

THE APPLE-BARREL.

It stood in the cellar low and dim,
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed,
Holding the store from hough and limb
At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and
drear,
And the north wind shrieked and
roared,
We children sought in the corner, here,
And drew on the toothsome board.

For thus through the long, long winter-
time
It answered our every call
With wine of the summer's golden prime
Sealed by the hand of fall.
The best there was of the earth and air,
Of rain and sun and breeze,
Changed to a sip and sweet and rare
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we
Its message but rightly heard,
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,
Of cricket and moth and bird;
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June
When skies were soft and blue;
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest
moon
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay
Your marvelous skill again;
Take me back to the past, I pray,
As willingly now as then;
Back to the tender mors and eyes,
The noontide warm and still,
The daisy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.
—New Lippincott.

A FALSE LOVER

AM sure we do love each other,
and will be very happy together,"
she said, laying her hand on
his arm and looking straight into his
eyes.

"Of course we will, little trembler,"
he exclaimed in reply, playfully droop-
ing his hand over those guileless blue
eyes, for their searching gaze made him
uneasy. "Miss Hargrave need not fret
or fume, for we will show her yet what
a cosy couple we will make." And
Kitty felt perfectly satisfied with her
handsome lover, and wondered how
she had ever been so foolish as to
doubt the genuineness of her attach-
ment for him.

When she saw Edward Wyndham, a
little later, and he had asked in his
earnest, sincere way if the "matter
was all settled and she was to marry
Hal Burton," she had replied with con-
siderable warmth that she was, and
that ended it between the former lov-
ers.

And so the days sped on, much faster
than Kitty liked, though they were
even hastening on her wedding day.
One night Hal had been to visit Kitty,
and had remained later than usual.
When the girl saw how late it was get-
ting she told him he must go, but they
stood in the passageway some mo-
ments afterward, Kitty swinging the
night key carelessly in her hand. Hal
suddenly caught it away from her,
darting through the back door and care-
fully locking it behind him; he then
called out playfully:

"Good-night, pretty Miss Kitty! I
am locked out, but you are locked in.
Nobody will run away with you before
morning, I'll be bound."

For a reply Kitty had only laughingly
entreated him to restore the key and
go home, at which he had thrown a
mocking defiance at her and darted
down the street.

On his next visit Kitty asked once
more for the key, but he now declared
that he had lost it, probably on return-
ing home that night, and had not the
remotest idea where to look for it. And
so the unsuspecting girl was compelled
to report to her mistress—though she
was very careful to conceal who the
loser had been—and another key was
purchased.

And so the time sped on until it was
within one week of the time appointed
for the wedding.

Kitty was sewing on some of the wed-
ding finery and Miss Hargrave relaxed
gradually from the usual severity of
her manner to such a degree that she
had finally taken up a needle to assist
her maid in the work.

They sat rather late over their work,
and Kitty finally retired, feeling very
much flattered and pleased over Miss
Hargrave's graciousness. And so she
gradually sank into an uneasy slum-
ber.

She could not tell how long she had
slept, but she finally woke with a sud-
den start and a suppressed cry. She
had been troubled with an unpleasant
dream and awoke restless and ill at
ease. A presentiment of coming evil
seemed to weigh upon her mind, so
that sleep was entirely banished, and
she could not close her eyes again.

The rain was over and the moon just
struggling feebly through the breaking
clouds. She did not light the lamp, for
it was not dark enough to require it,
but crept out upon the landing and
down the stairs with only the moon to
guide her way. The back door opened
into a passage-way leading to the kit-
chen, and into this she glided, pausing
for a moment, her heart beating fast,
for she suddenly thought she heard a
step just outside. In another moment
a key was pushed into the lock, and the
bolt snapped cautiously and almost
noiselessly back. Suppressing a scream
of surprise and alarm at this confirma-
tion of her worst fears, Kitty turned to
arouse the house when a voice from
the outside fell upon her ear, whisper-
ing the words: "All right."

In another moment the back door
was carefully opened. Two men en-
tered the passage, as Kitty knew at
once, for her hearing seemed awfully
acute just then.

