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The world's population is said to be increasing at the rate of 6,000,000 per year.

In Paris the common public schools are provided with medicine cases, and instructions are given for using the remedies.

Labouchere, of London Truth, is opposed to woman suffrage, on the ground that there are more women than men, and that woman's suffrage therefore means petticoat government.

In France fortunes are counted not in dollars but in francs, and the French have invented a new word to describe men like the late Mr. Astor, whom they call not a millionaire but a milliardaire.

It will undoubtedly surprise many persons, the New York Commercial Advertiser remarks, to learn that the nursery or floral interests in the United States now reach a value of nearly \$42,000,000 and claim an empire of more than 170,000 acres.

The development of the petroleum interest in Peru has made such progress that it has been found necessary to lay pipe lines between the wells and the ports on the coast.

America grows the bulk of the wheat that is used in England at present, but there are fears, chronicles the Chicago Times, that with the increased facilities for traffic the wheat from India will drive out the wheat from America.

The streets of Berlin are soon to be enriched by a large number of so-called "Uranian pillars," of which it is proposed to set up in all 300.

All that covers Egypt with fertile fields, hemmed in everywhere by sterile wastes, is the sediment which the Athara River, the Nile's great tributary, brings from rich Kassala and the mountains of Abyssinia and spreads over the Nile Valley.

It seems that in Corsica you secure your personal safety by keeping a bandit. In an article in the National Review Basil Thompson explains that the tax of supporting a bandit is not without its compensations.

According to a St. Louis decision, quoted by the Boston Transcript, the stealing of electricity is a misdemeanor in the eyes of the law.

Increasing favor is shown by British stockmen for cotton oil as a fattening ingredient in stock rations.

THE MARCHING OF THE GRASS.

O the marching of the Grass / O the joy that comes to pass / When the mighty silent army with green banners overblows / Drags the winter from his throne!

O the marching of the Grass! / Falter they may come to pass / In the golden days of summer; roses drunk with wine of June; / Flitting wild birds all atune.

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SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

SCHOOL was over for the day, and Miss Merritt stood by the open window, breathing in the fresh air from the May woods.

Miss Merritt opened her eyes. "Why, Irene, I thought you must be sick," said she.

Irene was tall and shapely, with large blue eyes, black hair growing long on her brows, and very red cheeks.

"If I knew anywhere to run," said she, "I'd run away. Yes, I would. Father don't treat me more'n half decent, and he hasn't since mother died."

"Irene," said Miss Merritt, "haven't I always heard that half the farm was yours?"

"It was mother's," said Irene. "He was only mother's second husband, you know, and their farms joined. It's mine by will. But father he don't care nothing about wills."

"Then there's an old house on the place?"

"Yes," Irene answered. "But it ain't so modern as the one we live in. Father's always talkin' about lettin' it to some of them Swede farmers up north of here."

"Is it in tolerable repair?"

"For all I know it is," Irene answered. "Then why don't you fit it up and go into the boarder business yourself?"

for fresh milk, plenty of fruit and strict cleanliness than they do for style.

"What!" roared old Medad Parsons, when the first load of furniture passed under the willows along the road beyond his doorway.

"Not Irene, I guess," said old Mrs. Simmons, who stood by the gate.

"I guess," snarled Parsons, "Irene'll find I've got a word to say on this 'ere question."

"I can't help that," chuckled Parsons. "You might a-took counsel with me. But look at Irene, she don't want to see you cornered."

"I'll allow ye your board an' clothes," said the flinty-hearted old man. "An' that's all ye're worth."

"No," said Irene, firmly. "If I am to be your maid-of-work, father, I must have a maid-of-all-work's wages."

"And as he watched Irene go out of the room, he muttered to himself: 'Quietly and silently, like one smitten by a deadly blow, the girl put on her hat and walked quietly up the dusty road to the old farmhouse where her mother had been born.'

"The windows were all open, the pretty muslin curtains rustled in the wind, the cinnamon roses were all in bloom."

"Irene stood at the foot of the garden path, dreading to go in and tell her how the deacon had frustrated all their plans by his wily machinations."

"Just at that moment there came a quick, elastic tread down the road. It was Harry Tolland himself—the young fellow newly returned from Montreal."

"Well, what do you think of my new speculation, eh? Hallo! Why, there's some one living in the house! Your father never told me—"

"A woman was planning to take summer boarders," said Irene, in a choked voice. "Women haven't many ways of earnin' a livin', you know."

