

Professor Felix L. Oswald predicts this country will have 300,000,000 inhabitants in 1993.

New York City is wrestling with the problem of whether women are to be allowed on the school board.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a law declaring that no shrubbery, except an Osage orange hedge, shall be considered a legal line fence.

An agricultural order of merit is to be given annually to officers and others in the French army who possess special knowledge of technical works useful to agriculture.

February was the coldest month known in Siberia for several decades. It was almost impossible to heat houses to a comfortable temperature, and water poured out of a bucket in the open air froze before it reached the ground.

There are no native kangaroos except on the continent of Australia. That country contains about 11,000,000 of them. Over a million skins a year are shipped to the United States for use in bootmaking. Each skin will make about four pairs of ordinary sized shoes.

It has hitherto been the law in Japan that if a woman was not married by a certain age the authorities picked out a man and compelled him to marry her. The Mikado has just abolished this usage. In future Japanese women will be allowed to live and die maids as in European countries.

Following the purchase of 46,000 acres of land in Florida by a syndicate, another syndicate, announces the Atlanta Constitution, has purchased 92,000 acres of timber lands in Sunflower County, Mississippi. Outside capitalists stand ready to buy Southern land whenever they can get it in large tracts.

Paul B. Chailin, the great traveler, told a reporter lately that he was weary of civilization, and that although it was very nice (the word is his own) to enjoy the luxuries of a large city, he was more contented in the wilds of Africa. "You know," said the explorer, "that there is something fascinating about that country to me."

The tracks of the great Atlantic liners between the United States and Great Britain are as accurately made out and followed as if they were built on land, the winter track being some distance south of the summer track because of icebergs. Over these watery roads the ocean greyhounds travel at the speed of moderately fast railway trains, the maximum attained by the American liner Paris being about twenty-three miles an hour.

In 1834, relates the Chicago Herald, the city of St. Louis passed an ordinance charging telegraph and telephone companies \$55 a year for each pole erected in the streets. The companies contested the validity of the ordinance, and it was pronounced void in the lower courts. An appeal was taken and a final decision was rendered by the United States supreme court. It was held that the ordinance was valid; that the charge made was not a license tax, but was in the nature of ground rent which the city had the right to demand and receive for the use of the space occupied by the poles. St. Louis will get \$7545 a year from this assessment, with back taxes for nine years.

Says the New York Observer: "Among our books of the past year we find more than one, as was the case last holiday season, treating of the romance and rescue of old New England homes. Such places can be bought more cheaply today than a tree-claim in North Dakota, and in every far Eastern state they are advertised for taxes. Those of us who are in among the New England hills with more or less frequency know the aspect of an abandoned farm only too well. The orchards are thick with sprouts as a cove of wild plums on the banks of the Missouri. The old time gardens are rank with burdock and fierce with bayonets of thistle. The well, from which labor once drank such sweet draughts of refreshing coolness, is choked to the brim with refuse. The meadow is one huge mulein camp, and the pasture a warren for the rabbits. A few leaping timbers of oak mark the site of the rotting cider-mill. Even the choice 'home-acre,' shows only a leaning cabin, a stone-cold hearth, and a few broken pickets behind which the cinnamon rose will no longer bloom.

The Heart of the Tree.

AN ARBOR DAY SONG.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants a friend of sun and sky; He plants the flag of breezes free; The shaft of beauty, towering high; He plants a home to heaven asigh For song and mother-crown of bird In hushed and happy twilight heard— The treble of heaven's harmony— These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants cool shade and tender rain, And seed and bud of days to be, And years that fade and flush again; He plants the glory of the plain; He plants the forest's heritage; The harvest of a coming age; The joy that unborn eyes shall see— These things he plants who plants a tree

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants, in sap and leaf and wood, In love of home and loyalty And far-cast thought of civic good— His blessing on the neighborhood Who in the hollow of His hand Holds all the growth of all our land— A nation's growth from sea to sea Stirs in his heart who plants a tree. —[H. C. Bunner, in the Century.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY AGNES T. HOUSTON.

