

A WILD APPLE.

BY JOHN MCCARTY PLEASANTS.

Can it be that nobody knows
Where the wild apple-tree grows,
Clasped in the creper's embrace?
This is the place.

Soft! The flight of a bird?
(I felt it rather than heard.)
A fairy coming this way?
A rabbit gray?

Hide me, ye branches! Oh,
For a leaf-sewn domino!
Do me, some friend in the wood,
A turn so good!

He sees me not, for his nose
A-search in the grasses goes;
He has found an apple small,
A mere windfall.

Is it not hard that a note,
Stuffed, half, in my throat,
Should set him scampering, effrayed,
Out of the glade?

Fool that I am! for a blind
Longing drifts into my mind
To share, like a hungry child,
His apple wild!

Just for a space to escape
From the human aspect and shape,
And, a creature hairy and slim,
Commune with him!

Ah, to turn backward the page,
This hour, to the Golden Age!
To speak to him, touch him, and be
Sinless as he!

Ah, to drop for a while
All life's pretences and its guile!
Its heartache of loss, and its vain
Triumph of gain!

Here in the wood to be freed,
This hour, from all envy and greed,
And, crouched in the grasses dried,
Rest satisfied!

—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Stone's Mistake.

By ELLA WILSONE.

BRUTE!" breathed Vincent Stone's wife, as he rushed angrily out of the house, and then, nibbling at a bit of toast, she picked up the newspaper he had tossed to the floor and glanced hurriedly over it.

Time had been when his remarks about the unbrowned omelette, the charred though scarcely warm toast, and the muddy coffee would have dissolved her in tears. Now she did not give a second thought to his assertion that they were really less comfortable with two servants than when they had begun with none.

Neither did her mind revert to the moment when he went to his office in the morning till his coming home at eve was one grand rally against domestic friction.

Though she had never thought of it, her efforts to please him had ceased with his failure to show appreciation.

"It seems as if Vincent thought things just grew as he likes them," she had sobbed to herself one evening, three years after their marriage, when she had quite outdone herself on a piece of drapery, and he had gone to the library without so much as an appreciative syllable.

It had been months since she had studied books of recipes. Holding open the newspaper, she took a fugitive glimpse of the births, marriages and deaths. Another turn, and with the keenness of long practice, her eyes fell upon the columns teeming with advertisements.

She settled herself as one does in reading an interesting book when one feels that the real pith of the thing is about to transpire.

Eagerly she scanned the lines just as she had done every morning since she had moved into their fine new house, nearly two years before.

"Ah!" with unconscious fervency, "they have a few more of those Japanese teapots at ninety-eight cents, and now I can replace the beauty that Vint broke—on purpose, too, I'm sure. And no, I never saw anything like them at a penny under \$1.50."

Her eyes ran excitedly down the column.

"And, as I live, another slaughter in those exquisite little Dresden cups and saucers. I must hurry to get there before the pick of them is gone," and without another thought in her head Amelia Stone was hurrying out of her pretty dining room, when the cook knocked and entered by the opposite door. "I had forgotten about dinner," Amelia said, with an impatient frown.

"What have we?"

"Chicken enough left for a salad."

"Make it."

"And the tomatoes that were not touched I put on the ice."

"Um, stew them to serve with a sirloin steak, which I will order to be sent," and she turned to go.

"And the dessert, ma'am?"

"Oh-h," mentally floundering, "well, I will leave that to you," and then she hurried up stairs and into her trim walking costume.

When Vincent Stone came home that evening there was an expression on his strong face of determination, though his wife was too fagged with the excitement of the day to notice it.

"If you don't say something to the cook about spoiling food I shall," he said, when he had cut into a steak which, though burned to a cinder on the outside, was otherwise perfectly raw, and now I think of it, it seems strange, Amelia, that you haven't the slightest executive ability."

"I thought you liked your steak rare," she rejoined, absently, ignoring the last part of his speech. She was looking admiringly over his head at a Chinese cracker jar on the polished mantel. It was the last of the day's purchases, and she had crowded it in with the blisque statuettes, the Dresden, Chelsea, Rockwood, Hungarian ware, and Heaven only knows what.

