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The population of Mexico is two and one-half times that of Canada.

Ohio has more poets in proportion to her population than any other country.

By 1900 Greater London will probably have a population of 6,400,000, while Greater New York will have 3,900,000.

There are some 6,000,000 "imperfect women" in Europe that it does not know what to do with.

Alfred Austin receives a salary of \$360 a year as English Laureate, and draws back salary from the time of Tennyson's death in 1892.

Spain allows Cuba only \$182,000 a year for public instruction and makes the University of Havana a source of profit to the State.

While horses in the United States show a decrease of only two per cent, in number in four years their value has decreased within a fraction of fifty per cent.

Germany is among the strongly advancing commercial countries. Her advance has been most marked in the value of her imports, which increased during the eleven years from \$815,000,000 to \$981,000,000 a year.

Sigmar Cairano, an Italian lawyer, will not be safe in South America. He has written a book on "South American Dictators," in which he gives the "Presidents" of the Southern Republics anything but a good name.

There were 114,439 fewer children being educated in French primary schools than there were five years ago, according to the last report of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The horse-flesh cannery in Portland, Oregon, has been forced to shut down, and the mustangs of the Oregon plains will be allowed to roam unmolested for some time.

New York contains a remarkable woman hypnotist—remarkable from the fact that she hypnotizes herself. She is the wife of a college principal at Great Bend, Kan.

The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, since its organization in 1889, has purchased the old powder magazine in Williamsburg, which is now being converted into a museum for colonial relics.

NOTHING IS LOST. Nothing is lost, the woods and fields grow green again in spring.

The earth and flowers are full of life—new life in everything. We fall asleep and rest, and wake, and call it daily life.

Nothing is lost, for life itself is only a passing thought! We lose our yesterday, 'tis true, but hold the good it brought.

Nothing is lost, the sweet, sweet songs come to us o'er and o'er. The same fond faces oft return, and will forever more.

—J. W. Donovan, in Democrat.

A DRAWING ROOM PUPPET.

MILDRED WARING considers herself an intellectual person. Her intellectual capacities display themselves in the occasional perusal of uninteresting books and in the subsequent distribution of fragments of their contents to unwilling listeners.

Ordinarily, the only result is to render conversation impossible, but that evening, in Mrs. Arkwright's snugger, she annoyed me into argument.

She had been reading some idiotic book about the Indian Mutiny, and began to fabricate generalities about men as the result. Generalities only hurt their perpetrator; but I knew Mildred's generalities were not general.

Little Dicky Whitbread had been chaffing Harold Pilkington, who had hovered about Mildred for the last season; and her remarks about strong men and drawing-room puppets obviously applied to them.

Mr. Pilkington is a large, dark man, with a small, dark mind—the kind of man who only smiles to show his teeth; and Dicky—well, Dicky is what you would expect in a man whom men and many women call Dicky.

"Nicholson," said Mildred, sententiously, in the course of our argument, "was a real man. He was a tall, silent man, who in a great crisis rose to the occasion."

"That was a comfort," yawned Lena Dawson. "He might have improved it." "He was probably," I said, without the least notion who the man named Nicholson was, "a person whom men consider stupid and his wife a brute."

"And there was Lord Lawrence," went on Mildred, with a contemptuous sniff; "they were both heroes." "It's much easier to be a hero than a decent husband," said Mrs. Frohisher, who is so attached to her own husband that she is compelled to conceal it with cynicism.

"Thank you, Mrs. Frohisher," I said, "that's exactly what I mean. I believe real good sorts are real good always; and the little things mean most because it's so hard to make them melodramatic."

"Send for the police at once," said Dean Foulkes, firmly.

"Where's my wife?" said Mr. Frohisher.

"Is he in the house still?" asked Mr. Arkwright.

"I think so," I said. "We've locked the door on the outside."

