

Apple Song.

O the sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
And the apples, hanging mellow,
Red and yellow,
All down the orchard seen
Make a glory in the green.
The sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
And the hollow barrels wait
By the gate.
The elder presses drip
With nectar for the lip.
The sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
And the yellow miles of grain
Forget the rain.
The happy gardens yet
The winter's blight forget.
The sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
O'er the marsh the cattle spread,
White and red.
The sky is all as blue
As a gentian in the dew.
The sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
And the maples are ablaze
Through the haze.
The crickets in their mirth
Fife the fruiting song of earth.
The sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples,
Now with flocking eels and stir
Birds confer.
As if their hearts were crost
By fear of coming frost.
O the sun has kissed the apples,
Kissed the apples;
And the harvest air is sweet
On the wheat.
Delight is not for long—
Give us laughter, give us song!
—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS in Youth's Companion.

IN A DEN OF THIEVES.

BY OLIVE MAY EAGER.

In ante-bellum days, before West Virginia became a separate State, that mountainous region was filled with a rough mining set, who lived in the little cabins scattered here and there among the wild hills. The miners kept much to themselves, and had a bad reputation with the more pacific villagers, who rarely saw the "furriners" except when they came to the town store for supplies, on which occasions they were generally the worse for liquor.

It happened that two young men from the Eastern Shore were making a horseback journey through the mountains in search of fun and adventure. Late one autumn day, they were following a steep bridle path to a place where they intended to pass the night; but darkness overtook them when far short of their destination. After stumbling along for some time, being forced to lead their horses, they spied a light among the trees, and reaching it with difficulty over stumps and stones, they found a log cabin, whose only inmate was a brawny Scotchman of about fifty.

In answer to their request for accommodation for the night, he replied rather gruffly that they were welcome to his rough quarters, but as his wife had died some weeks before, he and the three boys were obliged to do their own cooking, with indifferent result. There was no stable, but only a rude shed for the cow and her feed, of which he gave the horses an abundant share, as, trying them under convenient trees, he led the way back to the house for their owners.

Merely remarking that "the boys would return later," their host wasted no more words on the unexpected visitors, as he proceeded to fry some bacon and make fresh corn pone. On such mountain fare the young men supped heartily, assisted by copious drafts of good tea, which seemed to be the one luxury that had followed the pioneer Scot into his New World home.

There were two beds, into one of which the travelers gladly crept, as their host said that he and the boys would take turns sleeping in the other. The tired horsemen were just touching the pleasant borders of dreamland, when they were roused by the entrance of a tall, strapping fellow, who came in with gun in hand.

The Scotchman's few words had somehow left the impression that his boys were mere youths; but this bearded man was near thirty, and looked fierce withal. The two mountaineers talked in low voices before the big fireplace, which so swallowed up their guarded tones that no words reached the listening couple, now wide awake and alert with suspicion.

At the last stopping-place the young men had been warned against the robbers who haunted these mountains; and although carrying but little money they knew full well that their gold watches and fine riding horses were sufficient to tempt reckless men to murder. So they felt for the loaded revolvers under their pillows, and with tense yet suppressed excitement waited for what might happen next.

exchanging an occasional whisper under the friendly shelter of the bedclothes. An hour passed, and as the two mountaineers were now dosing in their chairs the travellers began to breathe more freely.

Suddenly a peculiar whistle, cutting shrilly through the quiet night startled them to fresh wakefulness, and the old man, rousing up, stirred the fire and moved about cautiously, glancing now and then toward the bed to see if the sleepers were disturbed by his preparations for supper. A few minutes later two more young giants stalked into the cabin, stacking their guns in a corner, and placing their long bowie knives by the side of others on the stone jamb of the fireplace, where they made a fearful glittering row to the watching eyes.

