By Alonzo Rice.

Neath shadows of yon vine-clad ledge, The old-time water-mill, aloof From dreary wastes of sand and sedge, Leans, with its broken roof.

The barren rafters lift on high Their signals of distress and dark They loom against the summer sky, Lonely and weather-worn and stark.

In circling flight, the pigeon's wing Cleaves with a flash the tideless at The bats in nooks and crannies cling, Shunning the noonday glare.

Above where worn and broken eaves
Filter the sunshine and the rain,
It treiess mood the spider weaves
Itis radiating skein. Scarcely the eye can mark the flight Of lizards on the crumbling walls, so quick they vanish from the sight When allen footstep falls.

The leaves of many autumns sleep, Huddled about the dusty floor; Winds of the wild November reap And garner to the store.

The race that lent the full supply Of water to the busy wheel but a pool where rushes sigh And frogs their chorus peal.

Tall trees their glossy banners flaunt Above the channe, long run dry, and there the rain-crows hide and haunt, Sounding their boding cry.

The miller sleeps. His monument is write as was his raiment when he left the mill at night and went Homeward along the glen.

His time in deeds that bless and cheer He made sweet service to employ; Gladly each day and month and year Gave him its toll of joy.

And while he watched the dropping meal And scaring swallows circling near, his cheerful song and whirring wheel Made music sweet to hear.

The happy voice at last grew low; And where the softest zephyr sighs. His rest, by fairest flowers that blow, The summer sanctifles. No more by river road or hill The creaking wagons slowly come; Once busy echoes now are still To industry's low hum.

No more the whirring water-wheel's insistent music greets the car; No song nor laughter upward steals When early stars appear,

But often comes to fancy's sight At twilight, by the open door. The miller in his vesture white, A moment—and no more!

-Youth's Companion

# The Apple-Broker.

By Alics Turner Curiis.

When the first cool days of September send city people home ready for work, then begins a business among the orchard-owners of New England of which the casual summer visitor has little knowledge.

The apple-broker's busy days have come, and expert apple-pickers, with long ladders, small baskets and barrels, appear in all the orchards, and spread over the trees with the persistence and industry of an invasion of browntail moths.

Each band of these workers headed by a responsible and capable man, secured by the apple-broker because of his knowledge of the applemarket, his reliability, and his gift of managing men. This "boss" is furnished by his employer with numerous directions, among which are small alips of paper which read something

Before October 1st, gather Mrs. Brown's Orchard. Pound Sweetings

-London. Ben Davis'-Boston. Blake's Orchard. Early Baldwins-New York. Yellow Stock-San Francisco.

The boss understands by this list that the pound sweetings are to be gathered with unusual care. No ough shakings of the branches on which this fruit grows. A careful man with a small basket swung over his shoulder, goes up the ladder. Every apple is dipped from the bough, placed in the basket, and when the basket is moderately full, the man descends. These apples are each wrapped in tissue-paper and put in boxes, much in the same way that California oranges are packed to send east. Then a card is tacked on the box, marked, "Mrs. Brown's Pound Sweetingss. 100, London," and the boss makes a similar entry in the little account book, which, at the end of each week, he hands over to the apple broker.

The real business of the apple brokør, however, begins in midsummer. If you are in an apple country, central Massachusetts, or near Mercer, Maine, and are an observing person, you will notice now and then a keen-faced. capable-looking man driving about the country reads, talking with the owners of orchards and carefully examining the half-grown fruit.

The man is generally a resident of an apple-growing district. He knows the history of every orchard, how old the trees are, the quality of the fruit grown, the owner of the orchard, and ow to deal with him.

