

YOUNG FOLKS.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"Oh, aunt May!" cried out Grace Manchester in astonishment as she opened the door of her aunt's room, "where did you get those apple blossoms? It is only the first week of April!" "They blossomed right here in my room, Grace," said aunt May, a sweet, happy-faced woman who sat in a chair by the table with a book in her hand. "Right here! what do you mean, aunt May? Are they wax? No, they are real apple blossoms! Goodness! don't I wish I had some! Wouldn't the girls be just wild to see me with a bunch of apple blossoms! Say, Auntie, what do you mean? Did they blossom here, really?" "Really, Grace dear, they did; every year they blossom just at this time for me. You never have left your city home to come here at this season before, or you would have seen them."

back to the orchard fence. "What did she say?" asked the little girl. "Dorothy shook her head. "Maybe she will some day," said the child, "and I'll come and look at you every day. It is better than seeing Jim and Kate fight." And she went sorrowfully away. "She did come again, and every pleasant day. Little Dorothy looked for her, and many a half-hour they spent talking through the fence. May learned all about Dorothy's loneliness and her love for apple blossoms. Dorothy learned that May too, was an only child. Her father was not living, and her mother was almost always sick, and always very poor. "When winter came, it was too cold to talk long, and just before the spring came on, Dorothy was taken ill. She took a violent cold, and did not seem to gain strength as it left her. Little May came every day to the fence and waited until she was chilled through. As she lingered, she watched the old apple-trees and saw the buds had grown a bit larger. "When the blossoms come, Dorothy will be well," said she to herself. "One day, as May stood watching the trees, she suddenly started, and then she turned and ran for home as fast as she could. All breathless, she entered the room, where a delicate-looking woman sat at the sunny window. "Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed she excitedly, "would the apple-trees bloom like the pussy willows in the house?" "I really don't know," said Mrs. Sherman thoughtfully. "Perhaps they would. We might try. But what is the matter, little daughter?" "Oh, mamma!" cried May, "will you really try some? I can get some branches. You know that little girl that lives in the big house. She's lonely. She don't ever have anybody but me and the apple blossoms to play with. She says the apple blossoms are angels with pink and white wings, and she is very happy when they come. Maybe she'd get well, if she had the apple blossoms now. Will you try, mother?" "Yes, I will try. You may bring me the branches. Be careful to pick out the roughest buds, for the long ones are the leaf-buds. "May ran with a happy heart, and soon returned with her hands full of apple-branches. Mrs. Sherman put them in jars of lukewarm water and stood them in a sunny place. It was May's duty to change the water and see that the jars did not get chilled at night. Mrs. Sherman's room was warm and sunny and May soon saw the buds growing larger and larger. "Now this gets to be real interesting," said Grace, "for now I know how 'tis done, and I can go and do likewise." But do go on, for I don't know how you are mamma's sister yet, and I always supposed you were real sisters," looking at her mother reproachfully. "At last one morning a true apple blossom was there. May could not wait for another. She became bold in her certainty that now Dorothy would get well. Wrapping it carefully in a bit of paper, she mounted the stone steps of the big house and rang the bell. "A servant opened the door and looked rather surprised. But that did not discourage May. "Will you please give this to Dorothy and tell her I'll soon bring her some more angels?" said May, in her quiet way. "The girl took the little paper, gave a stare at May and shut the door. "I never asked how she was," thought May, "but I will when the next one comes out, and she'll be better then. The angels will make her well, I know!" she and Dorothy had called them "angels" so often that the name came to her naturally. "In two or three days May had another branch, larger and fuller than the first. She wrapped a paper around it and took it as before. This time she remembered to ask after Dorothy, and the servant said she seemed brighter. "Of course she'd seem brighter," said May, "the angels have come so early!" "The next time May went the girl asked her into the hall, for Dorothy's mother wished to see her. "Ah! now her courage failed her. Even the thought of the angels, and how Dorothy loved them did not help her. She wondered if Dorothy's mother knew how they talked through the fence—and what if Dorothy's mother should tell her not to do it again! "But no! A tall, graceful lady came