

In forty years the wealth of Maryland increased from \$373 to \$1042 per capita.

Norway is the only country in the world which is not increasing its annual yield of cereals. The reason is found in climatic conditions.

In poetry violets are always "blue," never purple, but as a matter of fact but half of the twenty and odd varieties in the United States are purple, yellow, white, lilac and one green.

A genius has invented an instrument which will register any time played on a piano. This will be a godsend to the improvisatore, as it will enable him to keep track of his "lost chords."

The cost of the completed capitol at Albany, N. Y., with the central tower left out, foots up to \$23,000,000, twice as much as the national capitol, conjecturally more than the golden house of Nero, the Dalmatian palace of Diocletian, or the white house of Chosroes.

The hoosiers have the gift of biting epigram, if the Indianapolis Journal reports them correctly. "They may say what they like against him," said the convicted one's defender, "but his heart is in the right place." "Yes," assented the other, "and so is the rest of him, for a few years."

Earthquakes occasionally profit mankind, as in the case of Onzounda, a port of the Caspian, which is the starting point of the transcasian railway. The port was visited by an earthquake some years ago, and since then it has become open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

When John Albert, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, announced the recent accession of his young nephew to the Grand Duchy and his own assumption of the regency, he couched his proclamation in the same phraseology as that of the nobles and princes in the Middle Ages, when all the mercantile, agricultural and manufacturing classes were looked upon as mere serfs and cattle. Thus, the concluding sentence was: "We look for absolute loyalty and blind obedience in every possible particular, as is only right and fitting on the part of subjects, vassals and servants toward the master of their land and of their persons."

The Metlakahla Indians of California, who have been cared for by years by the Rev. John Duncan, do not appear to have a warm gratitude for the man who has helped them to gain civilization. For years Mr. Duncan has run the only store in the settlement, but recently several shrewd Indians have started stores which are getting the lion's share of the trade. Mr. Duncan tried to checkmate them by charging prohibitive dock rates for landing, but the Indians met him half way and are now building a dock which they propose to make free to all. They are also talking of putting up stamp mills to work rich free milling quartz, which they have located.

While the growth of our urban population since the war has been phenomenal, it is painful to the Atlanta Constitution to note that "much of this increase has been wrought at the expense of the rural districts. On good authority it is stated that, during the two decades extending from 1870 to 1891, not less than 6,000,000 people in the United States moved from the rural districts to the cities. If this process continues for any length of time it is evident that the growth of our cities will soon exhaust the rural districts completely. But is this process likely to continue? Most certainly not. There must come a time when the drift of population, instead of proceeding from the rural districts to the cities, will proceed from the cities to the rural districts; and already there are hopeful signs of this change. Improved facilities of transportation have virtually bestowed upon the farmer the same privileges enjoyed by his city brethren; and, without the slightest inconvenience, one can live in the country and yet make daily trips to the city. The force of this statement is emphasized by the number of suburban homes which are going up in the neighborhood of most of our large cities. Within the next few years it is likely that this tendency to return to rural life will be even more distinctly marked than it is at present. Without prosperity in the fields of grain there can be no prosperity in the marts of trade, and in vain will our cities increase in population if they are built up at the expense of the rural districts."

THE DAISY.

Brightest little daisy,
Nodding in the grass,
Swaying with the breeze
As they gently pass;
Now a look of wonder
In your golden eye—
Tell me what you whisper
To the passing sky.

Tell me, little daisy,
With your petals white,
Do you love the green fields
And the sunshine bright?
Dainty little flower,
Full of light and love,
Can you hear the lark sing
In the clouds above?

Are you never weary
Of the world below?
Dearest little daisy,
Tell me all you know.
In your life all gladness,
All so fair and bright?
Bravest little flower,
Is it ever night?

Can't you see the shadows
Of the autumn eve?
Hear the quivering sadness
Of the falling leaves?
Farewell, gentle daisy;
Will you tell me more
When I learn the language
I've not learned before?
—Kathleen Phillips, in Boston Transcript.

IN THE FLOOD.

BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Those who have seen the bayous of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, cannot be said to have a thorough knowledge of America, even if they have visited every other state and territory. It is a country level as a prairie, yet covered with mighty forests, whose interlocking live oaks and cypresses make grand arcades of eternal solitude and silence.

The roads in this land are few and short—the only means of communication being the deep, canal-like bayous that are usually currentless and stagnate in the shadows of the bordering trees.

The plantations along these bayous are famed for their sugar and cotton, and they would be the most valuable in the world were it not for the great sums of money expended by the planters in building levees, or heavy artificial banks, to keep the bayous from overflowing in time of high water, which usually comes when the ice is melting in the upper valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi.