"A woman, by all that's lovely!" ex-
claimed one, springing forward.

"Quick, my pal, stop her mouth, or she
will alarm the house."
She quickly exclaimed: "You here,
Hal Burton?"
"Be quiet, Dick," said the young man,
for it was indeed he, suppressing an
oath, as she pulled at his companion's
sleeve.

"Yet, I am here, Kitty. But what
are you doing up at this time of night?"
"Let me report the question to you,
Hal?" was the reply, spoken with some
bitterness. "I find that I have need to
be up, if I would not see my mistress
robbed and murdered in her own bed!"
"Don't be squeamish, my dear," re-
turned the man, with a gesture of im-
patience. "You are altogether too se-
vere upon us. You know, Kitty"—here
his tone became rather more tender—
"that I would not harm a hair of your
head for the whole world. I love you
too well for that."
"Then why are you here to-night?"
"Answer me that question?"
"Believe me, Kitty, it is for your sake
alone that I have come," said Hal, ear-
nestly. "I am a poor man, you know,
and I could not bear to have my bride
endure the miseries of poverty with me.
Miss Hargrave is a stupid old maid,
and could spare money enough to make
us both happy and never miss it. We
mean no harm to anybody, only we
must have the money."

"And to think, Hal," she broke out
again, "that I should have let you have
that key by which you have broken in
to the house! You said you had lost
it. How could you have deceived me
so?"

He only laughed. But his compan-
ion, who had been a quiet witness of
this scene, now stepped forward.

"This foolishness has gone quite far
enough, Hal," he said, resolutely. "We
did not come here to parley all night,
but for business. What shall we do
with this girl, while we search the
house?"

"O, Kitty will be quiet. She will
never peach on us. Go ahead, and
never mind her, Dick."

"But I shall mind her," Dick retourn-
ed, drawing a pistol from the breast
pocket of his coat. "The least sign of
treachery or attempt to betray us, and
I will not answer for the consequence.
So show us the way to your mistress's
room."

He placed the muzzle of the pistol
close to her temple, and she dared do
nothing else but obey. They paused on
the landing just outside the door.

"Miss Hargrave received five hun-
dred dollars one day last week, and it
is still in the house," said the man,
Dick, in a hoarse whisper. "Tell us
where it is to be found."
Kitty hesitated.

"How can I?" she returned. "You
must think my mistress has abundant
confidence in me. Of course she would
not entrust such a secret to a servant."
"Not another subterfuge," interrupted
the man; "we are bound to have this
information."
"It is in a safe which is kept in the
cellar," said Kitty, reluctantly.

"And where is the key?"
"My mistress always sleeps with it
under her pillow."
"You must get it for us, and bring us
her watch and purse. But attempt to
play us false, and your life and hers
shall pay the forfeit."
Miss Hargrave was still sleeping
soundly, as she knew by her deep and
regular breathing, therefore she per-
formed her errand as soon as possible,
securing the purse, watch and key, and
then hastened out again, weak and
trembling from emotion.

Dick took them without a word.
Kitty longed unutterably to cry out,
or make some noise that would alarm the
house, but she dared not. She could
only perform their bidding in silence,
hating Hal with an intense hatred for
all this shame and mortification that he
was bringing upon her. O, if Edward
were only there!

After whispering a moment apart,
they gave her the lantern and made her
descend the cellar stairs first, lighting
the way for them to follow. The safe
stood against the wall, and the two
robbers hastened eagerly forward to
unlock it and secure their prize, for the
moment utterly forgetful of the girl's
presence.

A sudden thought flashed like light-
ning on Kitty's brain—a thought that
God himself must have sent. The iron
door on the safe was furnished with a
spring lock—a sure, careful movement,
and she might yet save them all! She
was still carrying the lantern, and, lift-
ing it higher in her hands, as if to af-
ford them better light, she suddenly
dashed it at Dick's head, who was near-
est to her, and sprang through the door,
closing it with a loud clang and a snap,
as the bolt shoved into its socket be-
hind her!

The lantern must have been extin-
guished when it fell, for Kitty heard
them groping for the door, at first curs-
ing and threatening.

