

It is claimed that Greater New York will expend every year \$50,000,000 in charity, or \$16 for every man, woman and child within its limits.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last hundred years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

The New York Tribune thinks that abbreviations are sometimes objectionable, as, for instance, when the Tennessee centennial exposition is referred to as "the Tenn. Cent. Show."

"One of the greatest victories yet achieved for the dairy industry is the enactment and Governor's signature of the Illinois law which prohibits the coloring of oleomargarine," observes Orange Judd Farmer.

Governor Tanner of Illinois vetoed the bill to permit the use of voting machines on the ground that such a method of voting would not conform to the constitutional provision that "all votes shall be by ballot."

There has been of late such an extraordinary craze for balloon ascents in Vienna, that the municipal council, on account of the number of accidents, has issued an order to the effect that "every one who should wish to make a balloon ascent must prove that he has followed the course of aeronautic science. Married men desiring to take part in an aerial voyage cannot do so without the consent of their wives and children."

An Arkansas lawyer, who was a native of North Carolina, not long ago wanted to inform a juror, also a native of North Carolina, that they both hailed from the same state. So he dropped some chewing gum, stepped upon it, and pretended that his heel had stuck to the floor. This gave him an opportunity to say that he was a "Tar Heel" and that the warmth of the room had made the tar run. The verdict proved that the Tar Heels stuck together.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has declined an invitation to lecture next winter in the young men's course at Jamestown. "You may be sure," he writes, "that if I could bring myself to the conclusion of delivering lectures anywhere, I would choose Jamestown as the place in which to begin the new departure. Inasmuch, however, as I have determined not to enter the lecture field, I feel constrained to decline your gratifying invitation."

Justice Dean of the supreme court of Pennsylvania thinks the shirking of jury duty by the average citizen is a high crime. "I would," he says, "take the banker from his desk, the editor and professor from their chairs, the preacher from his pulpit, and put them in the jury-box. Instead of leaving to them the sole port of criticizing and denouncing courts and juries, I would make jury duty as imperative and as certain as payment of taxes on a house and lot."

Cyclists who from hygienic motives, sternly deny themselves a drink when parched with the thirst of exertion and the dust of the country road, will be comforted by the views of Dr. Lucas Championniere of Paris, an eminent authority on the subject, who recommends during exercise as much drink as the cyclist can comfortably swallow—and how much that is—but no solid food. It is useless to eat during violent exercise, he declares, but it is important to drink, and if the body is in good condition the only result of even repeated "quenchers" is a decrease in weight. French cyclists are said to be in want of a patron saint. Dr. Championniere ought to suit them to a nicety.

The morphine habit, according to a recent French work, is most prevalent in Germany, France and the United States, the number of victims being large also in Russia, Sweden, Turkey and the remote east. Entire villages in Germany are said to be addicted to the use of the drug. Not less than 40 per cent. of the male victims are supplied by the medical profession, 15 per cent. being men of leisure, eight per cent. merchants, and the smallest number being found among peasants, clergymen and politicians. Of the female victims, 43 per cent. are women of leisure and 10 per cent. are wives of medical men. Hypodermic action of morphine, laudanum drinking and opium smoking are the various forms of indulgence, the most fashionable being probably the first named.

Nearly one million telegrams pass through the general postoffice of London every week.

DASIES AND CLOVER.

Little girl upon the street,
Laughing eyes and tripping feet,
With your hands all running over,
Daisy blooms and flowers of clover—
You to me a picture bring,
Of a long, long sunny Spring;
Waving woods and sunset skies,
Through like dreams of Paradise.

Little girl, when coming days
Hold for you their memories—
When in womanhood's white land
You shall, happy, one day stand—
Keep your childish faiths as sweet
As the blossoms at your feet;
Tho' your hands no more run over
With the daisies and the clover.

Some day, little maiden fair,
With the wind-tossed sunny hair,
Shall you flush at love's sweet praise,
That are sweeter than the daisies?
Woman's hopes and woman's love,
Sweetness sent from heaven above—
With these shall your hands run over,
Dropping daisy blooms and clover.
—Lillian Whiting, in the Housewife.

FERN COTTAGE.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

"And Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there."

This was the last statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs, when I returned from a seven-years' absence, to take up my abode in my own home. He had by my directions renovated and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation through a course of moderating that still left the stately, old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton Place, and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty.

But beside my own home, I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottoes and piles of rocks placed there.

