Beaver & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal.

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The Squire's Apples.

'Such pretty apples!' cried Linnet Dessoir, ecstatically. 'With red cheeks, just as if a fairy pencil had painted them, and delicious, bloomy streaks here and there! I should like to copy them on a plaque or a pannel or something, if only one could be sure of reproducing those delicate tints of rose and white!'

'Well, I declare!' said Rose Hebron, the country cousin, whom she was visiting, laughing with a merry, thrush-like laugh, as the two girls sat on a moss-enameled boulder under the boughs of the lady-apple-tree, with here and there a yellow leaf fluttering dreamily down at their feet. 'Who would dream of such a poetical description applying to the apples that grow in Squire Sandford's orchard?'

'Wasn't it good of him to allow us to gather them?' said Linnet, trimming the side-leaflets off a lovely branch of yellow golden rod.

'I shall not believe that they are absolutely ours though,' declared Rose, 'until I see them in the old apple-bin at home.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, Squire Cedric is eccentric!' Rose answered, carelessly.

'Cedric? Is that his name?'

'Yes. Isn't it an odd relic of the Saxton times?' laughed Rose.

'It's a very romantic name,' remarked Linnet, wrinkling her brows in pretty consideration of the epithet.

'He isn't romantic,' observed Rose.

'Isn't he? But why not?'

'He's so odd! Thirty, at least!' Rose responded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

'Horrid ogre!' said Linnet, who was in her seventeenth year. 'Come, Rosey, let's go home. I'm as hungry as a cannibal! Gathering apples is such hard work!'

She skipped ahead, with her yellow tresses floating behind, like stray strands of sunshine, and her white dress rustling over the drifts of perfumed leaves that carpeted the path.

Rose followed, with affectionate eyes of admiration.

'What is the difference between me and Linnet?' she asked herself. 'My dress is white also; my hair is as golden as hers. Why is it that she is like a dancing sprite—I, a plodding human being?'

Poor little Rosy! She did not realize that Linnet Dessoir had grown up in an altogether different atmosphere; that Linnet had unconsciously modeled her dress from the graceful robes which her father, the artist, kept to drape his lay-figures; that her eye had been trained, her taste cultured, in every possible point.

'He's only a poor struggling artist!' Farmer Hebron had been wont contemptously to observe, when he saw his brother-in-law's name among the lists specially-honored by the Academy of Design.

'He's a good fellow enough,' Eugene Dessoir airily remarked, when his agricultural connection happened to be mentioned. 'But he hasn't an idea beyond his own fat cattle! He don't live; he only vegetates!'

Linnet, however, the bright, motherless young beauty, was a great favorite of the kind hearted Hebrons; and when she had so enthusiastically admired the beautiful pink and white lady-apples on Squire Sandford's tree, Mr. Hebron had gone so far out of his way to ask the Squire for a barrel.

'Just to please the little girl,' said he. 'She thinks a deal of pretty things.'

'She is quite welcome,' said Squire Sandford, with formal politeness. 'If you will send a barrel to the tree tomorrow, Mr. Hebron, it shall be filled for your niece.'

And when the Squire said this he pictured in his mind's eye the aforesaid niece as a romp of eleven or twelve, with shingled hair, freckles and preternaturally long arms.

All night long Linnet Dessoir dreamed of the lady-apples, and when the sun rose, a sphere of rubied fire, above the eastern hills, she jumped out of bed and dressed herself with haste.

'I can't sleep another minute,' said she. 'It's just the very sort of morning to walk out across the woods and look at the lady-apple-tree, with the little spring gushing out so close to its roots, and the blue asters, and thickets of golden-rod, by the stone fence. I won't wake Rosy. Rosy was up late last night, putting labels on the quince jelly. I'll let her sleep, and go by myself.'

But Miss Hebron was no more of a laggard in the morning than was her city cousin. At seven precisely she knocked at Linnet's door, but the bird had flown.

'How provoking!' said Rose. 'But I'll follow her. She must have gone to try to make that sketch of the old mossy rock close to the lady-apple tree! I wonder if she knows that my father has pastured Ajax in the adjoining field?'

"Ajax" was a savage, beautiful bull, who was at once the pride and torment of Farmer Hebron, and a thrill of terror came into Rose's heart as she made all speed to follow the dewy track of Linnet's footsteps over the grass.

As she reached the belt of woods close to the apple orchard, she paused in dismay at the sound of a sweet, high-pitched voice.

'It's Linnet!' she involuntarily exclaimed. 'And she's scolding somebody. Dear me, whom can it be? Surely not Ajax!'

