

A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

We were not very well off. Father's situation in the bank, although a responsible one, yielded but a small salary when compared with the expensive family he had to support; so, when the question came up where we should spend the summer, one of the first things to be taken into consideration was the expense.

It did not make much difference to me—I was sure of a certain amount of admiration and attention wherever I went. I had always received it since my first day at school, where my pretty curls and shining eyes had captured the hearts of the "big boys" up to the last ride taken in the park.

With not only the beauty but much of the cleverness of the family, naturally great things were expected of me.

I had but one sister—a poor, pale, little thing. She was younger than I and had always been delicate, but for some time had been growing gradually weaker, until now we wheeled her about the house in an easy chair. It was finally decided that mamma should take the boys up into New Hampshire and sister Millie and I should go down to Beachpoint, a little unknown resort on the coast.

Father accompanied us, but only stopped long enough to see us comfortably settled. I was lonesome enough the first few days. There were no boarders but us, and the house was the only one on the beach, our neighbors being away back in the uplands.

I dutifully took my bath each day as one swallows a bitter tonic. I played on the little old-fashioned piano in the parlor, and to kill time slept away the greater part of the long summer afternoons. It was all very dull and commonplace.

Millie was cheerful and contented. She read and worked on the pretty things she was constantly knitting out of bright wools, or sketched as much of the scenery as she could see from her chair by the window.

One evening I was out of sorts and a little cross, and had just declared I wouldn't make a toilet to go downstairs, where there was no one but the landlord's son, who usually expressed his admiration with open-mouthed wonder.

Presently our landlady bustled in full of importance.

"I just run up a minute to tell you that the stage has come and Mr. Brent was in it. He is here every summer and comes gunning in the winter. He gave us the sail boat on the bay, and we had his name painted on it, 'Hartley Brent. He ain't so very young, but he's rich, and I thought perhaps you'd like to know he was here so as to change your dress before you came down."

She hurried away, feeling she had done a good deed.

After closing the door to shut out the cold sea air, I wrapped a shawl around poor, shivering Millie, saying:

"Now, dear, I have been 'forewarned,' and when I am arrayed in my new green adage I shall be 'forearmed.'

Time dragged no longer after Hartley Brent came, and soon several other pleasure seekers arrived, until we were a merry party. Escorts were plenty, and as was the privilege of my belle- hood, I chose such as pleased me best. When my choice fell on Mr. Brent, as it often did, I could see how pleased he was to be of service. He was never officious, yet always ready to quietly render any little attention needed. His manner was different from the gay gallantry of other cavaliers, with their jests and flattery, though he was always deferential, and praised my taste, my music and my voice with a discriminating earnestness I knew to be sincere.

"It is because he is older than the others," I said to Millie, who loved to hear me talk of him.

She was always interested in anything I liked, and he had been kind to her, bringing her fruit and flowers and books and taking her in his strong arms down to the parlor of an evening, and back again to her room when she was tired. "Besides," I said to myself, the warm blood circling around my heart at the thought, "their attentions mean nothing, and he is in earnest."

How quickly time flies when one is happy. Each perfect summer day has a remembrance in my heart; we boated and fished and gathered shells during the day, and in the long evening sat on the long piazza, after I had tucked Millie in bed and kissed her good night.

Mr. Brent and I engaged in quiet conversation, our voices subdued, that they might not reach or disturb those who sat with us, while he told me of his home; of his struggles with the world, and the success which had crowned them; his past life, and plans and aspirations for the future.

Listening to his voice and looking out over the moonlit expanse, love freighted a fairy boat and launched it from the sand, and I watched it sailing o'er the summer sea, careless where it drifted, I was so happy.

Each day I looked in the little square glass that hung on the wall of our room, and saw myself growing more blooming and radiant. Mr. Brent—I called him Hartley in my thoughts—said I reminded him of a crimson carnation, with my bright color and the spicy scent of my fan.

"And, Millie," he added, turning to her with a kindly smile, as though she might feel slighted, "with her golden hair and white dress, is a water lily."

It was our last day at Beachpoint. The season was nearly over and mamma was already home with the boys and had written to me to come and bring Millie. Mamma informed me that she had described her case to a celebrated physician, and he thought she could be cured beyond a doubt.

In the morning we went with a merry bathing party over the bay to the surf. Millie waved her hand to us from her seat on the porch, where Hartley, with brotherly kindness, had brought her and crowned her with moist pond lilies, which he must have walked a long distance to gather.

After taking my bath, I donned my walking dress again, and getting tired of watching the others in their picturesque

costumes, sporting in the breakers, I wandered down the beach to a point where the hulls of two staunch vessels, with crushed timbers half sunk in the sand, eloquently told the story of storm and shipwreck.