But Kitty only remained long enough
to recover from her giddiness, and then
sped up stairs, and had soon succeeded
in alarming the house. The police were
called in and the would-be robbers se-
cured, Hal Burton entreating the young
girl to save him to the very last.

Edward Wyndham heard the news
early the next morning, and came im-
mediately to the house. At first he
seemed at a loss how to address Kitty,
and she, observing his embarrassment,
went straight to him and laid her little
hand in his broad palm.

"I can read my own heart as it is to-
day," she said, earnestly, "and, Ed-
ward, I am very glad that all this has
happened, for it has saved me from a
lifetime of misery. I honestly believe
that your little finger is more precious
to me than all Hal Burton's pretended
love!"

Thus it came about that a wedding
really did take place on the day first
appointed, though Edward, and not
Hal, was the bridegroom.

MONEY TO FEED THE BIRDS.

Gov. Flower Gave a Stable Boy a Tip
and He Is Now Wealthy.

L. Schreiber & Sons have filed suit in
the United States Circuit Court at
Richmond, Va., against Lela Moore
Newman and her husband, Walter G.
Newman, to collect \$4,000, alleged to
be due them by the Newmans.

The story back of the suit concerns
the desire of a man who left a town in
Virginia a penniless, friendless boy and
returned having money with which to
feed the robins.

The Newmans live near Somerset,
Orange County, and are now building a
magnificent country estate. Mr. New-
man was the poor boy, and he is now
spending money in a way that has sur-
prised all Orange County out of three
years' growth.

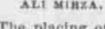
The story of Mr. Newman's success
reads like a romance. It was told by
one of the lawyers representing the
complainants in the suit. It is said
that when he left Orange County Walter
Newman was a humble stable boy. He
made his way to New York and found
a friend in the late Governor
Flower. It is a well-known fact that
when Flower was a potent factor in
the business of making great fortunes
in Wall street he would take any friend
of his who desired it along with him
on a great money-making venture and
turn him from a poor man into a rich
one. This was Newman's luck, says
the story told by the lawyer. He was
"put onto a sure thing" in the market
by Mr. Flower and gathered in \$18,000.
With this as a starter he was soon very
wealthy. A good part of his money was
invested in copper mines in North Car-
olina, and it has paid well. Then the
stable boy went back to Orange County
and bought up a 1,500-acre piece of
land, had lakes constructed in it,
streams gurgling music to him, trees
and flowers and hills and little dales to
delight him.

The old-timers gazed and stretched
their necks and declared him a wonder
and gathered around his wonderful
place and watched the mansion and the
handsome stables and servants' quar-
ters grow under the workmen's ham-
mers. It is also said of Newman that
he always kept a special train waiting
for him and that he never bothered to
write letters in the usual way, he tele-
graphed them. Schreiber & Sons were
contracted with to build an iron fence
with ornamental gates around the prop-
erty. They now claim that after pre-
paring the material their contract was
broken. There had been some delay,
which the complainants claim was not
on their part, and the Newmans de-
clined to have the work completed. The
claim against them is for \$4,000, and a
lien against the property near Somer-
set is asked.

PERSIA'S FUTURE SHAH.

Prince Mohammed Ali Mirza Said to
Be Under Russian Influence.

England will hardly be pleased at the
news that the future Shah of Persia,
Prince Mohammed Ali Mirza, has ap-
plied to the Czar of
Russia for a tutor,
and that a Russian
scholar, S. M. Shap-
sai, has been sent
from St. Petersburg
to Teheran, the Per-
sian capital, to un-
der- take the instruction
of the Prince for the
next three years.



ALI MIRZA.

