The Planting of the Apple Tree.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Come, let us plant the apple tree, Cleave the tough greensward with the spade; Wide let its hollow bed be made: There gently lay the roots, and there Sift the dark mold with kindly care And press it o'er them tenderly; As 'round the sleeping infant's feet We softly fold the cradle sheet, So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree? Buds, which the breath of summer days Shall lengthen into leafy sprays; Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breas Shall haunt and sing, and hide her nest; We plant upon the sunny les A shadow for the noontide hour, A shelter from the summer shower.

When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ? Sweets for a hundred flowery springs To load the May-wind's restless wings, When from the orchard row he pour Its fragrance through our open doors; A world of blossoms for the bee. Flowers for the sick girl's silent room, For the glad infant sprigs of bloom. We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ! Fruits that shall swell in sunny June, And redden in the August noon, And drop, when gentle airs come by, That fan the blue September sky ; While children come, with cries of glee And seek them where the fragrant grass Betrays their bed to those who pass, At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree. The winter stars are glittering bright, And winds go howling through the night, Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth, And guests in prouder homes shall see Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine, And golden orange of the line, The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree Winds and our flag of stripe and star Shall bear to coasts that lie afar, Where men shall wonder at the view, And ask in what fair groves they grew And sojourners beyond the sea Shall think of childhood's careless day, And long, long hours of summer play, In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree A broader flush of roseate bloom, A deeper maze of verdurous gloom And loosen, when the frost-clouds low The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower The years shall come and pass, ut we Shall hear no longer, where we lie. The summer songs, the autumn's sigh, In the bough of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree. Oh, when its aged branches throw Thin shadows on the ground below Shall fraud and force and iron will Oppress the weak and helpless still ? What shall the tasks of mercy be, Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears Of those who live when length of years Is wasting this little apple tree ?

"Who planted this old apple tree ?" The children of that distant day Thus to some aged man shall say; And, gazing on its mossy stem, The gray-haired man shall answer them: "A poet of the land was he Born in the rude but good old times 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes On planting the apple tree.''

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Robert Myron was the son of an English tenant-farmer, who in the year 1848 found his family expenses increasing so much faster than his income that it was absolutely necessary to decrease the former, since the latter could not be made larger.

In the hope of being able to assist his father in some way Robert came to this country, and failing to find employment near the metropolis walked from town to town, until when near Rochester, New York, he was hired as a farm laborer by Judge James E. During six Berry. ing Myron worked industriously, sending nearly all of his earnings to his parents, and then came the sad news that both father and mother had died on the same day. After recovering from this shock it was but natural the young man should begin to think of establishing a home for himself, and quite as natural that his love should go out to the daughter of his employer, who plainly showed her preference for the young man who had so devoted himself to his parents. But Judge Berry, while he recognized in Myron an invaluable farm laborer. had not the same views regarding him as a son-in-law that Miss Bessie had, and the consequence was that the lovers. finding it impossible to change the father's opinion, resolved to elope and build up for themselves a home in the far West. In 1858, with but a few hundred dollars and the judge's curse, the young couple were married, and settled at Green Lake, Michigan, where, at the beginning of the year 1862, they were in reasonably prosperous circumstances, with two children to make glad their humble log cahin. Their farm was situated several miles from any settlement, and although the Indiana were rising against the whites in many portions of the State, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Myron felt any uneasiness, because they believed they had succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations

they were by no means alarmed when one day five Indians stalked gravely into the cabin just as the noonday meal was being served. It had ever been Mr. Myron's custom to invite such visitors to partake of food, and on this, as on other occasions, they readily accepted the invitation; but, greatly to the surprise and uneasiness of their host, instead of placing their rifles in one corner of the room, as usual, they held them between their knees, the

muzzles of the weapons showing just above the edge of the table. Mr. Myron was too well versed in Indian customs not to know that such action on the part of his guests meant mischief. With the view of showing them that he understood this breach of hospitality, and in the slight hope of intimidating them, he arose from the table, took from the rack on the wall his rifle and fowling-piece, and carefully examined them to show they were

loaded. Why the savages did not at. tack him then is one of the inexplicable things in Indian warfare. Instead of making any hostile demonstrations they stalked gravely out of the house, disappearing behind a clump of bushes. For the moment Myron believed he had wronged his guests, and that they had taken umbrage at his movements when their intentions were peaceful. Still holding his rifle in his hand, Myron stepped to the open door for the purpose of ascertaining whether his guests had really departed. When the farmer appeared on the threshold the report of a rifle was heard, and Myron fell, with a dangerous but not necessa-