"He'll get out of the window," remarked Major Turner, with a bloody-thirted look. "Make a row at the door. I'll wait for him on the lawn," which I believe he did, with a double-barrelled gun.

There was a rush up stairs. It was rather a funny scene. They all got some kind of weapon except Mr. Pilkington and Dean Foulkes. The latter strode up with unfrilled pomposity, apparently prepared to combat the foe in the mere strength of his official capacity.

Dicky stayed alone in the smoking room and smoked on.

"Dicky," I said, "are you afraid?" "I don't think I'm afraid of the burglar," he replied; "but if those idiots are going to fire about a bedroom promiscuously, I'd rather be here."

I cast a withering look on him and followed the others up stairs. I saw Mr. Pilkington up to the door and unhook it, while the others passed.

"You'd better surrender quietly," he exclaimed.

He looked the ideal of quiet bravery.

"Let the ladies go away," he went on, when there was no answer. "We must search the room."

He walked boldly in and the others followed. Of course there was no trace of a burglar. We were awaiting further developments with interest, when that silly little Mrs. Frohisher queried her perturbed husband with the truth. He imagined, I think, that a burglar's sole object would be to shoot or steal Mrs. Frohisher. Of course the game was rather spoilt, for we might have had a good long burglar hunt.

The men went again to the smoking room. Major Turner said something about lumbago when he came in, otherwise they took the thing rather well. Dicky merely remarked, I believe: "Glad I didn't bother about it."

"Kittie, you win Mr. Pilkington," said Lena afterward, "though the Major was a good second. The burglar, probably, would have got out of the window, and the lumbago is in many ways worse than a burglar. He's a dear old thing. I shall make his gruel myself if he does get bad."

"My man was an inglorious last," said Mildred, triumphantly.

"What, Dicky?" asked Lena. "I didn't notice him. What did he do?" "With a masterly inaction," answered Mildred, smiling maliciously at me, "he stayed in the smoking room, mounting guard over the cigars."

"Cowardice," said Mrs. Foulkes, who was immensely pleased at the Dean's behavior at the Church Militant, "argues an entirely bad moral disposition."

In one of the counties in Western Pennsylvania are two brothers, one of whom is tall and lank, the other short and fat. Many years ago they purchased a tract of mountain land calling for a mile square. They divided the labor of measuring it, one stepping off one side, the other the other side. Then they fenced it in and were perfectly satisfied until recently when suit was brought to recover a considerable tract of the land.

Each brother swore that they knew the measurement to be right, and told how it had been done. Then, as the spectators saw the short legs of the one, scarcely long enough to reach the floor when he sat in a chair, and the elongated extremities of the other, there was a general laugh, in which the judge and attorney joined. Upon surveying, it was found that one line was a mile and a half long, and the other only a little over half a mile.—Washington Star.

Electricity at the Geneva Exhibition. At the coming Swiss National Convention, of which Mr. Theodore Turrettini is President, 12,000 horsepower or electrically transmitted from the River Rhone from a point about six miles distant will be on tap. It is announced that a traveling footpath operated by electricity will traverse the machinery building, and that horseless carriages, appliances for aerial navigation and many other interesting apparatus driven by machinery will be exhibited. Among other things Professor Pictet will exhibit his apparatus for producing intense cold.—Electricity.

Labouche's Mistake. Henry Labouche tells of an awkward mistake he made about De Persigny, Napoleon's right-hand man and the "maker of the Second Empire." His appearance was plebeian, and when the London editor saw him at an evening reception he took him for a waiter and asked for a cup of tea.

"De Persigny good-humoredly went for it," says Mr. Labouche, "and I was knocked into a heap at seeing his grand coronal of the Legion of Honor, but kept down my confusion and got into a rattling chat with him."

Gladstone's Pudding. Shelley once blurted out that pudding was a prejudice; but according to a contemporary, which tells the following exciting story, Mr. Gladstone merely regards the habit of eating it too hot as a prejudice: "One day, not long ago, he was going for a drive into Chester after luncheon. His pudding was very hot, so he went away from the table, changed his clothes, got ready for the drive and came back and finished his pudding; thus saving ten minutes during which his pudding cooled!"