He did not trust himself to reply. For the same reason he had held his peace with the soup, which he could taste after the dessert. Just like the good and bad all through life; the good touches the palate feelingly, but the bad makes up times over again.

He arose, but before turning to go, said:

"I should want to talk with you if I were not so completely out of sorts."

"Say what you choose," she rejoined,

coldly, the memory of the broken teapot ranking in her bosom.

Some new ornaments in the cabinet behind his wife at this moment met his gaze, and only infuriated him the more.

"Not here, Heaven forbid! This curiosity shop—"

But just here he made a sweeping gesture with his left hand and moved down the little crop of bric-a-brac on that end of the mantel with a rattling crash.

"You—you—" gasped Amelia, springing to her feet, and for the second unable to say more. "My treasures—and broken to bits!"

"Treasures! Trash!" he disgustedly rejoined, too angry to explain that it was unintentional.

When she had swallowed that something which swelled her throat, she cried, warily:

"Ingrate! I spend my strength, my life, trying to furnish our home beautifully, and yet within our means, and this is my reward. Spent as a man would spend it, how far do you think the money would go? I kill myself collecting odd bits, which for any number of good reasons are sacrificed, and you break them before my face, and insult my judgment in addition."

In the old time he would have taken her in his arms and told her he did not mean to hurt her feelings, at which she would have shed a few tears, and the kiss of peace would have been exchanged.

Instead, he burst forth, witheringly: "Judgment! A woman talk of judgment, and then cram her house with the rankest of imitations? I tell you, nine out of every ten men would consider your mind unbalanced. I have not been able to stir for months in this house without a hysterical warning from you about fragile trash, through which even a cat would hesitate to pick her way, and I am tired of it—mighty tired!"

What had been a mere chill settled into unmistakable frigidity, and Amelia, with the air of a martyr, studied the advertisements with increased zeal. Every single broken piece she was bound to replace.

Vincent even ceased to find fault, having apparently lost all interest. Bitter thoughts of him were in her mind, for she did not doubt that every spark of the love he had felt for her had died out. She was schooling herself not to care, because it was not her fault, and thinking how horrible it would be if her friends discovered the change. Suppose they sympathized? Ugh!

In two weeks Amelia had taken enough from her allowance to replace every broken article. She had no more available space, having already stored surplus bargains in cardboard boxes in the store room.

The newspaper now had no special interest for her, and she smiled in a satisfied way as the advertisements met her idle gaze. She looked at the replenished mantel and sighed, wondering why she did not feel perfectly content.

Her husband continued his icy politeness. She told herself that she was cruelly misunderstood, and, though she felt strange and dissatisfied she never thought of attributing it to his attitude.

In the end she consulted her physician. He advised a change. Amelia went home and thought. Then it all came to her.

"Yes, I do need a change. I need Vint's love. And to think I was ready to hate him because he objected to being a slave to my—yes, yes, trash."

Tears were in her eyes and she stood helplessly, not knowing what to do first. That was the moment for him to have returned.

At last she bethought her of a favorite dish of his, and hurried down to the kitchen.

Then she got out her prettiest gown, wondering why she had worn it so seldom of late, and blushing as she remembered it was his favorite color.

As a finishing touch, she was placing his smoking jacket and slippers before the library grate in anticipation of his after-dinner cigar, when out of the pocket fluttered a paper.

As she picked it up it unfolded, and the first words at the top of it were "Your wife!"

In the right hand corner was a figure two. It was evidently the second page of a letter. She hesitated for a moment, but curiosity was too strong.

"Your wife," it ran, "an undoubtedly afflicted with the monomania you mention. Not a symptom is missing. Do not make yourself uneasy, however; a short term at a private sanitarium will bring her around all right, unless her case is unusually aggravated. Do not excite her by speaking of it. The removal must be—"

This was the end of the page. She stared into the fire, holding the sheet in her nervous fingers, trying to realize, but before she succeeded she saw her husband standing in the doorway.