It was the close of a midsummer afternoon, and there were few travelers on a country road leading from the drowsy little town of Hallowell. A winding, stony road it was, but it led over picturesque bridges and clear rivers, through woods that were dark and cool, and fragrant with the breath of pines, out again past comfortable farmhouses, and suddenly up steep hills from whose tops a charming landscape was visible.

The air was clear and full of a certain bracing quality that makes Maine a delightful sojourning place in summer.

So at least it seemed to Mark Houghton, as he breathed the air of his native state for the first time in twenty-five years. He had purposely left his coming unannounced, that he might enjoy the luxury of a walk over the old road, whose every scene had once been so familiar to him. Memory plays strange pranks with the most strait-laced of us at times, and assuredly it was only her magic that made this New York lawyer enjoy a dusty country walk for auld lang sync.

A sudden turn and he came upon the little schoolhouse, just where it used to stand, and but little changed in outward look by the inevitable wear and tear of years.

"It holds its own better than I had hoped," thought the lawyer, and moved by a sudden impulse he turned from the road and went up to the door. It was not locked, and in a moment he stood inside. Here he saw numerous changes that altered the aspect of the place. Desks and seats of a more modern style replaced the rude benches he remembered, and the walls were covered with blackboards and maps. Walking over to the teacher's chair he sat down and thoughtfully regarded the little room, which had the desolate look peculiar to empty school-rooms.

Here he had learned his first lessons in days that returned to his memory only in fragments and half-remembered incidents. Here, as he grew to be a larger lad, he had wrestled with many a "knotty" example, or surreptitiously planned frolics for recess. He recalled, too, some of his boyish day-dreams of "great things to do by and by," and smiled half bitterly as he contrasted them with the prosaic, self-centred life of his after years.

Then there were the later days when, as a young collegian, he came back to spend his vacation, and taught the little school himself to help meet expenses at college. What a humdrum life it was, to be sure, sitting there through the long summer days and hearing the rural lads and lassies stumble through their lessons! What a stupid lot of pupils they were—all but one of them.

And here Mark Houghton came chronologically to the thought that had been running with more or less self-assertion all through his musings the thought of Leah Hastings. She was the brightest of his older pupils, and had even shared with him some of the studies he was trying to "make up" during the summer. But it was not as his pupil that he remembered Leah, it was as the gay and light-hearted yet womanly girl, with her great, serious eyes and frank smile.

"A curious mixture she was, indeed," thought the lawyer. "Our love seems like some faraway dream, some bright idyl. I wonder, if we had not quarrelled, how she would have changed my life, with her high ideals and happy nature?"

A slight sound at the open door startled him; he turned his head and saw a woman standing there, half hesitating, on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," she began, "I thought"—but something familiar in the man's face stopped her.

As for him, he knew from the first moment that it was Leah Hastings. With all the change that time had wrought in her—and they were not few—he could not mistake that long-remembered face. In a moment, she, too, recognized him, doubted fully at first, but with a growing certainty in her face as she studied him.

He realized with some satisfaction that he had the advantage of her in self-possession, since she could have had no thought of seeing him, while the meeting was to him quite within the realm of possibilities when he arrived in Maine.

"Well, Miss Hastings," he began, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Who could have thought that yours would be the first familiar face I should see on my return to the old place?"

As he spoke he advanced towards her, holding out his hand. She put hers in it, saying composedly;

"Am I indeed the first? Your coming is unexpected, then."

"You do not say that you are glad to welcome me back. But I remember that you never would be conventional," he said, taking a subtle pleasure in the confusion which he could see she was trying hard to conceal.

But those few words, half in mockery, half in challenge, put Leah at her ease. Looking him directly in the face, she responded:

"Why should we be expected to welcome people whom we have long learned to live without, and whom we never expected to see again? It is like the sudden stopping of a train; it gives you a backward jerk that isn't altogether agreeable."

"True," he answered, rather sadly, "I suppose I've lost all claim to any one's interest down this way. I only hope my brother won't think so, too, when I walk in on him unannounced."

There was a moment's silence. Mark looked at the woman before him, noticing the changes in her. The beauty of nineteen had faded, but enough of it yet remained to make, with the added strength and character of later years, a face that was attractive.

