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Lancaster Intelligencer.
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1880.

Apple Blossoms.
BY E. L. OGDEN.
Christian Union.

One Monday morning in May when Mr.
Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush,
entered his office he found on his desk a
bunch of fragrant white flowers with that
delicate flush at the heart that makes ap-
ple blossoms so irresistible.
"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk ex-
plained. "I spent Sunday in the country,
and brought these down, thinking you
might like to see some."
Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted
up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr.
Clark," he said. "Get some water, will
you, John? We must keep them as fresh
as possible. I shall want to take some
home to my wife to-night. There, that
looks quite country like, doesn't it,
Clark?" arranging the blossoms to ad-
vantage against the law books and falling
back a little to look at the effect.
Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to
work at his law cases. But something
was the matter with him. His thoughts
would go wandering off to the green
meadow by the side of the river where
Clark told him he had broken the fragrant
branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether
it is anything like that meadow where—
psaw! what am I thinking of! In a case
of ejection—wonder if I could sing 'An-
nie Laurie' used to know that tune."
And he hummed and whistled and sang
"Garden me her promise true."
Just as the door was thrown violently open
and John Edson, the most quarrelsome
man in New York, as his friends and en-
emies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?"
asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer him a
seat.

"Matter? Matter enough sir! But if he
thinks I'm going to be robbed by his
knavery he'll find himself very
much mistaken! My brother, sir, my
brother—let me tell you, sir—I'm trying
to cheat me out of my share of my paternal
property. I want you to take steps
immediately to stop his proceeding. He
threatens to bring in a bill against the
estate that will swallow up every cent—but
what's that? Apple blossoms! Where
did you get those apple blossoms?—
"Mr. Clark brought them down this
morning. Sweet, though rather out of
place in a lawyer's office, don't you
think?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edson,
thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and
smelling the fragrant things. "Where
did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Con-
necticut. Clark is from the country, you
know, and I should think from his descrip-
tions it's quite a pretty place. Green
meadows and river, you know, and all that
sort of thing. But what do you want me
to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr.
Edson, impatiently. "Lawyers are
always in such a hurry."
Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows but
made no verbal answer to this rather in-
consistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned
back in his chair and looked at the apple
blossoms. In a minute he started up and
brushed his hand across his forehead, sir—
"It makes me think of old times," he
said. "I nearly broke my neck once
climbing an old apple tree for blossoms
like that to give Lucy Baird, the prettiest
girl in school. I fell from the top branch
and my brother—I never had but one, sir—
picked me up and carried me home. He
was real good to me all the long time I
was sick, too. I think he'd have died for
me then, and just to think that now we
should be quarreling over a few hundred
dollars! Castor, you need do nothing
about this matter—just yet, at least. I—
I guess I'll go see him. And say to your
shyly—"you couldn't spare me a little
twig with a few of those blossoms on it,
could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch
and handed it to him, but he watched Mr.
Edson's departure with a comical smile on
his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing said
work in this office," he said laughingly to
Clark. "I've had one or two pressing cases
through them already, and as for keeping
my own mind on anything legal it's an utter
impossibility. It's evident to my mind
that law and flowers were never meant to
go together. I think I'll take them home
to my wife before they do any more mis-
chief."

But as he turned to go out of the office
door he saw the office boy eying his bunch
wistfully.

"Here, John, would you like a spray?"
he asked Edson, who was leaning against
the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips
he tossed him one. Then he ran down the
office-steps humming again the tune that
had haunted him that morning. He looked
so pleasant as he stood at the street cor-
ner waiting for his car that a ragged little
girl who saw him ventured to ask him—
"Please, mister, what is them posies?"
"Apple blossoms."
"Does they grow on trees that has ap-
ples on?"

"Oh my? wouldn't I like to see 'em
once? Say, mister, would you give me a
little one?"

"Yes, here, child," breaking off an-
other little branch and giving it to her.
He watched her from the car window as she
off her old hat and stow away her treasure
in it, and then, clasping it close to her
breast, set off on a run down toward the
lower part of the city.

When he reached his home and gave the
branch to his wife he faded, peevish face
relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet
as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How
beautiful they are! Do you remember,
Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gather-
ed thirty years ago?" and in another min-
ute he and she together were recalling old
times and associations, until the years
that lay between their apple blossom times
and now had dropped away, and the light
and glory of past days once more shed it
self upon the gray hairs of the husband
and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on
for quite a little way till she came to
one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded
with tenement houses and steaming with
horrible odors in the warm May sunshine.
She entered one of these tenement houses
and ran lightly up the steps to her especial
domain, a little room where, besides her-
self, only Biddy MaCarthy with her hus-
band and baby lived. Biddy was sitting
near the window rocking the baby in her
arms when the child entered.

"Whist, Meg!" the baby's awful
sick!"