swiftly across the hall and taking her in both arms kissed her. "My dear little girl," she exclaimed, "you have saved the life of your darling Dorothy!" "I knew the angels would do it, ma'am, said May gravely. "The 'angels' you dear child!" "Dorothy always said the apple blossoms were angels," explained May shyly, drawing back. "Well, angels or apple blossoms," said Mrs. Thornton, "Dorothy had no interest in anything until the flowers came. Then she noticed them; and when you brought her next, she was awaiting them and now she is stronger and if your mamma will let you, you shall come in and see her to-morrow. Good-by, little girl, until to-morrow." "And did she take you away from your mother and adopt you?" cried Grace. "And what became of your mother?" "Oh, no! nothing of the kind then. Mrs. Thornton made my mother's life happy while she lived. She had me come to the house to learn with Dorothy's governess and to play with her lonely little girl in the orchard. "The next year my mother died and then I came here to live. But before she grew so ill, she said to me one day: 'May, there is a good deal that can be done to cheer lonely lives without riches. You will like to do something when I am gone in memory of me. Why not each year bloom out the apple blossoms and give them where they will be messengers of hope?' "And so, Grace, every year since my good mother died, I have cut the choicest twigs from the old orchard and brought the buds to bloom, and with the thoughts of her and the memory of the good the 'angels' once did, I send them out on errands of love to those who need them."

ROMANCES OF OLD OCEAN.

Two Strange Adventures at Sea.

The ancients knew so little of mid-ocean that they invented the most improbable stories concerning the big waters. Novelists have already drawn the long bow in writing of the sea, and the sailor has told such surprising yarns when in the mood that anything out of the usual must now be sworn to or included in a Government report to find believers. I know plenty of seafaring men who could relate wonderful adventures and not depart from the strict letter of truth, but they realize that landsmen would set them down as liars or ridicule their statements, and it is therefore impossible to draw them out. Nothing is too wonderful to happen on land, but a singular occurrence at sea, no matter if sworn to by a whole ship's company, is regarded as suspicious. I am, however, going to describe some strange, queer sights I have seen with my own eyes on the vasty deep, and if the reader cannot accept them he still has no right to charge me with exaggeration. In the month of June, 1859, I was second mate of the ship William True, on a voyage from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope. We were within 400 miles of the Cape and at least 300 miles off shore, when, just as the men were at breakfast on a bright and pleasant morning, with the ship going at the rate of four knots an hour, suddenly rose high in air right dead ahead of us and not over a quarter of a mile away. This column reached to a height of fifty feet, and the base seemed to take in an area of half an acre. It rose with a loud "s-a-swish!" which could have been heard two or three miles, and fifteen men saw what I am describing. The column held itself upright for a long minute, and then fell flat, and you can judge of the commotion when I tell you that we were boarded by a sea so heavy that it was like to carry us to the bottom by its dead weight, and that we were three hours in pumping the last of it out of her. The water for five miles around turned a brick color, and hundreds of fish floated belly up around us. Among these were dolphins and sharks, and we saw a whale about forty feet long with its head partly torn away. We ran right over the spot, and were as badly shaken up by the great seas as if we had been lying-to in a hurricane. We knew what had happened. There had been an explosion at the bottom of the sea—just such an occurrence as created half the islands in the Pacific. We laid the ship to and put out a boat and made soundings. Just where the column had formed we found bottom at eight fathoms. This depth continued for a circular distance of 100 feet. Once outside of it we COULD GET NO BOTTOM with 400 feet of line. There had been a heave-up, but not high enough to create an island or an obstruction to navigation. The circumstance, together with a chart and our soundings, was reported to the port officers at Cape Town, and later on to the proper Board at home, and while these officials gave no full credit for our work and ordered a man-of-war to verify our soundings, three of our English papers, which got hold of the fragments of the story, ridiculed our sworn statements, and intimated that we were all drunk on that occasion. A year later, not having returned to England with the ship, but having shipped on a Government brig making a survey of