

APPLE-LAND.

Apples along the highway strewn,
And morning opening all her doors;
The cawing rook, the distant train,
The valley with its misty floors;

Yates' Ranch.

By HERO STRONG.
"Stranger hereabouts, I reckon?"
said the driver, inquiringly, as he
pulled up his horses on the plateau to
get their wind, before beginning the
descent into the gulch, through which
the perilous mountain road ran in a
narrow track of white dust, fringed
by wild sagebrush and chapparral.

"Reckoned everybody knowned the
story of Yates' Ranch?"
I reminded the driver that for four
years I had been in Europe, and that
this was my first trip overland to Cal-
ifornia. It was in '49, long before a
Pullman car had been dreamed of,
and while the great railway, which
now stretches from sea to sea, was a
magnificent scheme yet unborn in the
busy brains of its projectors, who at
that time were careless schoolboys,
doubtless, intent on tops and balls,
and kites with stupendous tails.

Every traveler of that time knows
the dismal track which had to be
crossed in the overland journey—
mostly on the backs of mules, but
sometimes for a little distance on the
top of lumbering coaches, every lurch
of which seemed to wrench body and
soul apart, to say nothing of the im-
minent risk of broken backs and necks
by being hurled over some yawning
precipice.

"Come, old fellow," said I, "let's
hear the whole of it."
Saunders drew a meditative whiff
or two, and started his horses.
"Stiddy there, Digby," said he.
"Whoa, Satan. D'rat the critter, he
allers shies at that heap of stones, and
no wonder, for that's the grave of a
murderer, stranger."

Here Saunders blew out a mouthful
of smoke in my face, whipped in his
leaders and regarded the distant
snow-clad peaks of the Sierras with a
contemplative eye.
"Reckon we'll have snow afore
many days, stranger. The air shaves
like a razor."

"But about the murderer's grave,
old fellow?"
"Oh! ah! well, it's a niceish sort of
a place for a feller of that kind to put
hissell under. Good lookout, if he
should fancy to rise up and take a
sneak around. Snug, too, with
bushes all around, and doosed handy
to where she's buried, too, if that's
any object."

Saunders took a slight pull at a
flask which he carried in his pocket,
and after tendering the vile smelling
stuff to me, and smiling with evident
satisfaction at my refusal, he began
his story.

"Five years ago last June Tom
Yates cum here from New York. His
wife was along with him. None of
your second class trash about them.
Both of 'em was upper crust clean
through. The woman, she was as
handsome as a plecter, with a red on
her cheeks that made a feller think of
the clouds about sundown, and a
flash in her eyes that no diamonds I
ever seed could begin to hold a candle
to. She was a regeler high stepper—
like that off leader there—jest the
kind of woman for women folks to
hate like pisen, and for men to go
crazy over. She had piles of dresses
and jewels, and I've seen her, dressed
like a queen, cooking Yates' supper
of hominy and venison, and never los-
ing her dignity a particle."

"Yates he was one of them quiet,
still tongued chaps that a body can't
find out much about, but he loved his
wife so much, and he couldn't
skereerly bear her out of his sight.
His eyes followed her all the time, and
he'd fly to help her about anything he
could do, jest as if he was her lover
instid of her husband. And he was a
mighty handy man about a house."

"He had a claim back there on that
yer hill that we've passed—a sort of
a rich 'un, too; and as it was more'n
he could work he staked some of it
off and sold it out in lots to other
parties. So that at one time there
was quite a smartish little village
Yates' Ranch."

grew as pale as a corpse, threw her
arms up in a wild, crazy way and
started to rush out of the room. One
of the men—the one she had been
looking at—grabbed her by the arm
savagely, and his voice sounded like
the hiss of a rattlesnake.

"I have found you!" said he. "And
now, Elizabeth Osgood, I will have
my revenge! False wife! heartless
mother! you shall die!"
He drew a pistol and pointed it at
her head.

"Yates sprang upon him fiercely,
but the woman laid her white hand
on his arm and held him quiet while
she spoke to the stranger.