rily fatal wound in his side. Women who live on the border. where they are constantly menaced by danger, learn early in life that they must deny themselves woman's privilege of fainting. When Mr. Myron fell, his wife sprang to his defense rather than assis? ance. To close and barricade windows and doors was but the work of a moment when everything was prepared for such occasions, and then the heroic woman turned her attention to her husband and children. The father's wound bled but little, and save to stanch the blood the devoted wife could not aid him, except by piling the bedding around him in such a way that, in a sit ting posture, he could face the closed door. The temporary safety of the children was secured by fastening them in the cellar, where they would be beyond the reach of any bullets their late visitors might send, and after she had perfected her plan of defense she began to assume the offensive.

By removing the mud that filled the crevices of the logs at the end of the house, loop-holes were formed, and through these the husband and wife began an assault upon their foes. With Lis rifle Myron shot one of the Indians. and at the same time his wife killed another with the fowling-piece. Bv this time the foe, finding their intended victims more tenacious of life than they supposed, resorted to stratagem to ac complish the massacre. In the field was a cart half filled with hay; in the stable-yard stood a yoke of oxen quietly eating. To fasten the animals to the cart and not expose themselves to the deadly aim of those in the house was a difficult task, but one that the Indians finally accomplished. To get the load of hay against the building, that it might be set on fire, was still more difficult, and in this case unsuccessful. for before it could be done both hus band and wife had shot an enemy, while the fifth and only remaining one

sought safety in precipitate flight. Each moment the conflict lasted the husband grew weaker, and medical aid could not be procured without a journey of a hundred and eighty miles. To

stronger man might have done.

During the two years that elapsed after the burning of the Tidal Wave Robert Myron labored industriously, but without success, so far as the accumulation of worldly goods was concerned; he had been able to pay the rent of a rude cabin three miles from the village of Tower Hill, and to furnish it scantily. But the expenses attendant upon the birth of two children and his own severe illness, during which he was confined to his bed two months, had exhausted the small fund he had succeeded in saving to enable him to

remove to Cape Girardeau.

Then came a time when he could no longer find employment near his wretched home, and he sought it some miles up the river, going and returning each day in a small boat. Even then it appeared that misfortune was not wearied with pursuing him, or one night when returning from his, work a storm came up, which overturned his | that he had traced Mr. and Mrs. Myron frail skiff, and, nearly exhausted, he was thrown upon a narrow bar of sand that made out from the bank of the river at the spot where the Tidal Wave was burned. On this frail and treacherous foot-hold he managed to remain during the night, in full sight of the town, but unable to attract attention to his desperate condition.

The dawn of day revealed still more horrors, for close beside him, having evidently been unearthed by the waves, was the skeleton of a human being. At first Myron felt that fear which seems to be natural in man when he sees the deserted tenement of one of his kind : but the resting-place which the waves gave to the living and the dead was so small that he was obliged to remain almost in actual contact with the yellow bones. As he sat by the skeleton waiting for help from the shore, which seemed so tardy in coming, he saw about the ribs of the fleshless frame a leather belt. Curiosity overcame his horror, and, unfastening the belt, he found within it gold coin to the amount of five thousand dollars.

That Robert Myron was in a fever of excitement hardly needs to be told. He had struggled to the full strength of man many years, and was hardly more than a pauper when he should have had at least a spot of God's footstool he could call his own. The dead had brought him what the living had refused. To take the gold for his own purposes seemed a theft, and yet he who had fastened it about his body could no longer use it. The straggle between his conscience and his necessity was a long one; but when those who came to rescue him arrived at the sandbar they found him with a skeleton, on which nothing could be seen, and no one could have fancied that the halfdrowned man had found a treasure. That the bones were those of one of the passengers of the Tidal Wave no one doubted, and they were given a resting-place among the nameless graves of those who had lost their lives in the disaster. No one save Robert Myron and his wife knew of the money. belt, or that on the inside of it, cut deep in the thick leather, was the name 'Henry Parks."

But Myron, having his money, did not dare to use it openly lest people should question how he got it. He had agreed with his wife that they should use the gold for their own benefit, but do it with a view of returning it if they should ever find the dead man's heirs This he hoped to do by making such investments as could be readily realized upon so that they might show themselves to be good, even if self-elected. stewards.

