

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,
Chanced to a pipkin 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 worms and eels,
The noontides morn and still,
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.
—New Lippincott.

A FALSE LOVER

I 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 dropping his hand over those guileless blue orbs, 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 attachment 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 considerable warmth that she was, and that ended it between the former lovers.
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 getting she told him to make his go, but they stood in the passageway some moments afterward, Kitty swinging the night key carelessly in her hand. Hal suddenly caught it away from her, darting through the back door and carefully 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 returning 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 wassailing on some of the wedding fevers 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 good flattered and pleased over Miss Hargrave's graciousness. And so she gradually sank into an uneasy slumber.
She could not tell how long she had slept, but she finally woke with a sudden 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, 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 kitchen, 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 confirmation of her worst fears, Kitty turned to arouse the house when a voice from the outside fell upon her ear, whispering the words: "All right."

In another moment the back door was carefully opened. Two men entered the passage, as Kitty knew at once, for her hearing seemed awfully acute just then.
"A woman, by all that's lovely" exclaimed 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," returned the man, with a gesture of impatience. "You are altogether too severe 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 earnestly. "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 companion, 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 returned, 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 hundred 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 performed 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 lightning 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, lifting it higher in her hands, as if to afford them better light, she suddenly dashed it at Dick's head, who was nearest to her, and sprang through the door, closing it with a loud clang and a snap, as the bolt shoved into its socket behind her!
The lantern must have been extinguished when it fell, for Kitty heard them groping for the door, at first cursing 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 secured, Hal Burton entreating the young girl to save him to the very last.
Edward Wyndham heard the news early the next morning, and came immediately 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 today," she said, earnestly, "and, Edward, 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.

DOGS OUT OF A JOB.

ARE NO LONGER NEEDED IN ALASKAN TRAVEL.

The Locomotive Has superseded the Dog Team, Though Many Old-Timers Still Refuse to Patronize the More Modern Means of Transportation.

A big, strapping, broad-shouldered man strolled into the lobby of the Butler hotel yesterday afternoon leading a thoroughbred Malamoot dog by the chain. The man was a picturesque figure. His type was frequently seen on the streets of Seattle at this season of the year in 1898 and 1899 and even as late as last winter. The man and the dog, however, belong to an era which is practically a part of the history of Alaska.

Few people in the lobby looked at the man, who was a Klondike miner of the conventional type. The dog, however, attracted all eyes. He was a beauty. Of more than ordinary size, broad-chested and broad-backed, the Malamoot tugged restlessly at his chain, panting the while as if in pain from the warmth of the steam-heated room.
"He's worth \$100 of any man's money," said the miner, answering an interrogatory. "Of course, I can't get that for him outside, but it's his true value. I would take \$50 for him and no less."

"Three years ago a dog like this would have sold for from \$250 to \$500 in Skagway," continued the miner. "That was before the day of the railroads and when roadhouses on the Upper Yukon were mighty few and far between. In those days a winter's trip over the river from Skagway to Dawson earned many a fortune of from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Then claims were sold on the outside in the form of options, while the miners on the inside were digging the gold out of the crevices of the bedrock by the table-spoonful and dumping it in coal oil cans.
"There was only one way of quick communication between Seattle and Dawson possible in the winter three years ago. This was by means of dog teams and the Malamoot, of all animals in the frozen north, was most valuable. Shepherds, Newfoundlanders and St. Bernards, fullbloods and scrubs, brought good prices, but the thoroughbred Malamoot carried the banner for money value. I have seen them sold readily for \$500 each in Dawson when a party was made up to come out over the ice in the early days of the camp.
"But this is all changed now. It is true that the old-timers scorn the steam locomotives and the trains in winter time and go over the trail in little groups with dog sleds to this city. They have made better time than the trains, too, during the late snow blockade. But where a miner used to have his team of four or eight dogs he only has two now and prices have dropped accordingly.
"It is easy now for a man to travel by dog team from Skagway to Dawson with light sled, a fly and 200 pounds of food for himself and his animals. This is because the roadhouses are frequent and new supplies can be obtained at any point. In the old days the miner had no roadhouse to depend on—he started with a full outfit of from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds. One Malamoot to 250 pounds of freight was the ordinary reckoning. As the necessity for the dogs has grown less and less every year their value has decreased."
The Malamoot lay panting and whining while his master talked, as if bewailing the fate of his kind. The dog was a fine specimen of his breed, with a thick undercoat of soft downy wool and a rough outer coat of gray hair, almost spiky, with the ends tipped with black.
The Malamoot was bred in the Mackenzie river country originally and was started from the mating of Scotch collies with native wolves.
"The Malamoot pups take as kindly to the collar and traces on a dog sled as a duck does to water," concluded the miner. "Some breeders of Malamoots have made fortunes from them. I know of one of these who has a native Siberian she-wolf which is the mother of a tribe of Malamoots that have netted the owner a fortune of \$10,000."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ROMANCE OF A NEW STATE.