"John Osgood," said she, in a cold,
hard tone, that made my aching bones
shake with terror, "I am no wife of
yours! You won me by a lie! You
told me that Tom was false—was
married to another—and I, fool that
I was, believed the words of a tongue
which had never spoken anything but
lies. And out of pique I married you!
You knew I hated you, for did I not
tell you so? Afterward Tom came!
I loved him! In heaven's sight I
was his wife—what did I care how
the world thought? I fled with him
to this wild solitude, and I will never
leave him! You may kill him if you
like—my corpse you can carry with
you—but my living body—never!"

"How her eyes sparkled, and her
cheeks flamed with crimson! She
looked like a giantess, but she was a
little woman, and as she stood there
in her rage, her shining brown head
would not have reached above my
shoulder. For a moment Osgood
fell back, and I thought he was going
to back out, but the next instant he
sprang forward. Yates closed with
him. There was a dreadful struggle.
Both used knives, and the blood was
red all over the floor.

"I groaned and cussed because I
was obliged to lay there and not lift
a finger, and the other man was hold-
ing the woman. Yates was getting
the better of Osgood, for he was a
strong wiry man, and he had a tem-
per like a tiger. Osgood realized it,
so did the other stranger.

"Curse him! shoot him, Osgood,
and have done with it!" cried he.
"Then there was a sharp click of a pis-
tol, and the sound of the shot almost
together, and Yates fell over in a
heap on the floor. I knowed he was
done for, and I shrieked like a fiend
my rage at being so helpless.

"I am finished, Lizzie," said the
poor feller. "Good-bye, darling—
good-bye!"
"Then the sharp report of a pistol
shattered the air. I saw the smoke
cloud for a moment Yates and his
love, then his arms were wound round
her and hers round him, and they
were dead. Stranger, rhumatz was
powerless to keep me there any long-
er. I leaped to my feet and out into
the night I went, rousing the miners
from their beds and stirring them up
to vengeance.

"Already Osgood and his friend
were mounting their horses, but they
never stirred ten steps from that
ranch up yonder.

"In them days we didn't wait for
no judges nor juries. Before two
hours had gone by we had Osgood
snugly buried under the pile of rocks
I showed ye, and t'other chap had
been sot adrift as naked as he cum
into the world, and as good a coat of
tar on him as could be spread. The
feathers we had to leave out, because
we had none.

"I reckon some folks'll say that Os-
good had a right to claim his wife,
but we fellers didn't think so, under
the circumstances, and besides, our
blood was up, and there's no knowing
what a miner'll do when that's the
case."

"Yes, stranger, the ranch is
haunted, and I couldn't drive them
leaders of mine past there after dark
if I was to whip 'em till they dropped.
Hosses is high about human, stranger,
and some of 'em a leetle beyond
that. Whoa, Digby! Stiddy now,
Satan!"—Good Literature.

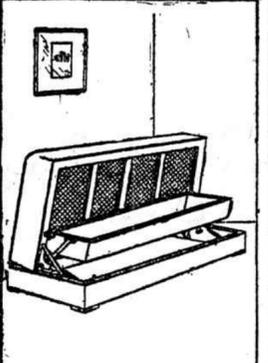
Betrayed by His Disguise.
In one of the principal Western
cities the proprietor of a large jewel-
ry store reported to the chief of po-
lice an extensive diamond robbery.
He was asked by the chief if he sus-
pected any one.

Mistress of the White House.



MRS. TAFT, Who, as Wife of the President, is Official Leader Under the New Regime.

Improved Box Couch.
Box couches have passed the ex-
perimental stage and are now be-
coming quite popular. One of the
most recent designs is shown below,
containing a novel improvement pat-



ented by a New York man. In this
box couch the box used for holding
the garments and other articles is at-
tached to rods so arranged that the
box is lifted up from the bottom of
the couch when the top of the latter