It is in midsummer that the bargains are made. The apple-broker buys the erop. By so doing he assumes a considerable risk. There may be, even after midsummer, too much rain, too much heat, a visitation of the dreaded apple worm, in fact, any one of dozen possibilities may ruin the product of an orchard and spoil the broker's profits; while the farmer, with a round sum deposited in the savingsbank, thanks his stars that he sold his

apples in July. The apple broker has no leisure on his hands. Barrels and boxes are no small thing to be considered when you are to harvest the orchards of six or seven townships. Now and then the enterprising broker starts a cooper shop and box manufactory of his own near town where the most fruit is raised here, during July and August, a en or more men work, busily turning out barrels and boxes which will be

sent to the uttermost parts of the earth filled with the pound sweetings or the firm, fragrant Baldwins of New

England. But the cooper shop is not the only dependence of the apple broker for barrels. Early in the spring he begins a canvass of the country. His team stops at a farmer's house.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith!" h calls to the pleasant-faced woman at the door. "I hear that you make such good bread that your husband has a lot of empty flour-barrels."

"Now Mr. Perkins!" chuckles the pleased housewife. "The idea! 1 guess it's Jim's appetite that keeps

the flour-barrel empty." "Got a good many empty barrels, eh?" questions the broker.

"Land, no! There may be two or three out in the shed." "I'll give you fifty cents for the

lot, Mrs. Smith, without counting 'em," declares the wily trader, handsomely. Mrs. Smith is willing, nods her consent, receives her piece of silver, and sees three empty barrels loaded on the back of Mr. Perkins's wagon. He has made a good bargain In September less careful buyers will pay thirty cents aplece for all manner and kind of barrels. From house to house he goes, securing one barrel here, three or four there, until his sheds are filled with barrels, and he can look forward to the harvest without apprehension.

When the bosses bring in their little account-books for the final reckoning, the broker knows just where he stands. His bargains with distant buyers were made long ago. He marks his boxes and communicates with his shipping-agents.

But his day of leisure is not yet He goes from orchard to orchard, looking into barrels, climbing a tree now and then, urging on his employ es, that an untimely frost may not find his fruit ungathered, and so ruin him. From town to town he hastens sending a load of barrels here, starting off a promised order there.

The orchards of northern Maine offer a more difficult problem to the apple-broker than do those of Massa chusetts. Often the matter of transportation becomes serious because of the distance from railroad-stations. It is not as easy to secure good help, many of the orchards are on steep hillsides, and even the trained mind of the apple expert is often puzzled as to ways and means of securing good results. But that he meets this problem successfully is proved by the thousands of barrels of apples which Maine sends every year to distant markets .- Youth's Companion.

### RECOVERING GOLD FROM SAND.

New Device to Discover Treasure In Sunken Ships.

To the mouth of the River Colne, off Brightlingsea, an extraordinary machine was towed and anchored yes terday. It is to be used in a final at tempt to recover the £500,000 treas ure of gold, in coins and bars, which is said to have gone down in H. M. S. Lutine in 1797 near the island of Terschelling, off the coast of Holland.

A portion of the treasure has been recovered, but all ordinary dredging plants are now useless, as the vessel has sunk into the sand. The new device is a great steel tube nearly 100 feet in length and wide enough to allow a man to walk erect down its centre. At one end is a metal chamber provided with windows and doors, and at the other a medley of giant hooks and other tackle.

The apparatus has just been completed after years of work, by a firm of shipbuilders. "One end of the tube." explained a member of the firm yesterday, "will be clamped to the side of a steamship or barge. The other end, by means of water ballast tanks, will be sunk until it touches the bottom. Then, by means of compressed air, all the water will be forced from the tube and also from the chamber at the bottom of it, flush upon the bed of the sea.

"Divers will walk down a stairway in the centre of the tube until they reach the submerged chamber. Here they will don their diving costumes, and opening a series of watertight goors will step straight out into the Engineers will be stationed in the chamber, and following the instructions of the divers, who will communicate with them by means of portable telephones, they will operate the mechanism of two powerful suction numps or dredgers which are fitted to the sides of the tube. These dredges, it is hoped, will suck away the sand around the sides of the heavy chamber until it gradually sinks by its own weight right down on to the deck of the wrecked ship. Then the divers, making their way from the chamber to the deck of the ship and thence to the hold, will be able to transfer the treasure from the ship to the chamber by easy stages."-London Daily Mail.