Oklahoma's History Is One of the Marvels of This Great Nation.

The story of the coming State of Oklahoma promises to afford an example of rapidity of growth unmatched in the history of any other commonwealth in any age or country. Hitherto, when an instance of unparalleled progress has been wanted by way of illustration, the city of Chicago has been cited with full confidence that it could not be matched. That confidence and the stupendous facts on which it rests will still remain, but Oklahoma will occupy in the list of states the position held by the western metropolis in the list of municipalities. Both are giants in infancy, with unlimited facilities of growth and an assured prospect of increasing greatness. Just as Chicago has grown in area by annexation of the adjacent towns, villages and farming lands, Oklahoma is destined to expand by taking in the Indian territory.
Governor Barnes' annual report upon the condition of Oklahoma reads more like a tale from "The Arabian Nights" than the sober reality which we know it to be. On June 1, 1900, the census enumerators found 398,000 inhabitants in the territory and the 400,000 mark has been passed since that count was made. That is about equal to ten Nevada and more than 33 per cent ahead of the District of Columbia. The Gov-

LEARNING TO BE A TELEPHONE GIRL.



TELEPHONE GIRLS AT WORK.

Each year finds the new recruits who step into the ranks of the telephone brigade representative of a higher training. With every large telephone exchange there is now a regular school for employes. The school rooms are fitted with dummy switchboards and imitation apparatus corresponding to all the other paraphernalia of a regular exchange; and so the beginner in the field is given an opportunity to try her hand at the practical work of the vocation as well as being afforded an insight into the technical terms and theory. Following the plan now in force in many of the best schools of all kinds, a girl, if she does not learn readily under one teacher, is transferred to the care of another instructor, so that an aspirant is never dismissed as unqualified for the work until she has had a very fair trial.
After her period of probation in the school room proper the newcomer is detailed day after day to sit beside an expert, watch her work, and hear her explanations under all circumstances, until she gets a good idea of the system. It is weeks before she is intrusted with any definite responsibility, and even then she is usually on duty only during the slack hours, when one of the old employes can keep an eye on all she does. Under the new system, whereby a tiny electric light flashes up when a subscriber desires to communicate with some one, there is far less strain upon the operator's nerves than under the old plan, wherein the blare of the bells was constantly in her ears. Inasmuch as the light is extinguished the moment the subscriber has finished talking and hung up the receiver, the telephone girl need not continually bother to inquire: "Are you through?" and inasmuch as she is required to make few motions and ask fewer questions, she naturally accomplishes more in any given space of time.—Ledger Monthly.

DRAWING THE WATER OFF.

Ancient Mexican Mines Are Being Systematically Drained.