"I said 'Miss Hastings,'" began the lawyer again. "Was I right, or have you laid aside the old name with other relics of the past?"

There was the faintest possible flush on her cheek as she answered:

"I have kept my name, with my unconventionality."

"I had fallen into quite a reverie, as I sat here, over old scenes and faces. Do you recollect the first day I taught school here, and what a peck of trouble those little tow-headed Briggs children gave me? It was a long struggle, but I subdued them before the end of the term."

He went on reflectively and in an indifferent tone, as if he were talking of some one else:

"There was another pupil, though, who gave me more trouble than any of them and whom I never fully conquered. What a little flirt you were anyway, Leah!"

"You know I never was that," she said gravely.

"Well, no, to do you justice, you weren't. I believe you really thought you were in earnest for a while. Yes, I'll do you the justice to think you deceived yourself as well as me."

His tone was more serious now and he glanced furtively at Leah to see how she was taking his words. But she remained silent, nor could he read her thoughts in her face.

"Leah," he began, abruptly, "I wish you would explain your action—there at the last I never could see why—and now, after all these years, I should just like to have it cleared up. Won't you listen to my side and tell me yours?"

For a few moments she did not reply, but stood looking off over the hills, where the sun was just sinking from sight.

"What is the use?" she said at last. "It is all over long ago, and we have come to an age where we can overlook—and forgive—without explanations. We both misunderstood and misjudged each other—of that I have long been sure. Let it rest at that."

But I cannot be content with that. I thought I had put it all out of my life, Leah. It has been a busy life, and I have taken care that I should have but little time for thought. I schooled myself to keep all thought of you from my mind, and for the most part I have succeeded. I thought I could go on to the end—but now that I see you again the years that lie be-

tween our youth and now are as if they had never been. Leah, I can't believe but that you care yet, too. Let us rectify our mistakes and end our lives as we should have lived them—together!"

"No, no," she said, putting out her hands as if to push the thought away. It is too late. We have been learning to live alone. We have each made our own life and found a certain happiness in it. It is too late to make a change. What have our lives in common—yours, a lawyer's, busy and studious, passed in a great city, and touched on all sides by interests of whose very existence I am ignorant; mine, a quiet, country life, spent almost in solitude, with cares and pleasures that to you would seem petty? They would clash if brought together."

By some trick of fancy, Mark Houghton remembered that that instant that it was at this door they had first told their loves. That was at sunset too, and not far away a brown thrush was singing his joyous vespers song.

"You will thank me for what I have said when you get back to New York," Leah continued, her voice trembling a little, but her eyes looking steadily into his.

And in his heart he felt that she was right—right at least as to the difficulty of welding their two lives into one. But for a little while he continued to urge her to reconsider. She only shook her head and said gently:

"It is too late. We must not add to our folly by making a greater mistake than that of our youth."

At last he turned to go.

"I hope I shall feel one day that you are right," he said. "Good-by."

At that moment a brown thrush on a tree-top near by broke out into a flood of melody. He sang as joyously as if all the world were young and the only natural conditions were happiness.

At the sound Leah turned her head with a startled look of recollection. Her eyes met Mark's.

"It is not too late, Leah!" he cried, catching her hand. "Listen! our old friend advises us just as he did the first time—love and be happy! There is time enough yet, is there not?"

And somehow she could no longer find it in her heart to say "No."—[New York World.

A Queer Chinese Feast.

Of the many feasts of the Chinese the most remarkable is known as "The Feast of Lanterns." It is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the first month of each year. On this occasion every person is obliged to set out lanterns at his doors and windows, the size, number and colors of which depend on the financial standing or the fanaticism of the devotee. During this festival they spend their time in attending all sorts of entertainments, such as balls, plays, fan-tan assemblies, dancing halls, etc. The millions of different colored lanterns are each provided with from two to a dozen, and some of the largest (which are in some instances as big as a small house) are provided with 107 candles, never more, and surrounded with bon-fires.