She felt herself sinking. A moment more and she would be crouching before the fender.

Then every fibre of her being rallied. She must not sink like a guilty thing. She did not know which way to turn, so fearful was she lest any move should be construed into further evidence of insanity.

Vincent did not speak. He simply stood there, frightfully tall, gloomy and terrible, according to her dazed, distorted vision.

Was the physician behind him, waiting?

Was some frightful conveyance waiting outside?

And suppose she never succeeded in proving her sanity?

A deadened, moaning cry was wrung from her very heart as these thoughts crowded upon her. She reached for the mantel to steady herself.

"Amelia! Are you ill?"

There was nothing in her husband's tone to indicate he was not speaking to an utter stranger, though he came a step nearer.

"Dearest!" she cried, in overburdened tones, every syllable threatening to be the last. "Forgive me. I am not insane, I have not been. Only foolish, warped, oh, criminally so! I have just found this frightful letter. Tell me that you know me for my own old self. I never dreamed you meant it when you said none out of every ten men would consider my mind unbalanced. Tell me that you did not!"

"What else could I think when you have apparently regarded me as an interloper ever since your collection needed all the room?" he asked, his arms severely folded, though had she looked up just then she would have seen a twinkle in his eye.

"What can I do?" she sobbed miserably.

"Be your own natural self and sell off about seven-eighths of your treasures, or else work them off on your friends—or, better, your enemies," he suggested.

"And then may I—may I—stay?" came with difficulty, as she peered up through her tears.

"You may," he said, in his noblest tone, drawing her to him till her tear-stained face was hidden in his breast.

—New York News.

Cats "Under Fire."

A lady who in Port Arthur during the bombardment of Admiral Togo's fleet has described the curious effect on cats by the cannonade. "I was at my window during each bombardment," she relates, "but only through the day, because at night I did not dare to stir out of bed. In front of me there was a little roof on which five or six cats of the neighborhood collected. Each time there was a bombardment the cats duly arrived, and, having observed them, I on the second occasion proceeded to watch them. With my family we passed the hours looking at them."

"At each gunshot the cats arched their backs and stiffened their legs and seemed both terrified and furious. Then when a hissing shell arrived it gave the signal for a frightful battle. They jumped at each other, raging like tigers, and seemed to hold each other responsible for what was taking place. To effect was so comical that we could not help laughing, although the occasion did not inspire gaiety. After having fought, the cats retired for awhile, as though bewildered, but soon as the bombardment began again they went through the same business. Each time it was always the same."

Electrical Fatality.

At Bingham, Utah, recently, Adolph Jensen and Hugh Allred, surveyors, were accidentally electrocuted. They were running a line for a placer claim on the hillside above Bingham Canon. Nearly at right angles to the line were strung the wires of the Telluride Power Company, which supply the town of Bingham with light and power. At the time of the accident Jensen was standing on the hillside, his feet being about on a level with the wire. Allred was below the wire, his head being lower than Jensen's feet. The steel tape was stretched on the ground between them. It became fastened in a clump of bushes near the wire, and in attempting to loosen the tape Jensen gave it a jerk. Instantly the tape rose from the bushes and came in contact with the electric power wire. There was a bright flash at the point of contact, the two men's bodies forming a short circuit. Jensen received a sufficient amount of the 5000 voltage to cause instant death, although he stood on a rock. Allred, who stood on wet ground, received the majority of the voltage.

Some Good From Finland.

The "Russification" of Finland, cruel, heartless and perfidious as it has been, has had one good result, according to Harold Drage. It is not a decade since Norway manifested every sign of restiveness under Swedish predominance, and in particular demanded the right to manage her own foreign affairs and to be separately represented at foreign courts.

The treatment which Finland has experienced from Russia has since served as an object lesson to Norway, and that country now recognizes that her only defense against Russia lies in a cordial union with Sweden.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

HOME-MADE FURNITURE POLISH
A good furniture polish may be made by mixing two parts of crude oil to one of turpentine and applying it with a soft cloth.