I confess to a feeling of decided annoyance when I heard that this little gem of a country home had been leased to a workingwoman. It had been a summer resort for some of our own intimate friends, who preferred an independent home to the hospitalities of others, and it annoyed me to think of any one living there who would not preserve its dainty furniture and pretty surroundings with cultured taste. But I kept my opinion to myself, and, indeed, for many days, was so crowded with business calls that I quite forgot the matter.

It was after twilight, on a warm April evening, that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the circle of light from a student lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw:

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features, and shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice, while I looked, she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and cultivated.

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face. And all these instincts warned me that here was a woman burning a candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quite forgotten mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy, when an elderly woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease your working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her:

"Rest! You know I cannot rest!" "Play then! Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Wailing, minor music full of sobbing pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch a rare power in the long, slender fingers only called out strains of heart-breaking pathos.

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

I might have accepted this for the real woman, but I had a habit of lingering about my garden, as the drawing-room of Fern Cottage commanded

no other view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows as the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with added sadness in the great, dark eyes. Mrs. Raynor became almost ethereal as the warm weather stole something each day from her strength, and I was not surprised one morning to see old Susan coming hastily into hallway.

"Oh, Dr. Wilton," she said, "she has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

I went at once, finding my patient prostrated at last, and gently submissive to all my commands but one, the most imperative.

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush." "But you will die," I said, bluntly, "if you do not take a few weeks of entire rest."

"Die!" she said, quietly, not as if there was any terror in the thought, but as if it was a new possibility in some problem of life. "No, I must not die yet!"

"Then you must obey me!" I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon, with a careful driver, and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed, she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country. And I pointed to a seat, saying: "Susan, I am past sixty years old, crippled, as you see, seldom leaving my home except for foreign travel—no gossip. If you think you can trust me with Mrs. Raynor's secret trouble, I may be able to cure her."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then, bursting into tears, said: "Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want it to be known about here!" "I'll not betray you," I said gently. "You see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, for she's never hid her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and bad company. He spent all the money her father left her, he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fists, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crushed. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found us out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the fiend, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Edna—Mrs. Raynor, I mean thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her—and, ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, so sore you can never guess, for she was one to take trouble hard—and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"But he is not living now?" "Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She pays him so much a month to leave her in peace."

"And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said. "Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanness of everything for the sake of being alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled boy!"

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!" "Who?" I asked. "Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. He was coming home again, when he stumbled somehow and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. I suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy despondency, throwing self aside, Mrs. Raynor developed her charitable, forgiving nature in the weeks of illness that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any self-sacrifice it had been possible, but she could only make smoother the passage to the grave.

I had thought her own teature of

life but frail, but in her devotion she grew stronger. She gained sleep by actual physical exhaustion, and calmness by the consciousness of duty performed. Susan, by my advice, provided food that was nourishing in small quantities, and as the injured man passed toward the portals of eternity, we kept his wife from throwing her own life away by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me: "Thank the Lord, he is dead this time!"

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. And Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness.

They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals. The slender handsome boy had his mother's face, and was evidently cured and on the way to a noble manhood.

And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beautiful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage.—New York Ledger.

AGE, 12; WEIGHT, 203; HEIGHT, 5, 5.

The Fat Boy of Maine Can Do Anything Except Ride a Bicycle.

A few days ago pedestrians at Auburn, Me., were startled by the appearance of the biggest and fattest boy that ever trod the streets—a giant in knickerbockers, a rosy-cheeked, roly-poly, 12-year-old, who could lift a barrel of flour as easily as you can lift a pail of water, and who weighs 203 pounds in a bathing suit.

The boy was named Lamont Leavitt, son of O. N. Leavitt. Young Leavitt was induced to submit to the tape line and yardstick, and here are his measurements, the figures being over his regular suit of corduroy: Age, 12; weight, 203 pounds; height in walking shoes, 5 feet 5 inches; chest, 3 feet 7 inches; waist, 3 feet 9 inches; arms, 1 foot 4 inches; thigh, 2 feet 1 inch; calf, 1 foot 6 inches. His father's weight, 145 pounds, and his mother's, 140. A brother of Master Lamont weighed 150. At birth Master Lamont weighed 10 pounds. He has always been in perfect health, and today he is a red-cheeked, good-natured boy.

He has a roguish twinkle in his pretty blue eyes, and he smiles when he says that he had just as soon befat as lean. From childhood he has had a keen liking for books. It was feared at one time that he was reading and studying too much, and at the suggestion of the family physician he was restrained in that direction. When he was seven years old he could lift his father easily. They have prohibited his lifting all along, but now and then he has broken the rules and demonstrated his strength. At the time indicated he would run up behind his father and in play grab him by the legs and lift him off his feet before the father could shake the lively young chap off. When he was six years old he helped his father build a barbed wire fence, and he found it an easy matter holding up his end of the iron bar which ran through the coil of wire. These coils weigh from fifty to eighty pounds.