The placing of the future Shah under
Russian influence is especially signifi-
cant in view of the fact that the present
Shah is not expected to live many
years, even if he does not abdicate his
throne within the next few months.
Several times it has been reported that
the Shah had become insane, but he has
so far been able to hold his power with-
out serious difficulty. The Crown
Prince has sixteen brothers of royal
descent, besides others whose mothers
are not of the royal clan, and as the
law of primogeniture does not neces-
sarily hold in Persia, it is possible that
he may need some strong outside in-
fluence to aid him in securing possession
of the throne at the death or abdication
of his father. In addition to holding
the key to British India, on which Rus-
sia is supposed to have designs, the
Shah is the possessor of a private for-
tune of more than \$200,000,000, most
of it in the shape of precious stones,
which are kept in glass jars so that he
may keep close track of it and cut off
a few heads if the jars lose too much
of their contents at any time.

Be Like Papa.

A local gentleman of prominence has
become famous for his wonderful self-
conceit. He thinks Mr. — is a little bit
nicer and brighter and more moral
than any other man in the city. His
wife has circulated a story about him
that almost breaks his heart.

He was teaching his little boy to
pray, and the little fellow, pursuant to
his father's words, had requested the
blessing for everyone.

"Pray for little boys like yourself,"
said the parent. "Ask that they may
grow up like your papa."

And the little boy prayed that all boys
should grow up to be great men like
his father.—Louisville Commercial.

"Mistress of Herself."

A man has no moral right to sit on the
edge of a tiled hearth and balance a
Sèvres plate (not to be matched for love
or money) on his knees, yet this was
what a famous illustrator did—till he
dropped it.

"What have I done?" he asked, al-
though the proverbial "thousand
pieces" were plainly visible at his feet.

"Merely destroyed a plate—which is
quite in a great artist's line," returned
his hostess, with a smile that even her
husband afterward admitted was far
too fine for every-day use.

A man dislikes attention until it is
about to be taken away from him.

KING OF ITALY.

He Is Possessed of Great Will Power
and Many Accomplishments.

From one who was intimately con-
nected with him in his youth I learn
that his chief characteristic is earnest-
ness, added to great will power. What-
ever he does, no matter how trivial, is
attended (I use the word advisedly) with
such force and such determination that
it is invariably carried to a successful
issue. For instance, all the world
knows of his collection of coins, but few
have heard of its origin. One day
when a small boy he was playing in
the garden of the Quirinal, and found
a Plus IX penny, with which he rish-
ed delighted to Queen Margherita. She
explained what it was, and incidentally
told him about others more important.
From that moment he began to collect,
and he has now become one of the
greatest numismatists in the world. It
is the same with swimming. He learn-
ed quickly, and reached such perfection
that it was his custom to jump from a
man-of-war into the open sea, have his
swim, and return without help.

Other accomplishments are music
and painting. Queen Margherita, who
is exceptionally fond of music, seeing
her husband so indifferent to it, de-
cided that her son must play at least
the piano. If he had any talent at all.
Masters were procured when he was a
small boy, with the result that he is a
very fair pianist, and satisfies even
the critical taste of his mother. Of
painting he knows less, but can dash
off a very respectable sketch, showing
verve, but a lack of knowledge of color.

But, above all and before all, the
king is a man of will, and, try as he
may, no one can turn him once his
mind is made up.—Rome Correspond-
ence Pall Mall Gazette.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Succeeds King Edward as Grand Mas-
ter of the Freemasons.

King Edward VII. has ceased to be
Grand Master of the Order of Freema-
sons, which office he held as the
Prince of Wales. This is in conform-
ity with the course adopted by the
last Prince of Wales on his becoming
Regent and afterwards George IV. An
especial Grand Lodge has elected the



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Duke of Connaught as his Majesty's
successor.

It is interesting to note that only
three predecessors have stood between
the late Grand Master and the last
Prince of Wales who filled that office,
namely, Lord Ripon, who held the
position from 1870 to 1874; the Earl of
Zetland, who occupied it from 1844 to
1870; and the Duke of Sussex, 1813 to
1843, who succeeded the Prince Regent.

His Prophecy Came True.

Edward Wigglesworth, "Hoilla's pro-
fessor of divinity at Cambridge," in a
little pamphlet published in the porten-
tous year of 1775, must have had a
correct idea of the prosperity of this
country during the century just closing,
as he predicted that the population of
the "British American colonies" in 1900
would be 80,000,000.

