

over it. His eyes run down a column of marriage notices. Suddenly his attention is fixed. He reads and re-reads, then drops the paper. Dora married—and to Peter Crabb!

DARWINIAN.

### EXPERIENCES.

MR. EDITOR,—It has been my privilege for the past three summers to do some travelling, and therefore to see a little more of the world than I otherwise would, to have my experience somewhat broadened, to be convinced of the fact that the world is a little larger than the locality in which I was raised, and to find that there are more things outside of that locality than I at one time supposed.

Some of the incidents of last summer you have requested, and as these are the most vivid in my recollection they will be the more easily furnished. At the end of April I betook myself, with weary brain and pale face, to the pine region of the Badger State. This, it is almost needless to state, is a favorite resort for invalids and for those who would build up their health, for those of Southern cities who, breaking away from "fatigues of business and the broils of politics," would refresh themselves. Although my purpose in going to this district was not the recuperation of physical force, yet I was not left unblest in this respect.

Perhaps the first thing that will attract the visitor to the northern part of this State is the novelty of seeing the primæval forest in its stately grandeur. Not just an occasional clump of trees here and there, but hundreds of miles of towering pines lying to the east and west and north. But such forests seem not to be impenetrable, since we find a very network of railways running here and there to the many bush-embosomed lumbering towns and villages, whose busy whirl disturbs the solemn stillness of the woods. Most interesting is it to travel on some of those lines of railway, especially where the road is straight, and where the towering trees on either side almost unite their branches, forming a canopy overhead, or where the road runs up and down hill at short intervals. But it is not quite so interesting on such roads in a storm when the wind lays low the trees; for in cases where they stand so near the track as to unite their branches it often happens that they fall across, and, though I have never known a case, they are not unlikely to fall upon the train.

What was even more pleasing to me than riding along in a car was to wander into the woods, alive with the whisperings of the trees, with the sprightly note of the merry birds, with the crackling of the underbrush by the feet of the deer, with the tinkling of bells on the village cows, and last, but by no means least significant, the still small voice of the mosquito. After proceeding a mile or so in some

directions from one such town as those above mentioned (many of them with a population of from two to ten thousand), one will see the shadows growing larger in the darkness of thicker boughs, and if without a time-keeper might think the night was drawing nigh.

Having thus wandered for some distance from the ways of men, meditating on the solemnity of the woods, on the thought that human feet had probably never trodden upon the place where his are now planted; not knowing what sort of four-footed animal may greet him the next moment, a peculiar crawlshness seems to take possession of one, and the wanderer thinks of retracing his steps. One hot and sultry day I armed myself with determination and set out for a walk, and with the curiosity of a woman purposed this time to follow up a woodman's winter road. Onward I went with the most laudable courage; over hill, over dale, over bridge and brook, until I had gone a considerable distance. Finding, however, that as I proceeded I was making much more noise than my taller brothers about me, I determined to tread more lightly for no other reason than that I might not provoke their disapproval of my rudeness. As I went on my pace was quickened by timidity, for I knew not at what instant a buck might burst forth from the brake by my side and startle me; nor at what turn in the winding path I might find a fond old bruin waiting to greet me with open arms. And not being wont to receive such gracious reception from strangers, I was not willing to allow such familiarity on this trip. My progress, however, was uninterrupted until finally I reached the top of a high hill which "olde stories tellen us" are often haunted. By intuition I knew it to be true in this case, and began most seriously to deliberate as to what I should do, and, oh, how I wished I had remained at home. What could I do? I couldn't return; for that were but to be chased to the death by grim spectres, and to go farther were to risk so much.

As I was thus discussing my unfortunate situation, there burst upon my ear the screech of a weird witch; then I thought of the boiling cauldron of which Mr. Shakspeare speaks as bubbling so warmly, and of all the mixture there was in it, and wondered if I might not possibly be the next victim to give additional flavor to it. My courage was not, however, all spent yet, and while, like a Richard II, I was trying to bolster it, there came to my mind the recollection of a Latin sentence, which one of my fellow students used much when we were Freshmen together, when he was in dread of the "concurus" of our institution. The words are these: "*Animus vester ego*," which being translated read, "Mind your eye." From these words I derived some support for a few minutes, but succeeding these came others, which probably on account of