

The Chatham Record.

The Greatness. I count that man, who striving well, Wins not by fate nor chance. Greater than he who acts a hell Of words around fair France.

THE BIG RED APPLES.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

It wanted only an hour of sundown—the crisp yellow sundown of October, when the roads are carpeted with red leaves, and the chestnuts are dropping stealthily in the woodland lanes. Lois Tafton looked uneasily toward the sky.

"Do make haste, Tim," she said to the hired man, or we shan't get through tonight. And I can't spare another afternoon, and father wants the oxen to-morrow and the hay after."

"Nine barrels of Big Reds," said Timothy Perkins, who felt himself in all respects equal to his employer's daughter, and to every other young woman in the state so far as that went. "Well, I don't call this 'ere such a bad job. And every one as smooth as satin and sound as a nut. Them ought to bring four dollars a barrel, bein' table apples in so scarce this year."

"Four dollars a barrel! Nine times four is thirty-six," enumerated Lois, pausing with both hands full of rosy apples. "Oh, Tim, if I thought I could make thirty dollars out of my apple tree—"

"To buy a weddin' gown, eh?" chuckled Tim, heisting a barrel on the rear end of the ox cart. Lois frowned. But, after all, if the whole village was gossiping about Ellis Harland's very evident attentions to her, how could she expect Tim Perkins to restrain his free American tongue?

Just then there was a rustle in the yellow woods on the other side of the stone wall; a light figure in a faded seersucker gown scrambled nimbly over the mossy bars, and alighted with a jump in the midst of the apple barrels.

"Oh, what a splendid load of apples!" cried Lotty, the schoolgirl of the family. "And only three barrels of horrid, gnarly, little cider stubs on the Newton pippin tree that father gave me. I never would have chosen it for mine if I'd expected it was going to flat out so. Say, Lois, give me half your crop, won't you? I'd do as much for you. Da Lois!"

the road? Up in the second story you could get a lovely view." "So I could!" cried Miss Ferrand. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is that Lois gathering apples? Oh, Lois, won't you come down to the old mill with me before this lovely liquid gold fades out of the sky?"

Lois inclined her head rather stiffly. "Good-evening, Miss Ferrand!" said she. "I'm very sorry, but I don't care for sunset effects, and I must see after my apples."

"Troubled with many things!" Eighty-eight-year-old Miss Ferrand said. "Well, perhaps you are right." Lois compressed her red lips. "I can't bear that girl with her aesthetic faucets and her airs of superiority!" thought she. "I suppose she sets me down in her books as an out-of-date barbarian because I prefer attending to my business rather than to run after fine sunsets."

In the meanwhile Lotty, curling down into an angle of the very picket fence which had offended Miss Ferrand's artist eye, was secretly drawing a folded note from her pocket and scanning its contents.

"It's rather mean to read a letter intended for her," gleelessly pondered this young savage, but she needn't have snubbed me so about the Big Reds; and I'd like to know what Ellis Harland has got to say to her, anyhow."

"My own dearest!" "Tebid' t'ebid'!" with aching of her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "I don't know things and do so far as that—I behaved like a brute last night!" "Oh, did you, indeed?" "—and I'm heartily sorry for what I said!" "I wonder what it could have been?" "Well, you, like an angel, forgive me, and meet me at sunset at the old mill, and we'll talk it over."

"Ever yours, repentantly, E. H." "Oh," said Lotty, spending the hurriedly scribbled note on her knee, while her beryl eyes glittered diabolically—at the old mill, at sunset?"

"She stretched her neck to get a glimpse of her sister's blue gown, as it moved to and fro among the piles of rosy apples on the orchard slope, and then refolded the note and dropped it into her pocket.

"No, no, Princess Eber-Sister, you've deserved your fate! And I couldn't call Miss Ferrand back if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. And you may stay and look after your apples to your heart's content, and much good may they do you!"

"No, I'm not—I'm the latefast thing alive!" After that Lotty fell to watching the front gate, and examined every letter that came from the post-office with feverish interest.

But it was not until the footsteps of spring left violet marks all over the vales that a tall, sunburned young man strode up to the gate, with an overcoat flung lightly across his arm, and asked for Miss Tafton.

"Yes," Lotty cried, breathlessly, crowding herself before the maid-of-all-work; "yes, Ellis, she is at home. And oh, please say you don't quite want to murder me!"