A GOOD BRUSH.
A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to leather. It is far better than the usual brush.

CANDLE SHADES.
White lace handkerchiefs make charming shades for candlestick lamps. The tiny centre of cambric must be cut out to make a place to stick the lamp chimney through.

EMBROIDERY.
For ironing embroidery or raised work of any sort the board should have a very heavy covering of flannel under the muslin; all the ironing must be done on the wrong side to throw up the pattern, says The Housekeeper.

A PRETTY DOOR WEIGHT.
What is to be used in keeping open doors in place. Get a good, strong cigar box, fill with pebble sand, nail the cover down and paint the exposed sides with melted glue. While hot sprinkle coarse sand over the entire surface, pressing down into the glue to cause it to adhere. A small portion at a time should be finished in this way, as the glue may set before the sand is applied. Set the weight aside until the glue is entirely cold, then paint the roughened surface with liquid gilding or prepared gold paint.

BEAUTIFYING ROOMS.
So much may be done toward beautifying rooms by selecting suitable pictures, yet so much depends upon the proper hanging of them that it is no wonder the result is not always satisfactory.

Indeed, the hanging of a picture makes it a great success or a disastrous failure as a decoration. Where there is a blaze of light, for example, either from windows in the daytime or lamps at night, it is unwise to hang pictures whose colors are vivid, and, on the other hand, those same pictures, perceptibly brighter dark corners, hallways, etc., says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Small pictures should be grouped; they gain style in this way. The artistic plaster medallions also look much better together than when distributed at intervals about the rooms.

Much more interest is given a picture if a portrait of its author hangs near, and a model music room had numbers of good photographs of musicians, framed uniformly, hung at a regular height around its walls.

TYING COMFORTABLES.
If one has a grass plot with ever hanging trees, secluded somewhere from the public eye, a special joy just now is the tying of comfortable on under the trees. This is the very poetry of labor, especially when the comfortable is one of the pretty cheese cloth ones, light, dainty and large enough to "tuck in."

If the cheese-cloth or challis is a yard wide sixteen and one-half yards will be required. Two rolls of cotton batting and twenty-five cents' worth of Germantown wool to match the color of the cloth are also needed. Cut the cheese-cloth into five breadths, having one length out in two so as to give two and a half breadths in width on each side. Stretch one side on the frames and catch in place. Spread the cotton on the cheese-cloth in the frame and cover with the remaining side. Baste the edges together, then tack with the wool, having the knots in rows ten or twelve inches apart. This can be done in a few hours, especially if there are several at it. After it is taken off the tie frames buttonhole the edges together.

Tumbler Cake—Two tumblers brown sugar, two eggs, one tumbler butter, one pint of raisins, one tumbler molasses, one cup currants, one tumbler sweet milk, five tumblers flour, two tablespoonfuls soda, one tablespoonful each of cloves and nutmeg.

Cranberry Conserve—Five pounds or cranberries washed and cut in halves, five pounds of sugar, five oranges seeded and cut into small bits, and two and a half pounds of seeded raisins. Cook till thick as jam. Put into jelly glasses and seal while hot.

Maple Ice Cream—One cup of maple sugar add beaten yolks of four eggs. Cook in granite dish until it boils, stirring it all the while. Strain through a sieve and cool. Beat one pint of cream, add stiffly beaten whites of eggs, whip syrup until light. Mix all together and freeze.

Breakfast Stew—Chop fine whatever cold meats remain on hand; add a pint or more of good soup stock; season with salt, pepper and a small pinch of ground cloves. Thicken with browned flour, and pour boiling hot over little squares of nicely toasted bread. Garnish with slices of lemon, and serve at once.

A Chicago physician is of the opinion that, under proper and fitting climatic conditions, ninety per cent. of all cases of consumption can be cured.

Electricity in the Laboratory.
Professor Morse's Furnace and Its Many Advantages.