Seating myself on a projecting beam, I gave myself up to pleasant recollections of the eventful week which had just passed. I pictured my fairy boat sailing over friendly seas and under cloudless skies, until life being done, it was an chord in heaven. I had no fear for the future if one dear hand was to guide me, one thrilling voice I had come to know so well was to cheer me.

How good and noble he is! I thought with a swelling heart; how altogether superior to all other men I had known; how worthy the love and respect of any woman! I had never been in love before. I had seen a great deal of society, and received several offers, but none were eligible, and when mamma said "No," I had without a pang seen father turn them away.

There was a step behind me, and my heart told me who it was.

"How did you find me?" I asked, as Mr. Brent pushed aside my dress and sat down on the beach.

"Don't you suppose I have followed those little footprints until I know the slender tracks?" he smilingly answered, pointing to the impression in the damp sand, of my high-heel walking boots. "Isn't this scene grand? One never tires of looking at the ocean, for it is never twice alike."

He was silent a moment, and seemed more thoughtful than usual, gathering a handful of the white sand and watching it sift slowly through his fingers. At length recovering himself, he said:

"Sing something, please; you know I always like to hear you sing, 'in season and out of season.' The sea will be bass for the music."

I began the old, old ballad, "Three Fishers Went Sailing Out Into the West."

As my voice rose loud and full, swelling over the water with the melody and dying away to the sounding monotone of the waves, I looked at my companion. His face was turned seaward, and over it was a softened expression, and in his eyes a tender light I had never seen there before, though my heart ceased beating, my voice was too well trained to falter, and the music wailed on.

Ben Williams of Lansing, Mich., has a novel way of ridding his face of whiskers.

Every Sunday morning for the past twenty-two years he has sat down before the glass and pulled the hair out of the lower part of his face with a pair of tweezers. He says that it hurt like most anything at first but he doesn't mind it a bit now. He is 75 years old, and is loaded with nerve and grit.

A calf was recently caught on the cow-catcher of one of the big locomotives of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, near Gobutta, and carried a distance of nine miles. When discovered the young bovine was lying complacently on the pilot, apparently enjoying the mode of rapid transit. It was completely unharmed, and when released trotted away as if nothing unusual had happened.

A few weeks ago Prince Bismarck entered a ordinary inn in the neighborhood of his estate of Freidrichshafen, and purchased a glass of cognac and some of the well-known black bread which is such a favorite in Northern Prussia. As soon as he left the room a citizen of Hamburg rushed to the owner and purchased the cognac glass, the plate, and the crusts of bread which remained for 5 francs. These relics will place in his family cabinet.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school. Her sister, Miss Denmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai recently accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poona, another innovation, as no other woman has ever been invited to address such a body. Her subject was "America and American Women."

An English paper gives this explanation of the familiar phrase "by hook or by crook." About a century ago two celebrated king's counsel flourished whose names were respectively Hook and Croke (pronounced Crook). They were generally opposed to each other in all important cases, and people said: "If you can not win your case by Hook you will by Croke." Hence arose the idiom which is so firmly grafted into the English tongue.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks, under government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representation in coins or heap of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties following counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink, on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry tree. One issue, in 1396 B. C., is carefully preserved in the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg.

THE WORLD'S PEOPLE.

There are statisticians in several countries, the best known of whom is the learned German, Herr Schem, who endeavor to present from time to time statistics of the population of the entire world. Inasmuch as many populous countries have no census, and often nothing like a census, these world statisticians can only put together, as to these countries, the best attainable guesses. Nevertheless, they probably make a tolerably near estimate of the population of the entire world, which they put at twelve hundred million. The number of men is supposed to be somewhat smaller than the number of women.

The number of deaths each year in the entire world is placed at about thirty-five and a quarter millions, which would make nearly one hundred thousand a day, four thousand an hour, and sixty-seven a minute.

On the other hand, there are, it is estimated, thirty-six and three-quarters million persons born every year; which would make more than one hundred thousand per day, and seventy per minute.

The average duration of life, in the world as a whole, is thirty-eight years. One-quarter of the people upon the earth die before reaching the seventeenth year. About six of each one thousand persons born reaches the age of seventy-five years.

Married people live to a greater age than the unmarried; temperate people and workmen live longer than excessive eaters and the indolent; and the people of civilized nations outlive the savage races.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Five feet and one inch should be 120 pounds.

Five feet two inches should be 126 pounds.

Five feet three inches should be 133 pounds.

Five feet four inches should be 136 pounds.

Five feet five inches should be 142 pounds.

Five feet six inches should be 145 pounds.

Five feet seven inches should be 148 pounds.

Five feet eight inches should be 155 pounds.

Five feet nine inches should be 162 pounds.

Five feet ten inches should be 169 pounds.

Five feet eleven inches should be 174 pounds.

Six feet should be 178 pounds.

ITEMS INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING.

A bunch of celery containing twelve stalks has been gathered at Kalamazoo. It weighed thirty-five pounds.

