## THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1881.

## THE APPLE BEE

"Did I ever tell you about Rastus marrying Judge Randolph's daughter ?" asked grandmother, as I munched an ap- spry; mother was always a master hand ple and she sat kniting in her high-basked rocker.

"Why, no," said I, fancying I saw a story in her retrospective gaze, "you have told me about Thankful, and your mother, and your own courtship, grandmother, but of Rastus' never."

"Well, I'll tell you about it. Seeing you eating that apple reminded me of it, and, besides to-day is the sixteenth of November; Rastus' birthday came on the with. Yes, and the stewing and boiling seventeenth, and I remember it was the day before, and almost exactly such a day as this seventy years ago, that I was visiting them while Alex, 'tended General Court. Rastus was showing me his freedom suit, he'd be 21 next day, when mother came down from the garret with a tray of apples, looking vexed enough. "Apples keeping well ?" I asked.

"No, they must have got a little teeched by the frost before they were gatheraround. ed. There's one whole ben beginning to rot already, and I haven't no time to pare

'em, Mehitable being sick.' Mehitable was on old maid that helped get to my story's end. Heating the mother about the house.

"Why don't you have a bee ?" I asked. for to tell the, truth I wanted to see the young folks, my old mates, you know, and show them my baby, for I thought he was the prettiest and smartest child ever was. That was your uncle William. dear. Besides, Squire Doolittle's niece, Mistress Randolph was a visiting them from Virginny while her father was in England, and I thought may-be she would come. I'd heard a great deal about her, but I hadn't seen her, though she had been visiting at the squire's then about the cooking. Folks didn't eat for six months or so; so I says, have a

"A bee !" spoke up mother, "well now, I never thought of that. I'm glad, Rush, you spoke of it. What do you say, Rastus ? They are rotting dread-

"Let 'em rot," said he, throwing down an armful of wood with a crash. He left The long settee and canebottomed the room after it, when I first spoke of chairs were ranged on the side fronting the bee, and now he straightened up and the fire-place; and the round chair table looked so fierce at mother that I spoke was turned back and set by it for Parson Stillwater when he came. It made a up quick as could be: "I should think you would be asham. curious looking chair, as you can guess,

but it was the seat of honor. The top ed to speak so to mother.' "Mother don't mind what Rastus of the table made the outer part of the

says," said he, going up to her and pat- chairback." ting her shoulder, and he smiled at her in such a tender way that I wondered, as I always did, he was so changeable; handsomer china. Her mother brought quick, but loving, nobody minded what it from England. As for the pewter Rastus said, that's true, but everybody cups, what with the scouring you couldn't tell them from silver.' liked him; mother set more by him than

all the rest of us children, so we thought, but he said she never knew no difference, with big rafters. Hooks that were drove only he was haby

"Let's have the bee. I'm 21 to-mor- kins was strung to-day and to-morrow row, so if we have it then we will call it there would be apples. Wooden candlea birthday party. I'll kill a goose and sticks, two or three in a bunch, were a starched cravat and handsome frills from the wars and titled and grand, but the white turkey that's been shut up so nailed to the wall, but the best light of edged with real lace at the bosom and he came too late; for she he loved had

row," but mother didn't tell her about I took right hold with mother after Almira left, and we got along amazing at cooking. I cut up the pumpkins that

afternoon and stewed them, and mothe het the brick oven. Stoves ! Why, there wan't no stoves then; roasting and baking was done in the brick oven that was first het by making in it a rousing fire; then the fire was taken out and the

broadcloth suit bought in Falmouth.

baking put in-further in, you know, go the things that must take the longest. We had a long shovel to pull 'em out was done in pots that hung on the crane in front of the fire-place; biscuits and Johnny cakes we baked in a tin baker before the blaze on the hearth. How was it made? Lor', child, J don't know as I can tell you so you'll understand. It was hoisted up on legs with a slanting roof, but open on the side next the fire The pan was set in it, and the tin kinder

drew the heat. Wnen the side nearest the heat is baked, the pan was turned "Well, well, where was I ! If you as

me to explain so much, I shan't never brick oven ! Oh, yes. Mother baked beans and brown bread and riz bread, and mince and apple pies in the even ing. Then the next day we were up

bright and early and got on the corned beef and het the brick oven again for the goose and turkey, the pumpkin pies gingerbread and seed cakes and election cake. Mother had on hand pickles and preserves and pickled trips and onions. so we thought we would have enough, as we calculated on passing round apples and butternuts early in the evening.