Again there were significant glances at the bed in the furthest, darkest corner, and much more low-voiced conversation, while the three newcomers quietly ate their late meal. Matters began to look very serious to the young men, now fully convinced that the Scotchman's tale of his recently deceased wife was all pure invention, and that they were really caught in a den of horse-thieves. There was no use in shouting for help in these unfrequented woods, so, determined to sell life dearly, the travellers lay quietly in their bed, but with every nerve strung, and with revolvers grasped ready to fire at the slightest alarm.

In the semi-darkness of the cabin they could watch every movement of the men, whose forms were plainly outlined against the fire. Soon the old man rose, and taking a book from a rude cupboard, began reading in undertones; but unaccustomed to the Scotch accent, the Virginians caught but a confused murmur of sounds.

One whispered to the other: "I have no doubt they are reading some diabolical book, which gives them full directions how to kill us." Then as the men huddled together to hear something that seemed especially interesting, he added recklessly, "Let's raze them fore and aft as they sit there; it's our only chance in this trap."

"No," said his more cautious companion, "wait till they make a move toward their guns."

"Pooh! it's those big bowies they will use for us."

"Well, let us wait any how till we see them start for their knives."

So they waited with feverish anxiety until a simultaneous movement among the group at the fireplace convinced the unfortunate travellers that their time had come. Sitting bolt upright in bed, with pistols cocked, they prepared to fire, and then spring upon the surprised gang.

Under his breath, one said: "Ready! One, two"—but ere the last fatal word was pronounced, both pistols fell harmlessly on the bed, and the two young men stared blankly before them.

With one accord the four big, grim Scotchmen had dropped on their knees, while through the quiet cabin came in low, yet distinct tones from the old man, with a mumbled chorus from the boys: "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Both of the travellers were declared skeptics, but in relating the adventure afterward, they were wont to add: "We were fast asleep before those Scotchmen got as far as 'Thy kingdom come.'—[New York Independent.]

A Wonderful Bridge.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: New York prides itself, and with good reason, upon the wonderful bridge which connects it with Brooklyn. It is, as everybody knows, or should know, the biggest and finest suspension bridge in the world, but Chicago (always immediately in Gotham's wake) is now engaged in erecting a really wonderful structure. It is known as a "lift bridge," and is being built across the river at South Halstead street from a design by a Kansas City man.

The scheme contemplates a fixed span of two trusses, the roadway wide enough to accommodate four lines of teams and two sidewalks about 7-13 feet in the clear. At each end of the span, on either side of the river, are high steel towers which serve as vertical guides, and at the top of which are 12-foot diameter sheaves or pulleys over which the hoisting cables pass. The general plan of raising the bridge is exactly the same as that of an ordinary elevator, there being the usual engines, hoisting cables, counterweights and compensating chains. The clearance from the mean stage of water to the lowest portion of the bridge is 15 feet, which is ample to permit the passing of tugs. The towers are high enough to permit of the bridge being raised 75 feet, which is sufficient to clear the mast. The specifications call

for the raising of the bridge to its full height in fifty seconds. The whole structure is figured to resist a gale pressure given by a wind of 100 miles an hour, thus making it entirely secure. Both on the piers on which the bridge rests and at the tops of the towers are hydraulic buffers which prevent any jar in raising the bridge to full height or lowering it to its seat on the piers. It gives a clear channel parallel to the bed of the river and in the centre of the river of 100 feet. At the same time the end piers are sufficiently removed to allow all craft to get up as near the bank as desired.

Arctic and Antarctic Climate.

It is a remarkable fact that the climate of the Southern Polar region is much more severe than that of corresponding regions to the north. It is well known that a race of human beings live within the Arctic Circle with some degree of comfort, but at a corresponding degree of latitude at the south all is one dreary waste, wholly uninhabitable. At the north reindeer and musk ox are found in great numbers, but naturalists say that not a single land quadruped is known to exist beyond the fiftieth degree of Southern latitude. Arctic explorers report flowers in abundance as high as 78 degrees north in summer, but no plant of any description, not even a moss or lichen, has ever been observed beyond Cockburn Island, which lies 64 degrees 12 minutes south. In Spitzbergen, which is 79 degrees north, the vegetation ascends the mountains to a height of 3,000 feet, but on every land within or near the Antarctic Circle the snow line is at the water's edge.