But, though the precaution taken to shut out the floods is great, it is not always effective. Heavy falls of snow in the winter to the North mean heavy floods when spring comes to the plains of the South.

The floods in the spring of 1883 will be long remembered as the most severe that ever swept over the plantations bordering the bayous. Rich plantations were ruined, forests leveled, embankments swept away, homes borne off to the sea, herds drowned and scores of human beings perished in the flood or of hunger.

The plantations of Judge Riel and Mr. Gordon were on opposite sides of the Bayou Rouge, about 60 miles south of the point where the Red river enters the Mississippi.

These gentlemen, though neighbors, were not neighborly. They had had a quarrel when young men at college—a foolish, causeless quarrel, and, though 25 years had passed since, they had never spoken. Both had married in the meantime, but their families held no intercourse.

Judge Riel had two sons, one 23, the other a year or two younger; and Mr. Gordon had two daughters, aged respectively 19 and 17.

Florence and Jennie Gordon were pretty, accomplished girls, and, though they loved their parents and their quiet, solitary home, it was but natural that they should now and then yearn to know something of the great world outside the water-girdled plantation.

They often saw the sons of their neighbor—of their father's "enemy," as they thought Judge Riel, rowing past in their graceful boat, and they always acknowledged the salute of the handsome young men, but beyond this no courtesy was interchanged.

"What news, John?" asked Mrs. Gordon, as her husband came into the house about midnight with a dim lamp in his hand and his rubber garments shining with water like a recently polished stove.

"It is still raining as if it had not been at it a week," replied Mr. Gordon, with something like a sigh.

"And the levee?" asked Florence, who, with her sister Jennie, had been waiting up for the report on which home and perhaps life depended.

"Every man on the place is patrolling and watching to prevent a break," said Mr. Gordon, throwing off his coat and running his fingers nervously through his damp, brown hair.

"And the water is still rising," said Mrs. Gordon; "still rising; three inches more and Bayou Rouge will be over the levee and the place will be gone."

Mrs. Gordon set before him some supper and a hot cup of coffee, for which he seemed to have but little appetite. As he stirred the coffee he said, without looking up:

"I think, wife, it would be well if you and the girls would put on warm clothing and have your waterproofs ready, with any light articles you may want to save."

"Do you think the danger is as great as that?" asked Mrs. Gordon, pressing her hands to her breast and trying to speak as if his words had brought her no alarm.

"It is better to be prepared, my dear," said Mr. Gordon, with enforced calmness. "I have had rafts made to carry off the hands if the flood comes in, and the boat has been carried to the door."

In times of great peril women are more apt to be cool and uncomplaining than men. Mrs. Gordon and her daughters realized that a great peril threatened them, but they prepared to meet it with a courage and calmness that lifted a heavy burden from the father's shoulders.

After drinking his coffee, Mr. Gordon put on his waterproof coat and went out again with the lamp in his hand.

He had not been gone many seconds when the ladies were startled by a shrill cry that was taken up by other voices till it rose above the storm.

"The crevasse! The levee is gone!" They caught these words, and they heard the roar of the waters coming nearer and nearer.

Mrs. Gordon threw open the door to call to her husband to return, but at that instant he burst in shouting: "Come, wife—Florence—Jennie—to the boat!"

They ran out after him and got into the boat. Mrs. Gordon extinguished the only light in the house as she left, and Mr. Gordon's lamp had gone out. The shouting of the black people—men, women and children—as they made for the rafts, could be heard above the howling of the wind and the roar of the oncoming torrent.

The darkness added to the horror of the situation, as did the cries of the frightened cattle.

Nearer and nearer came the flood; they could hear it dashing against the house and feel it splashing fiercely on their faces.

The maddened waters reached the boat and shook it.

Then the frail craft began to rise with its precious freight and to tug at the rope which held it to a live-oak tree near the house.

Day came at length and revealed such a change as the dwellers in the ark must have seen when they looked out after the waters had been pouring down for weeks and the fountains of the great deep were broken up.

Where fertile fields had been there was now a lake dotted with trees that seemed yielding to the torrent. The cattle were gone. The quarters of the laborers and the laborers themselves were gone. The sugar-house and the dwelling house were the only two buildings left out of a hundred, and up to their sides the waves were rising, and about them the fierce waters roared.

"It looks as if the world were being washed away," said Florence.

"And that we were the only living beings left on it," added Jennie.

Mrs. Gordon had thoughtfully placed a basket of provisions in the boat, so that there was no danger of immediate danger.

"There is only one place within 60 miles that is not under water," said Mr. Gordon in reply to his wife's question.