"You always laugh, dear, when I tell more than they do now, but you see people got in the way of cooking a great deal, and of course mother wouldn't be outdone. Father was a good provider,

and never stinted her in victuals. "The long kitchen was cleared out for the paring, and by and by the dancing

"And if I do say it no dresser in town held brighter silver than mother's nor

"The kitchen was low, and ceiled

into them held long poles, where pump-

Court to spend Thanksgiving at father's she spoke up. so my mind was at ease, and I was just "Linsey-woolsey and silk doesn't make finger."

ought to go in, when Rastus came out and one that ain't. Portia wanted to enough. and put my pelisse over me.' "Cold, Rusha ?" he asked.

omething, and I spicioned it was about Mistress Randolph, so I said:" "What is it Rastus ? Do you want to

niece ? You ought to have heard Almira that they might sometime come together, see. Bean run on.' "The old meddler ! How dare peak of Portia Randolph at all !

Why, is she too good to be spoken of ?" I asked, laughing a little. "She's an angel," he said, and he looked so sad that I said to myself, that loves her, and his look showed that he thought she didn't love him

"Tell sister Rusha," I said. "There ain't much to tell, Rusha.

She is rich and handsome, and high born and proud, and I am no match for her." have the farm sometime, and for the present you've got youth and strength. A true woman weds a man for what he It was new to her, you see, but she tried is, not for what he has.

"Thank you, Rusha," said he, and his face looked brighter. There's Philander and screamed a little, and I saw her put Smith a-coming, and Mandy, I know by an apple into her pocket. Her hand the way the horses wheezed up the hill. trembled so that her knife slipped and Here they are. How dy'e do, Mandy, went into her finger, making a large cut your cheeks are as red as a pippin. I've that bled dreadful. half a mind-no-well, then I won't," as

he helped her from her seat behind Philander on the old gray horse. "What a man you be," said Mandy,

giggling at Rastus' nonsense. "In a little while the room was full

down in the middle, where each filled a tray. Most every one had fetched a no consequence, but she wouldn't pare sharp knife and they fell to work right any more; for at best she was clumsy, away, so as to get through and go to so if they would tell her something that dancing. Sometimes a spark and his she could do, she would try to do better. girl would pare from the same tray, and there was a good deal of whispering. It said Mandy Smith, and she spoke loud made a pretty sight anyway, so many enough for anyone to hear almost. bright eyes and ribbons, and brass buttons, and one that you don't see now a-davs.

"Mother and father were in the keeping room with some of the old people, she could with her cut finger. and Rastus was everywhere, joking and laughing with the girls. You could see he was a favorite, and I didn't wonder for he was handsome, tall and straight, and a way of saying just the right thing always.

"It was a ballad, all about a lady of "Mistress Randolph hadn't come, but I hoped she would, for I wanted her to see him in his new suit. It was blue each other, but she was forced to marry broadcloth with brass buttons, cut high | a lord or something, and how she pined in the neck and tight in the sleeves, with away and died, and the lad came home

"Alex. that was my husband your "The squire's wife was right behind apple paring over their shoulders, when randfather, dear, wrote me by stage her, but she didn't know it. You ought all at once she saw my name as plain as that he would be home from General to have seen how Mandy jumped when print. It seemed like witchcraft, and Chilled Plow she was so startled that she cut her beginning to feel cold, and so thought I the difference, Mandy,' between a lady "How did it happen? That's strange

"Yes. unless you happen to know the wear one like mine, but we hadn't time to make one, and I told her it made no reason as I did,' said Rastus. 'Alex. "I know he wanted to talk about difference what she wore, since she told me how the college boys had a trick of cutting out names and pinning them wasn't vain of her apparel.'

'So Portia Randolph wanted to wear on to an apple just when it was beginning linsey-woolsey, and Rastus wanted to to turn red, so I tried it and forgot all tell me anything about the squire's wear fine broadcloth. I thought from about it, and Portia got that apple, you

> "I told you before dear, that Portia leastwise I hoped so. "When Rastus came around, I noticed was an only child. Well, the Judge she always blushed a little, but didn't could not bear to be parted from her, so

seem to see him, and he kept out of her nothing would do but Rastus must go to way mostly. When she first came he Virginia with him, Father wouldn't, just made her a handsome bow and said: let him go empty handed, but of course "Good evening to you, Mistress Ran- 'twas little he could do with the Judge's 'poor Rastus,' for I seemed to see it all. dolph," but after a while he fetched her wealth. They went a week after Thankswoman is an angel only to the man mother's silver dish, and gave her his giving, and mother cried herself sick, new pocket knife to pare with, but he that her baby, as she called him, mus didn't laugh and joke with her as he did leave her.

with the others.