Harmon V. Morse, professor of analytical chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University and adjunct director of the chemical laboratory, has invented and recently perfected an electric furnace which, it is believed, will revolutionize practical laboratory work in chemistry, says the Baltimore Sun. The ordinary copper oven is encased in a box doubly lined with asbestos, with air space between, the whole covered with aluminum paint, which is not affected by high temperatures, is a very poor heat radiator and preserves the asbestos from shredding. This arrangement practically prevents any loss of heat by radiation.

The source of heat is in the stove, which is placed within the copper oven. The construction of this stove is the ingenious part of the apparatus, and requires the highest type of experimental skill. It is constructed of a number of parallel slabs of soapstone coated with graphite, the soapstone being unaffected by the heat. The graphite must be evenly distributed over the slabs of soapstone. In order that the heat may be developed uniformly over the surface. The oven itself is not so difficult of construction, but the making of the heating apparatus within, through which the electric current is passed, has formed the great stumbling block in the way of former investigators. This electric furnace can be operated at a cost of less than one cent a day. A constant temperature of 150 degrees can be obtained for eight hours at a stretch at a cost of three-fourths of a cent.

June was the month which the Romans considered the most propitious season of the year for contracting matrimonial engagements, especially if the day chosen was that of the full moon; the month of May, on the contrary, being especially to be avoided as under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households.

Hence the June brides. All these pagan superstitions were retained in the Middle Ages, with many others which belonged more particularly to the spirit of Christianity.

The "best man" by the way, used to cut quite an important part in Sweden. In ancient days it was the dignity of a Scandinavian warrior to court a woman's favor by gallantry and submission. He waited until she had bestowed her affections on another and was on her way to the marriage ceremony, when, collecting his faithful followers, they fell upon the wedding cortege and the stronger party won. To favor this practice, marriages were usually performed at night.

A pile of lances is still preserved behind the altar of the ancient church of Hunsby, in Gothland, into which were fitted torches and which were borne before the bridegroom to give light and protection.

It was the province of groomsmen, or "best men" to carry these, and the stoutest and strongest of the bridegroom's friends were chosen for the duty.

The announcement that the director of the Yale "commons" has been obliged to put up the price of meals to \$1.50 a week henceforth and that at the old price of a dollar or so less the college has lost \$20 a year, will doubtless fill the hearts of many patient housekeepers with unspoken gratitude. For years the American housewife has been suffering from the baleful activity of the man of statistics, who proves conclusively in the columns of endless periodicals that \$3 a week will feed anybody royally, and that a delightful dinner may be given for \$2.50, including flowers. A great peace comes to the harassed souls when a thoroughly equipped organization like Yale gives up the struggle, and frankly owns defeat by raising prices.

A periodical ostensibly devoted to the interests of the American home once published statistics showing how a man and wife and two children had lived comfortably on \$200 a year. The misery caused by these statistics, over the whole broad land, was beyond computation. These facts from Yale, we hope, will cheer the survivors of the Bazar.

In Texas.
"They do things quickly at El Paso, Texas," said a commercial traveler the other day. "I was on a train near there on my last trip, when the porter in the car was in a scrap and hit a passenger over the head with a poker. The passenger drew a gun and shot the porter six times."

"Well, we took the wounded man off the train at El Paso, but he died before the ambulance arrived, and I was told to be at the inquest at 10 a. m. next day, to testify."

"I got to the place a little late—at 10.10, to be exact—and as I was going in I met the officers coming out."

"I'm here as a witness," I said.

"Too late," they said. "The passenger was acquitted five minutes ago."

Chickens Reared by a Cat.
A remarkable freak of nature is reported from Wadebridge, in Cornwall, where a cat is successfully bringing up a brood of chickens. The cat and chickens are the property of a Mrs. Williams, of Tenant.

It appears that the cat recently had kittens, and in due course the latter were drowned. The cat, while looking for her offspring, found an old hen with a brood of chickens only recently hatched, and decided to take charge of the chickens and bring them up as her own family. The cat at present carefully nurses the chickens by the fireside, and carries them about in her mouth, just as she would her own kittens.—London News.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.
Grain, Flour and Feed.