"Don't he get any better, Biddy?"
asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he don't. Oh, if I only had him
here in the green fields of old Ireland
he'd be well entirely! but how can he
breathe in this stifling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've
got." And Meg took off her hat and
showed the precious spray of apple blossoms.
"Do ye think that came from the
green fields ye spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight.
"Oh, the pretty things!" she exclaimed.
"E's just the picture of those I've seen
many's the time growing in the orchards
in the old country. Let me take it,
Meg."

She held it close to her face and drank
in the fresh, sweet perfume eagerly. Then
she put it down to the baby, and he feebly
smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the
swate things! He'll get better now.
Take it away and put it in water, Meg, and
set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an
empty glass of water, into
which she stuck the precious twig. Then
she sat down to look at it and listen to
Biddy's tales of the "old country," till
night came, and she had to go to bed, but
she slept with one hand on the bottle in
which her treasure was.

About midnight she was roused from
strange dreams of great forests of beauti-
ful posies like hers by a shrill cry of terror
and agony.

She started up calling "Biddy! Biddy!
what is it?" and was answered by the cry,
"Oh, my baby, my baby! My baby's
dead!" and the low moan of anguish from
the stricken mother. She did the best she
could to comfort her, but what could a
child do for a broken heart?

The next day the body was ready for the
funeral. The mother sat on the floor be-
side the little pine coffin in stony despair
when Meg crept up softly and laid her
cherished branch, now reduced to two
faded blossoms and one just bursting pink
bud, in the baby's hand. Biddy looked
up and said, "God bless you,
Meg," she sobbed. "Shure, there's lots of
blossoms where he is now, the darlint,
but it's I that's glad to see these pretty
posies in his little hand. Oh, my baby!
my baby!"

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to
his brother's office and entered with a
little hesitation. The brother, a man older
than Edson, with one of those stern, self-
repressed faces which say as plainly as
words could, "I've had a hard life and I
don't care a cent about you. I'll have
what I can get, whether you suffer or not,"
started as Edson came in. His eyes rested
an instant longingly on the apple-blos-
soms; but the next moment he drew back,
asking, coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, linger-
ing the flowers awkwardly, "I came to see
about that matter—that property, you
know. It's a pity we should quarrel
about it and—and—well, I don't care.
You're the oldest and had the hardest
run of us always, and I guess likely there was
fully my share spent on me when I was in
college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do
whatever you say if you'll speak to your
lawyer and send him up to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the
younger Edson, looking down, saw his
brother put his hand to his throat as if he
were choking. The next moment the
elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his
brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but
—but I want the money, I—well, I
had some associations with it."
The younger brother started. Associa-
tions? What associations of pleasure could
George have with the old place? There
were none, there could be none except
those with Lucy Baird, who had been for
one short year his own wife, now laid
away in Greenwood. He sprang forward,
"George, did you care for her? You could
have won her if you had tried, and you
knew it. She cared for me first because I
was your brother. Did—do you mean to
say you gave up the chance of winning
her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might
as well have been a couple of Frenchmen
meeting after a long separation. The elder
was the first to recover himself.

"There, there John," he said, in exactly
the same way he used to speak when they
were boys together, "I've been hard, but
you see I never had a wife to soften me,
and I intended to pay you your share
of the property at first, but—well, it's no
use talking it over. Of course you didn't
know, but I kept thinking you might have
known if you wanted to. But there,
never mind that now. Did you know that
Midland bonds are going up? I'll make a
good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, open-
ing the door, but I'll see you again.
Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered his brother, heartily,
and with a cordial hand-shake they parted.

The younger brother went straight
home and put the precious branch of apple
blossoms, which had been a divining-rod
to him, showing him where the richest
treasure of a brother's love lay hidden,
into a glass and set it where he could see
it often. The elder as he turned to his desk
saw the first of the insects upon the floor.
He hesitated a moment, and then stooped
and quickly gathering them up laid them
reverently in his pocketbook.

Stand by the Sparrows.
A writer in a New York magazine—evi-
dently one of the very knowing fellows who
are always teaching the farmer and others
things of which they themselves are pro-
foundly ignorant—informs us that while
the house sparrow is especially adapted to
the cities in eating up all the insects upon
the ornamental trees, they won't do at all
in the country, as fruit-growers well know,
who badly want the law repealed in order
that these fruit-destroyers may be ex-
terminated by the shot-gun, &c. Of course
they will have no objection to insects in the
country—their nature change as soon as
they leave the city—and they live altogether
upon the fruits of the garden! Probably
we know as much about this sparrow as
those who so laudably write about them,
and we can say and repeat that though
they are always present in our own gar-
den, among the fruit at all stages, yet
with the most careful observing we have
never seen or known them to touch any
kind of fruit whatever. They eat insects
only, and they are the most industrious
and efficient insect-destroyers we have—
better than any native bird. It is true,
as we have said more than once already,
that before the appearance of insects they
will subsist upon vegetable matter and this
food may be the blades of grass, any win-
ter garden crop, the tender foliage upon
trees, &c., but that the extent of their
offending. The charge that they some-
times eat the young fruit-buds is not sus-
tained. They might do so if there was
nothing they liked better, and this is the
first sprout of the leaf, which makes its
appearance before the bloom, when vegeta-
ble matter is very scarce. Pear blossoms
are among the first to make their appear-
ance, and our crop last year after a very
severe winter, was the most abundant and
finest we ever saw, probably from the fact
that the sparrow completely cleared the
early buds from the many insects which
are invariably to be found about them.

