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Ripened Wheat. We bent to-day o'er a coffin form, And our tears fell softly down.

LOST HER PLACE. A STORY OF WASHINGTON LIFE. "It's only a six-hundred office" said Crocus Graham, with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Mamma," said Crocus, suddenly "I won't wait to be discharged—I'll resign!" "Would that be wise, Crocus?" said the gentle widow.

Later in the afternoon, Crocus Graham put on the pink moss-rose gown, with a pretty little hat of rose-colored crape, which she had herself made and crept out under the shadow of the great lime-trees in the capitol grounds, to hear the band play.

All the world was there—the belles of the great city, the fashionables, the notabilities. Elegant carriages blocked up the drives; rainbow groups studded the velvet lawns; and almost the first thing which Crocus saw was the tall figure of the twenty-fifth auditor, standing beside Senator Stalkcup's carriage.

"My cousin must be provided for, don't you see?" said the senator. "And they tell me that your department is the pleasantest place in the Treasury Building; and if there isn't any vacancy just now, why, you must make one! Nothing can be easier, I am sure!"

"You think so?" said the twenty-fifth auditor, who was a tall man, with Indian-dark hair and eyes, and a Napoleonic conformation of brow.

"Mr. Harrington!" she exclaimed, with a start. "Miss Graham!" "I—I only came out to hear the band play, and get a little breath of fresh air," faltered Crocus.

He had known Miss Graham for two years now. He had seen her daily at her desk; he had exchanged courteous salutations with her, as she came, every morning, out of the yellow, Southern sunshine into the cool arcades of the marble-pillared Treasury Building, with roses in her bosom, and the soft flush of youth and health on her cheek.

Her dead father had been good to him, as a young man, and he had never forgotten this. And besides—But Crocus' heart sank piteously, as he looked down at her with that serious, observant eye of his.

"He is thinking how he shall break it to me," she thought to herself. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish it were all over, and I was safe on the Dakota farm, with mamma and the beehives."

"It is very kind of you to lead up to the subject so carefully, Mr. Harrington," said she, "but—I know all about it already."

He looked at her with puzzled, intent eyes. I do not see how that can be possible, Miss Graham," said he. "Oh, I am quicker-sighted than you think!" Crocus answered, with a forced laugh.

"But, darling, what can two women like us do?" pleaded Mrs. Graham. "Two women, mamma!" cried Crocus, trying to laugh. "Why, there's nothing in all the world that they can't do! I may be returned yet as one of the representatives of some hitherto unnamed territory; and in that case, I'll do my best to pass a law that no political influence shall drive a hard working girl from her place, to make room for an overdressed widow who wants to earn a little more pin-money."

"Crocus!" "Wouldn't it be a good idea, mamma? But now I must sit down and count the money I have left of this month's salary. I am not by any means sure that I have enough to take us to Dakota—unless indeed we were to sell the old pair brooch that belonged to your mother. And I've a sort of fancy that luck would desert us if we parted with that old pair brooch."

And sometimes when Crocus comes to her husband's private office in the department, a sweet-faced matron in silk and jewels, she looks pityingly at the lady-clerks, with Mrs. Altamont in their midst, and wonders if it were possible that she was once one of them.

"It seems so long ago," says Mrs. Harrington—"oh, so very, very long!" —Helen Forest Graves.

The Second Greatest Man. If we are united in the opinion as to which is our best month, we are equally of one mind who was the greatest man that the United States has produced. That has become a traditional article of belief.

According to Science the number of snakes killed near Falls City, Neb., during an overflow of the Nemaha river is almost beyond belief. They were driven by the water from the bottom lands to the higher grounds, and especially to the embankments thrown up for railways.

A Whistling Tree. The deep and almost impenetrable forests of Nubia is found a tree that utters at times the most mournful and plaintive notes.

EARTH TORPEDOES. An Invention Which is About to Revolutionize the Art of War. Particulars concerning the earth torpedoes which were lately tested at Thur have been published by the Geneva papers.

The Zubowitz torpedo, according to several high military authorities, is destined to effect a partial revolution in the art of war, especially of defensive war. It renders possible the laying, in a very short time and by common workmen, of a series of powerful mines, any one of which can be made, as circumstances may require, either harmless or arranged in such a manner as to be exploded by a shock, a train of gunpowder or an electric wire.

"I'm afraid I am very stupid, Mr. Harrington," she said; "but—but did you mean to ask me if—"

"It doesn't seem possible!" said Crocus; and then, in her bewilderment of happiness, she began to cry.

The general said nothing, but was forced to make his son stop playing to do the errand or climb the stairs himself, and close the former course. After the occurrence young Ord was even more overbearing in his demeanor towards Ross than ever before.

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A WAR REMINISCENCE. How a Regular Officer Was Thumped Into Respect for the Volunteers. Reading General Lew Wallace's letter to the eleventh Indian regiment, defending his course at Shiloh, I was reminded shortly after that conflict, said a veteran of the war to a representative of the Indianapolis Journal.

The young officer turned sharply, and, without offering to obey the command, replied, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the billiard-room: "There is an artist in there, sir, who can act as your servant."

"Now, I'll sell the three for half a dollar," he said, and rattled along with nonsensical argument until a fool made the purchase. The crowd laughed at the dupe, when he opened the parcels and found no bank note; and yet it soon provided other purchasers, and in 15 minutes the rascal had taken in \$5.

The slugging was not to be repelled. He had made up his mind to play that game to win. He held his half-dollar for a second aloft, with a gesture that made his biceps distend his coat sleeve significantly, and then made the silver ring among the little packets.

"This game is for greens," and the wolf-turned-lamb bleated very mildly. "This game's for me—right now—and I'm awaiting," was the uncompromising growl in response; Three for hellel a dollar. Toss 'em over."

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STREET SWINDLES. A New York Correspondent's Account of a Bowery Encounter. Near the Bowery, in Canal street, is No. 192, with a grocery in the basement, and a variety of curious wiles in the rascals. This is a kind of headquarters for operators known as street fakirs—prize candy peddlars, three-card monte men and other petty swindlers.

But we could, for he had dropped it quite separate from the rest, and so slowly that there could be no doubt about its identity. Then he asked a bystander—whether a stool-pigeon or not made no difference to the game—to pick out three of the wrapped blocks.

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Address to a Sea-Bird. Oh, wild wave wanderer, Precipice powderer, Haunter of heaven and searcher of seas, Storm scrover, thunder-born, Through clouds asunder torn, Thou not for wonder born, Headless of horror, with sickle-like eyes, Cuttest thy silent aving, Fierce, unafraid, When the fierce quivering lightning-sting, shivering, Darts to the dark earth The snake of its blade.

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