'You are a thief!' she could hear Linnet exclaim—'a robber! Let that barrel of apples alone, I say. I don't care whether you are Squire Sandford or not. The barrel of apples is mine!'

And as Rose drew near, she could see this dimpled young Amazon resolutely defending the barrel of apples, with her single strength, against Squire Sandford and his stoutest farm laborer.

She stood there, with one slight hand on the red-cheeked fruit, which was brimming over the barrel-hoops, and before her the tall Squire and his herculean aid-de-camp were helpless.

'If you will allow me to explain—' pacifically began the Squire.

'I will allow nothing!' declared Linnet. 'I repeat, these apples are mine! Touch them, at your peril!'

Thus far the young heroine was a conquerer. But alas! in that very moment of victory Nemesis was at hand. There was the dull sound of trampling hoofs, then a sullen bellow, and Ajax himself, bursting through a weak spot in the fence, was upon them.

Linnet Dessoir collapsed, so to speak, at once. She forgot her heroism, her dignity—everything but her danger, and flew for rescue, to Squire Sandford, shrieking:

'Save me! save me!'

The farm-hand dogged behind the wagon; but Squire Sanford never quailed, but held her resolutely in his arms.

'Do not be afraid,' he said, almost as if he had been speaking to a frightened child. 'Nothing shall harm you, little one!'

For an instant things looked very black; then SquireSandford spoke gently once more.

'Do not hold my arm so tightly,' said he, 'Let me get at my revolver. I must shoot the brute! No, don't be so terrified. Do not you hear me say that nothing should harm you?'

And then the problem resolved itself, as problems often do. Ajax, butting his huge head against the barrel of lady-apples, sent them rolling in all directions, and caught his horns in the barrel itself, effectually blinding him. He set off at a wild gallop down the hill, bellowing as he went, and there he met his fate in the shape of two or three men with a running noose of rope and a good stout chain.

'Hello, pet!' shouted Farmer Hebron's voice. 'What's the matter? She hasn't fainted, has she, Squire?'

And Linnet, realizing that she was safe, blushingly withdrew from Mr. Sandford's sheltering arms, and ran to her uncle.

'I am so much obliged to you, sir,' she whispered. 'And please—please don't mind what I said about the apples. You are quite welcome to them.'

'Hey? Apples!' said Mr. Hebron. 'Why Linnet, didn't you know that I carted the barrel of apples that the Squire gave you home last night.'

Linnet grew crimson all over, and fled to Rose's faithful breast for consolation.

'I—I shall never dare to look that man in the face again,' she bewailed herself. 'Oh, dear—oh, dear, what must he have thought of me!'

But of course Mr. Sandford considered it only right and proper to call that evening, and inquire how Miss Dessoir found herself; and really the meeting was not half as embarassing as Linnet had fancied it would be.

They had a good laugh about Ajax and the apples; and Linnet confessed how dreadfully frightened she had been.

'And with reason,' said Squire Sandford. 'There was a second or two in which we were in very serious danger.'

'But you will forgive me about the apples?' said Linnet, with pretty, coaxing earnestness

'Oh, yes, I will forgive you about the apples!' Squire Sandford laughingly returned.

And in that moment Linnet thought what a very pretty color his eyes were, and decided that he couldn't possibly be thirty years old.

* * * * * *

'Isn't it strange,' said Rose Hebron, 'that we have lived neighbor to Squire Sandford all these years, and he has never been more than ordinary polite to me? And here comes Linnet, and quarrels with him at five minutes' notice, and calls him all sorts of names, and now they are engaged to be married, and I am to be the bridesmaid.'

'Not at all strange!' said Miss Dessoir. 'To me it seems as nice and natural as possible. But you are mistaken about his age, Rosy. He is only twenty-nine. And if he were a hundred and twenty-nine, I should love him all the same.'

'Of course,' said Rose; 'that is what all engaged girls say.'

Dickens' Kittens.

Charles Dickens, the great novelist, once had a cat which he christened with the German name of Williamina. This cat ingratiated herself into favor with every one in the house, but she was particularly devoted to the master. Charles Dicken's daughter tells us that once after a family of kittens had been born, Williamina took a fancy that she and her family would live in the novelist's study. So she brought them up, one by one, from the kitchen floor, where a comfortable bed had been provided for them, and deposited them in the corner of the study. They were taken down stairs by order of the master, who said he really could not allow the kittens to be in his room. Williamina tried again, but again with the same result. But when, the third time, she carried a kitten up the stairs into the hall, and from there to the study window, jumping in with it in her mouth, and laying it at her master's feet, until the whole family were at last before him, and she herself sat down beside them and gave him an imploring look, he could resist no longer, and Williamina carried the day.