Included in this estimate was Nova
Scotia, now the Dominion of Canada,
which with its last recorded census re-
sult of 4,800,000 added to the 76,000,000
of the United States fulfills almost to
the letter the accuracy of the Wiggles-
worth prophecy. And this somewhat
remarkable forecast was not based up-
on any species of guess work, but upon
a well defined and clearly constructed
mathematical theory, which, reduced to
plain words, can be best described in
the language of its author:

"The British-Americans have doubled
their numbers in every period of
twenty-five years from their first plan-
tation."

Taking this statistical fact as a basis
for his calculations the Harvard divi-
nity professor constructed a system of
reckoning the increase of a country's
population which history has shown to
be as correct as his method was simple.

Assuming that the 1775 population
was 2,500,000 Mr. Wigglesworth esti-
mated 5,000,000 for 1800, 10,000,000 for
1825, 20,000,000 for 1850, 40,000,000 for
1875 and 80,000,000 for 1900, and the
record of the United States census since
its initial taking in 1790 shows sub-
stantially these figures, as follows:
Census of 1800, 5,308,000; 1825 (1820),
9,633,000; 1850, 23,191,000; 1875 (1870),
38,058,000; 1900, with Canada, 81,000,-
000.—National Magazine.

Matrimonial Bargains.

A Customer (in the complete depart-
ment store)—I notice so many couples
taking the elevator for the thirteenth
floor. Why are—
The Ribbon Clerk—They are taking
advantage of the special offer in the
matrimonial department. Rev. Mr.
Spicer is performing ceremonies to-day
at half price.—Brooklyn Life.

Every man makes the mistake of
thinking he can fool his wife as easily
as he used to fool his mother.

Love never finds a burden too heavy
for it to tackle.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

BIG RANSOM PAID A MEXICAN
BRIGAND.

He Had Stolen the Tutor of a Rich
Man's Children and the Sweetheart
of His Son—A Romance of the
Mountains.

From the mountains of Mexico comes
a story that reads more like a romance
of medieval times than a narration of
occurrences in modern life. Indeed it
hardly seems possible that even in
Mexico such an event could occur. One
hundred and twenty pounds of gold and
alongside it 120 pounds of girl! The
gold ransomed the girl and the son of
the man who paid the ransom now is
the husband of the girl.

Among the last lingering bandits of
Mexico Luigi Cortina still holds place,
his abode, if it may be so called, being
the mountains of Western Chihuahua,
where offshoots of the Sierra Madre cut
away from the main range by the Gulf
of California afford him a hiding place.
The rurales have not yet found him,
nor is it likely they will, for Cortina
has just retired from "business" with
the proceeds of his new venture, esti-
mated at \$40,000. It is an ideal bandit
story.

Senior Poyerima, grown rich by his
mines, realized, when no longer young,
that his children's education was de-
fective. His friend, La France, sug-
gested that he send for Lorena Jarrett,
his niece, and make her the tutor of his
children. Lorena lived in Texas. She
was sent for and came quickly. She
became more than a tutor to the chil-
dren. The son saw in her much to ad-
mire. They became lovers. Frequently

muleteers together in the old days be-
fore he grew rich, and he knows me.
He knows my word is perfectly good,
and you need have no fear if you will
follow my directions. Come with me!"
He took the young man aside and
then told him his plans. They were
simple and brief.

In short, Cortina remarked that he
was anxious to abandon his career as a
brigand, but must have money enough
to live as a gentleman should. He then
told young Poyerima to go to his father
and tell him that he could ransom the
girl on paying her weight in gold—
"which," continued Cortina, "is cheap,
as she is not very heavy."

There was an agreement as to a place
and time for meeting, and young Poy-
erima rode away with his own horse,
leaving Miss Jarrett to wonder what
fate had in store for her.

Young Poyerima lost no time in hur-
rying home. He speedily acquainted
his father with the facts. Ordering the
pack animals to the front of the haci-
enda, he loaded two of them with sacks
of gold, partly in bars and partly in
coin, and, the son leading the way, the
party set out to the hills to keep Cor-
tina's appointment. Reaching there,
they found that a scale had been made
by balancing a pole over the bough of
a tree, and at one end a hoop of leather
things, where the young woman,
who was to be the weight, should sit.
At the other an open-mouthed sack hung
ready to receive Poyerima's gold.

