a "barren desolation," while the river turning southward found entrance to the gulf many miles below. Between this arid waste and the present head of the gulf lies some thirty miles of soft earth, just lifted above sea-level, and through this Governor Fremont proposes to cut his canal. It is a highway of commerce that is now contemplated, but originally the main object aimed at by pouring the desert full of water was to restore the natural harmonies which had been disturbed by the drying up of the sea. Human remains prove that the desert was lately fertile, and an old Spanish map is mentioned which places the boundaries of the gulf far beyond their present positions. Mr. McCormick, Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exposition, is engaged in dispatching the diplomas and medals recently received from Paris to the fortunate exhibitors. The latter are of gold, those of silver and bronze not having yet arrived. They are about two inches broad, weigh three ounces, and are worth \$50. On the obverse side is the medallion of a female, the head of the republic of France, inscribed "Republique Francaise." On the reverse are the figure of fame, with the legend, "Exposition Universelle Internationale de 1878." A youth beside the figure holds a tablet, upon which is engraved the name of the exhibitor. There are 140 of these, and with each goes a diploma. The latter are heliotype eighties by twenty inches. The upper sections contains an allegory of Peace and Fame clasping the hand of an artisan at the foot of a throne. The lower portion is inscribed, "Exposition Universelle de 1878. Le Jury Internationale des Reconnaissements de corne une Médaille d'Or," with the name of exhibitor, group, etc. There are 235 silver medallions, 230 of the reverse are the figure of fame, which is the lowest prize given. Mr. R. Hitt, secretary of the American Legion at Paris, says that the principal officers of the French government are very enthusiastic over the character and conduct of the American department of the Exposition. ITEMS OF INTEREST. Done with the pen—A dead pig. The diamond find—The shirt frog. How many feet are there in a school yard? Breaches of contract—Those that shrink. A modest is not modest in her charges. Nothing is more shocking than an electric battery. When a doctor inches a carbuncle, doesn't he "cut a swell"? What's the use of going hungry in this land of agents? Any man can get board. A joke is not so durable as a church bell. After it has been tolled a few times it is worn out. The raindrops that fall when the brightness is gone are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun. A Sioux county (Iowa) boy goes to school on a donkey with his dinner basket hung on the ear of the quadruped. There is nothing more likely to estrange two friends than a small debt. I and U may some day be separated by an O. The annual importation of oranges and lemons in the United States is over 200,000,000, amounting in value to about \$600,000. The Baltimore papers report a quiet but very general revival of religion in that city, which is largely credited to the labors of Mr. Moody. Two Italian journalists fought a duel with pistols, near Naples, and exchanged twenty-eight shots at a distance of fifteen paces without doing any damage. Small boy (entering shop)—"I want a pennyworth of canary seed." Shopkeeper (why knows the boy)—"Is it for your mother?" Small boy (contemptuously)—"No! it's for the bird." In digging a cellar at St. Paul, Minn., the workmen unearthed a solid silver chalice and salver of fine workmanship, and they are thought to be part of a communion service taken from Father Hennepin in 1680. The man who travels around under a borrowed umbrella, with a face 4x5, and mutters to everybody he meets, "Well, this weather can't last always," is a greater nuisance than the man who always wants to borrow a paper.—New York Express. Says the Iowa City Press: The cultivation of wolves is profitable. You don't catch a scamp-jumper killing an old wolf. He makes the acquaintance of that old one, finds its burrow, and in the spring, when it has a litter of twelve whelps, kills ten of them, and saves a pair for seed. That Turks are not altogether incapable of good work is shown by Ahmed Vefik Pasha, who has in two months drained some thousands of acres of swamp in the beautiful plains of Broussa. He is now employing a vast number of the unfortunate Mussulman refugees in planting and sowing this land. Paul Morphy, the once noted chess player, in his insanity imagines himself a great lawyer with an abundance of clients. The great case that absorbs nearly his whole attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He utterly repudiates chess, and denies ever having known anything about it. The ingenious Benjamin Franklin introduced a bill in the Pennsylvania Legislature at Philadelphia to buy small grains for the use of the army. The Quaker members, who were at that time a majority, would not consent to vote money for powder, but Franklin deceived them by getting a money vote to buy small grains for army use. The Quakers thought the small grains were wheat and oats, but Franklin thought and knew they were grains of powder.—New York Changing. A Curious Conceit. Mr. Jonathan Rees, of Phoenixville, Pa., has evolved a plan by which nature is to be made subservient to a want which has hitherto been supplied by a door plate. He proposes literally to find "tongues in trees" and not merely make them tell a tale that might please the fancy, but to stand upright before the cottage or mansion and inform the tramp and the traveler the name of the man who lives within. The Talking Oak of the poet is to become a reality. Mr. Rees has discovered that the initial letter of our most valuable trees comprise nearly all the letters of the alphabet, and can placed so as to be read as easily as the alphabet by those who make themselves acquainted with the letters the trees are intended to represent. Farmers could have their names planted in groves along the roads bordering on their property, with the date of planting; and it would be both interesting and instructive to be able to tell by these who occupies the premises by reading the planter's name in his trees. Mr. Rees makes up the list of useful and ornamental trees as follows: A, Ash. N, Norway Spruce. B, Beech. O, Pine Oak. C, Cherry. P, Poplar. D, Dogwood. Q, Quercus Bk Oak. E, Elm. R, Red Oak. F, Fir. S, Sassafras. G, Gum. T, Tulip Tree. H, Hemlock. U, Horse Chestnut. I, Buttonwood. V, Am. Arborvitae. J, Juniper. W, Willow. K, Ky. Coffee Tree. X, Apple. L, Linden. Y, Yellow Birch. M, Maple. Z, Pear. NUMBERS OR DATES. 1, White Pine. 6, Locust. 2, Chestnut Oak. 7, Hickory. 3, White Walnut. 8, Chestnut. 4, Black Walnut. 9, Mulberry. 5, White Oak. 0, Cedar. Mr. Rees, in contributing this idea to the Gardener's Monthly, illustrates it by an example; but our readers can pick out their own names and try the experiment. In course of time there would be some irregularity in want of symmetry, for a Norway spruce and a tulip tree would scarcely harmonize.

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