"Where is that?" she asked, after a pause.

"Judge Riel's," he replied. "That plantation is six feet higher than this, and the levees are the best in the state."

"Might it not be well," said Mrs. Gordon, thoughtfully, "for us to try and reach them?"

The question seemed to startle Mr. Gordon, for he looked at his wife for some time without speaking. Finally he said:

"I do not hate Judge Riel, and I would help him were he in the same situation, but I cannot go to him now of all times. No, we must get the boat loose, and, trusting in heaven, go on with the current."

Mr. Gordon unloosened the rope, took the oars, and the boat drifted slowly away from its moorings till it was caught by the white waters of the current, and then it shot away with a speed that was startling.

Like all men raised in this land, Mr. Gordon was a good boatman, but for once he found himself in a position where his great strength did not avail and his great skill was useless.

There was no need to pull the oars; it would have been impossible to drive against the current, so they had to go with it.

There was no trouble so long as the boat was drifting over the cleared fields, but this security could not last long. Beyond the fields were the woods, through which it would have been difficult to pass under the most favorable circumstances, but against which it now seemed that the boat must be dashed.

Mr. Gordon realized this, for he said, as if thinking aloud:

"We must try to get into the bayou; there, at least, we shall be safe from the trees."

It is doubtful if he could have kept the boat in the course of the bayou had he succeeded in reaching there, for the currents were rushing through narrow channels, and the bayou had expanded into an angry sea. By care and the exercise of great strength, Mr. Gordon succeeded in passing safely the first line of timber, but it was only getting deeper and deeper into the inextricable tangle of drooping branches and swaying vines.

They had not been long in this maze when one of the oars was broken, and the other became practically useless. By reaching forward in the bow, Mr. Gordon succeeded in keeping the boat from plunging against the trunks of trees and so being dashed to pieces, but no man could long keep up this work.

After long hours they reached an open space, an expansion of the bayou, where the waters were comparatively calm, and here Mr. Gordon succeeded

in making the boat fast to the branch of a tree.

"Let us wait," he said, desperately, "till succor or the end comes."

During the rest of the day they saw the dead bodies of cattle and the wreck of once happy homes drifting past, and now and then caught sight of a boat floating by with the bottom up.

The never-ceasing rain added to their discomfort and kept one of them continually bailing out the water.

They abandoned their first attempt to keep dry, and all were now as wet as if they had been plunged into the seething, yellow flood.

Shortly before dark they ate the balance of the cooked food Mrs. Gordon had put in the boat.

Night came—a more horrible night than any words can describe. Sleep was out of the question. All felt that there was but one labor before them, viz., to keep the boat afloat by constantly using the tin dipper that served as a bailer.

Now and then Mr. Gordon muttered against his hard fate, but not a word escaped the lips of his wife and daughters expressive of the tortures of mind and body which they were so heroically enduring; indeed, they tried to speak a cheer they did not feel by assuring him that succor would come on the morrow.

The dawn of the second day found them in the boat. All were famished and broken down with fatigue.

The waters were higher than the day before, and still the cruel rain poured steadily down.

The wind howled and the waves dashed about them, threatening every moment to swamp the boat.

Mr. Gordon saw by the pinched faces and changed color of his wife and daughters that they could not stand another day of this suffering, yet, what could he do to help them? If his own death could save them he would gladly have yielded his life, but neither his aid nor sacrifice would avail.

The afternoon was wearing on, and the night fast approaching, when a sudden, terrific gust of wind upset the boat.

Floating debris was all about them, and Florence and Jennie managed to grasp part of the roof of a shanty that was swirling by them and struggled upon it—holding on with that desperation which lent them strength.

Mr. Gordon and his wife clung to the upturned boat and were borne away by the rushing flood.

Darkness now lent horror to the situation. The poor girls were about to resign themselves to the fate that seemed inevitable, when, from out of the deep gloom they heard a faint halloo. They answered with all their might.

After waiting a few minutes and straining their eyes in the direction from which the sound came, they caught the gleam of a torch, and the next instant a boat shot up to them, and in it were Judge Riel and his two stalwart sons, Paul and Leon.

The brave girls assured them that they were in no immediate danger, and implored the judge and his sons to search for their parents—telling them that they were clinging to the boat after it had been capsized and had been swept away, but the girls still hoped that the boat might have become entangled in the flooded forest and that their father and mother might yet be saved. But the judge insisted upon Florence and Jennie getting into his boat. The stout boat was then driven forward in the direction pointed out by the girls as that in which they had last seen their parents. At intervals the young men united in shouting and waving their torch, but the howling of the wind for a time drowned their voices.