"Well, 'twas a happy marriage. "How frolicksome they were ! When Neither regretted, I'm thinking the way a paring came off whole without break- it turned out, but Portia told me aftering they would toss it over their shoul- wards that only for that apple she would "I don't see that," said I proudly, you ders, and when it fell it a'most always not have sung that song, and only for are well-born and handsome, with pride be made to stand for their sweetheart's that would Rastus not have dared to enough, I hope, and as to money, you'll name. It made a good deal of sport. hope; so you see an apple brought hat mame. It made a good deal of sport. "I sat by Mistress Randolph, and I piness to one couple, if it brought misery Or to MRS. E. WARNOCK, Albion Block, Agent at Goderich

could see how she blundered at her work. into the world."-[Portland Transcript. to do well, and was just beginning to be more handy, when all at once she started

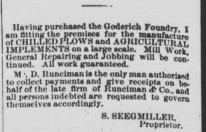
"Rastus jumped, and they all did, when they heard her scream out, and when they saw the cut, they thought that was the reason, but I knew better. I knew she cut her finger afterwards, and

I wondered greatly about that apple and a'most. Great baskets of apples stood if it had anything to do about it. "She said it was a small hurt and of

"It's little she can do, I'm thinking, "The squire said he had fetched the harp unbeknown, and now if Rastus would go out to the conveyance and bring it in, maybe Portia would play if

"She said that it wasn't a finger that she needed to use, and they all said that it would be a rare treat. So Rastus fetched in her harp and threw the blue ribbon over her neck and she began.

high degree and a poor lad that loved



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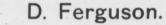
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I invite Miss Randolph, mother "Why, of course, it wouldn't do to were slung overhead, and under them as fine as need be. slight the squire s tolk."

didn't more than half want the party. "What does he mean, mother ? Is Mis- well I remember that fire ! It would do his dickey across them. tress Randolph very proud ?"

. "I should hope not, mother."

Smith.

"Nor yet like you, Jerusha, nor Thankful or Keturah. I think it's a way one in the middle, all with wax candles new convenience.

in them, but they were never lit, and "Almira Bean role up just then on there was a tray with snuffers of bronze, spoke of the apple bee, and she mention- comfortable there. I used, when a child ed that she calculated to invite as far as to pity Parson Stillwater because he had Squire Doolittle's. always to sit in the keeping room when

"The land sake, you don't mean. he went to see his people. Waal, now. I never did !" says she. "At early candle lighting everything

ing an apple paring," said I, "that are to stand on the back porch. I remember exactly how it looked out doors. There common enough.

"Oh. tain't that; 'twas inviting that was a little sprinkling of snow on the Randolph girl, with her silk gounds and ground, and the hills were quite white. white hands, and her neck just so," and The trees were all bare and frozen, and she twisted her head back in a way that rattled together dolefully in the wind, made me laugh. while up from the little brook came the

"Mother says she's as pretty behaved sound of the cold, muffled waters, so I as need be," said I, and as to her hands knew 'twas freezing over. The young and neck, she can't well leave them at cattle were huddled under the shed, home, but she can her silk gown and I and the cossest lamb was bleating to get into the barn. I ran out and let her hope she will, I'm sure.

"Rastus wants her to come, don't he ?" meant something; "'cordin' to accounts, or he wouldn't go to see her so much." "Does he go to see her much ?"

heard ? Why, they do say he's waitin' around and bring them to light, and rub finger, and leg of mutton sleeves that on her.'

stable is not seriously cut.

"Almira," spoke up mother, "won't line distinct." you just step this way and see this piece "I seem to remember that night par- with the squire's daughter.

of cloth ? I took it out of the loom to- ticularly, for I was so happy and peacefull suits." "Yes, he'll be twenty-one to-mor- matter with him.

the hearth. Father's and Rastus' guns shoes, and, indeed, as I tell you, he was It was a sad song and so sweetly sung hung the crooked necked squashes. The "Philander Smith had on a new suit that everyone stopped work to listen.