A lady artist at Eastbourne has found a new use for paupers. She wants to have them loaned out as artist's models.

An August, (Me.) lady started out to collect 1,000,000 postage stamps. She has accumulated 200,000 and is ready to sell out.

Face powder made of egg shells is the rage now with brunette beauties. It is as light as magnesia and very expensive, being hard to get.

A West Virginian got a marriage license the other day and gave the lady's last name wrong. When notified of his mistake he said he really didn't know what her name was.

There is a lady in Greenville, Mich., who has three daughters whose birthdays are celebrated on the same day—the 17th day of June. They were all married in the same month of the year, and each of them married a man having four letters in his surname.

The emperor of China enjoys riding on a railway, and has one running into his summer palace. It is generally drawn or pushed by eunuchs, as they are afraid to use the engine. They think if it is once started it can never be stopped, but engineers are to be trained to run it.

Pita, the new remedy for hydrophobia recently discovered in Spain, seems to be a name given to the flower stalk of the aloe, a plant common to some parts of Spain. The story goes that its virtues were discovered accidentally, by a man in a fit of hydrophobia falling upon an aloe plant and unconsciously biting the stem.

One of the most remarkable old ladies in Cobb county, Georgia, is Mrs. Olive Hamby. She is now 75 years old, and the mother of nine children, six of whom are living. She has sixty-six grandchildren and can reach any of them in two hours' ride, except two who reside in Arkansas. She can tell the name and age of every child and grandchild, giving dates with perfect clearness.

Ben Williams of Lansing, Mich., has a novel way of ridding his face of whiskers. Every Sunday morning for the past twenty-two years he has sat down before the glass and pulled the hair out of the lower part of his face with a pair of tweezers. He says that it hurt like most anything at first but he doesn't mind it a bit now. He is 75 years old, and is loaded with nerve and grit.

A calf was recently caught on the cow-catcher of one of the big locomotives of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, near Gobutta, and carried a distance of nine miles. When discovered the young bovine was lying complacently on the pilot, apparently enjoying the mode of rapid transit. It was completely unharmed, and when released trotted away as if nothing unusual had happened.

A few weeks ago Prince Bismarck entered a ordinary inn in the neighborhood of his estate of Freidrichshafen, and purchased a glass of cognac and some of the well-known black bread which is such a favorite in Northern Prussia. As soon as he left the room a citizen of Hamburg rushed to the owner and purchased the cognac glass, the plate, and the crusts of bread which remained for 5 francs. These relics will place in his family cabinet.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school. Her sister, Miss Denmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai recently accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poona, another innovation, as no other woman has ever been invited to address such a body. Her subject was "America and American Women."

An English paper gives this explanation of the familiar phrase "by hook or by crook." About a century ago two celebrated king's counsel flourished whose names were respectively Hook and Croke (pronounced Crook). They were generally opposed to each other in all important cases, and people said: "If you can not win your case by Hook you will by Croke." Hence arose the idiom which is so firmly grafted into the English tongue.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks, under government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representation in coins or heap of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties following counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink, on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry tree. One issue, in 1396 B. C., is carefully preserved in the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg.

THE WORLD'S PEOPLE.

There are statisticians in several countries, the best known of whom is the learned German, Herr Schem, who endeavor to present from time to time statistics of the population of the entire world. Inasmuch as many populous countries have no census, and often nothing like a census, these world statisticians can only put together, as to these countries, the best attainable guesses. Nevertheless, they probably make a tolerably near estimate of the population of the entire world, which they put at twelve hundred million. The number of men is supposed to be somewhat smaller than the number of women.

The number of deaths each year in the entire world is placed at about thirty-five and a quarter millions, which would make nearly one hundred thousand a day, four thousand an hour, and sixty-seven a minute.

On the other hand, there are, it is estimated, thirty-six and three-quarters million persons born every year; which would make more than one hundred thousand per day, and seventy per minute.

The average duration of life, in the world as a whole, is thirty-eight years. One-quarter of the people upon the earth die before reaching the seventeenth year. About six of each one thousand persons born reaches the age of seventy-five years.

Married people live to a greater age than the unmarried; temperate people and workmen live longer than excessive eaters and the indolent; and the people of civilized nations outlive the savage races.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Five feet and one inch should be 120 pounds.

Five feet two inches should be 126 pounds.

Five feet three inches should be 133 pounds.

Five feet four inches should be 136 pounds.

Five feet five inches should be 142 pounds.

Five feet six inches should be 145 pounds.

Five feet seven inches should be 148 pounds.

Five feet eight inches should be 155 pounds.

Five feet nine inches should be 162 pounds.

Five feet ten inches should be 169 pounds.

Five feet eleven inches should be 174 pounds.

Six feet should be 178 pounds.

At last we were so near that the cap-

A VAILOR'S REMINISCENCE.

BY A. H. MODRICKER.

"Yes,