As the kittens grew up they became very rampagious, and swarmed up the curtains and played on the writing-table, and scampered among the bookshelves, and made such a noise as was never heard in the study before. But the same spirit which influenced the whole house must have been brought to bear upon those noisy little creatures to keep them still and quiet when necessary, for they were never complained of, and they were never turned out of the study until the time came for giving them away and finding good homes for them.

One kitten was kept, and, being a very exceptional cat, deserves to be specially mentioned. Being deaf he had no name given him, but was called by the servants 'the master's cat,' in consequence of his devotion to him. He was always with his master, and used to follow him about the garden and sit with him while he was writing. One evening they were left together, the ladies of the house having gone to a ball in the neighborhood. Charles Dickens was reading at a small table, on which a lighted candle was placed, when suddenly the candle went out. He was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, gave a pat to the cat, who he noticed was looking up at him with a most pathetic expression, and went on with his reading. A few minutes afterwards, the light getting dim, he looked up and was in time to see puss deliberately put out the candle with his paw, and then gaze again appealingly at his master. This second appeal was understood, and had the desired effect. The book was shut, and puss was made a fuss with and amused till bed-time.

The World's Largest Barn.

The Union Cattle Company, of Cheyenne, has a cattle barn located eight miles from Omaha, which is the largest structure of the kind in the world. It was commenced in April, 1885, and $125,000 has been expended upon it. There are accommodations for 3750 head of cattle, and the original design to provide for 8,000 head will probably be carried out during the present year. The building is 400 by 600 feet, covering five acres, and in it the cattle are fattened for market. So complete are the arrangements for feeding that one man can attend to it. All that he has to do is to turn the faucet, and the cooked meal, forced to large tanks above the barn, passes to the feeding trough in front of each animal. Forty-five men do all the work, making one man for every 200 head of cattle. It requires about 1,000 bushels of meal for each day's feeding, in addition to the hay from the prairie, which costs $4 a ton. There is a regular system of water works, and with it the flooring is cleaned up twice a day, requiring only seven men to do this part of the daily labor. The Union Cattle Company was incorporated about seventeen years ago. The men who compose it began on a small scale years ago, with a very little capital, too. They now have 80,000 head of cattle on the range, and have $3,000,000 invested in the business. The stock consists of Herefords, Shorthorns and Durhams, and is continually improving by the introduction of the finest animals in the market. They are kept on the ranges in Wyoming and Montana till they are about three or four years old, when they are brought to the barn for fattening, which requires about four months.

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WHERE THE LEECHES COME FROM AND WHAT IS DONE WITH THEM.

A Cincinnati Barber who Imports and Sells the Leeches.

'Screaming Isaac! What's that?' shrieked the reporter of the Cincinnati *Sun*, jumping from a barber's chair on West Sixth street, as the proprietor, Peter Muschler, unscrewed the lid of a heavy air-tight and mysterious box, and disclosed 2,000 greasy, wiggling, villainous worms, pulling themselves out about four inches and bowing to the half-dozen customers on the opposite chairs.

'Oh, come back,' said the barber, reassuringly. 'Nothing but leeches I have just imported from Sweden. Perfectly harmless sir. I have been importing leeches for many years, and am the only importer this side of New York. The use of leeches in Europe is very common—much more so than in this country. People over there only die happy when they have a leech on their bodies. The worms are found in a composition of wood and vegetable matter known as 'turf,' which is used as a substitute for coal by the poor of Europe. They are shipped to me in small boxes of their native element, about 2,000 in each consignment. I get four boxes every year now, though I used to sell 10 000 and 12,000 leeches in Cincinnati annually. Who are my customers? Oh, everybody; but principally physicians and oculists. The drug stores buy a great many, and I have a good trade with the hospitals. I also sell to a few barber shops in the city.

'The eye doctors use leeches for weak and inflamed eyes. You see, the worm sucks the surplus blood around the eye and removes the cause of inflamation. Persons afflicted with neuralgia find a leech a good remedy. Every day I make sales to families whose names are not disclosed. You would be astonished to see a printed list of the people who keep leeches in their families, and who don't want anybody to know it. What do they cost to import? Well, that is one of the secrets of the trade. I retail them at $10 per hundred, or $1.50 a dozen. Of course, when a customer calls for one only I charge him a quarter. A leech, you see, is a little like a toothbrush—everybody wants one of his own. Indeed, it is not considered safe to use a leech twice, because the impure blood they draw from their subjects impregnates their system and they would likely communicate poison. Hence they are killed as soon as their work is done. You wonder how much blood they drink? Well it varies with the size of the leech. But I should say two ounces at least. Won't you examine one closer?'