the mouths of the Niger, which, you know, fall into the Gulf of Guinea on the west coast of Africa, a curious adventure befell us. We had been in and out of the southerly month, and were standing off shore to avoid a shoal and fetch the next one, when, ten miles off the land, with the tide running out, the wind died away and we came to anchor on good holding ground sixty feet below. This was shortly after noon, and the anchor was hardly down before a sailor who had been sent aloft with a glass to look out for native craft reported one in sight dead to the east and only two or three miles away. At that date the natives along the Guinea coast, and especially about the mouths of the Niger, were exceedingly hostile toward all white men, and our brig was well manned and armed on that account. We had on two or three occasions been obliged to fire into native boats to keep them off. After a bit we could all make out the craft which was slowly approaching, but no man, even with the best glass aboard, could satisfy himself that he had ever before seen one like it. It came within a mile of us and then stopped, and after a long look through the glass the Captain decided that it was no craft at all, but a great log or raft which had been brought off with the tide. This matter having been settled, and the thing coming no nearer, we gave it no further attention. The calm continued during the afternoon and evening, and as the weather was oppressively hot, everybody was idle. When night came the brig was left in charge of an officer and the anchor watch, and nothing occurred to alarm us until about an hour before daylight. Then A VOICE SUDDENLY CRIED out in alarm, and this was followed by snarls and growls and hurried footsteps. The cabin doors and skylight were open to admit the air, as was also the slide to the fo'castle entrance. Some one rushed down the companion way and shut and bolted the doors, and a minute later, as we turned out of our berths, we learned what was going on. The officer of the watch said we were boarded by two lions, who had drifted down upon our bows on what he believed by the smell to be a dead whale. The two sailors had made for the fo'castle and drawn the slide, while he had made for the cabin to close the doors. The thing seemed so improbable that we were ready to jeer him, even though some of us had heard growls, but before any one could doubt that the officer was telling the sober truths, we heard the beasts raving along the deck and stopping to raise a great row at the water cask. A heavy sea could not have torn it from its fastenings, but the lions accomplished that feat in short order. The gentle heave of the brig on the quiet sea then rolled the barrel about, and as the water ran into the scuppers THE BEASTS LAPPED IT UP with low growls of satisfaction. We saw nothing, but our ears told us all this. Our noses were soon called into use to give us further information. A disgusting odor floated down through the skylight, and after a few sniffs the Captain said: "If that isn't a dead whale alongside then I am mistaken in the smell. I never heard that lions cared for whale flesh, but the fel-

ws on deck must have floated off shore on this carcass, and their long exposure to the blazing sun has made them terribly savage." We felt that we could do nothing until daylight came. We lighted the cabin lamps, so that the lions might not leap down through the skylight, which we could not close from within, and then waited. They managed to lap water enough to slake their thirst, and then they went roaring up and down, in search of food. They could find nothing, and as daylight appeared their ill humor increased. They trotted up and down, growling in a way to GIVE ONE THE SHIVERS and it was lucky that all of us were under shelter. When day had fairly come we stood under the skylight with our guns, and presently one of the lions came trotting aft and showed his head over the frame. Three of us fired at the same instant, and with such effect that he fell back dead. The death of one took the courage out of the other, and he ran away to the port bow and leaped up on the carcass of the whale which still held to us. We heard him run along the decks, and for that matter his tread was heavier than that of any man's, and after a bit the Captain stole up the companionway and discovered and reported the true state of affairs. Then three of us made shift to get into the shrouds of the mainmast, and from our safe perch we also made an end of the second beast, which was the female lion, and somewhat smaller than the other. Although the two pelts were sent to England, and the manner in which they had come into our possession was vouched for by Government officers of the civil branch, the Liverpool Mercury was pleased to come out with the statement that Gulliver was a truthful man in comparison with any man aboard a brig. Great Britain's Fisheries. A correspondent