Ellis Harland fixed his stern, dark eyes on her. "Not quite that," said he, "but I think you deserve almost anything short of capital punishment."

Lotty shrank back into the shadows, wringing her hands, just as the sitting room door opened and Lois' white, frightened face peeped out.

"But it will be all right," she whispered. "Oh, if it wasn't all right at last I should truly feel like a murderer."

It did "come all right." When the evening lamp was lighted and the curtains were drawn, Ellis Harland sat among them all, the accepted son-in-law of the household.

"But you can't imagine Lois, darling, what an ice-bath seemed to chill me," said he, "that evening when Cara Ferrand walked in upon me at the old mill, and innocently told me she had entreated—and in vain—for you to come, too. What was I to believe? What was I to think? Oh, my darling, you don't know what a miserable wretch I was then, any more than you can fancy what a happy fellow I am now."

Lois' face was softly radiant. "But here is poor little Lotty groveling at the door," said she, "and she can't breathe easily until she knows that she is forgiven for that little bit of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

ALWAYS DO THE RIGHT. Are you tempted ought to steal? Run away, boys, Run away.

If you look upon the thing, Thought may into action spring. From the heart the evil fling— Always run away, boys.

When inclined cross words to say, Keep them in, boys; Keep them in. Words of kindness speak instead, Unkind words—no jobine shed— They are all possible if spread; Always keep them in, boys.

When you speak words of hate, S— and think of it. S— and think of it. S— and think of it. S— and think of it.

Think of the words you say, Honor your name. Ere from the tongue you stray, Always run away, boys.

How so ever you speak, D— the right, boys, D— the right, boys. Would you ever upon the field, Grasp the Christian's sword and shield? Never to the temple yield— Always do the right, boys.

—[Youth's Banner.

A USEFUL LITTLE CREATURE. People are not always well informed concerning the usefulness of the toad. If he does not carry a jewel in his head he is quite as valuable as if he did, for he does a work no gardener can do in clearing a garden of insect pests.

Many a gardener builds this little gnome small dwellings of bits of stone in the nooks of his flower beds, and cherishes him as a valuable assistant, destroying larvae, worms and flies as he does with neatness and dispatch.

MARY LEE'S STORY.

One Woman's Heroic Defense Against Indians.

She Died Game After a Five Days' Combat.

On the great plains of Kansas, seventy miles due north of Sheridan, there is a lonely grave on the crest of a sterile mound. It may be that no one could find the spot today, for the storms of summer and winter wash great ravines in the earth, and level even the hill-tops after a time. But I saw the grave twenty years ago, and at its head stood a board on which was painted:

MARY EMMA LEE, who was killed by Indians on this spot after a heroic defense, in July, 1867.

As 200 cavalrymen grouped around that lonely grave every man uncovered his head in reverence for the dead, and the story of that young woman's death has never been told around a camp-fire in the West without making men's hearts ache.

This is the story: There were five or six families of emigrants journeying across the lonely plains, when they were beset by hostile Indians. Mary Lee was a girl, only eighteen years old, and had been brought up on the Iowa line. The family consisted of father, mother, two sisters and a brother. The attack was made very suddenly, and Mary, who was riding her own horse, was cut off from the band. When she realized this, she turned and rode away and was pursued by seven Indians. This was at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Her horse carried her thirty-six miles before he became exhausted, and when he fell she made her way to the crest of the mound and there scooped out a shallow rifle-pit, piled stones up around it and prepared to die fighting.

The Indians were three miles behind her when her horse gave out. She had a Winchester rifle, which was fully loaded, but no extra cartridges. Her first shot killed an Indian and her second crippled another for life. The other five dared not charge her position. On the second day she killed another Indian, and the other four posted themselves in positions and waited for hunger and thirst to conquer her. On the third day they were joined by twenty of their band, but the girl was not attacked. On this day an Indian, who was creeping up to spy upon her, was shot through the right lung, and the others contented themselves by a drooping fire at long range to harass her.