"That's so. She'd feel hurt, no doubt, great stone hearth, eight feet long, too, but it didn't have the easy set that "Most of us had never heard a harp not to have a chance to soil her pretty stretched before it, where lay our old Rastus' had, and as for his collar, 'twas before, and it was a rare treat, for Mishands paring apples," and he went off yellow cat and Rastus' dog, whenever so stiff that he couldn't turn his head tress Randolph was called a very fine whistling, but he didn't look so happy they got the chance. It was pretty often without drawing it down or up. I pitied singer, and I knew she had a way of as he tried to seem. I could see that he too, for when the fire was the hottest, him before the evening was over, his touching the heart that few have, for we had to go back to the wall. Oh, how ears got so red, what with the sawing of even Mandy Smith wiped her eyes on

"Why," says mother, in a doleful as it used to in the old days so long ago. up over the frozen ground in his new afterwards they were coughing. As for way, "they say so, but I took tea at the The old room isn't in use now. Where leathern convenience. It was the only the squire and father, they dldn't care if squire's a spell ago, and she was very we are sitting now used to be the one in town, so 'twas easy telling him, anyone did see the tears they shed.

helpful and cheery. She didn't seem ant as the long kitchen, and we seldom back, the woman on a pillion behind the and then the apples were cleared away, used it. I remember exactly how men. The squire was a rich man and and Hiram Doesticks brought out his mother's samplers looked hung over the usually led the fashion, and now the fiddle. Poor old Jack was dead, the one mantle-tree piece. A pair of brass young men all hustled out to help the that used to fiddle on training days and candlesticks stood at each end and silver squire untackle his horse, so as to see the general muster, and now Hiram did it Application can be made to himself personally. The stock c onsists, (besides good staple Dr goods, imported direct.) of a complete and well selected assortment of GROCERIES, mostly as well at the kitchen junkets.

"Rastus mentioned our names to each He sat on a berch at the further end, her old white horse. She hitched and but they were never used either. For with the squire and his wife, and we his bow, the sparks and their girls faced other, for Mistress Randolph had come and while he tuned his fiddle and rosined came in to see me and my baby, and we thought everything must be kept just while I was a showing him off, mother so, and it's no wonder we didn't feel off with her pelisse and bonnet.

"I couldn't tell how it was, but [ Campbells are coming, and by-and-by could see that she wasn't like the other Virginny reel. Rastus danced that with girls and I laid it to her bringing up, but Portia Randolph and somehow when I I know it was because she was better saw how grand and handsome they

born. She was pretty spoken and quiet, looked together I was glad that he put "What's there so dreadful about hav- was ready, and I went out for a moment but she carried her head so stately and on broadcloth instead of his wearing linsey-woolsley. I was foolish, I dare her walk was different.

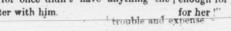
"I remember her hair was dressed say. high over a cushion, and across it in "Well, they all went home, and the

little waves were strings of something next day mother and I strung the apples that Mandy Smith said were glass beads. they had pared. There were a number made with a tunic looped over a satin bee. I could see that Rastus felt better petticoat, and she wore high-heeled in his mind, and so I wasn't a mite surshoes different from any I had ever seen. prised that he should dress up in his free-"Other girls in the room had eyes as dom suit and go over to the squire's.

bright and cheeks as rosy, but after all "Wonder how I remember so well ? she was a great deal handsomer, and I married on Thanksgiving day; that judge she asked in her sly way, that I knew Wait till you are old, dear, and you will didn't wonder at Rastus, not a mite. Randolph came unexpected the night of the apple bee, and that Portia had know how we spend our age in remem-"I could see that Mandy Smith looked she don't show none of her pride to him, being scenes that are pictured on our vexed that Mistress Randolph should coaxed him into letting her marry Rastus though he was much loth, she being an minds. Their faces are turned to the look so grand, for she was as fine as a only daughter, and so fond and proud wall in middle age, but when we get old, fiddle herself. She wore a new worsted "Lor', you don't mean to say hain't and are not good for much else, we grope gown with a waist no longer than your of her, but that, perhaps, made him more yielding.

> "Did she say anything about an apple? and polish them till we can see every made her look three times as broad as she ought to, but she couldn't compare I asked Rastus.

"Why, yes,' said he, 'how did you "How spriggish she looks !" said know ? It was one that had my name day. I calculate there's enough for two ful like. Baby went to sleep like a lamb Mandy to me. "Linsey-woolsey's good on it. She said she was just thinking and for once didn't have anything the enough for Miss Doolittle, why aint it how silly they were trying to make out their sweetheart's name by throwing



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helpful and cheery. She didn't seem keeping room. It warn't near so pleas People mostly rode the old way on horse "She sung one or two other songs,

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