

"Where the Apple Reddens."

Her hair was wind-blown; her hat, turned down and shading her bright face, was of white calico and belonged properly to a young brother. Her pink cotton dress had paid repeated visits to the wash tub, and to the critical eye, was nearing the period when yet another tubbing would be advisable. She would have said she was horribly untidy—not fit to be seen; in fact, she said it.

He considered, and rightly, that she was so exceptionally blessed as to look delicious in anything, and he very wisely put that also into words.

"That's very prettily said," she laughed. "No—don't go on. I am not such a hoyden but that I know the correct and only answer. I only like"—she molded her mouth, her distracting mouth, to pensiveness—"compliments that might be true."

"Mine all are, when addressed to you," he hastened to declare. "Then they are more like bare statements of facts than compliments, aren't they?" she smiled up at him, "and not specially to your credit."

"Greatly to yours," he insisted, "since your charms leave no margin for embellishment."

"Oh, that is sweetly said!" she cried. "Don't please, say any more, for you cannot better that."

"But I can't stand, mum," he objected.

"You can sit in silence, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Last night, at dinner, at your lady-love's side, I was watching you—being opposite and with no one but a brother to speak to myself, I could not help it. And you neither of you spoke—at any rate, you didn't. So you see what you can do if you try."

"It was she—who had been trying," he said, in mournfulness.

"Had she? Poor you—she looks a little like that." She pulled herself up with a pretty affectation of alarm. "What am I saying? Oh, I beg your pardon! She looks as nice as can be—she can be. It was you who looked put out."

"I had a reason to look it."

"No doubt—I mean she must have had some reason for letting you look it."

"She could not help being—"

"Poor thing—so weak? I mean, bound to such a tyrant?"

"I give her her own way in everything."

She flashed round on him with her most provoking smile.

"How horribly tame of you!" she said. "No wonder she has lost interest in her—your looks!"

"After all," he said, "I didn't follow you out here to talk of her."

"Well, then, suggest a topic—I'm only waiting."

While she still waited she looked up at the laden apple tree under which they stood. She seemed to be selecting, with the eye of a connoisseur, but it may have been the blue and white patches of cloud-flecked sky seen through the branches which held her attention. He gazed at her. He had been so gazing every available moment during the brief week he had known her, and always with the same sense of pleasure in the picture she made. It was true she was only the half-educated, untidy, pleasure-loving daughter (the adjectives had been supplied for him) of the improvident, comfortable farmhouse where he and his mother and the girl he was engaged to were staying as paying guests, but he saw no reason in this why he should not admire her for the qualities he did not need to have supplied for him.

"I came out meaning to pick—well, several, not hundreds quite of apples," said she, "and I don't reach one."

"There is something I might do for you," he said, seizing his opportunity, or trying to seize it. For, try as he would, neither could he reach an apple.

"I tell you what—that lowest branch there; it has four beauties on it. If you were to—"

She looked up at him, smiled, looked down again, pensively up at the coveted branch, with a sidelong glance like a flash at him, and then down once more. But she did not conclude her sentence.

"If you would let me—if you'd only let me lift you up," he said, suddenly inspired, "you could reach them yourself, couldn't you?"

"Ah! That would do it, wouldn't it? And I want them so!"

"Then I may."

"Certainly not! I'd rather—go without the apples!"

"I am much stronger," he said. "How if I seized you against your will?"

"Why, I couldn't help that, could I?" she asked. And the thing was done in less time than it takes to tell.

But she had only picked one apple, the nearest, when his lady-love's voice came to them through the trees, calling him by name. And there was a sharp note in her voice (like the taste of an unripe apple) which told them what she saw.

"If you put me down before I've picked the four I'll never forgive you," said the lady of the apples; so he held her till she had them all,

though the task was robbed of a full half of the delights he had anticipated.

"Now, she said, when she was on her feet again, 'go quickly. Oh, poor you.'"