# White Deer and Black Fox.

Something unusual in the animal kingdom has just been killed by Prince Edward hunters and brough home. It is a deer pure white in color, save for two small black spots back of its ears. The animal is a fine looking stag and weighs about 200 pounds. It has a magnificent pair of entlers. The hunters were reticent as to which member of the camp cap tured this very unusual species, but it is understood that Grant Sprague of Big Island was the lucky shot. The animal was found in the northern part of Hastings or Lennox and Addington

Another unusual kill made by one of

the hunters was a black fox, now a

very rare animal, whose skin is very

valuable.-Pictou correspondence Tor-

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

It does not come by wishing, It does not come by prayer; But in the doing of thy task Thy fate pursues thee fair,

Luck grants no blindfold favor--No dreamy drone he crowns; But slow and sure persistence He always greets and owns.

Success is not a blunder— A blessing by mistake— Complain not if you miss it, It comes not for your sake.

Well, do your work and rest not, Give, asking not again; The universe will widen Unto your narrow ken.

Give love and life and labor, And seek not but to bless. Defeat and loss will teach you Far more than mere success. -Luella Clark in American Cultivator

Little Mary was playing with her pet kitten. The kitten scratched her, and she exclaimed "You is a darned old kitty."

Her mother told her she must never utter such a naughty word again, and to be sure to impress it on her mind.

The next day Mary was again playing with the kitten, and again trouble arose, when she was heard to remark "You is just the kind of a kitten

you was yesterday."—Bee Hive.

#### Bud and Billy.

I should like to tell you about my little pets, Bud and Billy. They are two white rats. Quite funny pets, are they not? They are pretty small yet, for they aren't very old.

They are the most inquisitive animals I have seen. They will eat almost anything I give them. Here are a few of the things they eat: Oat meal, oats, carrots, greens, meat, but ter and bread, and they are very fond of sugar, cheese, meat and candy.

They are very destructive when they escape from their cage. One day they got into a box that held two blackbirds' wings and separated the feathers from the bone. When they got through they presented a very comical appearance, as the dye had come off on their faces and front paws. They soon cleaned themselves, however. They sat upon their haunches and wet their paws on their tongues, and then rubbed themselves all over with their paws. They do this many times during the day, and so keep themselves quite clean.

They are very intelligent, and will come when I call. They are surefooted, for they can walk along the rung of a chair or walk a wire or a long stick about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. They climb up curtains or the backs of chairs that have caned backs. I expect to train them to do tricks soon.-Wesley Hallet, in the New York Tribune.

## An Honest Child.

In the streets of New York city lived a little girl whose name was Louise.

She was very poor and her mother had died some time before, and as her father was very cruel to her, she was jolly comrades has not been heard almost an ornhan

She would roam the streets if she did not have anything to do. Sometimes she would go to the store for people, and get a few pennies to buy something to eat.

One day she was looking in a toy shop window at a beautiful doll. Oh, how she wished she could have it.

She was about to go away, when her eyes rested on something brown. She picked it up and saw it was a man's a roll of bills, a lot of papers and a card with the man's address, reading Mr. Baills of New York. She thought first of buying the doll. But something told her to take it to the owner. She brought it to the house and rang the bell.

She did not have to wait long, when a servant opened the door. Louise told her why she came, and she was admitted to a beautiful parlor.

Soon the man came down and asked her what she wished. She told him she had brought his pocketbook. The man said he did not want the money, but the papers were very valuable.

He asked her all about her life and then he left the room to find his wife. He told her about Lo , e. "We have no children of our own," he said, "could we not adopt her?"

Now she lives in the house she once brought the pocketbook to, and she has the beautiful doll that she was so tempted to buy, and she says she is the happiest girl in the city.-Dorothy Hanington, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

# Charlie's Photograph

"Father, Willie Morris has his photograph taken. I do want to have mine. Please let me. Wouldn't you and mother like to have one of me, father?"

"But I have a lot of photographs of you, Charlie-in fact, I take one with me every day to town. I take a different one every day-sometimes they are very ugly; but they are always very like my little boy."