The cabin they lived in and the five acres of land surrounding it was for

they came in contact with. Therefore ing over his misfortunes, as even a signally rewarded by finding among the unfortunate ones whom she was nursing her father, whom she had not heard from since the day she left

his home to found another with the one man she loved above all others. The daughter's heart was made still more glad when the old gentleman told her and her husband that he had been searching for them several months in the hope of inducing them to 'return to his lonely home or allow him to remain with them.

Then he told a strange story, and one which lifted a load that had grown heavier with each succeeding year from his son-in-law's heart.

In 1861 Mrs. Myron's aunt had died. bequeathing to her niece the sum of five thousand dollars. Judge Berry, half relenting that he had not looked with favor upon his daughter's marriage, had sent his clerk to carry to her this legacy. The messenger had written to his employer from St. Cloud in 1862, stating to that place, but that from there they had gone, as he had reason to believe, to Cape Girardeau, which place he was about to start for in the steamer Tidal Wave. From that time Mr. Berry had never heard from his clerk, and he believed he had lost his life when the steamer was burned. As the old gentleman finished his

story, the husband and wife gazed at each other with an almost despairing hope in their eyes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty Judge Myron could ask the question, "What was the man's name?'

"Henry Parks."

The load was lifted for evermore ; the money which they believed was another's belonged rightfully to them; the investments made with a view to being able to restore the principal at any time insured their own prosperity, and by purloining their own from the dead they had honestly relieved themselves from the thralldom of poverty .- Harper's Bazar.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The first grain elevators of America were built in Chicago eleven years ago

of the salt supply to the other governments of the empire.

The farm animals of Great Britain epresent about one-half the total value of those of the United States.

thousands of books lying about in con-

Mounds have been found in the Pyrenees as distinct in their resemblance to animal forms as any Ameri-

The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser of

in cases of rheumatism, can be curled.

In some parts of Germany a curious in the parish.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT. Novel Colffare.

A novel style of arranging the coiffure is as follows : The whole of the hair is brought back and tied low in the neck. It is then divided evenly and formed into two separate plaits. The front hair being drawn back forms a low ridge where the forehead and hair meet. At the back of this ridge one of the plaited strands of hair goes encircling the head, lying quite flat, as in the pictures of Sappho. The other strand is arranged in a low knot behind. and holds the ends of the braid which encircles the head. For full-dress occasions fine pearls are woven in these plaits.

The Laundress Queens of Paris.

The laundresses of. Paris duly elected their queens last month, one for each district, and on Mid-Lent day their majesties were sclemnly conducted through the different quarters of the city, crowned with flowers and enthroned on the biggest and most ornamental vehicles to be obtained for love or money. The laundresses form an important guild, the annual receipts for laundering in Paris being set at no less than \$12,000,000, of which about \$3,000,-000 are divided among the 5,000 laundries in the city, the remainder going to the great suburban establishments. which employ steam engines and scores French capital have figured in politics, as witness their solemn appearance by delegates before the convention, Febru ary 21, 1793, to protest against forestall-

ing, and they recall with pride the fact that Sextus V.'s sister was a laundress. and that the poet Dafresny espoused his washerwoman, to say nothing of the modern instance of the imperial favor alighting upon Marguerite Belangere the Anadzomene of the washtub-Venus risen from the suds.

A Scene at the Opera.

A young lady at the opera in Washington, sitting in front of a young spooney and a girl in a Gainsborough hat, having enjoyed a delicious treat, narrates the following scene, more realistic than any make-believe business on the stage:

The girl-Oh! I wrote such a long letter home, to-day-seven pages.

He-What! seven ? She-Yes, and the postman didn't come, and I opened it and wrote seven more.

He-I wish you'd write me a letter. She (tenderly)-Why, what could I

He-You needn't write but three words.

She-Three words? What can they

He-Three nice little words.

She-Oh, my! Ain't you strange? This knocks the young man out of time for a minute, and during that period the music had a chance. comes up again smiling, a little disfigured, but still in the ring.

He-Oh! you know. She-No! indeed I don't. He-Well, I'll tell you some other

time.

The choras comes down toward the foot-lights with unmistakable intent to howl, and during the preliminary fiddling the not-too-curious-but- ust curiously-enough young girl says, with a sweetly shrinking timidity :

"Can't you tell me while they're singing ?"