"She'll cast me off," he said. "I should—if I were she!"

And then he turned in haste. "But, if she does, come back to me!" she called after him.

"Well—and what? Be quick!"

"And I'll give a bite of an apple—if there's any left!" she laughed.

The girl he was engaged to had seen it all, she said, and forthwith renounced her right to that connection, she seemed to have seen even more than all, considering what it amounted to, when she went over it in words. Low tastes and the society of the ill-bred, she told him, would be his ruin. Then she tossed him over to ruin, declaring she would have none of him.

"You are free," she said (by no means for the first time), "and I know exactly how you will use your freedom."

"I hope you'll have the opportunity of using yours as well," he said, stung into retort at last.

"I might have known!" she cried. "Oh, what I have been saved! Every fresh face—"

"So few faces are fresh," he said; and that was really unkind, for she had a fallow complexion.

"I am not going to argue it any more," she declared, having talked the subject bare. "Go!"

And he went. But he was a gentleman, and previous to going he had tried his best to soothe her annoyance, even to frankly owning that—from her point of view—she had cause for it. He had tried to close his ears to the echoing voice, his eyes to the laughing face, of the girl he had left under the apple trees. He did all he could to shut out the sweet, sudden vision of freedom, of release from a captivity which had always irked him. It was not his fault in the present that his past faults were accounted unparadonable. He only went when he was certain that he was powerless to rivet his chains.

He was not a poetical young man, but some verses the lady who had relinquished him was fond of quoting came to him as he wandered back to where the cause of the mischief (so he devoutly hoped) still awaited him. He waited, on his part, until he was quite certain that she was there, until he stood in front of her, and then he repeated a verse out loud:

"Where the apple tree reddens never pry—
Lest we lose our Eden, Eve and I."

"So, she has sent you adrift?" said the girl, seated under the apple tree. "But Eve's all right."

He lunged himself beside her.

"Eve's all right," he echoed.

"God bless her! You haven't finished the apples?"

"No—you're just in time. Here's a whole one left," and she passed it to him. "That's the prettiest side," she said, pointing; "you may bite it there."

"Really?"

"It seems a ceremony befitting the occasion," she said.

"There," he said, as he handed the bitten apple back to her. "But I knew what was good for me the moment I saw it, before I ate of the fruit."

"You are keeping very close to the original," she said.

"Eve is all right," he repeated.

"Dear, I love you! Am I?"

He bent towards her. They were so close under the shelter of the old apple tree that she could hear his heart beat; he could hear hers.

Her cheeks were redder than the apples, and there was a strange new note in her voice. "Wait," she said; "I thought I could deceive you, but I can't. I saw her there before I let you—seize me."

He did not speak.

"I know she does not love you; she almost said so. She said things about you to me she never could have said if she truly loved you. I believe she loves someone else better. I must not tell you why I think it, but I do."

Still he did not speak.

"I knew—I felt sure—that you did not properly love her."

She waited a moment. "Can you forgive me?" she asked, very softly.

"If love prompted you?"

"I suppose that was it," she admitted. "Love and apples."

THE SMALLEST LEGACY.

An inhabitant of Borsell, in Zealand, has inherited probably the smallest legacy on record, except, perhaps, the proverbial shilling. His son has died in the Dutch Indies, leaving behind him effects to the value of twenty-seven cents, to which the father is heir. The money is payable at Middleburg, and the man will have to walk ten Dutch leagues for it, losing also a day's work.

AN INCURABLE PLAGUE.

It is rather curious to learn that after all the expensive attempts to suppress the rabbit in Australia the plague is no nearer a cure than ever. The Premier of New South Wales has received a petition from pastoralists and others in the State urging that a committee should be appointed to consider remedies. They also suggest that a reward of \$250,000 should be offered for a means of combating the pest, and a sum of \$50,000 voted for practical experiments.

