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In Paris they arrest and punish any one who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk.

It is understood that it will cost \$300,000 to render the old Treasury vaults at Washington secure.

More than two thousand farmers have applied to the Agricultural Department at Washington for seeds of the sugar beet.

The United States Patent Office is more than self-sustaining. On the books of the Treasury it has its credit something like \$3,000,000.

A postal convenience in Mexico is an immense insurance company which guarantees the senders of valuable letters and packages against loss in the mails.

It is an open secret, avers the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the German Army has not that affection for the Kaiser that existed between Paul and Virginia.

The pet names for four baby States are as follows: North Dakota is the "Flickertail State," South Dakota is the "Swinge Cat State," Washington is the "Chinook State," and Montana is the "Stubbed-Toe State."

Now that Canada has been scratched off the list of safe resorts for American rogues, remarks the New York Telegram, Australia looms up as a non-extraditable paradise. The length of the journey involved may prove a handicap in reality.

Mr. Foster, of Buckfield, Me., the largest manufacturer of toothpicks in the world, says of his make alone there are now enough in stock to supply the United States for two years. When running, his mills will produce in twelve months more than the total American consumption for twice that time.

Poverty has driven many persons to suicide, observes the New York Herald, but the story from Moscow of the widow of an army officer and her five daughters locking themselves in a room, turning on the gas and dying from suffocation on account of dire want excels in horror most cases of the kind.

French scientific men and engineers are discussing the feasibility of a railroad across the desert of Sahara. It is claimed that such an enterprise is necessary to confirm the hold of France upon her possessions on the west coast of Africa and to develop the north African provinces that she holds.

The unmarried women of Massachusetts, according to the reports of its savings banks and other institutions, have \$29,000,000 in deposit. Perhaps this will explain, hazards the New York News, why the women of Massachusetts have the reputation of being so independent, as nothing contributes to the feeling of independence like a good bank account.

The irony of fate is seen in the sad fate of Captain Couch, the Oklahoma boomer. After devoting his time and energies for several years to organizing raids into that forbidden region, and thus doing much to force its opening to settlement, he was so beaten in the race for land when the day of jubilee came that he was compelled to jump another man's claim, and was shot in the leg and killed in consequence.

"The Southern States," says Dixie, "should make a grand display at the World's Fair. Each State should have an exhibit which would show the world just what her resources are, and what the capitalist and immigrant can expect to find, when they seek her borders. The Southern expositions held in Louisville, New Orleans and Atlanta have been of incalculable benefit to the South, having brought millions of dollars to our mines, quarries, cities and manufacturers. The outside world must see what we have, and the World's Fair will be the place to advertise our resources."

Those who spent the year 1889 in New York will not be surprised, says the Observer, to learn from Sergeant Dunn, Chief of the New York Signal Service Bureau, that the year 1889 was the wettest on record. The total rainfall for that year was 58.68 inches. Sergeant Dunn describes it not only as the wettest, but the warmest and wettest. A singular incident about the weather of the past winter is that the coldest and warmest days of the winter were each found in the month of March. On March 7 the thermometer dropped to six degrees. On March 12 it reached seventy-one degrees, the maximum and minimum thus occurring within five days of each other. Last year gave us the warmest Christmas day we ever had so far as records show, the thermometer reaching sixty-five degrees in the afternoon. Sergeant Dunn argues that the conditions of the weather have been such as to make it tolerably safe to expect a cool summer.

IF WE KNEW. Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives, Often we should find it better. Purer than we judge we should; We should love each other better If we only understood. Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin. Could we know the powers working To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity. If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the effort all in vain, And the bitter disappointment— Understood the loss and gain— Would the grim external roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same? Should we help where now we hinder? Should we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action In less turbid at its source. Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good; Oh! we'd love each other better If we only understood. —Woman's Work.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOOD.

HARRIET F. CROCKER. They had parted coldly. Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment. Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes. She was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood. She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's bookkeeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried. They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village. Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer. They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidly which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu. Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest oper. Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd! Thus she commended with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her; but marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question! For days and days it rained. It grew monotonous and wearisome. Eloise, wandering aimlessly about the drawing-room, looking over a book abstractly; striking a few chords on the piano; going from window to window to look out at the falling rain and the dismal landscape was wretchedly lonesome and ill at ease. Why did not some one come! Even Richard Holmes would be a welcome caller, if only to quarrel with. He used to drop in so often to play a game of chess or listen to her music. She wished she had not treated him quite so badly the other day. Why could she not have said, as other girls would have said, that she would be a sister to him? It had never occurred to her to say that. She wished she had been less unkind that day—wished she had held him off a little longer at least—it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two. The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn. Suddenly she stood erect, and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes. The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glistened and bright. "I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood, surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window, waiting for him. She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell, and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door. Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning everything, swallowing up everything in its awful volume of sound. There was a terror in it unlike

the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and gathering and growing louder every moment. Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself, she could only stand and listen to that awful, all-pervading roar. She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded. In a moment it was all over; the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious. A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found herself floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters. Near her she saw the great elm tree that had stood before her house ever since she was a child, and which was a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life. With great, dark eyes dilated with horror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be? Drowned! O, God, forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself. She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time while not knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night—it seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning? Her father—was he safe? O, Heaven! that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing water! She raised her voice and called: "Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, summoning all her strength, and sending her clear voice out over the waters. "Richard! Richard!" She thought she heard a human voice, faint and far away—could it be his? He was near her when the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her now. She raised her voice again and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head was familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her. "Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise! Thank God!" She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near. She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not; that he dared not lose his hold of the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her—always turned to her. 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