Here the barber reached down into the hatful of kicking worms, selected a specimen, and seizing it by the tail, though it seemed to be all tail, held it up to the light. It was then seen to have ten eyes no legs and possessed more belts and rings than the planet Saturn. It had a bad mouth for blood, while the hungry expression in its eyes gave way to pity and condolence at the guant and pallid face of the newsman. The nasty little fellow was then carefully gathered up and shoved into the box, while the barber concluded with the following wise observation: 'The custom of bleeding by means of leeches was known and practiced extensively by the ancients, and prevails largely in Europe and eastern countries even at the present time. Their utility in this country, however, has been largely supplanted by artificial leeches and cupping, which is generally preferred, especially by women, who almost go into hysterics at the sight of a real, live leech.'

Weeping at the Panorama.

Among the crowd present at the battle panorama the other evening was a boy about fifteen years of age. He had been gazing around him for about fifteen minutes, when he began to weep. The fact was noticed, and directy a gentleman said:

'Ah, poor lad! This painting revives some episode of grief in his life. My boy, why do you weep?'

''Ca-ca-cause, sir!" was the broken reply as his tears fell faster.

'Does the sight of this battle move you?'

'Y-yes.'

'Did your father lay down his life on this field?'

'No.'

'But you lost a relative of some sort?'

'Not—not that I know of.'

'Then it must be those bloody scenes that overcome you poor child.'

'N-no, sir. I come in here on the money which dad gave me to buy molasses with and it has just struck me that the whole Union army can't stop him from giving me a bimawful whalin' when I git home. I reckon that feller over there on a stretcher is me—after dad gits through bringin' up his reserves.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Better than the Quane.

'Ma-a-tchis? missis, ma-a-tchis! Three for five, ma-atchis?' cried a thin child's voice. The voice belonged to a girl less than a yard high, who had big, pleading blue eyes and a pert mouth. The street was crowded with people, some of them out to show their fine clothes, but most of them to do Christmas shopping. The blue-eyed child persistently offered her wares to a man who was walking with a very stylishly-dressed young lady.

'Go away!' said the man in a gruff tone.

'Ah, the poor little thing,' cried the young woman. 'Why don't you buy some of her matches, Fred? I'll do it myself. Here, little girl,' opening a sealskin reticule and fishing out some coins with her daintily gloved hand. 'She's very neatly clad and looks as though she had a good mother. I just believe I'll make her a present,' and, suiting the action to the word, she opened her fur coat and unfastened a knot of bright cherry ribbon that caught up a loop in her silk dress. Then she quickly pinned the knot on the child's grey hood, and patting the pink cheek, turned away.

'What in the world made you do that?' demanded the man, evidently much annoyed.

'Oh, why, it will please the poor mother so to think that some one has noticed her sweet-faced child,' was the young lady's reply, and the two went down the street.

A tall, red-faced Irishman had been standing on the curb, watching the performances with keen interest.

'The young lady is better nor the Quane of England,' he remarked, looking after the couple. 'Be the power, Oi could go down on my knase and worship a beautiful craythur loike that, as isn't ashamed to do a koind act to the poor with her own swate hands."

The Fastest Shave on Record.

'Talking about quick shaves,' said a passenger on a Rock Island suburban train, 'I came down to the depot the other day just four minutes before train time. I ran into that shop across the way, kept by Mrs. Whatshername, and said: 'Gimme a three-minute shave.' 'All right,' said she; sit down.' And I'll be darned if she didn't go over my face in good shape in just three minutes by the watch, and I got brushed off and caught my train nicely.'

This stirred up the story-tellers. One man had been shaved in two minutes, another in a minute and a half and so on.

'Just wait till you hear from me,' said a low-browed, tough-looking passenger. 'For seven years I shaved in a shop where one barber run the razor over an average of sixty faces an hour. What do you think of that?'

'Impossible,' exclaimed several listeners in chorus.

'No, it isn't impossible,' continued the low-browed man. 'This barber didn't do anything but use his razor. The men lathered their own faces while waiting their turn, and a boy handed him freshly honed razors. Seven or eight slashes was a shave, and the customers wiped their own faces after leaving the chair.'

'How much did the barber charge a head?'

'Nothing; and he got no wages. He was the barber in Jeffersonville Prison.'

VANDERBILT AND GARRETT.

An Eye-Witness' Account of What Transpired Between the Old Giants.

