

and mittens, and then one or two extra articles in fur in case of necessity. I did not suffer an hour from cold.

Travelers carry tickets, purchased from the authorities, and with these tickets they can hire horses at the stations. These are from ten to twenty miles apart, and at every station horses and drivers are changed. I generally had three horses harnessed abreast, and sometimes when the road was bad I had five or six. The driver's place was on the front of the sleigh, with his legs hanging over the side,—a very insecure perch. "Why don't you have a better place for the driver?" I asked one day of a Russian. "Oh," he replied, "if he had a good seat, he would go to sleep and drive slow. Here he must keep awake or fall from the sleigh."

When the road was good and level I sometimes traveled at a very fair rate. It was an ordinary occurrence to go ten miles an hour, and hardly a day passed when we were not driven twelve miles in the same time. Occasionally we made thirteen miles, and once I held my watch and found we went fourteen and a half miles in sixty minutes. The government couriers travel at the fastest possible rate, and I have known an instance when a courier made two hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours including all stoppages. I was told that on one occasion the governor-general of Western Siberia traveled four hundred miles in forty hours. At the stations where we wished to take meals we had only to thaw out some of our provisions, while tea was being made. We could get bread, eggs and hot water at the stations, but all other things we carried with us. Tea is a most important and welcome article in these long sleigh-rides, and there is no country, not even including China, where one can drink more tea than in Russia. Nothing could create an insurrection and revolution in the empire quicker than an imperial edict against the further use of tea.

I traveled day and night, and the actual time of my journey in a sleigh-ride of 3,600 miles was twenty-four days. I changed horses and drivers 200 times, and rode in the same sleigh the entire distance, from one end of the route to the other. In general the way was good, but there were some places after crossing the Ural mountains that were far from pleasant. My first view of Europe was about twelve o'clock on a cold night in January. The dividing line

was at the ridge of the Ural mountains, and a granite monument has been erected to mark the spot. When the emperor Alexander the First visited the Urals, he set two small trees at this point, and they are now grown to a large size. Shaking off my fur covering, and emerging into the crisp, frosty air, I waded through the snow-drift to the foot of the monument, where I stood, as I presume few Americans have ever stood, with one foot in Europe and the other in Asia at the same moment.

My sleigh-ride was ended at Nijne Novgorod, the scene of the annual fair, where two hundred and fifty thousand people are gathered from all parts of Europe and Asia. When I reached the town it was midwinter, and the point of land between the Oka and the Volga where the fair is held, was almost entirely deserted. From Nijne, the railway took me to Moscow and St. Petersburg. When I alighted in the latter city, the first American I saw for five months was an old acquaintance and friend from New York. Between us we had traveled around the world.

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WRITING FOR THE PUBLIC.—Although a little extravagance is used in the following stanza to give emphasis to the thought, there is wisdom in the suggestion that those who write for the benefit of others should impart their best and maturest thoughts, not diluted and spread over the wildest possible surface, but condensed and tersely expressed. A composition is not to be judged by its dimensions, but its intrinsic value and point. Gold is seldom found in large nuggets—its minute particles reveal their presence by sure indication, and attract attention. Think deeply, digest carefully, communicate briefly, if you would impress others. This is the stanza :

"If thou wouldst fain be thought a sage,  
Think a volume, write a page ;  
Then from every page of thine,  
Publish but a single line."

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It is a curious fact that Napoleon III. has preserved all the furniture used by him during his exile, and that the *cabinet du travail* of the Emperor at the Tuileries is a small room with a single window, containing a shabby bookcase without glass-doors, on the shelves of which may be seen the old books which Prince Napoleon carried about with him wherever he went.