Amor Abdul Rahman has determined to introduce an electric lighting system at Cabul, India, and electric motors in his factories.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Education Up to Date—A Doubtful Expedient—Unique—His Idea of It—Softening the Blow, Etc., Etc. We teach the children Danish, Trigonometry and Spanish. Fill their heads with old-time notions and the secrets of the oceans, and the sunset formulas.

From the land of the Egyptians; Learn the date of every battle, Know the habits of the cattle, Know the date of every crowning, Read the poetry of Browning. Make them say a preference For each musty branch of science; Tell the acreage of Sweden. And the serpent's wiles in Eden; And the other things we teach 'em Make a mountain so immense That we have not a moment left To teach them Common Sense.

—London Truth.

HIS IDEA OF IT. Teacher—"Tommy, what is meant by 'nutritious food?'" Tommy—"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it."—Indianapolis Journal.

UNIQUE. "She is the most original woman I ever knew." "How is that?" "When she hasn't anything to say she doesn't talk."—Life.

A DOUBTFUL EXPEDIENT. Clara—"Is he bashful?" Maude—"Dreadfully so. I may have to urge him to kiss me." Clara—"Aren't you afraid you will scare him away?"—Truth.

DOUBTFUL. Chollie—"I had a fever once and for three weeks I positively didn't know anything." Kittie—"That was dreadful, but don't you think you'll ever get over it?"—Life.

ONE WAY. "Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?" "O! don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages."—Life.

SOFTENING THE BLOW. Grace—"I must refuse him, poor fellow, but I wish I could do something to lessen the pain of it." Maude—"Get some one to tell him that you haven't so much money as he thinks you have."—Brooklyn Life.

ADVICE OF AN EXPERT. Hojake—"I don't know what to do with that dog. I've tried a dozen times to give him away, but no one will have him." Tomdick—"Tried to give him away, did you? That's no way to get rid of a dog. Ask \$45 or \$50 for him."—Pack.

THEY MERELY EXISTED. Professor (lecturing)—"Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence; there could be no life without it. Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago when—"

Student—"What did they do before it was discovered, Professor?"—Pack.

COMPULSORY. "You like music, I understand?" "Very much." "Then you are very happy in the location of your flat." "I am miserable." "But that young lady next door plays all the time. If you enjoy music—"

"It is because I enjoy music that I intend to move out."—Chicago Post.

TWO KINDS OF LOSS. Two of the lady survivors of a railroad wreck were bemoaning their losses to each other in the hospital after it was all over.

"Oh," groaned one, "I have lost my ATM." "Think of me," cried the other; "I have lost my husband." "Yes, yes," moaned the first, "but you can get another husband."—Truth.

INFERENCE. Garrulous Boarder—"For ten years my habits were as regular as clock work. I rose at the stroke of 6; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at 7 I was at work, dined at 12, at supper at 6, and was in bed at 9.30; ate only hearty food, and wasn't ill a single day."

Sarcastic Boarder—"Dear me? And what were you in for?" (Awful silence).—Pick-Me-Up.

DIDN'T GET IT. "Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymore's husband. "No; I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell it?" "Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night, when a footpad shot at him and the ball hit a latchkey in Samuels's vest pocket, and his life was saved. So you see what good a latchkey is."

"Indeed, if Samuels had been going home at a reasonable hour he wouldn't have met any footpad. Secondly, he carries \$50,000 insurance, payable to his wife, and if it had not been for that key she would be a rich widow right now. So, if you are hinting around for a latchkey, you will have to bring home some better story than that one. That's all. I'm going to go to bed now, and if you want to read you'll have to go to the kitchen. And don't waste the coal."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The seamless tube finds favor. Germany has a steel wire flywheel. Paper telegraph poles are increasing.