"O father! are you making fun? Why, I never had my photograth taken." said Charlie, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ah, yes, you have; for I take one of you, though you don't know it, the peg in the hall, and, sitting down route.-Newark Call. in a chair, drew the perplexed little boy toward him. "This morning, when I started from home to go to my office, I took a photograph of you and put it in my pocket. I took it, not with a of what it used to cost.-Boston Trancamera, but with my eyes, and the script.

but I put it in the pocket called memory, which I carry in my head, and I have kept it there all day.

"Shall I tell you what the photograph I have carried about with me all day was like-the one I took this morning of my little boy?" asked his father, softly, as he drew him closer to his knee.

"Please, father," Charlie whispered low.

"It was a dark, ugly photograph. There was a frown on his brow, and an angry light in his eyes, and his mouth was shut up very tight indeed, so tight that he could not possibly open it to say 'Good-bye' to father, and all because he wasn't allowed to go out to the garden to play ball before breakfast because it was raining. So he let father go away to town with a very ugly photograph of Charlie to look at all day, instead of the bright, pleasant one he might have had." Charlie's head hung so low it seemed

as if he never would look up again. "I don't know what kind of a phowashed her mouth out with soap and tograph mother took of you when you were going to school. I hope it was nicer than mine; and I know she wants a nice one left with her every day while you are at school, just as badly as I want one to take to town. Will Charlie try not to give us ugly ones any more?"

Charlie looked up now and whispered, "I will try, father,"-From the Christian Register.

#### Pets on Shipboard.

The American sailors had as queer things on board the battleships at Amoy, China, as would be seen on But perhaps little boys and girls land. would be just as much interested on board the ships themselves, without going on shore at all You would be almost sure to find some dear little animal pets on board any ship you might choose to visit. All sailors are fond of animals, cats or dogs, or goats or birds, or any kind of a living creature at all, and almost all ships have certain little animals which are the comrades of the sallor folk. They are mascots, loved and petted and scratched and fed by all their shipload of admirers.

But the sailors on board the "roundthe world fleet," or those ships which are making the trip to foreign countries at the present time, have really more than their share of pets, and the little creatures which call the sea their home are having, in their own way, just as good a time as their twolegged friends, the sailors.

On each one of the ships you would find at least one real live Teddy bear -a little, soft-eyed, wise-faced little creature, which is being trained to be as gentle as a kitten. All the same, they are real bears, those dear little pets, and some day will be big Bruins to make small visitors to the ships afraid. But just now the sailors are enjoying themselves by training the baby bears, which were presented to them at Seattle. What the bears have to say of their ocean homes and their yet, but perhaps when the fleet comes back to American waters again somebody will make a book telling of the things those bears did and what they say and all the tricks they learned during their voyages.

Cats are always liked on ships. Perhaps that is because there are some times rats and mice on the big boats and the kittles help to keep them away. Dogs are just as much beloved on sea as they are on land and many sailor has a faithful friend ship's dog. Parrots, especially on ships which sail the southern seas, are seen quite often. These birds probably give the sailors more fun than any other kind of pet, for the talking parrots seem to have a gift for adopting the curious language of the sailors. Why it is that sailors are more given to using bad language than other folks, when they have the broad blue seas and the wide blue skies to keep their minds clean and fresh, it would be hard to say, but parrots which come to port after a long voyage with sailors for companions almost always have acquired the habit of swearing at all times and in all places.

Monkeys are almost too delicate to stand the ocean life. Besides, they are subject to seasickness, which would naturally spoil their own pleas ure and that of their friends, who would certainly not like to see the poor creatures suffer. However, it is said that a seasick monkey is rather a funny sight, and no matter how much you may sympathize with its sufferings you cannot help laughing at the spectacle which it presents. Goats are often taken as sallor pets, but these creatures have another value than merely that of providing pleasure for the sallors during the long trips at sea. For goats' milk is nourishing and wholesome, and some people think it is very, very delicious You know in some countries it is used altogether, and goats are pastured just as cows are here. In Switzerland travelers often come upon herds of goats, and down in Italy little herds of goats are driven through the streets every day, supplying milk. So you see, when goats are taken as pets on shipboard they are also valuable every morning when I go to town," for giving milk when the sailormen said his father, as he hung his hat on are far away from the milkman's

Great is publicity. It shows that we can elect a President for about a third WHIMS IN WILLS.