WM. CRAIG'S EXPERIENCE

THE LATE BODYGUARD OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

His Life in the British Army—Account of the Battle of Abu Klea.

After braving the perils of strenuous warfare in Africa, in a campaign which killed off about one-third of the army to which he belonged, William Craig, tall, stalwart, and soldierly, met his death in an ordinary trolley crash, which also came near ending the life of the President of the United States. The late secret service man and presidential bodyguard, whose remains were lately buried from his former home, had an interesting military record. Mr. Craig, who was a native of Glasgow served ten years in the Royal Horse Guards Blues, the crack English cavalry regiment, whose helmets, cuirasses, and high boots make a picturesque military feature of London life. As such he took part in 1885, in the determined but abortive expedition to relieve the British force under Gen. "Chinese" Gordon, besieged in Khartoum by the forces of the Mahdi. Some time ago Mr. Craig gave to a newspaper man the following account of his experiences on that expedition:

"In the movement that was started for the relief of Gordon forty-eight were taken from every cavalry regiment in the British army to help make up the relieving force, and I happened to be included in the quota from the Blues. We sailed from Portsmouth to Alexandria. At Assouan a camel corps was formed and we started to cover the 600 miles that lay by the desert route between us and Khartoum. With us we had the Scotch Fusiliers and the Grenadier Guards and some native troops, making our entire force

ABOUT 1,400 STRONG.

"After long and weary marching through the desert we at length sighted the enemy. It was at the approach of night that we first saw their cavalry on the hills. We formed a zereba—that is, an inclosure of waggons, camels, anything at all to furnish a shelter or breastwork. All night they kept shooting at us from the hills on either side, but they did little damage. Next morning, Feb. 14, 1885, we set out again. For part of the way our route lay through a ravine, where they harassed us from ambush. Every time a bullet dropped a man in our ranks we had to halt to pick him up, and for two hours we didn't fire a shot, so well were they concealed. It was a trying time.

"At length we approached the wells of Abu Klea, and now the enemy came bodily forth to head us off, determined that if we wanted water we should have to fight for it. We now had a good view of them. They are all tall men, the Soudanese. They wore loose or flowing white garments, sewn with colored patches that proclaimed them soldiers of the Mahdi, and they were armed with spears and large two handed swords, also firearms, including some rifles. For safety's sake we advanced slowly in a hollow square, four deep, a square of gray uniforms, dotted with officers in red. Col. Burnaby had charge of two sides of the square. In the centre were the camels and baggage. The camels were hard to manage. As we were moving along they suddenly backed, knocking the rear face of the square

OUT OF POSITION.

"Before the line could be reformed the Soudanese charged, coming on in three lines, horsemen first, foot next, making a rapid, desperate run to get at us. As they came on, our gatlings and rifles mowed them down in hundreds, piling up their bodies in front of the square. Only three of their horsemen reached the square alive, and these swept away to the left angle of the square, where the Sixteenth Lancers were, and where Col. Burnaby, who had issued from the square, was trying to reform the part that was broken. A big mounted warrior, one of the three survivors of the charge, dropped his reins on his horse's neck, grasped his great sword with both hands, and hewed at Burnaby, who was at the same time attacked by a spearman. The stroke of the sword brought the colonel from his saddle to the ground, but he gained his feet immediately and laid about him with his sword. A guardsman named Mackintosh rushed out to give him a hand, but he was cut to pieces in an instant. A number of the Soudanese actually burst into the square, fighting desperately, but our rear rank faced about and killed them all. We won the fight, which lasted about half an hour. We killed about 4,000 of the enemy. Such was the battle of Abu Klea.

"The day after Abu Klea we marched towards the Nile, beating back the enemy; but in a skirmish Gen. Stewart was wounded in the groin. Lord Charles Beresford declining to take command, it was given to Bascombe. We tried to storm a big village called Metemneh, but failed. Some of Gordon's boats came down the river from Khartoum and met us, but Gordon had promised the people there to remain with them, and remain he did. Beresford sent some armored boats up the river. We had to wait at Metemneh a month, and during that time

GORDON WAS KILLED.