Harvard College has discovered fourteen new variable stars of long period.

A bill has been introduced into Congress for the construction of cruisers in which electricity will be used as a power.

Dr. Peters, the African explorer, is about to undertake a new exploration of Somaliland under the auspices of a number of wealthy Americans.

The Pennsylvania has introduced an economical innovation on its South-west system by having the fires on all its locomotives started with crude oil.

Naphtha is now used for scouring wood. It is claimed to be less injurious to the wood fiber, and more pure wood oil can be saved than when the wood is scoured with alkali.

The layer of decaying matter covering forest soil has been found by M. E. Henry to increase gradually for about ten years, when it reaches 6000 or 7000 pounds per acre, and thereafter remains very nearly constant in quantity.

Dr. de Renzi, professor of clinical medicine at the University of Naples, reports that in twenty-two cases where he has used Dr. Maragliano's treatment for tuberculosis he has found a distinct improvement, and in some has cured the disease.

One of the novelties exhibited at the National Cycle Show at Crystal Palace, London, was a canopy which protected the rider from sun or rain. This canopy is like the ordinary buggy top, and is steered by means of a small wheel at the back which runs on the ground.

The moisture of the eye is a genuine solvent. Many persons have gone to bed troubled with a foreign substance in the eye, and have waked up in the morning to find it gone. In many cases of this kind the foreign matter has been dissolved by the moisture of the eye.

Large deposits of platinum have been discovered at Fildfield in New South Wales. One bed of platinumiferous lead ore is a mile long and from sixty to 150 feet wide. The crude metal contains about seventy-five per cent of platinum and sells on the field for \$6 an ounce.

The common house fly is said to be provided with 16,000 eyes; that is to say, his two compound eyes have each 8000 facets. By this singular arrangement he is enabled to see in every direction, and to elude with great skill and success the many dangers that threaten his daily existence.

Chicago dispatch states that the first needle factory in the United States is soon to be established in that city. The needles are to be made by a new machine of American invention, which can turn out, it is asserted, 2500 needles an hour at a cost materially lower than the present price of imported needles.

George B. King, in Psyche, a well known entomological journal, asserts that insects freeze solid during the winter and thaw out when warm weather comes. This surely has never been demonstrated. If once the power of evolving heat is lost life goes with it. At least this is a great principle in biology. There are liquids which do not freeze under a low temperature, and these possibly enter into the insect organism.

He Was His Own Dictionary. A good story comes from Meeker County, Minnesota, and has to do with a well-known country school district there. When it came time last summer to hire a teacher, the local Board discovered that there were two applicants, both young men. As to salary there was no difference between their bids, but the second one insisted that, if he were employed, the Board should provide a dictionary for the schoolroom. The first one made no such demand, and said that he would be well to get along without a dictionary. As he expressed it, this was useful only in the matter of defining words and giving their "pronunciation." Number one got the school. Last week the Board made its first visit to the building. Everything went well for the first fifteen minutes, but finally a red-headed, freckled-faced youth in the rear of the room held up his right hand and snapped his fingers in a very energetic manner.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked the teacher. "I want to know how to pronounce a word," said Charlie. "Spell it," replied the teacher. Charlie, in a loud voice, spelled out the word "vocabulary." Number one got the school. Last week the Board made its first visit to the building. Everything went well for the first fifteen minutes, but finally a red-headed, freckled-faced youth in the rear of the room held up his right hand and snapped his fingers in a very energetic manner.

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I LOVE YOU, DEAR.

"I love you, dear." "There is no phrase so worn and old In all the world; nor one so sweet To lover's lips or maiden's ear— As this refrain: 'I love you, dear.'"

"I love you, dear." "There is no change as time goes on. No new words seem to mean as much As when they're uttered fondly near In trembling tones: 'I love you, dear.'"

