

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 down stairs, 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 gown, 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 bellehood, 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 was 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 over 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 anchored 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 same beam.

"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 lull and accompaniment."

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 waited on.

"For men must work and women must weep, though the harbor bar be meaning." The sad chord did not touch him; joy, and faith and hope held possession of his soul. How his thoughts irradiated his somewhat stern features. It was the face of the one man in the world for me, but I did not know it could look so handsome.

When the last echo of the song was lost in a retreating hallow, he turned, and taking my hand, said in the courtly manner that never forsok him:

"Thank you. I did not know there was so much music in that song. I have heard it often before but never like that. Your rendering of it adds a hundred fold to its meaning. And now I want to speak to you on a subject that I had not intended to mention when I followed you here."

His bronzed face took on a ruddier hue, and the firm fingers closed over my hand in a nervous clasp, while unnoticed by him I lowered my sunshade between his face and mine.

"I know I ought to have waited until you were at home, and I had meant to, but something impels me to throw myself on your mercy, and find out my fate before you leave. I love your sister Millie with all my heart, as I never loved any one before, and I ask your permission to tell her so. I do not think she regards me wholly with indifference. I will take and cherish her as a precious flower. As my wife, time and wealth shall not be spared, and I am confident that somewhere may be found a cure for her infirmity. Will you intercede in my behalf, if she hesitates to commit herself to my care? Plead for me with the assurance that it is love, not pity, I feel. Knowing your great influence here, I want to beg you for the sake of our pleasant friendship to use it in my favor."

A cloud was gathering on the deep, the waves looked dark and angry, and fancy saw my love boat reel from side to side and then go down, swallowed up in mid-ocean.

At the call of the company we joined them, and I went home, as I shall go through life in daily sight of their happiness, with never a line on my face to tell of my loss.—[Bell Barnard.]

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 workingmen live longer than excessive eaters and the indolent; and the people of civilized nations outlive the savage races.

ITEMS INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING.

A bunch of celery containing twelve stalks has been gathered at Kalanazoo. 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 Friedrichruh, 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 he will place in his family cabinet.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school. Her sister, Miss Demmon, 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 Poonah, 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 Crook (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 Crook." 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 2687 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.

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 143 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.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCE.

BY A. H. MODRICKER.

"Yes, yes, I believe in the Flying Dutchman, mates," said Tom Kieffman, as he took a sip from his can in the fo'ksel of the Caspertow, and set it down again. "I most certainly do, for I've seen the like, in my cruising among the waters of the world."

"I'd heard a great deal about the Flying Dutchman and other specter craft, but I was sceptical. However, after my own experience, I am willing to believe in phantom ships, witches, sea-serpents, and in fact everything."

"I had just gone home after a five year's cruise, and I had saved up my money so as to take a nice little sum home to the old woman, and I was well come."

"Having been gone so long, and being no hand with a pen to write home, I was afraid Mary might have got spliced again, believing that I had set sail for the port of Paradise."

"But, no; she was true to the sailor lad, though the country parson was cruising round her pretty sharp, and trying to beat windward of her affections."

"But then, Mary had a comfortable home which was all paid for, and the parson only got half a hundred a year."

"However, I broke up that matrimonial voyage, and silenced his yams of affection for Mary, when I run in and dropped anchor at the old home."

"It was in 1845, that I got connected with the ship Falcon, cruising for right whales in the South Pacific."

"We were away down in latitude sixty-three, having followed the whales southward with extremely good luck, although with constant danger from bodies of ice, which were drifting from the Antarctic circle, when we fell in with the Languedoc from our own port; and her captain, Bosworth, bringing with him his mate and two boat crews, came on board of us to see Captain Collier, our commander. Of course, a good chat was had among officers and lands."

"Having left home a year later than ourselves, the Languedoc's men had the advantage of us in the way of news; and they told how such a ship was lying in docks when they came away; how such another was loading at the head of the wharf; how the Morrison Plummer had just got in, and the L. B. Stafford been heard from; and who had got married in the year's interval, and who had died, etc., etc."

But presently they informed us of a singular circumstance, which only a few days before had occurred in connection with themselves. Right in the midst of a school of whales, they had encountered the Flying Dutchman, which had just cleared their stern by not more than ten feet, and on her deck they saw that the crew were dressed in white, which were as silent and motionless as corpses."

"Now, mates, you know it is embarrassing to deny, to a person's face, the existence of a thing which he assures us that he has seen; however I'm not over nice in this particular."

"One of our crew said that he would try to believe enough of their story to oblige them; but this, with an old tar like Perry Davis was—poor Davis! he is dead and gone now—is an unusual concession with regard to a yarn involving doubt. Thus it may well be imagined that no attempt was made to disguise the incredulity with which the account of the Languedoc's crew was received in our fo'ksel."

"My mates evidently thought that there might be some foundation of fact for the story, but they were not prepared to accept all its embellishments."

"It was desirable to know what the Languedoc's Captain would have to say on the subject."

"Yes," said our visitors, "ask the old man. You can't take the turns out of what he says."

"We soon found that Captain Bosworth corroborated the story of his men, and related the extraordinary yarn to Captain Collier, while his mate was no less positive in the same direction."

