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A Michigan Romance. There is a corpulent little old sailor named Hiram A. Reed living at Spring Lake, Mich.

THE GREAT PEACH FARMS. To his pickers he pays a dollar a day. He has on the place several cottages, in which his head workmen live. The men have the privilege of planting vegetables between the trees, and in this way they can raise all they can eat.

A Check That Can't Be Forged. A gentleman deposited a package in the safe this morning, says a Long Branch hotel correspondent, and asked for a check for it.

Another great fire is reported from Russia. Briansk, a town of 13,000 inhabitants, has been nearly destroyed. The people became panic-stricken during the conflagration, and fled to the fields for safety.

A tourist stopping at an establishment at Enghien, France, where throat diseases are said to be cured by inhaling the fumes of a sulphur spring, passed an hour in the reception instead of the inhaling room, and when informed of the mistake declared that the bronchitis had left him any way.

COMFORT.

Why so sorrowful, darling— Why so sorrowful, pray? You are looking out for the clouds, dear. And meeting the storm half-way. Where is the use of fretting Over the worries of life? Haven't you got your babies? And haven't you got your wife?

I am a sickly mince: The babies do nothing but squall: And it gives you trouble to find, dear, Bread and butter for all. But what would you do without us? Where would you like to roam, If you hadn't your wife and babies, To anchor you here at home?

Don't we divide your sorrows? Don't we double your joys? What would you do with your money Without the girls and boys? I know that they tear their dresses, And wear holes in their shoes; I know we have had a panic, And business has got the chime.

It's horrid to be a merchant, And worse to be a clerk; It was meant for the house to fall, dear, And throw you out of work. But times have always been hard, dear, Since ever the world began; And didn't you always growl, dear, Like every business man?

We've plenty to eat, my darling, And clothes enough to wear; They'll last till you get to work, dear, And what more need we care? Let us have done with sorrow, And drive sad thoughts away; There's no such thing as to-morrow— When it comes it will be to-day.

Let me smooth out your forehead, And kiss away that frown; You know you're the prettiest babies And the merriest wife in town. Panics don't last for ever; They end in a little while; Stick up your courage, darling, And take life with a smile.

KISSING FOR THE CHILDREN. Kisses in the morning Make the day seem bright, Filling every corner With a gleam of light; And what happiness he misses Who, affection's impulse scornings, Departs, and gives no kisses To the children in the morning.

Many think it folly; Many say it's blue; Very much depending On whose lips you kiss! But the truth I am confessing, And I'd have you all take warning, If you covet any blessing, Kiss the children in the morning.

Kisses in the evening, When the light is low, Set two hearts a dancing With affection's glow. And the angels swarm in numbers Round the pillow when they are pressing Who are wooed to peaceful slumbers By a dear one's fond caressing.

Kisses in the morning Are not out of place; Kisses in the evening Have a special grace; And it seems to me that life is For indulgence lawful reason; Sweetest tidings I mean kisses— Ye are never out of season.

THE GREAT PEACH FARMS.

TRIP TO THE LUSCIOUS FRUIT REGIONS OF DELAWARE—HOW THE FRUIT IS RAISED, PACKED AND SHIPPED. A twelve hours' sail down the New Jersey coast across Delaware Bay in one of the Old Dominion steamships takes the traveller to one of the oldest and hottest towns in the country—Lewes, Delaware.

Two modern passenger cars come down the pier first, then the baggage car, and last of all, the engine—for the train is coming backward. We ask the conductor who owns the finest peach orchard on the road, and he says, "Gen. Van Worst, up at Milford."

AT THE ORCHARDS.

The landlord of the hotel, who gives to hungry travellers a first-rate dinner for fifty cents, pointed out the way to Gen. Van Worst's peach farm, a mile from the town, straight down the road. We follow his directions, and find the General standing near his farm overseeing some workmen. After we have explained what we are and what we want, he wastes neither time nor words, but immediately orders his open buggy, and when it comes we jump in and start for the peach orchard.

Here is one of the three peach orchards of the farm. It is a mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide. Every tree is loaded down with the beautiful, blushing fruit. The ground under the trees is covered, but there are more peaches on the trees than there are men to pick or customers to buy. The General will tell us all about his place as we drive between the trees, picking a ripe peach first on the one side and then on the other.