"I love you, dear." "No night so dark, no day so long But Hope brings comfort to the heart; If only 'some one' standeth near To murmur low: 'I love you, dear.'"

—Form.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Some temptations are like privileges—granted only to a few.—Life.

"How was the bride given away?" "By her complexion."—Chicago Record.

The man who is ahead of his time usually isn't worth much when his time comes.

She—"Have you really got a coronet?" The Lord—"No; but here's the pawn ticket."—Life.

The man who can learn from his own mistakes, can always be learning something.—Rau's Horn.

Misery may love company; but the host should remember that the guest is not likely to reciprocate.

Before taking the will for the deed please remember that wills are more easily broken than deeds.—Truth.

After man has become prominent, it is discovered that their laziness was a sign of genius.—Athenian Globe.

Smokeless powder must be an embarrassment, at times, to the warrior who doesn't know which way to run.—Truth.

Gazely—"Is it good to sit at night before going to bed?" Laxby—"Be definite, man, is what good to eat?"—Roxbury Gazette.

"Have those people in the other flat been married long?" "I think not; he takes naps on her best silk pillows."—Chicago Record.

"The game is up," remarked the hungry customer, as he noted the advance in price of birds on the bill of fare.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Boodles—"You began life as a bare-footed boy, I understand?" New Clerk—"Yes, sir; I was born without shoes."—New York Herald.

"Poster designs are said to be often mere accidents." "Some of them must be regarded as fatal accidents, too."—Chicago Evening Post.

Drug Clerk—"How will you have your soda—hot or cold?" Customer—"Guess I'll have it hot; haven't time to wait for it to get cold."—Roxbury Gazette.

Louise—"How do you come on with that leap year proposal?" Emma—"I don't know yet. Harry is still examining my letters of recommendation."—Judge.

Easily Explained: "Here, you are no kind of an office boy if you can't tell the time of day." "Please, sir, I was educated at a night school."—Chicago Tribune.

Bert—"I can't think of marriage just yet; you know I'm not rich." Angeline—"What difference does that make?" Bert—"None, providing you are."—Roxbury Gazette.

"So you were thrown out?" remarked the ashbarrel. "That is what you get for being crooked." "My crookedness is not my fault," said the nail. "I was driven to it by a woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Jennie," said Mr. Portly, "I wish you'd put a 'V' in my dress trousers. I'm getting too stout to wear 'em." "I will," responded his spouse; "but I wish you'd put a couple of 'V's in my purse. It's getting so thin that it slips through my fingers."

Hermione—"Isn't Jack good? He has engaged himself to me, you know; but he says he will not bind me to him. If I can get somebody else, he says he shan't interfere." Blanche (sweetly)—"It is evident that he feels perfectly sure of you."—Boston Transcript.

Looking for a Lost Dog. Sam Hughes lost a fine dog some time ago. He scoured the town, watched the ferry boats and advertised, but still he could not find his dog. One day he received an anonymous letter stating that his dog was locked up in a shed back of a house on Bryant street.

Hughes reasoned that it would be of no use to go and demand his dog, for the people who were keeping it would simply deny all knowledge of it, and as soon as he got out of the way would conceal the animal somewhere else. He knew he would have to resort to strategy.

He rang the bell one morning and told the woman who came to the door that he was the gas man and wanted to see her meter. She slammed the door in his face, for no gas was used in the house. The next week Hughes went to a grocery and bought a dollar's worth of sugar. Then he staked a pencil behind his ear and tried to get around the back way to deliver it. A bulldog chased him out.

A few days later he rented a room from one of the neighbors and determined to watch. His perseverance was rewarded by seeing the old lady carry milk out to the shed back of the house. That night he dropped over the back fence and crept into the place where he expected to find his dog. He called softly, and the animal rubbed against his leg. He stretched out his hand to pat it and felt a pair of horns. It was the old lady's goat he was petting.

Hughes abandoned the search for his dog.—San Francisco Post.