During a slight lull a faint cry was heard, which was answered by the united shouts of all in the judge's boat. Soon they were enabled to distinguish from whence the cry proceeded, and a few strokes of the oars brought them to a clump of submerged forest trees, and there, clinging to the branches, they found Mr. Gordon and his brave wife. Their rescue was but the work of a moment, and soon they were safely seated in their "enemy's" boat.

"Mr. Gordon," said Judge Riel, "your hands are all safe at our place, and we have been searching all day for you. Our plantation is still above water, there is a fire on the hearth and a welcome awaiting you."

Thus was the last vestige of animosity between the two men swept away. At Judge Riel's the fire and the welcome were found, and Mr. Gordon's family were welcomed as if there had never been aught but the warmest friendship between him and the judge.

The old men soon learned that it was a misunderstanding that parted them in youth, and that during all these silent years each had retained the greatest respect for the other.

The floods have shrunk into their beds along the Bayou Rouge; the levees are rebuilt; the cabins are up once more, and the old home is standing. But Florence Gordon is a permanent resident at Judge Riel's, she having recently married Leon, and the gossip says that Paul Riel will take up his home in the fall with Mr. Gordon as the husband of Jennie.

The old men are never happy apart, and Mr. Gordon often whispers to his wife:

"Yes, my dear, we lost a great deal by the flood, but I sometimes think it was a blessing in disguise."

And Mrs. Gordon agrees with him.

A Martyr to Swellend.

Nonie—That Miss Van Dough nearly killed herself yesterday drinking dye.

Laura—What did she mean? Suicide?

Nonie—No, she was trying to turn her blood blue.—Pittsburg News.



Victoria's Height.

Queen Victoria is now seventy-eight years old. There is no question as to her age, but the dispute as to how tall she is yet remains to be settled—one party in England claiming that she is only four feet eleven inches tall, while some of the leading English journals put it at five feet four inches.

The Collar and Cuffs Habit.

It is the greatest mistake for a woman to wear linen collars and cuffs if she has not the courage to face a huge laundry bill. A woman's collars and cuffs should be above suspicion, like her reputation. Unfortunately, however, no sooner does a woman take to the collar and cuffs habit than her daily question becomes: "Can I get another wear out of this collar?"

No, decidedly not; one wear is all that a civilized being is supposed to get out of a collar or a pair of cuffs. What more distressing sight than the soiled dapperness of the tailor-made girl in collar, cuffs or necktie that have lost their first freshness.—St. Louis Star.

Uniqueness of Dr. Mary Walker.

Dr. Mary Walker loses none of her uniqueness as the years go by. She still believes in wearing men's clothes, and her usual costume consists of a Prince Albert coat, trousers and waistcoat, made of black cloth and built by a man's tailor. She wears a man's shirt, standing collar and cuffs, and large cuff buttons. A crocheted white silk tie, ornamented with a jeweled stickpin, a stove-pipe hat, square-toed, old style boots—not shoes—complete this remarkable costume worn by a woman, who is small, delicate looking and the very opposite of anything that is manly. On dress occasions Dr. Mary adds white kid gloves to her toilet. In cold weather she wears a heavy overcoat with a fur cape. When she rides horseback she rides man fashion.—New York Tribune.

Safety of the Divided Skirt.

The one great argument that can be used for the divided skirt is its absolute safety. Primarily the skirt is used for riding a diamond frame wheel, though it can be worn on a drop frame machine equally as well. The skirt of this make is self-arranging; that is, the rider does not have to take the time and trouble of evenly dividing it before getting into the saddle. Another great advantage is that there is less liability, in fact, none at all, of its blowing up when riding in the wind, and perhaps the greatest advantage is that it does not blow back far enough with the wind to have the end wrap around the rear sprocket wheel, as is the case with the ordinary skirt when worn. While there are many makes of divided skirts on sale in the market, there are some that do not answer all requirements, and the rider, in purchasing one, will have to use her own judgment as to its practical value.—Washington Star.

"A Wrinkle Chaser."