Miss Jarrett was brought from the
woods and placed in the seat. She al-
most fainted with fear, for she knew
nothing of the strange ceremony in
which she was taking part, although
the presence of the Poyerimas, father
and son, reassured her. But she real-
ized her position when the peons began
pouring the gold into the sack.



BRIGANDS ORDERED THEM TO DISMOUNT.

they rode out together into the moun-
tains.

It was on one of these joyous, free rides
that the shadow of Cortina fell upon
them. It happened that Miss Jarrett
and young Poyerima were riding along
in the foot hills, drinking in the scenery
and stimulated by the wine-like atmos-
phere of autumn, when two men step-
ped from the wood, and pointing their
rifles at them ordered them to dis-
mount.

Of course they complied. In fact re-
sistance was impossible, and they offer-
ed none. The bandits tied the hands of
their captives behind them and ordered
them to move on. The orders were not
delivered in most choice language, but
there was no misunderstanding them.
Their horses were ridden by their cap-
tors; and so they slowly clambered the
steep, narrow trail in the hills.

At last they reached a spot that
seemed to suit the views of their cap-
tors for a stopping place. The camp-
ing was brief and simple. They were
ordered to sit down—on the ground.
They complied.

The captors then went to playing
cards, not for amusement, but to divide
the spoils. The winner was to have the
girl—the muchacha—and the loser must
content himself with the boy. It be-
came evident before they had played
very many minutes that neither of
them wanted the boy, and that which-
ever got him would lose no time in
shooting him.

While the game was still in progress,
amid much cursing as luck seemed to
vibrate from one side to another and
then back, a tall, typical Mexican
strode into the recess and looked on.
He seemed oblivious to the presence of
the two captives, but very much inter-
ested in the game. But, seeing no
stakes, which in Mexico are always
kept in sight, he inquired what the
game was for.

When the two players had replied the
tall Mexican with the mustache strode
over to where the two captives were
crouched, and asked them who they
were. The very instant young Poy-
erima had made known his identity he
remarked:
"I am Cortina!"
His name was sufficient, young Poy-
erima practically felt his doom sealed.
But Cortina continued:
"I know your father well. We were

Just as the pole tipped Cortina step-
ped forward.

"Not another peso!" he called out,
grandiloquently. "I said her weight in
gold, and that is enough."

Then she was given into the care of
Poyerima, while Cortina, with many
fourishes and bows and adios, followed
his men back into the woods.

There was a wedding soon after, as
might be expected. Mrs. Poyerima
lives with her young husband at the
marble quarry in Texas, just across the
line, and tells the story only when the
neighbors press her to. But the Mex-
icans call her "La esposa del oro"—the
wife of gold.

Spanish Titles for Sale.

An agent in Paris is sending out a
circular marked "confidential" to rich
but untitled people in Europe offering
to sell them titles of Spanish nobility.
Some circulars have been received in
this country, but have met with few or
no responses. When an American
wants to buy a title these days he is
mighty particular as to the quality and
buys it in the open market after a care-
ful examination of the goods. Not so
a European, who will take any old title
which he can buy and be thankful. The
enterprising Paris broker offers the title
of baron, viscount or count at prices
ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 and de-
clares that the letters patent conferring
the title chosen will be attested legally
by the Spanish government.

Discouraged.

"You used to be something of an al-
truist," said the friend.

"Yes," answered Willie Washington.
"I was a Theosophist for a while, too.
But I had to give up. I've tried being
a whole lot of things, but I never got
far enough along to find out what the
names by which they are called actu-
ally meant."—Washington Star.

Horses in Des Moines.

Des Moines has more horses in prop-
ortion to her population than any other
city or town in the United States, the
census showing a total of 6,631, or one
horse for every ten of the population.

In China.

First Statesman—Then we have
agreed to the demands of the powers?
Second Statesman—Yes. The next
question is how shall we avoid compl-
ing with them?—Puck.