

HAPPY LIVES.

She tossed the curls from her blushing face; She softly sighed with a girlish grace, 'I'm weary of life—it's no commonplace.

GATHERING APPLES.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



LOWERING sunrise had turned into a bright day after all; a brisk October wind was shaking down the red leaves on the hill, and Lisbeth Lockwood stood at the door, looking thoughtfully around, while Barbara, her sister, boiled the breakfast coffee on the stove.

"So," said she, with a curve of her lip, "this is the baronial hall—this tumble-down old farmhouse, with a few acres of stony soil!"

"And this," crisply retorted Barbara, "is the banquet—a baker's loaf a week old, a pipkin of oatmeal and a pot of Rio coffee! But you'd better come in and partake of it."

"Bab," cried Lisbeth, flinging back her tawny yellow tresses, "I never was so disappointed in my life!"

"Bab shrugged her shoulders. 'My opinion exactly, Tib!' said she. 'Here, all our school-lives-long, tragically uttered Lisbeth, 'we've heard of our Uncle Hopkins and Hopkins Hall! We've looked forward to coming home to an elegant place, to dwell in luxury. Well! We got a telegram on graduation day that our Uncle Hopkins has paid the debt of nature, and we hasten to take possession—'

"Of our inheritance!" laughed Bab, serving out a blue-edged saucer of coarse oatmeal and deluging it with milk. "The tumble-down farmhouse and the stony acres, the old red horse that we neither of us know how to drive, and the cow that we're both afraid of."

"Bab," cried the elder sister, "what are we to do?"

"Of course," faltered Bab, wiping her eyes, "I've no reason to suppose—"

"No, to-be-sure not," nodded Tib. "That's one of the disabilities of woman. She's got to wait until she's asked. Well, wait, Bab, dear. But in the meantime, I've an idea that I picked up in my before-dinner walk."

"A money-making idea!" said Bab, her blue eyes shining wistfully through their scarcely-dry mist of tears.

"Yes, a money-making idea. There are those big sweet apples up in the orchard dropping down like a red rain—nice table-apples, too; not the poor stuff they pick up to make cider of feed to the pigs. Why shouldn't we put 'em in barrels—there are lots in the barn—and sell 'em at Baker's Falls? Miss Primrose used to pay three dollars a barrel for apples no better than those."

"Are there many there, Tib?"

"Thousands of 'em!" responded sanguine Lisbeth. "And picking up apples is easy work—work that women can do. We'll pack them so carefully that we shall be able to command the very best market price. They're not common, cheap fruit, but round and rosy and full of rare, sweet juices. Get your hat, Bab, we'll go right to work."

In the cool, frost-touched air of the old orchard, gathering the lovely red spheres of sweetness into crimson heaps, both girls soon forgot all but their occupation.

Their eyes shone, their cheeks were rosier than the apples, and the wind blew the silky tendrils of their hair to and fro as if bent on a frolic.

Mr. Woburn lifted his brows. "We have sold it," said Bab, "to old Doctor Russell for twenty thousand dollars. It seems that a new railway is to run right through the old sheep pasture—she eyed him keenly as she spoke—and they're thinking of locating the depot at the north end of the orchard. Doctor Russell is a good business man, and thinks he can make a fair financial arrangement out of it. And we are quite satisfied with the terms. Don't look so amazed, Mr. Woburn. You see you were mistaken when you believed that you could get this place for 'pretty much nothing' because it belonged to two women who didn't know what it was worth."

"Eh?" gasped poor Woburn, in sore amazement.

"Yes," wickedly added Tib; "and now the best thing you can do is to go back to Miss Vatemar, wherever she may be, and tell her that the Lockwood girls are not in any danger of drawing false inferences from your agreeable attentions. A shallow knave, Mr. Woburn, is the silliest sort of a knave. Oh, no explanations, please! We wish you a very good evening!"

And so Rolf Woburn's great railway land speculation fell through, and Bab Lockwood escaped heartfree.

"And if we're not heiresses, after all," said cheerful Tib, "we're independent, and that's quite as good."—Saturday Night.

Strange Eyes of Bees.

The directness of the bee's flight is proverbial. The shortest distance between any two given points is called a bee-line. Many observers think that the immense eyes with which the insect is furnished greatly assist, if they do not entirely account for, the arrowy straightness of its passage through the air.

How these insects manage this marvelous number of eyes is not known. They are immovable, but mobility is unnecessary because the range of vision afforded by the position and the number of the facets. They have no lids, but are protected from dust and injury by rows of hair growing along the lines at the junction of the facets.

SOMETHING ABOUT ORGANS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ORGAN BUILDING IN AMERICA.

Differences in the Construction of American and Foreign Organs.—The Echo Organ.—Cost of Organs.

ORGAN building in America before the Revolution was almost entirely in the hands of Germans and Swedes. Hesse-lins, Klem, Tanneberger and Harttufel were prominent among the early American makers, and their names tell the story of their nationality.

Even as recently, comparatively, as the time of building the old organ for Grace Church, there was no hope of having as fine an instrument made in this country as could be bought in Europe, and some of the church people were in favor of importing one, but the American feeling prevailed, and the contract was given to Adam Geib, who came to New York in 1760.

What the New York organ builders tell me most emphatically is that organs are now made in this country from an art standpoint rather than a trade standpoint. They have given up trying to make little Gothic cathedrals of the organ cases.

These are only mechanical superiorities, but they are among the first things to attract the attention of an unprofessional person, excepting always the electric appliances, which, if not strictly American inventions, have been brought to perfection here.

The echo organ is something that the most unmusical can appreciate. It is part of the great organ, and still removed from it. Sometimes it is put in the loft between the ceiling and the roof, but the best authorities recommend that it be kept in a room built expressly for it well up toward the ceiling, with openings to permit the sound to reach the auditorium, but always higher than the main organ, because its voice follows the dying notes of the great organ like an echo, and the best effect is given when the echo descends, as though it were the answering voice of angels.

Our Continent's Many Names.

In these quadricentennial days it is worth while to recall the fact that the continent now named America has gone at one time or another by a great many names.

Haarlem, in a dozen other European cities, in Garden City, in Brooklyn, in Chicago. The great Haarlem organ has sixty stops and 4088 pipes. Fifteen of these stops and 1098 of the pipes are in the echo organ.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Morland, in 1653, built steam engines for British mines.

A company has been organized in Newfoundland to gather ice from floating icebergs.

Yale University had its beginning in Saybrook, Conn., in 1709, and removed to New Haven in 1716.

In snowy weather in Sweden and Norway trusses of straw and hay are tied to the lamp posts for the birds.

Among the "many handsome gifts" presented to a recently married couple at Emporia, Kan., was an orange.

A block of marble fifteen feet long, five feet four inches wide and six feet thick has just been quarried in California.

Russia Appreciates the Sunflower.

The sunflower could not have been first cultivated in Russia or other countries of Europe, for it is a native of America and unknown to the eastern world.

Coals of Fire on His Head.

A surgeon being sent to bleed a lady belonging to the nobility, did the operation in such a bungling manner that he cut an artery, of which misadventure she subsequently died.

In Older Times.

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Worst Case of Scrofula.

Worst Case of Scrofula.

Worst Case of Scrofula.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

SIMPLY AWFUL

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand.

Work all the Time.

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me.

They all Testify



Swift's Specific.