"By this time, about the middle of March, we were within thirty-five

miles of Khartoum and only about 500 strong. We had built a fort at Metemneh, but decided we had best start back the way we had come. We heard that the Eighteenth Royal Irish were starting across the desert to help us out.

"The night before the return march I set out with Gen. Stewart and a company of about fifty men, stealing away at night so the enemy would not see us. The general, on whom an operation had been performed, died on the way. On account of the heat his corpse began almost immediately to decompose, so we buried it at a place called Jikdoul Wells. Then we waited for the main column, which had been again engaged by the enemy, and having lost all its camels, was returning on foot, and on foot we trudged back 450 miles, right down into Egypt.

"I served out my full time in the army, which I left Oct. 11.

A GIFT FROM CHARLES II.

Benefiting by the Gratitude of a King 250 Years Ago.

Because in September, 251 years ago, the Penderells of Boscobel in Staffordshire, England, saved the life of Charles Stuart, afterward Charles II., Thomas Walker, M. D., of St. John, N. B., gets £10 per annum. For he is a descendant of the Penderells.

The story of the King's stay at Boscobel is thus told by the historian, Hume:

"To this man (Penderell) Charles intrusted himself. The man had dignity of sentiment much above his condition; and though death was denounced against all who concealed the King, and a great reward promised to all who should betray him, he professed and maintained unshaken fidelity.

"He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honorable with himself, and, having clothed the King in a garb like their own, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting fagots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed on such homely fare as it afforded.

"For a better concealment he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent upon the search for the King, and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him.

"This tree was afterward denominated the Royal Oak, and for many years was regarded by the neighborhood with great veneration.

"Charles was in the middle of his kingdom, and could neither stay in his retreat nor stir from it without the most imminent danger. Fears, hopes and party zeal, interested multitudes to discover him, and even the smallest indiscretion of his friends might prove fatal.

Having found Lord Wilmot, who was skulking in the neighborhood, they agreed to put themselves into the hands of Col. Bentley, a zealous Royalist, who lived at Bentley, not many miles distant. The King's feet were so hurt by walking about in heavy boots or countryman's shoes, which did not fit him, that he was obliged to mount on horseback, and he traveled in this situation to Bentley, attended by the Penderells, who had been faithful to him."

After Charles became King, Farmer Penderell was suitably remembered. One of the estates which Charles granted afterward was made chargeable with a perpetual payment of £100 to each of the other four brothers, and £50 to a sister, Elizabeth Penderell, who shared the family secret.

Dr. Walker of St. John is a descendant of Elizabeth Penderell. There were five families descended from her, and the £50 was divided, so that the representative of each branch gets £10 a year.

A check for this amount, less a small commission, comes every spring to Dr. Walker from a solicitor at Lichfield, England. His father got it before him, and it will descend to his son.

Once, when in England, the doctor sought to learn whose estate was still paying so old an account, but the solicitor was abroad.

THE EFFECT OF PERFUMES.

French scientists have been making experiments in regard to the effect of certain perfumes on the voice. Many of the most successful teachers in singing have cautioned their pupils stringently against the use of perfumes or the proximity of odorous flowers. Some masters go so far as to forbid their pupils the use of any perfumes at all, and if one of them is detected wearing a bunch of violets the lesson is postponed. The perfume of the violet has been found by the use of the laryngoscope to be particularly injurious.

A LONG FENCE.

Lengthy as some of the cattle ranges of Texas are they will appear small when compared with the fence to be built at the joint expense of the Canadian and American Governments. This will be on the boundary line between Montana and Canada, and will be built of galvanized wire for seven hundred miles. The necessity for this huge undertaking arises in a peculiar way. Cattle from both countries stray across the boundary line, and are seized by Custom house officials on the ground that they have been smuggled.