### Curious Desires Have Actuated Many Testators.

The dryness of the law is some times alleviated by the freaks and whims that appear in wills.

Some persons having used their wills as means of paying off old scores In 1770 Stephan Swain of the parish of St. Olaves, London, left "John Abbott and Mary, his wife, 6 shillings each for a halter for fear the sheriff should not be provided." In 1793 Philip Thickness willed that right hand be cut off and sent to his son "in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God after having so long, neglected the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

Lieutenant Colonel Nash got even with his wife by giving the bell ringers of Bath abbey £50 a year on con dition that they muffle the bells of said abbey on the anniversary of his marriage and ring them with "doleful accentuation from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.' And on the anniversary of his death to ring a merry peal for the same space "in memory of his happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

Jasper Mayne, who died in 1620, must have a person of humor. He left his servant an old valise, stating that it contained something that would enable him to drink. When the valise was opened it was found to contain only a red herring.

Occasionally a testator exhibits an original idea as to the disposition of his body. Sieur Benoit, whose will was probated in Paris in 1877, ordered that he be buried in his old trunk to save the expense of a coffin. He added that he was attached to the trunk, it having gone around the world with him three times.-New York Post.

## SMALLEST KING IN THE WORLD.

#### Monarch of a Burmese State-His Palace and Curious Body Guard.

When travelling through the Shan States I had the honor of being presented to the smallest King in the world, the Sawbwa, or Myo'sa, of Chen tung. He stood, as nearly as I could judge, about 4 feet 9 inches in his curly Burmese slippers and was the quintessence of regal courtesy.

His "palace" was a thatched hut on stilts, close to the Salween river; he had several wives, who manifested great curiosity when they saw their lord in conversation with a white man, and his retinue consisted of some four-and-twenty men armed with the quaintest collection of old guns that ever came out of a curiosity shop.

The little brown King held out small, plump hand for me to shake. It was as soft as a woman's. He bade me welcome with a smile the most genial I ever saw and begged me to accept a cocoanut. I knew that it was court etiquette to offer a gift in return, and I was embarrassed to think that, travelling "light" as I was, I had nothing worthy of his acceptance. I suddenly bethought me of a corkscrew knife bearing the name of a well known brand of bottled beer which had been given me as an advertisement in Calcutta a few months earlier. This I presented to him with due

ceremony, and he accepted it with unfeigned delight. All his army pressed round as I opened the blades, the corkscrew and the hoof nick, and the headman beat a gong vigorously at a signal from the King, apparently in token of the royal approval.-London

# The Interview.

A dapper young man with the reporter's proverbial smile entered the office of a large manufacturer, and proceeded to interview him regarding the financial outlook.

"Of course, Mr. Blank, you consider the recent panic as being entirely over? "Most assuredly I do," answered

the manufacturer. "And that the financial situation is encouraging?"

"Encouraging? Why it's simply uplifting. This great country of ours has never experienced greater prosperity. Fine crops, plenty of money, ample markets for our products, factories running full force--"

"That's just what I wanted to ask you about, Mr. Blank, and I didn't know how else to get an interview except to disguise as a newspaper man. I'm after a job-any kind of a job. I'm an educated man-been through college. I'm strong as a bear, and a trained mechanic. I'll work for any thing you pay, I've got a family that's starving, and I must have work."

"What! In these hard times you want work? Don't you know that we found it necessary to lay off four-fifths of our old hands? James, show the man out."-Puck.

# Peppermint Farms.

The world's peppermint is grown on peppermint farms in the neighborhood of Kalamazoo. Over 300,000 pounds of peppermint oil, worth \$5 a pound, is produced annually from the moist and ink black soil of southwestern Michigan.

Peppermint farming is simple. The roots are planted in the spring; the bushes, which are about three feet high, are cut down in the late summer; the stilling goes on through August

and September. An acre yields about twenty-five pounds of oil. The cost of this production-planting, weeding, and still ing-is about \$15. The oil itself brings \$125. Thus every acre of a pepper mint farm gives a profit of \$110.—Minneapolis Journal.