In the richest mining district of Mexico, that of Guanajuato, an interesting operation is approaching completion, the opening by a company of New York capitalists of an ancient gold mine which has not been worked for nearly a century. This mine is known as the Sirena, and from it probably came some of the gold which went to make up the treasure of the Montezumas. There are authentic records of its having been worked as far back as 1559, when the Spaniards dug from it a part of that gold which glided the vast empire of Charles V. In the war which resulted in the independence of Mexico the ancient mine was abandoned and flooded. It was known from the old records that the wealth of the mine had not been exhausted entirely, and it was believed that with modern methods of mining it would pay well to open it again. But it was an engineering work of great magnitude, for the rather crude chart of the old mine showed nine miles of workings.
Finally an American company was formed to undertake the job. It has taken two years of constant labor with powerful electric pumps to remove the water already in the workings and fight the incoming flow. The water was first begun—now it is less than 400 feet. Just how much of the workings remains to be uncovered and what there is beyond no one knows. Record keeping and chartmaking were done in primitive fashion by the early Mexican miners.
As the clearing of the mine has ad-

A Timely Hiss.

At Cape Town, just prior to the outbreak of the present war, a lion tamer was going through a performance in a cage with a full-grown lion lately caught. Suddenly it was seen that the brute was rather putting the trainer through his paces than being put through itself. Softly crouching and creeping, the big cat edged itself between the now thoroughly unnerved man and the door of the den, fixing its victim with two rolling-eyes of flaming ferocity, and sawing the empty air with its tufted tail, as it crouched preparatory to springing.
Many men among the audience, used to the ways of wild beasts, saw, and comprehended; but only one man possessed the knowledge and the presence of mind to avert the apparently inevitable. Pursuing up his lips as though he were going to whistle, he emitted a hoarse, low, rasping hiss.
The beast heard and understood—or thought it did—for the sound was an exact imitation of the noise made by the giant constrictor when its huge body is coiled for the throw that never misses, that never relaxes, and that no beast of the field is strong enough to withstand. Again, and yet again, the raucous sound rasped the stillness, and the angry brute drew back its head, its great eyes grew small and dull, the hackles rose and stiffened on its back, and it covered whining on the floor of the cage.

How Snake Poison Kills.

The action of poisons upon the system is and always has been one of the most interesting of subjects. Just how and why it kills has but just been determined through a series of experiments made by scientists. The following description is unquestionably the best and most lucid of any that have been given to the public: "The venom may be roughly separated into two parts—one acting upon the blood, and the other upon the nerves. When injected it immediately begins to create terrible destruction in the blood vessels, the walls of the veins are eaten away and an internal hemorrhage takes place. When this is going on a portion of the venom is attacking the nerves. Particularly susceptible to its ravages is the 'vasomotor' system, a nerve center which controls the muscles of respiration. Paralysis takes place in these organs, and the victim generally dies from an inability to breathe."—New York Ledger.

Fortune is usually seen in the company of industry and charity.

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. Newman was the poor boy, and he is now spending money in a way that has surprised 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 an 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 Carolina, 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' quarters grow under the workmen's hammers. 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 telegraphed them. Schreiber & Sons were contracted with to build an iron fence with ornamental gates around the property. They now claim that after preparing the material their contract was broken. There had been some delay, which the complainants claim was not on their part, and the Newmans declined to have the work completed. The claim against them is for \$4,000, and a lien against the property near Somerset 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 applied to the Czar of Russia for a tutor, and that a Russian scholar, S. M. Shapsal, has been sent from St. Petersburg to Teheran, the Persian capital, to undertake the instruction of the Prince for the next three years.
The placing of the future Shah under Russian influence is especially significant 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 without 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 necessarily hold in Persia, it is possible that he may need some strong outside influence 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 Russia is supposed to have designs, the Shah is the possessor of a private fortune 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.

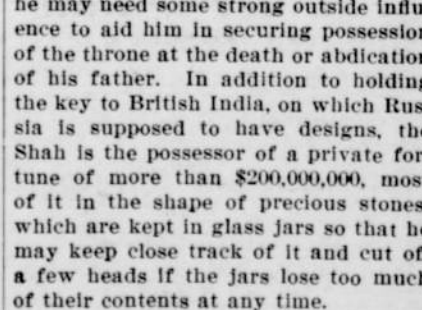
Be Like Papa.

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 Seres plate (not to be matched for love or money) on his knee, yet this was what a famous illustrator did—till he dropped it.
"What have I done?" he asked, although 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.

ALI MIRZA.



ALI MIRZA.