An apparatus of simple construction has lately been invented by a clever individual who has the interest of women at heart. A "wrinkle chaser" he calls it, and although the theory is not new, the contrivance is so easy of manipulation that any one who cares to preserve her complexion, already beautiful, or improve one not up to the mark, will eagerly give it a trial. Over an alcohol lamp stands a small vessel, filled with water. From this vessel is a curved tube, ending in a large glass globe, which comes in various sizes, so as to admit different sizes of heads. When wanted for use the lamp is lighted, and as the water reaches the boiling point the owner of the to-be-improved complexion places her face in the open globe, when, if desired, the glass can be closed almost hermetically by hanging a bath towel over the globe and head. The steaming continues for ten or fifteen minutes, and immediately after the face is bathed in cool water. In order to soften the skin and dissolve the particles of fat that may have settled in the pores, a few drops of aromatic essence are added to the water in the boiler. The regeneration and beautifying of the skin is possible by increasing the activity of the pores of the skin wherever it has been interfered with by age or other influences. The lessening of the skin action becomes evident by the withering of the skin and the formation of wrinkles. Again, too great an activity of the skin will create pimples and blackheads, while superfluous activity of pigment cells becomes evident by the appearance of freckles and moles. All these shortcomings can be obviated by the regular and repeated steaming of the face, which has a very wholesome influence, particularly if followed by bathing with cool water.—New York Sun.

Women Fear the Lightning.

A man with a timid, anxious look about his face wandered up to the corset counter in a large downtown store recently, and after casting about a sheepish glance whispered to the smiling clerk that he wanted to look at some corsets.

"All right, sir," said the clerk, "step this way; do you want black or white? And how about the length? You know we have them with or without lace trimmings."

The man's face was a study. The girl, still talking, walked toward the rear end of the store, and to hear what she said, the man galloped around the counter, stepping on the tail of a fat pug dog in his hurry, and finally bringing up, with his face rather red, behind a pile of corset boxes at the end of the counter.

"I want some corsets for Mandy," the man finally sputtered, "and I don't want any steel trimmings in them, either."

"Steel trimmings?" queried the saleswoman.

"Yes, sir-ee; no steel trimmings in mine. Mandy ain't got her life insured, and I see in the papers this morning that three young women were struck by lightning down in Ohio a couple of days ago, and the coroner blames the whole thing on the steel in the corsets, and I ain't going to let Mandy take no chances."

He was shown all kinds and sizes of corsets, but finally gave up trying to find any without the deadly steel.

"That makes about the forty-ninth person who has refused to buy corsets today, and all because they are made with a little strip of steel," remarked the saleswoman after the man had disappeared, "and it's all owing to that Ohio story about the girls being struck by lightning."

An investigation proved this to be the case among all the leading dry-goods stores, and toward nightfall the managers of the corset departments were beginning to devise schemes by which the deadly features of the corsets might be eliminated.

According to the Ohio story three young women were killed while walking along a country road near a church which they had been attending. Another girl who was with them at the time was not injured. At the coroner's inquest it developed that the three victims of the lightning's fury had been incased in steel corsets, while the girl who was uninjured had worn a bicycle waist.—Chicago Record.

Fashion Notes.

Foulard and printed china silk gowns trim prettily with black velvet ribbon.

Pockets are once again in all skirts at the back seam on the right side, but not at the centre seam.

Very handsome dresses are made variously of white etamine, canvas, mohair, nun's veiling and double-faced cashmere.

Very fine designs in Cluny and Flemish lace appear on new summer toilets, fancy waists and linen lawn and cambric underwear.

Large quantities of new and beautiful drapery net are used, not alone for making fancy waists, collarettes and fichus, but also for entire gowns.

Violets and the new shade known as bastille, and the color of old ivory, is a new and unusual combination, well worn by blondes of a certain type.

The linings of skirts of all transparent materials are made up entirely separate from the outside material, though usually hung from the same belt.

Many of the dressy summer French models show the bodices cut in low rounding or square shape, to be worn over pretty Russian guimpes of various kinds.

A very handsome blue and green changeable poplin is combined with corn color silk, plaited crosswise for the bodice, the armholes finished with three scanty ruffles, edged with gold braid.

The light-weight woolen skirts decorated with from two to five tiny bias ruffles, frequently show the latter bound with narrow black satin ribbon when the corselet belt is made of piece satin.

A nice looking frock, which is trimmed with braid and which would make a suitable traveling costume, is of green material, the braid, which is of black mohair with a tiny edge of gold, arranged in circles from the waist to a little distance below the hips. The rest of the skirt is perfectly plain. The waist is slightly open, showing a white chemisette of plaited linen, the rest of the bodice being covered with braid, with the same interval of distance between the strips as those on the skirt.

A charming trimming, which looks at a distance like an embroidery of fine white braid, is made by laying a rather heavy ecru lace insertion over pure white satin, the insertion being less than an inch wide. A pretty printed foulard containing several shades of gray, is daintily ornamented in this way. Three of these flat bands trim the skirt near the hem, and the sleeves—which have the fulness pushed well up, fit the arm and swell out in a flaring, cup-like cuff over the hand—have on the inner side, extending the whole length of the arm, a panel of white satin, edged by the insertion, while lining the cuffs are frills of white plaited mousseline de soie.