On the fourth day not a shot was fired. The weather was terribly hot, and the sun glared down on that mound until the grass withered and shriveled and seemed about to flame up. On the fifth day, an hour after noon, the girl shot herself through the head, and was dead before any one reached her. I afterwards talked with one of the warriors who was there, and he told me that she had been almost roasted alive by that fierce sun. She had neither food nor drink, and was little better than a skeleton. The Indians simply stood about and looked down upon her. She had a wealth of golden hair, but they did not scalp her. She had rings on her fingers, but they left them there. They did not even take her rifle nor the saddle from her dead horse.

—White squaw heap brave—fight hard—no scalp! That was her eulogy. Two or three years later her scattered bones were collected and buried by a surveying party, and to-day her dust mingles with the sterile soil fifty miles from the nearest dwelling of one of her race. Bronzed and bearded Indian fighters, reckless and desperate cow-boys, stern faced and stern-punishers have whispered the name of Mary Lee around the evening campfire a thousand times since her death, but ever and always with gentle tongue and a swelling of the heart. She was not only a woman, but she had died game.—[New York World.

A FOX FARM. On A. D. Howard's farm in the hilly region of Meigs county, Pennsylvania, a rocky field is surrounded by a tight board fence, ten feet high. The lot is the home of numerous foxes, and the bottom of the fence rests on solid rock to prevent the sly red animals from running away. The only entrance to the field is through a strong wooden door fastened with a padlock. One day last week Mr. Howard who is a thrifty farmer and an enthusiastic sportsman initiated a visitor into the mysteries of his rocky fox farm. Three sleek

hounds followed Mr. Howard to the tall fence and played in the adjoining woods, while he was showing his visitor through the field. There were no signs of life inside the fence when they entered. In the center of the field there was a succession of rocky ledges, in which there were many little caves and crevices for the flock of foxes to hide and breed in. Here and there at the foot of the shelving rocks, a long and narrow plank box, open at one end, lay on the ground. "I built the fence four years ago this fall," said Mr. Howard, "and the foxes have been breeding in these rocks ever since. One reason why I built the fence was because every fox that the hounds had pretty well tuckered out within two miles of here dodged into these ledges when he got tired of running, and that put an end to the chase. The other reason was because I thought I could make the foxes breed here, so that I could catch one and turn it loose whenever I wanted to give the hounds a chase. I generally keep the fox in a pen for a day before I turn him loose, and I give him half an hour the start of the hounds. Whenever the dogs hole a fox, I and the boys dig him out and put him back in the field unless the ground is frozen hard."

Mr. Howard then took a box of raw meat from a hole in the ground, and threw a part of it over the fence. "It was twelve minutes before a single fox came out of the rocks to devour it, and in less than three minutes after the first one had ventured forth, fifteen or sixteen greedy red fellows were tearing at the meat and lurching it away to their dens in the rocky ridge.—[New York Tribune.

A Street Urebin's R-partner. There is a very small boy who sells newspapers, books, boots and runs errands for men who do business in Wall and Broadway streets. He is probably twelve years old, but he is so diminutive that he does not look to be over seven or eight. Keen-witted and quick, he is very popular with the brokers, with one or two exceptions. He has a mischievous disposition and a sharp tongue, and his special aversion is small men. He has made life a burden to one undersized man, who in a moment of uncharitable under-took to kick the little fellow away from the office door. Ever since that occurrence the boy has addressed his assistant as "shooby the kicker," much to the disgust of the person addressed.

A few days ago the boy played some mischievous prank on the stock broker, which so irritated the latter that he ran out of his office and fairly danced up and down with rage before his tormentor. "I wish you were big enough," shouted the angry man, "I would give you a good thrashing."

"—Ha, ha! shooby," replied the boy. "if I was big enough you couldn't do it."—[New York Times.

A Palace Made of Coal. The coal palace at Ottumwa, Iowa, is an imposing structure, 250 feet in length and 120 feet in width, with a central tower 200 feet in height. The castle is two stories in height, the first twenty feet to the ceiling, the second, reaching to the top of the structure, varying from forty to sixty feet. The main entrance is on Main street, through the grand arches in the tower in the front corner, whose summit is near the grand tower or dome. This tower is thirty-six feet wide, and of the same proportions as the one in the west end, facing the "spoken garden." The rear or east end is beautified by twin semi-circular towers, which have their duplicates in the west end, except that they are somewhat more elongated, while a tower similar to the one in the main entrance is symmetrical in the latter tower or wing that the stage, 36 by 36, is located, with the pretty cascade in the rear, and this commands the view of the main auditorium and balconies, with its seating capacity of from 4000 to 5000. On either side of the main room are the spaces above and below for the exhibits of the thirty counties which are to interest themselves this season.