The Chinese ascribe the origin of this festival to the following melancholy occurrence: One evening, as the daughter of an old Mandarin was walking by the side of a river, she fell in and was drowned. The disconsolate father, in order to recover the body, which had been observed to float out into the ocean at the mouth of the river, put to sea, attended by all the people of the neighborhood, each carrying a lantern; but, after a fruitless search, they were forced to return without the body of the girl. The old Mandarin was a man much beloved by the people, and ever since, upon the annual recurrence of the day when the child was drowned, the people of that vicinity take lanterns and stroll up and down the seashore and back a way from the mouth of the river, each lantern-bearer pretending to be in search of something.

The custom of lighting the lanterns gradually spread all over China. The people outside of the immediate neighborhood of where the girl was drowned, however, do not go to the trouble of doing more than light and set out their lanterns.—[St. Louis Republic.

An Exception.

Mr. Sportifello—There is talk of having a regular Spanish bull-fight at the World's Fair.

Miss Tendermiss—That would be terrible, horrible, disgusting, wicked—unless the bull is to be the one that chased me last summer.—[New York Weekly.

The value of the product of American manufacturers for the year 1892 is estimated to have been \$7,215,000,000.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

GOTHAM'S OLDEST BONNET.

About the oldest bonnet in New York is a jet turkey gobbler. No one who looks at him can dispute his identity. He lacks the red throat, to be sure, but his tail is spread for an on-rush, and he looks quite fierce enough to frighten the children who say "gobble-gobble" at him, which is the chief aim in existence for most turkey gobblers. Behind his erect tail is a fan of black tulle, and the body and head are supported by a soft black velvet fold.—[New York Times.

FOR A BUSINESS SUIT.

Do not get cheap materials for a business suit; they are by far the most expensive in the long run. Get thoroughly good material for a dress that is to be worn at business every day, and in making it up follow the fashions at a respectful distance. And here is another important little tip to remember. Don't neglect to put pockets in the dress, and put them where they can be easily got at. In the skirt, over the sides, is the most convenient place to put them. A good way to finish them is with a pointed lapel which buttons over the pocket.—[New York Herald.

THE BONY MAIDEN'S WANNINGS.

The bony maiden will rejoice for the new styles are just her style exactly. There are, among other things, walking-jackets, with high, flaring collar, stiff shoulder-capes looped up with rosettes, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a half-girdle fastened in front with a third rosette. The dresses are all short, all wide, all trimmed, and all silk ruffles inside; the waists are all short, with girdles, ham-shaped sleeves, and zouave jacket-pieces of flaring bretelles of the material, lined and trimmed to make them still more assertive. Even the silk shirt-waists, to wear with shop-made jackets and skirts, are bunched up and puffed up with extravagant ruffles, collar-capes, and gathered sleeves thirty-six inches wide at the top. Verily the attenuated damsel will be very deceptive when she is dressed in her new suit.—[San Francisco Argonaut.

A NOVEL GARMENT.

A novel and charming garment has made its appearance in Paris. It is meant to lie in readiness at the side of the bed and within easy reach, to slip on over your nightgown if you rise for a moment or so, or to wear when crossing to the bathroom in the morning. These garments are made of yards upon yards of flannel or fine cashmere, and they seem to have no beginning and no end. The collar, or neckband, is all that can readily be distinguished, but that once adjusted the arms slip naturally into places made for them, and the wearer is draped securely and gracefully in a garment which will neither slip off nor lead you awkwardly. Some of them are of elderdown cloth, but these are a little too heavy. Most of them are weighted with bands of fur, and that is the secret of them falling into place and hanging right, no matter how nastily they are donned. So graceful and becoming is this robe that it would give the illusion of beauty even to the plainest woman, for nobody can look clumsy amid these soft, clinging folds which remind one of Galatea's draperies.—[New York Tribune.

HABITS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

The most beautiful matrons in New York are as temperate in their habits of life as camels. Youth itself is lovely, but the beauty of form and color that endures till middle age is as rare as a brown-eyed blonde. That women wreck their good looks through ignorance or intemperance there is not the fraction of a doubt. Good wine, a good table, a good time and no restrictions are the murderers of health as well as beauty. A radiant wife who has children and grandchildren, gives this information regarding the "care-taking" that has kept the roses in her face:

"Ten hours' sleep, funny papers, good novels and the society of bright people; warm bath always at 5 o'clock and a glass of hot water immediately after; then dinner, always soup, never any greasy or spiced dishes, very little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit and coffee.