The reason assigned for this remarkable difference in two regions of corresponding latitude is the predominance of large tracts of land to the north, and to our Gulf Stream, which conveys sensible warmth even to the shores of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Civilization of An African Tribe.

At the Berlin Anthropological Society, Mr. Merensky has given some curious particulars about the Kende people in the German district on Lake Nyassa. Their country is bordered on the north by the Livingstone mountains and on the south by the lake, and this favorable geographical position has enabled the people to develop in a peculiar manner and attain a relatively high state of civilization. "Their affections are largely developed. Friendship is especially valued among them, and love between the sexes strong and firm, as well as the domestic affections. Suicide caused by grief for the loss of a wife, a child or even a favorite animal is not infrequent. The favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile. In war time all unnecessary cruelty is avoided, and women and children who have been made prisoners are set free again. The position of women among the Kende is unusually high. Women are on a perfect equality with men in the eyes of the law, and offences against women are even more severely punished than offences against men."—[St. James's Gazette.]

The King of Siam's Private Chapel.

There are several temples situated in and near the royal inclosure in Bangkok. The private chapel of the king is situated within the palace grounds, and contains more costly treasures than any place in Siam. The looting of this temple would have afforded the French officers a nice chance for prize-money if they had been allowed to seize the opportunity which the prospect of hostilities offered. One of the principal objects of value in the Temple of the Emerald God, as it is called, is a sacred idol, twelve inches high by eight inches wide, of solid gold, in which is set a marvellous combination of crystals, topazes, sapphires, rubies, onyxes, amethysts and diamonds. It is enshrined on a pyramidal altar springing from the floor to the roof of the great building, and it is one of the duties of the king to visit it once a year and touch it with his royal hand. At such visits the steps of the altar are covered with costly presents to the king, from faithful subjects.—[Demorest.]

An Active Industry.

The demand for skulls and skeletons is said to be always in excess of supply, particularly at this time of year. It may interest our readers to know that the current prices in the American market.

"Half skeleton, disarticulated, in box, consisting of the skull, the spinal column, twelve ribs, pelvis, one arm, and one leg. The bones of the spine, hand and foot are held together by catgut, \$21.—[Medical Record.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

SALT FOR THE GARDEN.
Salt is especially useful for the garden. This is usually a plot of ground that has had an excess of stable manure for several years, and without mineral fertility to make it do all the good it should. While plants do not need the mineral the salt furnishes, it helps no less surely by making other plant food, including the mineral phosphate, available for crops. For this reason salt does best on rich land that for any reason is not producing as it should.—[Boston Cultivator.]

WATERING TROUGHS IN STALLS.

An experiment has been made abroad to test the advantages of having watering troughs in the stalls, allowing the cows to drink at will. A herd of Dutch cows was kept for a time in ordinary stalls, and water brought to them twice daily; they were then changed to stalls having troughs in each manger with constant water supply; and afterwards they were changed back again to the ordinary stalls and watered twice.

The milk yield increased on an average 0.53 liter per cow daily, and there was no decrease in fat contents. The increased yield is calculated to be about 100 liters per cow annually. The cows drank a little less when allowed to drink at will than when watered twice a day.—[New York World.]

THE RIPENING OF CHEESE.

The making of a curd from milk is only the first stage of the action of the rennet. Green cheese thus made is somewhat more digestible than is the cheese made by natural curdling of milk without rennet. The digestive principle goes with the cheese into the stomach. But if the cheese is put away to ripen, the rennet still works through it, changing the caseine, difficult to digest, into a compound containing the same protein or nitrogenous food in soluble form. It is thus that well-cured cheese becomes so easy to digest, contrary to the usual opinion based on the indigestibility of fresh curd. A piece of cheese with bread is more healthful, more nutritious and more digestible than is bread and butter. The latter, indeed, is only digestible when it is liked, and thus stimulates the glands that furnish saliva. Bread and butter are each a different form of carbon. One is starch, the other is fat. In cheese the digestive organs find the kind of nutriment that gives strength, while the bread and butter mainly contribute to making fat and maintaining animal heat.—[American Cultivator.]

