

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

By Alonzo Rice.

Neath shadows of yon vine-clad ledge, The old-time water-mill, aloof...

sent to the uttermost parts of the earth filled with the pound sweetings...

But the cooper shop is not the only dependence of the apple broker for barrels.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith!" he calls to the pleasant-faced woman at the door.

"Now Mr. Perkins!" chuckles the pleased housewife. "The idea! I 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.

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 employes...

The orchards of northern Maine offer a more difficult problem to the apple-broker than do those of Massachusetts.

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 yesterday.

A portion of the treasure has been recovered, but all ordinary dredging plants are now useless.

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.

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 doors will step straight out into the water.

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 pumps 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 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.

White Deer and Black Fox.

Something unusual in the animal kingdom has just been killed by Prince Edward hunters and brought home.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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.

The Same Kitten. 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, washed her mouth out with soap and water.

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!"

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: Oatmeal, oats, carrots, greens, meat, butter 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.

They go through things 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 sure-footed, 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.

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 almost an orphan.

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 pocketbook. She opened it and saw a roll of bills, a lot of papers and a card with the man's address, reading Mr. Ballis 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 to him, and she had brought his pocketbook to him, and she had brought his pocketbook to him.

He asked her all about her life and then he left the room to find his wife. He told her about Louise. "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.

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 photograph taken," said Charlie, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ab, yes, you have; for I take one of you, though you don't know it, every morning when I go to town," said his father, as he hung his hat on the peg in the hall, and sitting down 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 camera, but with my eyes, and the

WHIMS IN WILLS.

Curious Desires Have Actuated Many Testators. The dryness of the law is sometimes 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 his 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 condition 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."

Occasionally a testator exhibits an original idea as to the disposition of his body. Sleur 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.

Pets on Shipboard. The American sailors had as queer things on board the battleships at Amoy, China, as would be seen on land. But perhaps little boys and girls would be just as much interested on board the ships themselves, without going on shore at all.

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.

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 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—"

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.

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 waged time. In 1875 Alcock (that was the man's name) performed the same feat in two hours forty-four minutes.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HE KNEW THE SYMPTOMS.

I wondered when I saw them meet What made each woman's smile so sweet. It was so radiant and bright And so expressive of delight.

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, dear! It's strange To me you never seem to change."

"And, precious one, how well you seem! That hat you have's a perfect dream."

"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."

FUNNY FELLOWS COLUMN.

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

Jack—"So you think Blinksers 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 much watahmillion." "Hoh! Dar ain't no such-uh thing as too much watahmillion." "Well, den, dar wasn't enough boy."—Puck.

Nell—"So she married that foreign nobleman, eh? She used to say she wouldn't marry him for love or money." Belle—"She didn't. She 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 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."—Puck.

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 story." 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.

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 everywhere.

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.

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The Apple-Broker. By Alice Turner Curtis.

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.

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"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 camera, but with my eyes, and the

pocket I put it in was not my coat, 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 photograph 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 land. But perhaps little boys and girls would be just as much interested on board the ships themselves, without going on shore at all.

Most 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 sailor folk. They are mascots, loved and petted and scratched and fed by all their shipload of admirers.

But the sailors on board the "round-the-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 two-legged 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 jolly comrades has not been heard 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 sometimes rats and mice on the big boats and the kitties help to keep them away. Dogs are just as much beloved on sea as they are on land and many a sailor has a faithful friend in the 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 pleasure and that of their friends, and would certainly not like to see the poor creatures suffer. However, it is said that a seask 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 sailor pets, but these creatures have another value than merely that of providing pleasure for the sailors 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 for giving milk when the sailormen are far away from the milkman's route.—Newark Call.

Power of Publicity.

Great is publicity. It shows that we can elect a President for about a third of what it used to cost.—Boston Transcript.