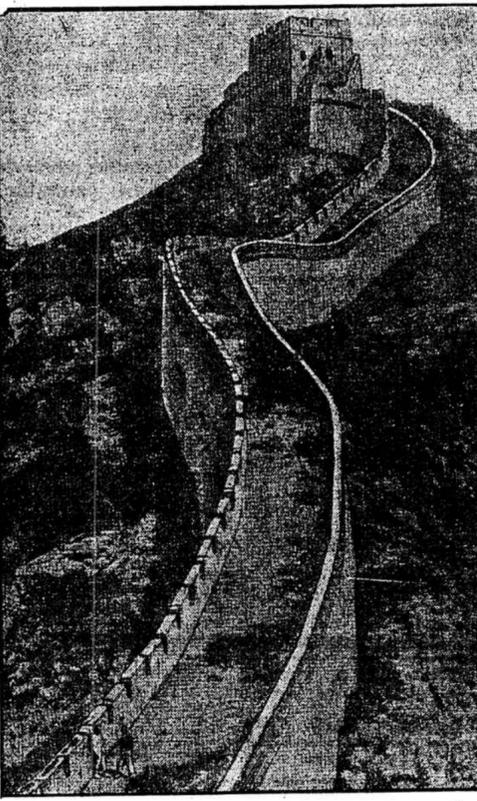
is raised. It thus becomes an easy
matter for the person using the couch
to readily reach the box to get at the
contents. In addition it becomes un-
necessary to move the couch away
from the wall in order to raise the
top. The box couch is thus rendered
more convenient and saves disreac-
table stooping and bending.—Wash-
ington Star.

Gold From Sunken Ship.

In the most boisterous part of
Mount's Bay, and almost unapproach-
able except by sea, lies Dollar Cove,
where for the past three months a
treasure seeking expedition, sent
down by a London syndicate, has
been quietly working. The company
of seekers some three or four weeks
ago suspended operations in order to
get more powerful pumps and gear.
These are in working order, and al-
though the salvors have little to say
about the matter, they appear to be
hopeful of success. In the year 1788
a Spanish ship went ashore there with
about twenty tons of specie aboard.

Everybody who lives on the coast
is familiar with the appearance of the
dollars, as large numbers have been
washed up on the beach from time to
time. Gold pieces are said to have
been discovered recently by people
walking on the beach.—London
Chronicle.

A Steep Declivity of the Great Wall of China.



Dr. Geil, an American explorer, has just returned to this country after
a caravan journey along the entire length, eighteen hundred miles, of this
great rampart. Legend says that whenever a laborer on this wall rebelled
he was built into the structure as a warning to the others.

Away With the Hod!
A man in Ohio has patented a de-
vice for carrying bricks by hand that



To Carry Bricks by Hand.
is in several ways superior to the old
method, and is an advantage to both

the employer and the workman.
This device consists of a clamp made
of two parallel iron bars, with jaws
at either end and slots in the sides.
This clamp is set down over a row
of bricks and locked with a bolt
through the slots, so that the bricks
are held firmly by the jaws. The
clamp also has a handle, by means of
which the load may be picked up and
carried about as one would carry a
dress suit case. The advantages of
this device are several. In the first
place, it weighs much less than a
hod and will carry more bricks. In
the second place, if the bricks are
placed in a line by another man the
carriers can fill their clamps more
rapidly, providing they will do so.
In the third place, the workmen need
not bruise and skin their hands
by handling the bricks. On building
operations where ladders must be
climbed, however, the hod appears to
have an advantage, as it leaves both
hands free.

Some of the cigars of the Philip-
pines are two and a half feet long.

DECIDE CONSUMPTION IS A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

The City of Cleveland Will Fight It Hereafter as It Would a Smallpox Epidemic.

Cleveland, in common with several
other of the larger municipalities of
the country, has determined to fight
tuberculosis systematically and here-
after will treat it and look upon it
as a dangerous, fatal and contagious
disease that must be stamped out as
would be done in the case of a small-
pox epidemic.

It is estimated there are 15,000
persons in Cleveland suffering from
the disease. When this situation was
brought home to the city officials, the
Rev. Harris R. Cooley, member of the
Board of Public Service, who has
charge of the Department of Char-
ities and Correction, asked the estab-
lishment of a tuberculosis sanator-
ium.

The city purchased a tract of 2000
acres of land a few miles beyond the
city limits, 600 feet above the city.
Temporary buildings were erected
for the purpose of carrying on the
work of combating the disease. Dur-
ing the two years and a half the
work has been in progress, 616 cases
have been treated. Of that number
there were eighty-three positive
cures. Twenty deaths occurred in
the first six months, when the work
hardly was organized. There were
eighteen deaths in 1907 and eleven
deaths in 1908.