sends us the following:—The coasts of Great Britain, including the adjacent islands and North Sea, have for centuries furnished vast supplies of fine food fish. What the conditions would have been to-day had the same policy been pursued that obtains in this country—the wholesale slaughter of food fish and other game in season and out of season—it would not be difficult to conjecture. I will now quote from reliable statistics as to the quantity of fish brought in to some of the English markets; time and space would not permit of my going over the ground fully. We will take Billingsgate fish market in the city of London, which has been devoted to the sale of fish alone for 200 years. The daily average is from 400 to 500 tons, from the lordly salmon down to the sprat. The bulk of these fish comes from the east coast and North Sea. During the herring season the daily average supply in the above market is 500 tons. In the season of 1888 from 500 to 700 tons of herring per day were shipped to the Billingsgate market alone. More than a quarter million tons of this fish are landed on the coasts of Great Britain, representing a money value of \$6,000,000. The Scotch fisheries are said to be the greatest in the world, employing 12,000 boats and 100,000 people. The chief kinds of fish are salmon, haddock, herring and ling. The quantity of haddock shipped to Billingsgate for curing is so large that the authorities have constructed a separate market for the handling of the same. I have not mentioned the Irish fisheries which are very extensive and only need capital to further develop them. I mentioned Billingsgate as being the oldest and leading market in this particular line; but, as many of your readers will know, it does not represent the entire country. Every large town possesses a fish market, and many of them two or more, where the fish are disposed of to the fishmongers, who supply the public. The city of Liverpool has built a second market to meet the increased demands of the trade; her supplies are drawn from Scotland and Ireland chiefly. Every variety of fish in season can be purchased in all these markets at very moderate prices. Shellfish I have not mentioned. I do not wish to trespass further on your valuable space. I have endeavored to prove that the fisheries of Great Britain are not quite exhausted. Do Heads Grow With Age? Some amusing letters have appeared in a daily contemporary in regard to an alleged steady increase in the size of Mr. Gladstone's head, which, it is said, is rendered manifest by a progressive enlargement in the size of the hat required to cover it. The correspondence exhibits an extraordinary ignorance of well-ascertained facts; for, if there is one thing which would be acknowledged by all anatomists and physiologists, it is that the nervous system, like other parts of the body, undergoes atrophy with advancing age—an atrophy that pervades every tissue, and is as apparent in the thinning of the vocal chords that alters the voice to "childish treble," as in the shrunk shanks for which the "youthful hose, well saved, are a world too wide." No reason can be assigned why the brain should escape the general change that affects the digestive and the circulatory systems alike. Its attributes and faculties attain their highest excellence at or before middle-age, and from that time forth exhibit only a steady decline. To compare Mr. Gladstone with Napoleon, respecting whom a similar story is related, is absurd. The head of Napoleon may have grown between twenty and forty-five, because his brain was greatly exercised during the last ten years of the past century and the first ten of the present; but no calls have been made on Mr. Gladstone of late years at all comparable to the strain on the mental and bodily powers of the French Emperor during that eventful period. The ossification of the sutures of the cranium practically prevents increase of the volume of the brain in advanced life; and even granting some slight increase, such increase would be compensated for by the attenuation of the cranial bones which is well known to occur in old age. A change in form there may be, but none in size.—The Lancet. Water in Sleeping Rooms. Fresh cold water is a powerful absorbent of gases. A bowl of water placed under the bed of the sick room and frequently changed is among the valuable aids in purifying the air. The room in which the London aldermen sit is purified by open vessels of water placed in different parts of the room. It can be easily inferred from this that water standing for any length of time in a close room is unfit for drinking. Experiments of this kind are not costly. It has frequently been observed that restless and troubled sleep has been corrected easily by placing an open vessel of water near the head of the bed.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The greatest luxury a man can allow himself is marriage. Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume. Distrust a woman who speaks of her virtue. A great writer does not reveal himself here and there, but everywhere. To learn to die is better than to study the ways of dying. Why should sorrow be eternal? Men surely weary of pleasure, why should they not weary of sorrow? By being contemptible, we set men's minds to the tune of contempt. That even a woman should be faultless... is an arrangement not permitted by nature, which assigns to us mental defects, as it awards to us headaches, illnesses, or death. He is best served who has no occasion to put the hand of others at the end of his arm. We mingle in society, not so much to meet others as to escape ourselves. Self is the great anti-Christ and anti-God in the world, that sets itself up above all else. Society is the master, and man the servant. Tolerance does not mark the progress of religion. It is the fatal sign of its decline. To-morrow is a satire on to-day, and shows its weakness. Illusion is brief; but repentance is long. When one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting. Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite with the finite. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. A beloved face cannot grow ugly, because not flesh and complexion, but expression, created love. Opportunity has hair in front, but behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again. Passion is always suffering even when gratified. Absence in its anxious longing and sense of vacancy is a foretaste of death. The finest day of life is that on which one quits it. It is true that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never. Moral supremacy is the only one which leaves monuments, not ruins, behind it. Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought. Troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing. Men are women's plaything; women are the devil's. He has half the deed done who has made a beginning. PERILS OF THE SEA. Fishermen Adrift on the Banks—A Schooner Sinks in Five Minutes. CANNO, Nova Scotia, May 15.—The Captain and crew of the schooner Ossipee of Gloucester, which was wrecked off Isaac's Harbor on Tuesday night, reached here on the steamer Princess Beatrice. The Captain reports that the vessel struck during a dense fog and sank in less than five minutes. The crew with difficulty saved their lives. The Ossipee was bound to Cape North for fish. Accidents among the fishing fleet on the Banks are reported. A dory which had strayed from the Hattie E. Wooster of Gloucester on Middle Bank on the 5th inst. reached here yesterday. It contained Alfred Cameron and Fred Walsh. The men had drifted about in the fog, cold, wet and hungry, for three days. Later in the day another dory belonging to the schooner Marguerite of Gloucester found its way through the breakers to one of the outlying islands, and its occupants, Freeman Harkin and Ben Amio, were cared for by the fishermen there and were afterward brought to this place. They left their vessel on Quero on Tuesday morning to get their trawl. After securing a dory load of fish they started to return to the vessel, but soon found they were lost in the fog. They decided to row for land, and after being some sixty hours without food or fire reached here. And He was a Canadian. A pathetic story of disaster, tinged with horror and supreme heroism comes from Lake Erie. On the edge of the ice pack on the shore an upturned, water-logged and rapidly sinking boat, bearing a half-frozen, half-starved man, was picked up the other day. He had been in the ice and water for days, and was so nearly dead that his recovery will be attended by the loss of some of his frozen limbs. When he set out on the treacherous water he had a companion, who hailed from Simcoe. Their boat was overturned and they clambered on her bottom. For hours they clung there, hoping for rescue. They discovered that their joint weight was too great for the water-logged boat. If both remained by her, both would die when she went down. One might stand a chance of being saved. The other man coolly and calmly looked the situation in the face. "I have no relatives dependent on me, no one to mourn for me," he said at last, "while you have a mother and sister who look to you for support. Good-bye, old fellow, I'm going to meet my Creator." Then, with a silent prayer, he slid into the chill waters and disappeared forever. There was heroism of the highest type—the heroism of sacrifice. Born With Teeth. The old story of Richard III. of England having been born with teeth has been revived by the recent birth of a child to parents of German origin in Quitman, Georgia, which possesses a complete set. They are well formed, milk white teeth, but show signs of softening already and early decay, and are so closely crowded together as to make the child's mouth almost a deformity and only to be shut with difficulty.