"My mates, therefore, concluded that the Languedoc's crew had seen something very remarkable, although to what degree fear and wonder might have clothed it with terror beyond the reality was still uncertain."

"At all events we were placed sharply on the lookout for an object so astonishing, hoping, yet half dreading, to see it. For some days the Flying Dutchman formed the chief theme of conversation on board the Falcon, and all that any of the crew had ever heard or read concerning the mysterious craft was brought up afresh and related with new interest."

"One night as we were running slowly we sighted a large schooner which was coming right down upon us, and the captain jammed his helm to port and hailed her hard."

"But he paid no attention to us, and came straight on, just clearing our stern by not more than six feet. It was a narrow shave, and the crew, most of whom were on deck, were terribly frightened."

"But I noticed something that I did not like."

"First the schooner was white all over from hull to truck, and on her decks the crew I saw were dressed in white, and they were as silent and motionless as corpses. The schooner also carried with her a chilly air that made me shiver, and I felt uncommonly uncomfortable. In fact, it was the Flying Dutchman, and it had appeared to us in the same manner as it had to the Languedoc's crew."

"We got safely into port, but we sent a dead body ashore, for one of the crew had died the day after we had seen the phantom schooner, and this set me thinking more about the craft."

"Three months later we again sighted the white schooner. She was abeam, and coming on a course that would bring her across our bows, if the captain held on."

"Now, mates, the Falcon was a fast sailer, and the captain was determined to make that white craft go astern. So we shook out the reefs, crowded on all she could carry, and sent her ahead at a slapping pace. But the white craft held her own without putting out another stitch of canvas."

"At last we were so near that the cap-

tain determined to hail her and cried: 'Schooner ahoy! No answer.'

"Schooner ahoy, ahoy!" "Still no answer, and he shouted, 'Confound you, what craft is that?'

"No answer still, and then right across our bows went the stranger."

"Then I felt the same chill as before, and in the darkness I saw that same silent, motionless crew."

"The next moment up came one of the crew from below, and requested the captain to shorten sail, as the cook, who was ill, was too much shaken up."

"We took in canvas, but it did no good, for the man died the following day, and then I began to think that the craft was a phantom and not sailed by mortal men."

"For several months we continued cruising for whales, without seeing the craft, and my spirit rose, until one moonlight night as we were going into port, we again saw that same identical phantom schooner."

"She came out from inshore somewhere ran after us, overhauled us, and glided by so close that I could without difficulty have thrown a line on board, and not an answer would we get to our hail."

"When I got home, I found that my old lady had slipped her life's cable, having died suddenly. Though that was fifteen years ago, I have never since seen the Flying Dutchman."

Not Demonstrative.

Wendell Phillips, with keen relish of the fun, used to tell his friends the story of his first appearance in Philadelphia.

He had been engaged to deliver three lectures there upon political questions, and, as he knew that he and his audience would accord in opinion, he expected a warm greeting.

On the first evening he found the large hall filled with Quakers. On the front bench sat the three committeemen who had invited him to speak. Every face in the audience was calm and critical. He rose and stepped to the desk amidst profound silence.

He was a young orator, used to fervent applause from eager hearers. His heart quailed, but he began boldly. As he continued, he paused now and then, according to the custom of young speakers, at the points where applause or a laugh would have been welcome, but the deadly silence remained unbroken. Still the faces before him showed no sign of emotion. He resolved to arouse them. He hurled at them his strongest arguments, his most scathing satire, his tenderest pathos.

Not a smile, not a movement, answered him. Calm as a stone his Rhodamantine judges faced him. At last exhausted and chagrined, he finished abruptly and sat down.

A long pause. Then a committeeman rose and stepped upon the platform. "My friends," he said, "this young man hath a disappointed appearance. He is doubtless accustomed to some manifestation from the audience. I propose that in token of our approbation of his discourse, we give him three cheers."

"Seconded," said another friend. "I will give the time," said the first speaker. "One, two, three!"

"Hurrah!" calmly remarked the two other committeemen, in a low voice. "Again!"

Dead silence. Mr. Phillips found afterward that his audience had keenly appreciated his speech, not losing a single point; but he never forgot the depressing effect of those three cheers.

Where Colors Come From.

Bistre is the soot of wood ashes.

Indian yellow comes from the camel.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Various lakes are derived from root, barks, and gums.

Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan.

Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago.

Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp black is soot from certain resinous substances.

Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.

The cuttlefish gives the sepia. It is the inkly fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked.

Very little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson scarlet carmine, and purple lakes.

The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally.

The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burned.

Of Editor Poole, of Vernon parish, La., who went gunning for the sheriff and got killed, the Catahoula, (La.) News remarks: "The many friends his generous, manly qualities had won for him during his short sojourn in our midst will regret to learn of his untimely but heroic death, and will console themselves with the reflection that in Alexander C. Poole his adversary met a foemen worthy of his steel."

A Bangor druggist has a pair of scales so accurate as to enable the clerk to weigh 1-44th of a grain, though he is not called upon to balance below 1-15th of a grain. Recently he weighed 1-15th of grain of acetone, which was afterwards made into twelve powders for some believer in minute doses.

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