A permanent sanatorium to accom-
modate 500 patients will be erected.
"After all," said Cooley, "it is a
social problem. Tuberculosis is the
result of overwork and underfeeding,
which produce the crowded slums,
with their foul air and practically no
sanitation. In treating tuberculosis
we also must treat the slums."

WHAT HENRY IRVING GOT OUT OF LIFE.

Writing in McClure's Magazine of
her last visit to Henry Irving Ellen
Terry says:

"What have you got out of it all?"
I asked. "You and I are 'getting on,'
as they say. Do you ever think, as I
do sometimes, what you have got out
of life?"

"What have I got out of it?" said
Henry, stroking his chin and smiling
slightly. "Let me see. . . Well,
a good cigar, a good glass of wine—
ago suspended operations in order to
get more powerful pumps and gear.
These are in working order, and al-
though the salvors have little to say
about the matter, they appear to be
hopeful of success. In the year 1788
a Spanish ship went ashore there with
about twenty tons of specie aboard.

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dollars, as large numbers have been
washed up on the beach from time to
time. Gold pieces are said to have
been discovered recently by people
walking on the beach.—London
Chronicle.

Regarding the Tongue.

Some remarkable facts regarding
the tongue have been recently pre-
sented by the eminent surgeon, Dr.
E. Souchon, of New Orleans. The
doctor, after stating that the tongue,
the nose and the skin are the only
organs of special sense which per-
form other functions, remarks that
the tongue is the only organ except
the heart which presents a base, a
body and an apex, is the only organ
which can protrude out of the cavity
in which it is contained, and that no
other organ can assume such a va-
riety of shapes or is so movable. Its
papillae, though similar to those of
other mucous membranes, are larger
and more specially developed, and
those in the anterior two-thirds dif-
fer from those in the posterior third.
The tongue presents a dual structure
in accordance with its dual functions,
motor and sensory, varies in color
more than any other organ and is
more solid than any other viscus. It
is the only organ presenting the three
kinds of nerve, namely, a nerve of
special sense, one of ordinary sensa-
tion, and one of motion.—Leslie's
Weekly.

Big Lumber Cut.

A lumber cut of 165,000,000 feet,
mostly white pine, was made in the
winter of 1908-09 on the Bad River
Indian Reservation in Wisconsin un-
der the supervision of the United
States Forest Service. This heavy
cut for one season was due to the dis-
astrous fires of the summer of 1908,
which made it necessary to cut large
quantities of timber at once to save
it. A notable feature of the con-
tract was the provision that all tops
and slash should be burned. Brush
burning was begun the latter part of
April and has recently been com-
pleted. A force of from 500 to 900
men was required for this work
alone. Strips at least 300 feet wide,
adjoining green unburned timber,
had already been cleared of inflam-
mable brush by burning it.—Engi-
neering News.

A Realist.

"I am a great believer in realism,"
remarked the poet.
"Yet?" we queried with a rising
infection, thereby giving him the de-
sired opening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of
realism to a ridiculous extreme," con-
tinued the poet.
"Indeed?" we exclaimed inane-
ly, somewhat impatient to reach the
point of his witticism.

"Yes," continued the poet. "the
other day I wrote a sonnet to the
gas company and purposely made the
meter defective."
At this point we fainted.—New
York Times.

France's birth rate has fallen from
thirty-two to nineteen and one-half
per cent. in 100 years.

Household Matters

Tomato Omelets.

Beat up the yolk of one egg and
mix with it one tablespoonful of fine-
ly chopped tomato freed from skin
and seeds; add seasoning of salt and
pepper. Beat up the white of the egg
stiffly and mix in thoroughly, but
lightly. Melt one teaspoonful of but-
ter in a small, smooth frying pan.
Pour in the mixture. Hold over a
clear, brisk fire for half a minute till
a nice brown color on the under side;
turn and brown on the other side.
Fold over and serve very hot.—New
York Press.

Vegetable Curry.

Into a saucepan put one heaping
tablespoonful of butter and in this
place some slices of carrot. Turn
these about in the butter and add tur-
nips cut in dice or slices, potatoes
sliced, also one onion cut up. Season
with salt and add a little water.

When the water reaches boiling
point add two teaspoonfuls of curry
powder and a tablespoonful of flour
moistened with cold water.

Stir it again till it reaches boiling
point and allow it to simmer gently
till the vegetables are perfectly ten-
der.