Master Lamont says that just now there is only one thing in the wide world that he would like, and that is a bicycle. He wants it as bad as anybody ever wanted a bow-wow or anything else. He reckons that a twenty-pound wheel would be about the thing, only he wants a full-fledged man's wheel.—Boston Advertiser.

Broke His Rib With His Own Fist.

The Herald yesterday briefly referred to a curious accident that befel Major William Heimke, second secretary of legation, last week at Chihuahua. While walking along one of the streets of that city he slipped and fell. His right hand was close at his side at the time, and his full weight struck his hand and actually broke one of his ribs therewith. It was a unique accident, for it seems scarcely credible that a man could break one of his own ribs with his hand.—Mexican Herald.

A Lady.

It was while little Myrtle and her mother were at the country hotel last summer that Myrtle one day came into her mother's room flushed and angry.

"You will have to buy me a new hair brush, mamma," she said, "mine is gone."

"That beautiful carved ivory brush that grandma gave you?" asked her mother, "have you broken it? Probably I can have it mended, and I had better give you a plainer one to use." "It is all in tiny bits, mamma," said Myrtle, "and I broke it on purpose."

"You will have to explain, Myrtle," said mamma.

"Mamma," said Myrtle, sitting down upon a cushion at her mother's feet, "you know that you told me to brush my hair a great deal, and that it was nice to brush it sometimes in the sunlight, and where the air could blow through it. So today, as there

Children's Column



Home Measurements.

Sister measured my grin one day:
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheeshire cat," said she.
Father said: "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "Letter a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."
—Nell McElhone, in St. Nicholas.

Camels in the Snow.

Troops of camels, brought from Mongolia, are employed in winter to carry supplies and materials to and from the gold placers of eastern Siberia, and the spectacle presented by a long line of these "ships of the desert," tramping solemnly across the snows of a Siberian steppe, is described as extremely singular. Camels require only about half as much daily food as horses, but on the other hand they have to be liberally supplied with salt. Where the country is so wild that neither roads nor tracks exist, reindeer are employed instead of horses or camels, and they find their own living route, by uncovering, beneath the snow, a kind of gray lichen on which they are able to subsist.

A Princess Longed for a Playfellow.

There is an article written by James Cassidy in St. Nicholas on the "Girlhood days of England's Queen." Mr. Cassidy says:

There were in the life of the princess days when she longed for companions of her own age. Her mother, guessing this longing, was very tender and gentle with her, and considered often how best to make up for this lack. Once the duchess, it is said, thinking to please her daughter, "sent for a noted child-performer of the day, called 'Lyra,' that she might amuse 'Drina with some remarkable performances on the harp. On one occasion," writes the biographer, "while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs, the duchess, perceiving how deeply her daughter's attention was engrossed by the music, left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the juvenile minstrel from her instrument by the display of some of her costly toys, and the children were discovered, seated side by side on the hearth-rug, in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the princess's playthings, from which she was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra."

Made a Leopard His Pet.

Of all the cat-tribe leopards are the easiest to tame if they are captured when young. Thirty years ago a curious and well known sight on the streets of Berlin was Von der Madliern with his tame leopard. Baron von der Madliern, when a young man, was several years German consul in Egypt. While there an Arab presented him with a young leopard. It was only a few days old, its eyes not open yet. The young baron determined to make a pet of the leopard and train and treat it like a dog. The leopard was never confined in a cage but was always allowed full liberty and was well fed and petted. He grew by and by into a handsome creature, one of the largest of his species, and was finely marked. When he had been in Von der Madliern's possession about two years the baron was recalled to Berlin and took the animal back with him. In Berlin the leopard occupied the same place in his master's house that he had done before, and followed the baron about the streets in the same way.

At first sight of the creature stalking solemnly along beside the man created quite a sensation in the city and people crowded to see them pass. But it grew to be an every day matter, which only attracted occasional notice from strangers or children. The animal lived to be about fifteen years old, and died much lamented by all who knew him.—Our Animal Friends.

A Lady.

It was while little Myrtle and her mother were at the country hotel last summer that Myrtle one day came into her mother's room flushed and angry.

"You will have to buy me a new hair brush, mamma," she said, "mine is gone."

"That beautiful carved ivory brush that grandma gave you?" asked her mother, "have you broken it? Probably I can have it mended, and I had better give you a plainer one to use." "It is all in tiny bits, mamma," said Myrtle, "and I broke it on purpose."

"You will have to explain, Myrtle," said mamma.