"Before breakfast a cool sponge bath, never a cold one; then fresh fruit, coffee, a soft egg and toast—this 365 days in the year. I am a happy woman and my sense of the ridiculous is the tonic of my life."—[San Francisco Examiner.

A WOMAN'S OUTFIT FOR THE FAIR.

The traveling dress should be cool,

light in weight and inconspicuous in color or fashion, says the writer of "En Route for Chicago," in Demorest. It should also be of some durable material that will not spot nor wrinkle. Thanks to a return of common sense, it may be short, and a variation of the familiar skirt, blouse and blazer will leave nothing to be desired for comfort. A deep, generous pocket in the skirt, to supplement the popular shopping bag, will prove a necessity even during the first day on the Exposition grounds.

This sensible costume, which may be of rich or simple material, should be crowned with a modest hat or bonnet that will not be ruined by dust nor stray raindrops. Fresh gloves and well-fitting, low-heeled shoes will be as conducive to peace of mind as an easy conscience. Some outer wrap should be carried even if the suit has a blazer, as a protection from sudden changes of temperature, and the sharp winds that often rush through the streets of the "White City by the Lakeside" in mid-summer. A rain-cloak, if not too light weight, may perform this duty as well as its more legitimate one; but if it is not imperatively necessary to reduce your traveling impedimenta to "marching order," take wraps for a variety of weather. I have in mind a July drive in Lincoln Park when I bitterly repented that my fur-lined wrap was at home. A fur shoulder-wrap takes up very little room, and you may be very glad of its warmth. The very best choice for a rain-cloak is one of silk, as its weight and bulk are so trifling as not to be considered; and a silk or mohair dust-cloak, and a polo or yachting cap, for use on the cars, will be found conducive to comfort. Double service may be required of the umbrella, and overcoats must be carried in our uncertain climate.

One dinner-dress, a negligee and easy old slippers, for resting, an extra blouse or two, with changes of underclothing, will complete the list of necessary clothing. With these few articles, which may be packed in a satchel or shawl-case, a woman will be prepared for any emergency that is likely to arise. Indeed, the dinner-gown may be omitted, and silk waists carried to replace those of satine or linen worn during the day. This meager list is one that has been tried, and found not wanting, during a summer trip abroad. It is easier to replace any article that becomes worn or damaged, than to carry a 'oo liberal supply from home.

FASHION NOTES.

The light and medium shades in bengaline are exquisite this season.

Lace seems to be the favorite ornamentation for the grenadines and china silks.

Elegant black nets, for evening costumes, have a spangled border and all-over jet designs.

Collar capes are much worn, and are so made that they can be removed in the house. Balloon sleeves still reign.

Shaded velvet sleeves with contrasting costumes, and plaid velvet sleeves and blue or green cloth gowns are popular.

Paris artists in dress encourage the mixture of pale blue, mignonette green, and heliotrope in brocades and shot silks.

Black veils figured with extremely small rosebuds or forget-me-nots in natural colors in chemise are used for dainty occasions.

Most of the dresses that are now being made have no darts at the top of the skirt, the fulness being gathered into the waist-band.

Corsets are as fashionable as ever, and they are made of all kinds of materials, wool, silk, velvet, brocade, embroidery and lace.

Red cloth driving-capes are finished with triple shoulder-capes of velvet and trimmed with black silk guipure lace and jet ornaments.

Beautiful table scarfs are ornamented now with satin and long stitch embroidery, intermixed with open work and other fancy stitches.

All short-waisted effects, especially for evening gowns, promise to be popular, though for street dresses the waist line is the regulation mark.

All manner of odd little waists, to be worn with the same plain skirt of serviceable black silk, are of great help in producing a pleasant variety in the wardrobe.

The severely plain costumes and tailor-made suits are as popular as ever for the street and traveling, but are giving place to the more elaborately trimmed dresses for the house.

The cost of the National Capitol at Washington has exceeded \$30,000,000.