"Well, she'll have to earn hers some other way," said Tolland, lightly. "I've fessed this land and I'm going to live in this house. And I want you to live there with me. Don't start so, Irene, passin' his arm carpingly around her poor little calico-clad waist."

"I love you, Irene," he answered simply. "Don't I tell you that I always loved you?"

"Then, Harry," she whispered, "let me tell you a secret. I'm the boarder-house keeper."

And she confided to his astonished ears the whole story of her venture.

the negotiations nothing had been said about Mr. Tolland.

"He's very handsome, anyhow," said Miss Gramont. "But how extremely young our host and hostess are!"

"Oh, they'll get over that every day they live," said Miss Merritt, laughing. "And Deacon Parsons gnashed his teeth in vein. Irene had outgeneraled him, after all.—Saturday Night."

How a Fish Sees. The medium in which fresh-water fishes live gives them a chance to see a great distance only in the horizontal direction, and the proper adjustment of the eye would make, under usual conditions, the optical axis take this direction.

When a fish wishes to eat anything, either at the bottom of the pond or at the surface of the water, it swims directly toward the object; and in this case the eyes are instantly adjusted in line with the body, so as to bring the image of the particle desired upon the posterior portion of the retina.

If a fish wishes to turn to the right or left in the water, says Professor Aggar in the American Angler, the first movement is that of the eyes in unison in the direction of the turning.

Umbrellas in Turkey. In many Eastern countries an umbrella is a mark of distinction, and its use is confined to people of rank.

The Dakotas, unless they have been corrupted by bad white men, are strictly and literally truthful. One has to be careful not to make a mistake in talking with them.

While I have always had a vague idea as to the nature and properties of pepsin, said a gentleman to the Man About Town, "I never fully realized that it is the veritable product of the animal stomach until recently."

How Pepsin is Procured. "The boy had the leprosy, and the electricity didn't affect him," said the Examiner.

Marvelous Popularity of Bicycles. The marvelous growth of the bicycle industry during the last few years is patent to all who live in the upper section of the city or in any other part of it.

The tiger of the Malay Peninsula is more savage than his neighbor, the tiger of the Indian jungles. In appearance he is much similar, but if anything a trifle larger.

Columbus's Idea of the World. Columbus believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is.

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World's First Railway Station. World's First Commissioner John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, N. Y., believes that he has got upon the track of the first railway station ever erected in America.

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MANUFACTURING BUTTONS.

AN ARTICLE THAT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO CIVILIZATION. Invented Only 150 Years Ago—What They Have Done for Costume—Methods of Manufacture.

"BUTTONS have played a great part in the world," said a scientific man to a Washington Star writer. "They were invented only a century and a half ago, and yet they have revolutionized clothes."

"Buttons have become necessary to civilization. It is difficult to see how mankind could get along without them now. Only savages and the indolent peoples of the Orient dispense with them."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An English doctor declares hot bread at night is not injurious to health.

An alloy of gold and aluminum has recently been made. Its color is a most beautiful purple, and it will be valuable in making jewelry.

Some tinmiths use leaden-headed nails for roofing purposes. The last strokes flatten the head over the hole made in the tin, and leaking is thus prevented.

Cincinnati, Ohio, is to be lighted at an expense of \$84,90 per lamp per year. The present contract price is \$144.

Observations made to determine the longitude of Montreal, Canada, show that the transmission of the electric current across the ocean and back occupied a trifle over one second, the distance being 8000 miles.

The ordinary, commonplace soap bubble has recently been playing an important part in experiments on the magnetic qualities of gases, and has proved itself to be one of the toughest and most elastic membranes known.

The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's by about thirteen and one-half times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.

A test of three spoons during sixteen years has given these results: The silver spoon lost 8.78 per cent., part of which was due to polishing; the aluminum, 5.85 per cent., which represents the actual wear; and the German silver spoon, 5.92 per cent., a result far too low, as this spoon, unlike the others, was not in constant use.

"Down at Honolulu," said Harry Diamond. "I had a battery and worked the innocent Kanakas with the old trick of the five dollar gold piece. That is, I'd place the piece in the bottom of a jar of water connected with the battery. Then I'd tell the native boys that they could have the money if they'd pick it out of the jar and hold the hand on the other pole of the battery at the same time. Of course the moment their hands struck the water the circuit was completed, their fingers would be doubled up and they couldn't touch the money if their fortunes had depended on getting it. I had many a laugh and achieved quite a reputation among the boys as a wizard who controlled the devils in the water."