# HE KNEW THE SYMPTOMS.

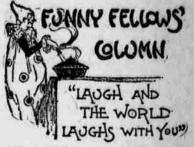
L wondered when I saw them meet What made each woman's smile so sweet.

I saw them hasten to embrace, With rapture written on each face. With arms outstretched they quickly ran And kissed as only women can.

They broke away at last and then They smiled and hugged and kissed again. Each said, "You darling!" and "You pet!" Each did when each the other met. "How well you're looking, deart It's strange"
To me you never seem to change." They looked each other up and down, And, "What a simply lovely gown!" "I wanted so to see you, dear! How long it's been! Almost a year!"

"I've thought of you so often, too, But, oh, I've had so much to do!" They gushed and gurgled in that way For twenty minutes, I should say.

I thought, "Well, I should like to know What makes them hate each other so." -Chicago News.



Clara—"What a perfectly lovely gown of yours." Mand—"Do you really like it?" "Immensely, It is so hideously up-to-date."-Life.

Jack-"So you think Blinkers is a fool?" Bob-"He certainly is. He waited until he was forty before getting married, and then married for love."-Life.

Father-"What is that noise in the parlor, Tommy?" Tommy-"That's sis dropping a hint. She wants that young man to go home."-Chicago Daily News.

"De po' child died fum eatin' too watahmillion" "Hoh! Dar ain't much no such-uh thing as too much watahmillion." "Well, den, dar wasn't enough boy."-Puck.

Nell-"So she married that foreign nobleman, ch? She used to say she wouldn't marry him for love or money." Belle-"She didn't. married him for a title."-Philadelphia Record. "I wonder why Bliggins thinks he

has the smartest children on earth?" "It's because 'most anybody who goes to his house would rather hear the children recite than listen to Bliggins talk."-Washington Star. "What would you do if you had a son like mine?" "I'd work hard to get to be a millionaire." "What—so "I'd work hard to

that you could indulge his tastes?" "No-so that he'd feel it when I disinherited him."-Cleveland Leader. "My wife is a sentimental woman. I found her weeping over a thick volume, and discovered it was the cook book." "Gee! What was there sad about that?" "She said none of the pieces in it came out right. -

Cleveland Leader. Lady-"What do you want, my little man?" Little Boy (carrying a cat) -"I want that five dollars you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird. Lady-"That's not a canary; it's a cat." Little Boy-"I know it; but the bird's inside,"-Judge,

In the Next War-General-"What is the meaning of this disgraceful retreat? You are not fit to command a body of men, sir!" Fat Captain (gasping)—"Oh, but I am. I qualified by walking fifty miles in two days in the infantry endurance test."

The Father-"I learn with sorrow, my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast." The Son-"You shouldn't believe all you hear, dad. I'll introduce you to a man who will tell you another sto-The Father-"And who is he?" The Son-"My tailor. He says I'm the slowest chap he's got on his books."-Chicago Daily News.

# HORN DANCE REVIVED.

#### Ancient Custom That Had Its Origin in Deer Stealers' Festivities.

There was revived at Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire, recently, a quaint horn dance custom, the origin of which is lost in the forest pageantry of the Middle Ages.

A dozen sturdy villagers, with the vicar's permission, removed six huge pairs of reindeer antlers from the church tower, where they had rested since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and costumed to represent Maid Marion, a jester, a hobby horse, bow and arrow and other characters the villagers visited the neighboring villages dancing after the mediaeval fashion. They met with generous hospitality every-

It is thought probable that the original horn dance was a festivity of deer stealers after a maiden assize, the proceeds being divided among the poor of Needwood Forest .- From the London Standard.

#### Walking Backward. Not long ago a man of sixty-two

walked backward from Macclesfield market-place to the Crescent at Buxton. He covered the whole distance of twelve miles in three hours fourteen minutes, forty-five seconds, or fifteen minutes fifteen seconds under the wagered time. In 1875 Alcock (that was the man's name) performed the same feat'in two hours forty-four minutes.-Pall Mall Gazette.