AN IMPROVED HORSE STALL.

The following is a description of an improved horse stall, the merit of which consists in its simplicity, says the Live Stock Record:

In the center of the stall—a box stall—a pit is dug 18 inches in diameter, and three feet deep. Into this is put cobblestones 3 to 5 inches in diameter, until they reach the top. Three large flat stones are placed over them, which just fill the top of the pit. A load of ground limestone is then spread around the outer edge of the stall and raked towards the centre, giving it a gentle slope in this direction. Over this is spread two inches of yellow clay which is well tamped.

The stall, when thus completed, is like an oval dish, and carries all the urine to the centre and into the pit, where it gradually soaks away. There being no opening in the bottom of the pit, no bad odor comes back into the stable, as so often is done when a drain pipe is used to carry off the urine. Another advantage of this stall is the shape, which more nearly fits the horse while lying down, and requires less straw for bedding.

COST OF COW MILKING.

Your correspondent asks what he can afford to pay for having women do the milking. We have several times had an arrangement with the wives of our tenants for milking morning and evening, and have paid ten cents for each service—that is, twenty cents per day. This is based upon an hour's service at each milking, at the rate of \$1 for a day's work. In an hour's time a good milker ought to milk ten cows.

There are several reasons why women are to be preferred for milkers when they can be had, or when a portion of the force can be women. Their natural manual dexterity is greater than that of men, and they will milk with more rapidity and with greater ease to the cows, which means that they will get more milk, and the udders of the cows will be kept in better condition. The presence of women at milking time checks rude conversation and boisterous conduct, and the quieter the stable can be

kept the better, especially if you have any nervous cows. The men are not apt to neglect the thorough cleaning of the stalls or brushing of the cows in occasional absence of the proprietor if they know that women are to aid in the milking. The average man, born or long resident in the country, looks upon every woman as a lady, and entertains for her a respectful courtesy which keeps him upon his good behavior in her presence. He will be making a good move to introduce as many women as he can among his milkers.—[Jaque, in Country Gentleman.]

THE SHEEP'S FOOT.

The sheep's foot is constructed in quite a different manner from that of the horse, which is known as a solid hoof or single hoofed animal. The space between the claws of the double hoof of ruminants is a place of danger, and quite often the seat of disease. And this is more imminent in the sheep than in the ox. This space is protected on the inside by a thick skin, covered with hair, to relieve the friction, but is frequently ground down to the tissue underneath it, by the grit of sandy or gravelly pastures. The horn of the front part of the hoof, too, grows in such a manner as to invite disease as it extends beneath the sole, when in a soft condition produced by wet ground, and then turns under and gathers filth, which soon corrodes the softened sole, and lays bare the vascular tissue of the interior of the foot, which then becomes diseased by exposure to the ground, and by the poisonous influence of the decomposing matter of the horn. The lameness then begins, that in time increases and spreads to the inner parts of the foot, which suppurate and discharge matter, that acts as an inflammatory poison, and quickly causes gangrene of the whole foot. This then produces a poisonous virus, which affects the soil, and communicates the disease to other sheep whose feet may be in the least injured by overwearing, or softening of the horn, and are neglected by the shepherd. Thus it is imperative that the flock should not only be watched for the first appearance of disease, but examined frequently, to detect approaching danger. The common and effective remedy is to keep all excess of horn pared down, to shorten the toes when they are too long, and to apply an ointment of pure vaseline, slightly carbolated, to any raw or sore parts. The disease known as foot rot, whether simple or malignant and contagious, is easily managed at the outset by this treatment. But when the whole flock becomes diseased, through neglect, and the pastures are permanently poisoned by the virus, the case becomes serious, and thorough measures must be taken to save the flock.—[American Agriculturist.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

AN EXCELLENT STOCK.