"One day when several young ladies were in the office a lad came in, pushed on by a number of companions who had attempted to secure the \$5 and failed. He had been persuaded to try for the money, and I explained the trick to the ladies in an aside as I arranged the apparatus. The boy took the handle and we all prepared for a great laugh."

"He put his hand into the water, slowly drew out my finger, and quietly walked off with it, while I stood with my mouth open, afraid to face those girls, and praying for a volcanic eruption to turn the trend of thought."

"The boy had the leprosy, and the electricity didn't affect him," said the Examiner.

"Mrs. Chinner seems to have a very pleasant time of it." "Pleasant time!" "Why that woman's life is one complete round of enjoyment." "It is!" "It is that. She belongs to seven sewing circles."—New York Press.

"Wetherby—'I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown.'—Pleasant time!" "What, was she angry?" "Wetherby—'Oh, no, it wasn't that. But she wants another one.'—Clook Harlow."

Lady (to her regular begging customer)—"I see that you have brought some one with you to-day, and I cannot give to both." Beggar—"Certainly not, ma'am. I am only taking him the round of my clients, as I have an idea of selling the business!"

Teacher—"Won't you sit down, Jimmy?" "Jimmy—" "Nop." Teacher—"Why not?" "Jimmy—" "Is because." Teacher—"Because what?" "Jimmy—" "Because when pop was puttin' down the carpet this mornin' and hit his thumb with the tack-hammer I laughed."—Boston Post.

Clara—"I hope you won't bring that Mr. Hatter around to see me. I don't want to see him." Maude—"But, my dear, he says he used to play with you when you were a little girl." Clara—"That's why I don't want to meet him. It reminds me of the time when I wore a home made cloak to Sunday-school."—Clook Harlow.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face, And these the boundaries I trace; Northward her forehead fair; Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair; A rosy cheek to east and west; Her little mouth

Her eyes, two crystal lakes, Rippling with light, Caught from the sun by day, The stars by night. The dimples on her cheeks Her cheek and chin Are smears which Love hath set, And I have fallen in!

—John A. Wynth, in Harper's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A stage coach—The prompter. "Out of sight!"—The owl at noon. The land refiner never knows what he can do until he tries.

The fixed star is one that has enough money to settle down.—Dallas News. A star gazer must have a far away look in his eyes.—Binghamton Republican.

A poem that is always sure of a market—the lay of the land.—Lowell Courier. Among the newest things in stockings this summer is the baby's foot.—Boston Transcript.

Tenant—"The roof leaks." Janitor—"Well, you shouldn't have taken the top flat."—New York Sun. A great many things are laid before Congress, but comparatively few of them hatch.—Washington Star.

Jagson says it is proper to wish the anxious candidates many happy returns on election day.—Elmira Gazette. Bagley—"I don't believe in borrowing trouble; do you?" Brace—"Of course not; money is the thing."—New York Herald.

Practice makes perfect. You can see lawyers and doctors walking on their uppers for want of practice.—Binghamton Leader. Every thrifty farmer will keep his land well dressed, but he has no reason to be ashamed of a strawberry patch.—Lowell Courier.

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told it is a sign he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.—Atchison Globe. There are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they were probably reappear as microwaves.—Washington Star.

First Preacher—"Does your choil sing in harmony?" Second Preacher—"Yes, but they don't live in harmony."—Kate Field's Washington. The latest thing in Ohio is a babe born without hands. If he eventually drifts into politics he will have to depend on the hands of his friends.—Washington Post.

"What a silly animal the fox is, to be sure! The other day I followed one for three hours, and when I finally shot it I found it was a real dog."—Fliegende Blätter. True to the nature of the beast, many a man who in his time has cast sheep's eyes at a pretty girl has afterwards had the wool pulled over them.—Philadelphia Times.

We have noticed that when you tell a woman her daughter is just the image of her when she was that age, the mother looks pleased and the daughter looks scared.—Atchison Globe. Yeast—"What are you going to make out of your boy?" Crimsooneak—"A lecturer." "Has he a taste for it?" "Oh, yes; he inherits it from his mother."—San Francisco Examiner.

Mamma—"When that boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come a little tell me about throwing them back?" Little Son—"Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."—Good News. Publisher—"I wish you would write as a good story." Great Author—"But I have never been to sea." Publisher—"I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand."—Tit-Bits. It is strange, as he knows, She's in love with another; He should like to propose; When, as sure as his goes, He'll return another.—New York Sun.

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