Then a fiendish yell from the chorus breaks off shorter than could possibly be anticipated, and his voice is heard with startling distinctness :

"I love you. Couldn't you write that? "Oh! my, yes, and ever so much young man and the young woman lean so hard on the arm of the orchestra chair that her vaccination mark blushes

the hips all around the skirt appears in handsome dresses for children.

The colors for neck ribbons are terra cotta, aurora pink, porcelain blue, mahogany, ruby and cardinal red.

Sailor suits of navy blue flannel for girls' wear are trimmed with military gold braid and small round gold buttons.

Rose color and terra cotta, maroon and copper color are favorite combinations of color in late importations of hosiery.

Ivory white Breton and Moresque laces are combined with the heavy ecru ficelle or Medici laces in forming neck lingerie.

Among the growing innovations in modern fashions is the wearing of velvet in all seasons, not excepting midsummer.

Dressmakers exercise their ingenuity this season in the creation of all sorts of trimmings for the bottom of the skirts of dresses.

The long plain skirt of some rich, heavy stuff, with a box-plaited ruche at the bottom, worn with a panier bodice, gains ground every day.

Combinations of red and black, maroon and terra cotta, greyhound blue and water blue appear in hats, bonnets, and in children's garments.

Little children of six years and under will wear next summer hats with wide of operatives. The laundresses of the round brims, turned up in front, and on them an ostrich plume or medium sized fancy feather.

The agreeable feature of summer styles are the prevalence of short round skirts, the absence of bustles, the variety in shapes of hats and bonnets, in costumes and colors.

Neck ribbons are from one to two inches wide, and are worn around the neck inside the dress collar and outside the standing linen collar. Then they are tied in a long-looped bow, with longer ends.

In spite of the large importations of elaborate and extremely decoupe dresses, composed of two or several fabrics, plain costumes, all of one stuff, and with but little trimming, are seen everywhere, and are most worn by the women who are considered authority in matters of dress and fashion.

Lace necklets are a novelty introduced to be worn with the bodice open in the neck. They are made of duchesse or round point lace, and consist of a band of insertion edged on both sides with narrow lace; this band goes round the throat. In front are pendants of lace in medallion patterns. The band and pendants are densely covered with pearl beads and sparkling crystals.

The most fashionable styles in walking costumes are those which show a perfectly plain skirt formed of some rich material, gored in French fashion, thus giving it the cachet seen upon no other skirt. Around the bottom is But he placed a full "rampant" outstanding ruche, which constitutes the only trimming. Above this is worn a short polonaise with full short pouls at the side, or a pointed bodice and tunic with paniers.

The Paper We Use.

Paper car wheels are composed entirely of paper rings pressed together under a weight of six tons, and then fastened by means of bolts, and steel tires put on them, when they are ready for use. Laid loosely the rings stack as high as the shoulders of an ordinary man. Under treatment they sink to the thickness required. If the tire should wear or fall off the wheel, or the train run from the track, there would be no danger of their breaking, as they are very flexible and would spring.

A paper ball can be rendered so solid that nothing but a diamond tool can e an indentatio into it. And then the tenor elutches the prims mill is a square block of compressed donna by the back hair and yells bloody paper fastened on a turning lathe and murder into her right eyebrow, and the so hard that if a fine steel chisel is held against it when it is moving, instead of cutting the paper it will break the chisel into a hundred pieces. The strength is astonishing. You can take a £5 note of the Bank of England, twist it into a kind of rope, suspend 339 pounds upon one end of it and not injure it in the slightest degree.

Southern Russia is the chief source

The national library of Mexico is reported to be in a deplorable state.

fusion.

can mounds.

land after the completion of the bargain. The pine needles of the Silesian forests have been converted into forest wool, which, besides being efficacious

felted and woven.

custom exists. The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter a church wit hout having a nosegay in their hand. They thus show that they claim the consideration due to those who possess some property

The megapod of the East Indies builds an artificial mold in which its eggs are deposited to be hatched. The mounds are sometimes fourteen feet high, with a circumference of 150 feet. and the decay of the vegetable matter of which they are composed produces an artificial warmth sufficient to hatch like an aurora borealis. the eggs.

write i

be?

The edible oyster attains its full growth only in the waters of the American coast, and its representative in Great Britain dwindles down to a small,

coppery-flavored bivalve.

traverse this distance there was no sale at a price below its real value. dangers and discomforts of a frontier life, was a halt made.