A Western Marylander, an intimate friend of the late John W. Garret, related to me the other day the circumstances of the first meeting between Mr. Garrett and Commodore Vanderbilt, the pioneers in that railroad world in which their sons have since become kings. Mr. Garrett related the interview to my friend a few days after its occurrence.

The president of the Baltimore and Ohio called upon the old commodore just after Bob Garrett had graduated from Princeton College in 1867. Bob and Harrison were with their father at the time, and when they were ushered into the presence of the commodore the two boys took themselves to an obscure corner of the room. Mr. Vanderbilt's greeting was:

'Garrett, you have run that B. and O. d——d well.'

Such words from the lips of such a clerical-looking gentleman as Mr. Vanderbilt astounded Mr. Garrett who admitted his success, but modestly attributed it to the board of directors rather than to any ability of his own.

'The directors be d——d,' sharply interrupted the clerical-looking old commodore; 'they are the most intolerable nuisances outside of h—.'

Bob and Harry snickered so loudly at this that Vanderbilt looked at them, seemingly surprised at their presence. 'Who are these youngsters?' he inquired of his guest. Mr. Garrett introduced them as his sons.

'Look here,' he continued, 'if you want to make men out of them take some advice from me. Put them at the hardest work you can scrape up in your office and keep them at it all the time. Marry them as quickly as you can and make them support their wives and family without any help from you.' Mr. Garrett and the old commodore never met again.

'Bob' has become the successor of his father, and it was at his feet that the son and successor of the man who told his father how to raise him fell dead.'

A Drummer's Luck.

Charlie Baker is a traveler out of Philadelphia and a very good man, but sometimes he runs up against somebody who is one too much for Charlie. He tells this one on himself:

'You see,' he said, in reply to a question for particulars, 'it was this way. I was at a hotel table not long ago, and when the waiter came around for my order I rushed through the ram, lamb, sheep or mutton part, and wound up by calling for a five dollar bill, expecting to throw the hash producer clear over on to his bean ends, but he never smiled and only said 'yes sah,' and went to the kitchen. In a few minutes he returned with my order and on a nice silver dish was a bran new five dollar bill. I thought it was a job on me of some kind and in my coolest manner I stuck it in my pocket and went ahead to demolish the viands. I had been in the hotel a couple of days and was to leave that afternoon. So right after dinner I went to the clerk for my bill and to order my baggage down.

'What's the bill?' I asked.

'Two days at $2 a day is $4,' replied the clerk, 'bath 25 cents, one five dollar bill, $5.50; $9.75 in all.'

'What do you mean by charging a half dollar extra for that $5 bill?' I exclaimed angrily.

'Didn't you order it at dinner?'

'Of course I did.'

'It wasn't on the bill of fare, was it?'

'I didn't see it there.'

'But you did see there a note which read: All dishes ordered not on the bill of fare will be charged extra,' did you not?'

'That broke my heart,' continued Charlie. 'I hadn't a word to say nor a thing to do but pay the extra half dollar and lay for that waiter, and I'm laying for them you bet.'—*Merchant Traveler.*

TO PRESERVE THE FORESTS.

Dangers Attending the Present Wholesale Slaughter of Trees Exposed.

A meeting was held last week at the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, No. 1300 Locust street, Philadelphia, 'to expose the dangers attending the present destruction of forests and in the hope of arousing a general interest in forestry in Pennsylvania.' Clayton McMichael presided and Professor J. T. Rothrock delivered the first address. He called especial attention to the slaughter of the Western forests. 'Why,' said he, 'they cut the trees for their bark only and then let them rot. Thus does a conflagration spread when a fire takes place. Others are felled, one or two railroad ties taken and the rest left to rot as before. It takes forty years to grow a tree properly.'

Professor Edmund J. James read a paper, in which he said: 'Everything—fish, game, coasting trade and manufactures—is protected, except the forests. Whenever it appears that the interest of the community is likely to suffer the State has interfered. We must now begin to pay attention to forest culture and forest protection, which are more important than any of the others. We can import lumber, but climate and rainfall, so dependent on timber, we cannot. We must have, first, government protection by law; second, special individual action. We must have State forests, under the control and management of the State; offer premiums and institute professorships among the farmers and others.' Professor B. E. Fernon, Chief of the Forestry Division Department of Agriculture, Washington, showed clearly the necessity for action in the matter and dilated upon the difference on this side of the Anlantic and the other, where special government attention is given to forest culture.

Dr. J. M. Anders followed in an instructive and forcible appeal, the character of his audience 'being a guarantee of the earnestness and power of those interested in the movement.'

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.