Milk Soup.

Six potatoes, one white turnip, one
parsnip, two onions, stalk of celery,
one tablespoonful of butter, one ta-
blespoonful flour, one teaspoonful su-
gar, two cupfuls milk, two quarts of
water, salt and pepper to taste.

Put the butter into a saucepan and
let it melt, but it must not get brown.
Put in the cut vegetables, and stir
them until they are hot. Now put in
the sugar, pour on the water, and let
all boil for one and a half hours.

Dissolve the flour in a little cold
milk, add pepper and salt, and stir it
in. Let it boil for ten minutes to
cook the flour.

Boil the milk separately, and add
it last of all. Taste if it is salted
enough, and serve hot.

It is a good plan to have dishes
properly seasoned before they are
sent to table. The first mouthful of
anything new is enough to create
prejudice if it does not exactly suit
the palate.—New York Press.

Chicken With Rice.

Cut one thoroughly roasted chicken
into pieces of any desired size.
Place these in the kettle, add one
pint of strained tomatoes, one heap-
ing cupful of celery cut into half-
inch pieces, one small onion, a few
sprigs of parsley tied together, salt,
pepper, and one pint of hot water.
Put this on the stove and when it
begins to boil add one-half cupful of
well washed rice. Let the whole boil
for one-half hour, then place it in a
fireless cooker and allow it to remain
there for at least four hours. Chick-
en prepared in this way may be served
directly from the cooker, only the
parsley should be removed, but the
dish is far more attractive and seems
to taste better if pieces of chicken
are taken up with a skimmer, ar-
ranged in a low baking dish, the rice
poured over all, and then placed un-
der the broiling flame or in the oven
for about fifteen minutes just before
serving. Garnish with fresh parsley
and serve just as it comes from the
oven.—New York Times.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Put a bit of camphor away with
silver not in use; it will prevent tar-
nishing.

To keep wooden bread boards in
good condition scrub them with sand
or salt instead of soap.

After greasing pans for small cakes
dust with flour thickly, shaking out
all that is loose. This treatment pre-
vents sticking.

To revive flowers sent by post,
plunge the stems into hot water and
let them remain until the water is
cold, then cut the ends of the stems
afresh and put the flowers into fresh
cold water.

Match marks on the kitchen wall
will disappear if rubbed first with the
cut surface of a lemon, then with a
clean cloth dipped in whiting. After-
ward wash the surface with warm
water and soap, and then quickly
wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of
clear water.

If water has a slight taste or smell
it is impure. Filtering is then not
quite enough. A small piece of alum
to each bucketful drawn will purify
water wonderfully and conduce to
health. Water should be all negative
—without taste, smell, color or de-
posit after standing.

There are so many little things in
one's work bag or basket that are apt
to get snarled together from much
handling that it is well to have a
little case which is a series of tiny
pockets to hold the tapes, mending
cottons, etc. Such a pocket is much
appreciated by travelers.

Make your own night lights. If
you run short of night lights try this
plan: Take an ordinary wax candle
and some finely powdered salt. Burn
the candle so as to get it level, and
then cover the top with a layer of
salt, leaving only the blackened end
of the wick exposed. Light the can-
dle, and it will burn slowly, giving a
faint, but steady light.

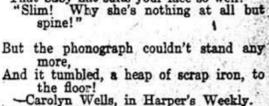
THE RECORD.

A photograph stood in a woman's club,
Placed there by a curious man;
And the wisdom that photograph
heard,
It registered carefully word for word,
And thus the record ran:

"It may be the style, but it does look
queer—
"A suffragist, not a suffragette!"
"Twenty-two dollars a pair, my dear!"
"No, he decreed he'd granted yet."
"I play Bridge some,—but I'm not a
shark;
"If she hasn't got on that same blue
frook!"
"She was motoring with him in the
park—
"No, I don't eat a thing before one
o'clock!"
"Long neat sleeves in her last year's
gown—
"Will you look at that ticker-basket
hat!"
"Perfectly lovely coats, marked down—
"Pretty! Well,—rather,—but such a
cat!"
"Made by a dressmaker in the house—
"Nothing at all, but malted milk—
"That's that new shade of 'frightened
mouse'—
"Don't flap it! I promised I'd never
tell—
"If I don't get away soon, N. P. for
mine!"
"That baby hat suits your face so well!"
"Slim! Why she's nothing at all but
spine!"