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in Linens.

Not many linens will be sold else-
where till we have reduced our stock;
for why should you pay a dollar when
ninety cents will answer? We have
been below the market all the year;
and now are lower still. We point to
a few samples:

TABLE-LINEN.
Half-bleached damask, \$0.50, 55, 62, 70,
80, 90, 1.00;
each one is as good a linen as you can find
elsewhere at the next higher price.
Bleached damask, \$0.50, 55, 62, 70, 80,
1.10, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25;
each one of these also is as good as you
can find anywhere else at the next
higher price; the last one, at \$2.25, is
now sold at wholesale, by one of the
heaviest merchants in the country,
at the same price.

German damask, \$0.25
Napkins to match, 2.00
Belgian damask, 1.00
These last three are not to be found else-
where at any price.

NAPKINS.
36 inches square, \$1.50;
these cannot be matched anywhere
else for a whit less than \$2.00.
24 inches square, \$1.75;
these are German goods, and are put
up in half dozens. We could not buy
them any other way to sell below \$2.00 at
the very least.

24 inches square, \$2.25;
these are German also; they have no
dressing; i. e., they look and feel the
same as after washing. We have
been selling them at \$2.50; and they
are worth it. We have been offered
our price for the whole lot, but have
kept them for you.

TOWELS.
Damask, at 15 cents; beat them at 20
cents if you can.
Damask, all white, 25 cents; have been
selling at 31 cents; and we cannot
buy them now to sell at 31; but you
shall have them at 25.
German Damask, 31 cents; have been
selling at 35 cents; we ought to put
them up instead of 50 cents; but, re-
member, we are reducing stock.
Bleached flannel towel, 50 cents;
the current price is 65 cents.
Huck, knotted fringe, 25 cents.
Turkish, from 15 cents.

SHEETING.
French, 72 inches, \$0.50.
French, 92 inches, \$0.50, 1.10, 1.50;
these ought to be compared with
Irish Linens at \$2.00 to \$2.50. They
are equal in weight and strength,
but not of quite so good a bleach.
They are more durable than the Irish
bleach, but better than that.

PILLOW LINEN.
French, 45 inches, \$0.50, 62, 70, 80;
French, 54 inches, \$0.50, 62, 70, 80;
these are the same as the French
sheetings above.

UNDERWEAR-LINEN.
Old-fashioned Irish linen, yard wide,
\$0.25, 28, 31, 34, 40, 45, 50, 62, 70, 75,
80, 85; they were begun on our order
a year and a half ago. The old pro-
cess of bleaching is slow and the
goods are to our liking every way.

FLOOR-LINENS.
Five yards wide, a single pattern only,
\$1.50; we ask you to consider it.
27 inches, for stairs, 1 1/2 cents; it will
puzzle you to get it elsewhere at
25 cents.

These are few out of many. Our
stock was never nearly so large;
and we were never more fortunate
in buying, either as to choice or price.
The rise in linens has carried every-
body above us; we alone are anchor-
ed at low tide.

Linens are in the outer and next-
outer-circle west from the Chestnut-
street entrance.

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CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
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VESTINGS, PAINTINGS,
TROUSERINGS, OVERCOATINGS,
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ing styles, and satisfaction guaranteed. Also,
Ready-Made Clothing!

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CHEAP CARPETS
FROM AUCTION.

Opened this day Lots of
CHEAP CARPETS,
—ALSO—
White, Check & Fancy Mattings,
—AT—
FAHNESTOCK'S,
Next Door to the Court House.

CARD TO THE LADIES!
Just received a Fine Line of
DRY GOODS,
—AT—
Philip Schum, Son & Co.'s,
38 & 40 WEST KING STREETS.

Having opened in connection with our Large
Stock of Carpets, Tarns, &c., A FINE LINE OF
DRY GOODS, such as CALICOES, BLEACH-
ED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, TICK-
INGS, COTTON FLANNELS, CASHMERE,
BLACK ALPACAS, SHEETINGS, NEW
STYLE OF SHIRTING, NEW STYLE DRESS
GOODS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS,
TOWELS, &c., which we are selling at
MODERATE PRICES.

NOVELTIES
—AND—
SILKS
—AND—
DRESS GOODS!

We have now open our Importations of New
Silk from Lyons, including
Brocaded Satin De Lyons,
Solid Color Satin De Lyons,
Black Satin De Lyons,
Luisine in New Colorings and Styles,
RICH BROCADES,
In Colors to match the New Dress Goods

In Dress Goods, a Great Variety of
New Textures, such as
SHOODA CLOTHS,
IN THE NEW SHADES.