At St. Cloud surgical aid was pro cured, and there, after Mr. Myron's recovery, he sought work of any kind Then he invested in a very small way that would bring in sufficient for the support of his family, since the depredations of the Indians had impoverished him. It was only by the greatest exertions that Myron could keep his family from actual want; and hearing that laborers were in greater demand at Cape of converting everything into cash at a Girardeau, he, with his wife and children, embarked on the steamer Tidal Wave for that place, after having remained at St. Cloud nearly a year.

The voyage was never completed, however, for when Tower Grove, Missouri, was reached, a fire broke out on the ill-fated steamer, and in a very short time she was burned to the water's edge. The loss of life was considerable, and among the missing ones were the two Myron children.

For the second time Robert Myror was homeless and penniless, with his sufferings intensified by the loss of his children. Perhaps it was fortunate for but saved from death. him that he was obliged to work very Mrs. Myron was as earnest in her ef-hard simply to keep the wolf from the forts to comfort the distressed people printed in Japan. , It is seven volumes

other mode of conveyance than the ox. Myron represented to the owner that, cart. In this rude vehicle Mrs. Myron despite appearances, he had succeeded placed her husband and children, and in saving a small amount of moneynot once during that tedious journey, about half the price asked-and offered made painful by the suffering of the to buy it if his note would be acceptman for whom she had braved the ed for the balance. The bargain was made, and Myron still continued

to work by the day for any one who would hire him, tilling his own farm when he could find no other work. in stock, buying when he could get decided bargains only. Year by year he added to his possessions, and his neighbors called him a "thrifty" man.

All his investments were good ones since none were made save with a view moment's notice if necessary, and Robert Myron became a wealthy man. As is usual, with wealth came the respect of his neighbors who, to show their appreciation of money, elected him to the office of county judge. During the year 1870 the inhabitants

of Tower Hill witnessed the destruction of another steamer by fire at almost the exact place where the Tidal Wave went down. Among all those men who labored to save life none was more active than Robert Myron, and his house was converted into a hospital for the reception of those who were injured.

with such of the "forest children" as door, for it prevented him from brood- as was her husband, and her labor was in length.

fold

Balloonists have a unique method of taking "soundings" to learn their distance from the earth when traveling in the air at night. A lond shout is given and the seconds are counted until the echo from the ground is heard. From the time required for the return of the cound it is easy to compute the height

of the balloon. Horseflesh is growing in favor in Paris. In 1875 the consumption there was 7,000 horses and ten donkeys or mules; in 1880 9.000 horses and 320 donkeys or mules, and in 1881 9,300 horses and 400 donkeys or mules. There are now forty horse butcheries in Paris. So microscopically perfect is the watch-making machinery now in use that screws are cut with nearly six hundred threads to the inch-though the finest used in the watch has two hundred and fifty. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes

144,000 of the screws to weigh a pound, their value being six pounds of pure

dre

Fashion Notes.

White camels' hair is much used for tea gowns.

Ribbons are again fashionable for neck wear.

Lace is worn with everything and on verything.

Historical and picturesque costumes grow in favor.

Brocaded China crape appears among late novelties.

It is the fashion to tie the neck ribon on one side.

Hip draperies and tunics are much tucked and gauged.

In spite of efforts to make all evening es short, trains are worn extensively.

The hair, to be fashionably dressed. must fall low on the neck and also on the brow.

Pale gray and terra cotta, pale blue and canary yellow, are favorite combinations for tea gowns.

Hideous curtain paniers disfigure a large proportion of the Paris-made ses of this season.

Bath-tubs and pots are formed by compressing the paper made of lines fibers and annealed-that is, painted with a composition which becomes a part thereof and is fireproof. The tubs last indefinitely, never leak, and put in the fire will not burn up. You can beat on them with a hammer and not injure them.

Plates compressed and annealed are very durable. You cannot only wash them, but drop them upon the floor and stand upon them. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and the knife can always be kept sharp.

Paper can be substituted for wood converted into picture frames colored like walnut, cherry and the like. Bedsteads are fashioned the same as car wheels, only of long strips in stead of rings. They are very beanti-ful and lasting. Cooking or heating stoves are also annealed, and it is impossible to barn them out. They are less costly than iron. A house can literally be constructed of and furnished A loose, puffed drapery just below with every convenience in paper.