Below the coal palace is a miniature coal mine. The delusion is complete by taking the elevator in one of the towers above. The shaft is darkened, you reach the mine, where busy miners with lamps and picks act as guides to the unexplored recesses of the black cavern.

A Hard One on Papa. Johnnie—Mamma, do elephants know very much? Mamma—A great deal, my dear. Johnnie—Do they know as much as papa? Mamma—Well, I hope so.

Duty. How gladly for a good, great cause We struggle, shoulder set to shoulder! How restlessly, when thus withdrawn Our weapons, leaves us no beholder, We hear the inactive pause!

"Lord of the Fight" we cry, "we miss The cherry comrades, tried and trusted; We share the coward stragler's hiss;— We may not, awordless, armor rusted, Partake the battle's hiss!"

"Post us," we pray, "where we may lead,— Not walk in suff'ring silence laden; Give us to serve some pressing need, Until the enemy's errand, Thou shalt be King indeed!"

Yet no man's place is fixed by chance On open field, in lonely thicket; The issue of deliverance May rest with that unnoted picket Who sees the foe advance! —[Walter L. Sawyer, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOROUS. The average woman likes to "No" a man awhile before she marries him. We tip our scales to learn our weight, and tip a waiter to avoid a wait. "I have struck a tremendous blow!" exclaimed the man who got caught in a hurricane. A turtle is very slow until he is made up into soup. Then we've noticed he goes pretty fast. Mother (horrid)—What did you let that young Sulphur kiss you for? Daughter (meekly)—For only two minutes mamma, and then I told him to get out.

A seafaring life tends to develop the belief-out tendencies. Not content with the many spots they have on board a ship, sailors are continually boxing the compass. There may be corns in wheat, but this won't disturb the serenity of the young man who, with his best girl, sits in the Sunday twilight glow of the parlor and imagines he has a corner on sugar. Camp Cuisine.—Captain Bolton (in his North Woods shanty)—Well, my boy, how do you like this Shakespearean life under the greenwood tree? His guest—There's too much bacon about your Shakespearean existence to suit me. Mrs. Prairie—I will never look upon my husband's face again. He disgraced me and took a drop too much last night. Mrs. Carey—He will soon get over that. Mrs. Prairie—No, he won't. He stole a horse and the cowboys lynched him.

It occurs to a philosopher as being a very good thing for a man that he cannot realize his insignificance. His vanity is all that keeps him from suicide. Like the fly of which Aesop tells us, he sits on the axle of the chariot in the great race of life and exclaims, "Great Pluto! what a dust I am raising!"

The Captain of an Ocean Steamship. The captain of an Atlantic liner is responsible for the ship and the safety of the passengers, and is always on duty and in charge of the ship. When he lays the course it is never altered without his command, unless it be for a slight variation to prevent a collision. And in such emergencies, even if he is asleep, he is notified so quickly that he is always on the bridge almost as soon as the ship answers her helm. The captain always makes the reckoning of the day's run. All the officers on the bridge take their own observations, but the captain does the official figuring. The captain also keeps the ship's log. In addition to all his other duties, Capt. Watkins of the City of Paris makes it a point to cruise about among the saloon passengers and to see to it personally that they are made comfortable. In this respect he differs largely from most captains, who seem to confine themselves solely to the business of sailing the ship and are seldom seen, with the passengers except at meal time, and then only at intervals.—[New York Sun.

A Remedy for Poisoning by Snakes and Dogs. The Berlin correspondent of the Therapeutic Gazette says that a remedy for blood poisoning caused by the bites of snakes and rabid dogs has been discovered in Africa by a Doctor Engels, in the "wild-growing, black, noble palm." Five hundred Africans bitten by poisonous snakes were treated with the extract of the noble palm, and four hundred and eighty-seven were cured in five days. Of sixty-seven farmers and negroes bitten by rabid dogs sixty-five were saved, while two died of weakness. The remedy is injected under the skin, and causes a moderate fever not exceeding 35.5 degrees C. On the third day the patient is without fever, swelling and inflammation of the affected part have disappeared, and on the fifth, or latest, on the seventh, day the patient is cured.—[Scientific American.