"Mamma," said Myrtle, sitting down upon a cushion at her mother's feet, "you know that you told me to brush my hair a great deal, and that it was nice to brush it sometimes in the sunlight, and where the air could blow through it. So today, as there

was no one about the house, the gentlemen all away, and the ladies off for walks and rides, I went into the little balcony at the end of the bedroom hall and began to brush it there. And I had just tied it back again when that little girl they call Fannie, who is here to help wait at table, came into the balcony and said, 'Oh, how your hair shines! How do you make it look like that?' Well, at first I thought I wouldn't answer her."

"Why, dear?" asked her mother. "Well," said Myrtle, "I am a young lady and she is not. She had no business to speak to me first."

"Myrtle, a true lady is never haughty," said mamma, "but you answered?"

"Well! I—I opened my eyes at her first," Myrtle said, "like this," and she drew back her head and stared.

"I should have been ashamed of you if I had seen you, dear," said mamma. "But I answered," said Myrtle. "I said I give my hair fifty strokes every day. And I don't think she noticed anyhow. She was looking at the brush. I had laid it down on a chair. Then she said: 'I'll give my hair a brush.' Well, mamma, before I could speak, if she wasn't brushing her hair—it is short, like a boy's—with my brush. Could I help staring at that?"

"Well, I confess, there was cause for astonishment," said mamma. "Well, she polished away for a while, and then put the brush down. 'I guess my hair shines too, now,' she said, and then I looked as scornful as I could and picked up the brush and threw it hard into the garden, and it hit on a stone and broke into pieces. 'Oh! oh! oh!' that girl cried, 'you've broken the pretty brush!' 'I don't care. I should never have used it again, after you had brushed your hair with it,' I said, and she turned red and began to cry, and ran away. I can hear her crying yet downstairs."

"Poor child!" said mamma. "Poor me, I think," said Myrtle. "Why, mamma, you don't even let sister and me use the same hair brushes, and there is my brush broken—grandma's present—and the set spoiled."

"And there is poor Fannie's heart broken and her comfort spoiled," said mamma. "There is no need of temper and violence on any occasion. Of course, people should not use the same hair brushes. You need never have used that one again. But I could have purified the bristles with orange flower water, and you could have kept it in the case with your other pretty things, but you knew not have insulted the girl. She knew no better. No doubt if she has sisters they all use the very same brush."

"But she is a little water girl," said Myrtle.

"And you are a little lady," said mamma. "That obliges you to be polite, and you must explain to the little girl and apologize."

"I apologize! She ought to," cried Myrtle.

"That true Queen Victoria always made her little princesses apologize to any one they had offended because they were princesses," said mamma. "Now, when you have thought what to say, tell me and I will go downstairs with you."

Myrtle looked rebellious awhile, but pretty soon she rose and said: "I'm ready, mamma," and her mother took her by the hand and they went downstairs together. Fannie was there crying and folding up some aprons. "I'm sorry to go, Mrs. Smith," she was saying to the landlady, "but if that girl thinks me so dirty that I'd poison her hair brush, why—I can't stay in the house, glad as I am to earn a few dollars, and I'm going."

"Now, dear," whispered Myrtle's mother, and the little girl walked into the kitchen and straight up to Fannie. "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, Fannie," she said.

"Anybody would be mad to be told they were so dirty they'd spoil a person's hair brush so they could not use it again," said Fannie.

"Fannie," said Myrtle, "I think you are one of the cleanest little girls I ever saw."

"I suppose it's because I'm hired help then," said Fannie. "City folks are so stuck up."

"Fannie," said Myrtle, "mamma doesn't allow my sister and me to use the same brushes. Of course, you know it isn't nice to use another's tooth brush?"

"It's filthy to do that," said Fannie. "Well, doctors say that it is just as wrong to use others' combs and brushes," said Myrtle.

"My lands!" cried Fannie. "And I did not think it was polite of you when you used mine's and I—I was not polite either, and please excuse me."

Fannie looked at her and nodded. "If it was like that you were excusable," she said, "and I'll not be mad any more and stay with Mrs. Smith the summer out."

Myrtle nodded and ran out of the room.

When her mother came upstairs she was lying on the bed crying.

"Poor child!" said mamma. "It costs something to be a lady," and she kissed her.—New York Ledger.

A Tall Policeman.

The City of Duluth, Minn., has a policeman, Royal McKenzie by name, whose actual height is 6 feet 10 3/4 inches and weight 265 pounds. As he appears on the street he measures 7 feet 3 1/2 inches to the top of his helmet. He was born in Ontario, is twenty-six years old, and says he has not yet stopped growing.