An excellent stock is obtained from roast meats by pouring into the dripping pan, just before the joint is done, from a glass to a pint of hot water, according to the size and the quantity of the dripping. Turn into a dish and when quite cold there will be found a glassful or more of pure meat stock—ready for enriching sauces or for improving common stock.—[New York Telegram.]

TO DESTROY ANTS.

A new cure-all for ants of all kinds came to my knowledge the other day, a woman writes, and was hailed with delight, as during summer we had both the tiny red ants and the large black ones in the house. It is also a remedy for cockroaches and other pests that invade the sanctum of the "chef." Place green walnuts in the pantry, closets, cupboards or any place where the "varmints" roam. I tried it as soon as I heard of it, and the ants left post-haste. I also placed a handful of the nuts under the red and white peonies, and the ants do not thrive there, either. The cure was so quick and so effectual that I concluded I could recommend it to the world at large. I have been so tired of the untidy remedies of tea, alum, chalk, etc., littered all over the pantry shelves, and all to no purpose.—[New York World.]

THAT COLD POTATO.

A brown fry.—Cut cold boiled potato in even slices, dredge lightly with flour and fry brown in butter, drippings, cottolene or lard.

Potato provencale.—Cut cold boiled potato in little balls, with a vegetable scoop, and fry, with a few slices of onion added, in butter, drippings or cottolene and it will be potato provencale.

Potato a la baragonie.—Cut cold boiled potato in the shape and size of olives, and fry, with a spoonful of minced herbs added, in olive oil or cottolene, and you will have potato a la baragonie.

Potato au gratin.—Slice cold boiled potato, stew in broth or milk, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with grated cheese and bread crumbs mixed, and brown in oven, and it becomes potato au gratin.

As Plain Stewed.—Slice cold boiled potato, put in a stew pan with cold gravy of any kind, season with salt and pepper, stew gently for ten minutes or until thoroughly heated, and then serve as plain stewed potato.

Lyonnais potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potato into little dice shaped pieces, add minced onion, fry in butter, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with chopped parsley and you will have Lyonnais potatoes.

Potato hash.—Heat together in a stewpan a spoonful of butter and a teacupful of milk seasoned with salt and pepper, add cold hashed potatoes, cover closely, simmer gently until well heated and you will have an excellent potato hash.

Potato biscuits.—Add a cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of cold mashed potato, work in flour until the dough is sufficiently stiff to roll out and cut into biscuits. Bake on a floured griddle or baking pan. Serve hot.

Cakes and balls.—Enrich cold mash-potato with beaten egg yolk, make the mixture into balls, dip the balls into beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs or cornmeal, and brown in a quick oven. These will be potato balls. Make the prepared mixture into flat cakes, and brown in a little hot fat and you will have potato cakes.

A la maitre de hotel.—Stir together in a sauce pan over the fire equal portions of butter and flour; pour in a little milk, and cold boiled potato, evenly sliced; let it simmer till well heated, season with salt, pepper, lemon juice and minced parsley, and the product will be the famous potato a la maitre de hotel.

Baked hash.—Mix well, about equal portions, finely minced cold meat of any kind and minced cold potato, moisten with milk, gravy or soup stock—never with water—season with salt and pepper, make into a roll, put in a buttered pan and bake in the oven. This, if properly prepared and cooked, will be delicious hash.

Don't throw away cold potato, is the admonition of Emma P. Ewing, the Chautauqu lecturer on cookery. Save and utilize it. There are numerous ways in which it can be quickly rewarmed, and in many of them when properly done it is almost as good as when first cooked. Much of the potato served up at hotels is merely rewarmed potato and can be under fanciful foreign names prepared similarly in any private kitchen very easily, very inexpensively.

Burning all the trimmings of the grape-vines and fruit-trees will destroy many insects.

Be careful the breeding fowls are free from taint of disease. Roup is especially liable to be transmitted.

It is a good plan to provide feed troughs for chickens. Make them so the chicks cannot get into the feed and soil it, and so they can be cleaned and washed often.