SPIES IN BRITISH PRISONS

SOME REVELATIONS BY ONE OF THEM.

One of the Wardens Was a Go-Between—An Escape Nipped in the Bud.

There is something so ludicrous said an ex-prison spy, in the very thought of a man submitting to all indignities and miseries of a convict's life in order to earn a living that anyone may well be excused for doubting his existence. And yet there are many men, of whom I was one for some years, who spend half their time as convict-prisoners in order that they may be able to live the other half, says a writer in London Tit-Bits.

When, a good many years ago, I applied to the Prison Commissioner for employment and was asked if I would accept a temporary position on the secret staff, I confess I did not even know such a staff existed and when I was told that my duty would consist in playing the spy in a convict prison in the character of a prisoner, the prospect seemed so unattractive that, although I was almost starving, I felt tempted to refuse the offer point-blank.

But poverty is a cruel taskmaster, and I accepted the appointment and, in obedience to instructions, duly presented myself on the following day at a well-known prison where the Governor was clearly expecting me. He told me that for some time he had had reason to suspect that one of the warders was acting as a medium between one of the prisoners and his friends outside, and it would be my duty to discover the offending man. The method of doing this was left to myself; only I must, of course, submit for a time to pose as

AN ORDINARY CONVICT.

I was then taken away to a room where my hair was shorn, my moustache removed, and I was attired in convict garb. So complete was the metamorphosis that I looked the part of a convict to perfection. I was then led off to a cell, and when the lock was turned on me I realized that my prison life had really begun.

Of course, there was not a soul in the place, with the exception of the Governor, who even suspected that "No. 926," was not as much a criminal and convict as any other warder of the broad arrow, and I had to submit to the same discipline, work, and food as my fellows.

Not only this, but in my efforts to sound the different warders I got into serious trouble, and was cautioned, reported, and punished until it seemed likely that I should qualify as the most intractable of all the convicts. However, after much disheartening failure, I spotted my man at last. When I suggested vaguely that I had wealthy friends outside, he sternly ordered me to be silent and threatened to report me; but I thought I detected a sound of wavering, and when I casually produced a £5 note from my shoe and told him I had no use for it, he asked me straight out what I wanted.

After this it was easy enough to get him to forward a note to a certain address on the promise of another "five," and the trick was done. He was caught with my note in his pocket, and confessed later that it was he who had conveyed the suspected messages for another convict.

I was very pleased with my success, especially as other members of the secret staff had tried and failed, and I was not surprised when I was offered a permanent place on the staff with a principal warder's wages.

MY NEXT EXPERIENCE

was at Dartmoor, where there had been a number of attempted and concerted escapes, which it was my duty to put an end to by reporting any further escapes that were being planned. Here again I was fortunate, for I had not been there a fortnight when one of the quarry gang, a notorious burglar who was serving a life sentence, got into conversation with me and, after satisfying himself that I was "all right," told me of an ingenious plan he and a few others had made to escape under the shelter of the first fog or mist which so often envelops Dartmoor.

I need not enter into the details of the plan; suffice it to say that it was very clever and offered an excellent prospect of success. Of course, I affected to enter heartily into the scheme, and equally, of course, I put the authorities in possession of every detail of the plot, with the result that it was effectually nipped in the bud.

In another case I was able to prevent a murderous assault on a warder. But there is no need to describe my experiences and adventures further. I have, perhaps, told you sufficient to throw a little light on an almost unknown calling, which for downright unpleasantness it would be difficult to beat, and which I, for one, am glad to have left behind me for ever.

GREAT GAMBLERS.

In Europe and the New World the most inveterate gamblers are the Spaniards and their descendants. Among African tribes the Haussas run the Chinese very close; and there are some Kanaka tribes in the South Seas who push the hazard of gambling beyond the grave, and stake their very bones on a last throw of the cawrie shells, which they use as dice.