Wheat—No. 1 red	59	1 00
Bye—No. 2	51	92
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear	56	87
No. 2 yellow, shelled	51	80
Mixed ear	54	55
Oats—No. 2 white	46	47
No. 2 white, shelled	47	46
Flour—Winter patent	5 27	5 21
Straight winter	5 00	5 00
Hay—No. 1 timothy	18 75	18 00
Feed—No. 2 white, old, ton	21 01	22 51
Brown middlings	21 00	22 00
Bran, bulk	19 00	19 50
Straw—Wheat	5 50	10 01
Cat	2 50	10 01

Dairy Products.
Butter—Elgin creamery 20 | 21 || Ohio creamery | 17 | 18 |
Emery country roll	14	14
Cheese—Cheddar, new	3	3
New York, new	8	9

Poultry, Etc.
Hens—per lb. 14 | 15 || Chickens—dressed | 16 | 17 |
| Turkeys, live | 18 | 19 |
| Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh | 18 | 19 |

Fruits and Vegetables.
Potatoes—New per bbl. 2 03 | 2 25 || Cabbages—red | 1 10 | 1 25 |
| Onions—per barrel | 3 25 | 3 50 |
| Apples—per barrel | 3 00 | 3 50 |

BALTIMORE.
Flour—Winter Patent 4 90 | 5 21 || Wheat—No. 2 red | 1 01 | 1 04 |
Corn—No. 2 white	52	56
Oats—No. 2 white	44	44
Butter—Creamery, extra	17	18
Eggs—Pennsylvania farms	17	18

PHILADELPHIA.
Flour—Winter Patent 4 85 | 5 25 || Wheat—No. 2 red | 1 01 | 1 02 |
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	55
Good job and light rollers	48	48
Butter—Creamery, extra	17	18
Eggs—Pennsylvania farms	17	18

NEW YORK.
Flour—Patent 4 70 | 5 50 || Wheat—No. 2 red | 1 06 | 1 07 |
Corn—No. 2 white	57	58
Common to fair rollers	5 00	5 25
Butter—Creamery	17	18
Eggs	18	19

LIVE STOCK.
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle.
Prime heavy, 1450 to 1600 lbs. 56 03 | 6 25 || Prime, 1400 to 1450 lbs. | 5 75 | 6 00 |
Medium, 1350 to 1400 lbs.	5 50	5 75
Fat heifers	4 80	4 80
Butcher, 900 to 1000 lbs.	4 50	5 00
Common to fair	3 50	3 75
Oxen, common to fat	2 00	4 00
Common to good fat bulls and cows	2 50	3 50
Milk cows, each	2 50	3 00

Hogs.
Prime heavy hogs 6 00 | 6 10 || Prime medium weights | 5 80 | 6 10 |
Best heavy Yorkers and medium	6 25	6 35
Good pigs and light Yorkers	5 50	6 25
Pigs, common to good	4 75	4 85
Light hogs	4 00	4 40
Stags	2 00	3 25

Sheep.
Extra, medium wethers 4 50 | 5 00 || Good to choice | 4 50 | 4 80 |
Medium	3 50	4 25
Common to fair	3 00	3 50
Spring Lambs	4 00	6 50

Calves.
Veal, extra 5 00 | 7 25 || Veal, good to choice | 3 50 | 4 00 |
| Veal, common heavy | 3 00 | 3 50 |

Heaping coals of fire on your enemy's head is just as effective now as it was when the old saw was invented, and it makes him feel just as small, and mean and foolish now as it ever did.

The Crusade in Brief.
A special commission, appointed by the Emperor, reports that intoxicating liquors cost Germany last year \$750,000,000, or one-eighth of all the population earn.

In Nova Scotia, through the operation of the Scotch act, and a rigid provincial license law, prohibition prevails in sixteen out of the eighteen counties in the province.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles has issued, at Washington, a document giving his utter