But the photograph couldn't stand any
more,
And it tumbled, a heap of scrap iron, to
the floor.

—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly.



TRIPPLES OF MIRTH

"But what does your father see in
me to object to?" "He doesn't see
anything in you dear, I think that's
the answer."—Cleveland Leader.

The Father—"Dora, don't you
think it's past bedtime?" The Daughter
(entertaining a caller)—"Yes, in-
deed, papa. What's keeping you
up?"—Cleveland Leader.

She said her fortune was her face.
That poverty
Was no disgrace.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Guest—"Mercy! What's that awful
profanity down stairs?" Hostess
—"My husband has come in late and
fallen over the new Persian prayer
rug."—Cleveland Leader.

"The climate is considered very
healthy here, I believe," remarked
the tourist in Arizona. "Yes, if you
mind your own business," replied
the native.—Des Moines Register.

The Warden—"Say! You can't
fish here without a license!" The
Sportsman—"You're dead wrong.
I've caught eleven with nothing but
a few angleworms."—Cleveland
Leader.

Farmer Rytap—"You seem to en-
joy those fresh vegetables." Summer
Boarder—"Yes, it is an acquired
taste. You get them from the same
store up in town that we do."—Chi-
cago Daily News.

"Are you my nearest relative?"
Said Johnny to his ma.
"Ye, dear," she smilingly replied;
"And the closest is your pa."
—Lippincott's.

Chum—"Why don't you assert
your authority as head of the fam-
ily, and take matters in your own
hands?" Head of the House (mourn-
fully)—"My wife won't let me."—
Baltimore American.

The Host—"Let's have your best
opinion about this wine." The
Guest—"It is worthless." The Host
—"Yes, that's what Jones says;
about your opinions, but I want to hear
it just the same."—Cleveland Leader.

"So your husband is in the pageant,
Mrs. Jones. I didn't know he be-
longed to the Church of England."
"No, mum, he don't. But there, he's
very broad minded, and he don't mind
being an ancient bishop in the cause
of charity."—Punch.

Doctor—"Now there is a very sim-
ple remedy for this—er this—er—
recurring thirst. Whenever you feel
you want a whisky and soda, just eat
an apple, eat an apple." Patient—
"But—er—fancy eating fifty or sixty
apples a day!"—Punch.

Leisure.
Except in certain remote provinces
of the South and in those of our is-
land possessions, where the Latin su-
perstition still prevails, and an igno-
rant populace believe enough is as
good as too much, leisure has virtu-
ally gone out; to the effect that the
man who finds himself with time to
chew his food is forthwith oppressed
by an uneasy sense of being out of
the current of affairs, the woman
who isn't driven to death feels her
position in society endangered, while
the child who can sit down and keep
still sinks under the reproach of be-
ing mentally defective.

Bread is the road that leadeth to
destruction, but it isn't broad enough
for the traffic, and unless airships
come on pretty fast there will be a se-
rious congestion.—Puck.

Loyster Supply Will Be Large.
Fish Commissioner Bowers says
that the supply of loysters, of the
marine variety, is to be maintained.
The commission has just finished
hatching out 170,000,000 loyster
eggs, and the young fry are being
distributed at the rate of three to five
million a day. They are being de-
posited in the waters of the Maine
coast.

"I see no reason for the apprehen-
sion which exists," said Commis-
sioner Bowers, "regarding the possibi-
lity of the exhaustion of the loyster
supply. More loysters were caught last
year than in any season for the last
twenty years. I take no stock in the
scare stories that the lobster is to
meet the fate of the terrapin."—
Washington Letter Brooklyn Eagle.

The Water Bite.
He was six years old and had never
gazed into the mystic lens of a
microscope. Several slides contain-
ing animalcula had been displayed to
his astonished vision. He was too
amazed to make any comment until
he came to one slide that seemed
more wriggly than any of the others.
It was merely a drop of water.

The little fellow gazed at it a long
time, with all its nimble particles of
animal life, and finally exclaimed to
his mother:
"Oh, mamma, now I know what it
is that bites you when you drink
sodawater!"—New York Times.