"I came here in 1867," he says. "This place was then covered with trees, and was so wild that the village boys were afraid to go through it after dark. I sold the old cabin that stood by the road for \$50, and built that house," pointing to the handsome residence. "Every year I have added to the place and improved it, till now I have six hundred and forty acres of as good land as is to be found in the State. But you want to know about the peaches. Begin at the beginning? Well, in the first place we buy the little trees from the nurseries. As soon as they are large enough we 'bud' them; that is the same as grafting them, only we insert a bud instead of a twig, and fasten it in with a wrapped cord instead of with wax. The trees are set sixteen feet apart each way, and every fifth row is thirty feet wide for a wagon road. I have 27,000 peach trees, covering 275 acres. They are so arranged, the early and late varieties, that we have a continuous supply from the beginning to the end of the season.

"The first to ripen," the General continued, "are the Hales' early. We began to pick them this season on the 3rd of August. They lasted till the Troth's early were ready, on the 7th. Then the Early Yorks, or Honest Johns, came on. We have just finished picking these, and have begun on the Crawford's early. Next week we will pick the old Mixon's and the Princess Raropics, and last of all the Stump the World's. The week after will come the Crawford's late, Ward's late, and Beer Smocks; and last of all, the Solways, and a few minor kinds.

"How many crates will I ship during the season? It's hard to tell exactly, but somewhere in the vicinity of 60,000. I have no fixed quantity to ship every day—it depends entirely upon the weather. Some days I ship from 2,500 to 3,000 crates, and on others, not half as many. I don't pay any attention to the condition of the market. When they are ready to be picked they've got to go, and I ship right along, without asking any questions about the price."

The General drove through the other two orchards, almost exact copies of the first. In the last forty men, black and white, were at work picking peaches; some standing on the ground reaching down for low limbs and reaching up for high limbs; others on step-ladders, picking off the tops of the trees. Every man had a basket, and as fast as the baskets were filled, they were stood in a row on each side of the roadway, making a line of ripe crimson peaches on each side of us a mile long. The white men keep up a quiet conversation; but the negroes are singing a plantation song. Five teams are carrying the baskets to the packing house, and the jolly overseer is here, there, and everywhere, his huge steel watch chain jingling at every step. He looks out for everything and keeps the whole machine running smoothly. The wagons are double deckers, and hold two tiers of baskets. We will follow this one to the packing house, and see what is done with the peaches after they leave the orchard.

In the packing house ten or twelve men are at work. They are seated on crates, and in front of each is a basket of peaches and a crate that is being packed. Each peach has to be carefully handled and thoroughly inspected, for a single bad one would spoil a whole crate. The "culls" are put in baskets by themselves, to be packed afterwards, and marked "No. 2." As each crate is filled the cooper nails on the head, and right behind him comes the marker, with his stencil plates and can of blue ink. The crate is marked with a "V" in diamond, and on the other end "Early York." Then it is stood with the others by the door, ready to go to the depot. One of the double-decked wagons drives up, and fifty-five crates start for the cars.

What does it cost to land a crate in New York, including everything? I can tell you to a cent," said the General taking out his note-book. "The crate costs 16 cents. The freight from Milford to New York is 30 cents. That makes 46 cents. Say 8 cents for picking and loading. That's 54. Then 5 cents for cartage in New York. Fifty-nine cents, exactly.

the New York market are raised on the Peninsula that is surrounded by the Chesapeake Bay on the west and southwest, the Atlantic on the east and southeast, and Delaware Bay and river on the northeast. The neck of this track is twelve miles wide. From this point it extends southward a hundred and eighty miles, tapering off at Cape Charles. The peninsula broadens, from the neck, to an average width of about fifty miles, expands near the centre to seventy miles, and then quickly narrows again to a strip seventy miles long and ten or fifteen wide. The area of the tract is about 6,000 square miles, of which four-ninths are in Maryland, three-ninths in Delaware, and two-ninths in Virginia. The population is about 300,000.

At Westover, on the east shore, a hundred and twenty miles from Wilmington, is a cluster of old English estates. Of these, Westover contains 750 acres; Arlington, 636 acres; and the third, Worthington, 314. There are three fine old houses on these estates, built of brick imported from England more than a century ago, and the interior woodwork of carved oak was also wrought in England. Before the war, the proprietors of these estates had about five hundred slaves each, but now they are fine peach orchards, Arlington having ten thousand trees.

From the northern part of the State the fruit outlet is by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, and the Delaware railroad. The peach farms are scattered all over the peninsula; but the great majority are in the central and northern parts. One of the finest farms in the state is that of Col. Wilkins, near Chestertown, with 1,400 acres of peach trees; S. F. Shallcross has 1200 acres near Middletown, and J. S. Harris has 1,200.

In the height of the season many extra hands flock to central and southern Delaware, from New York, Philadelphia, and the smaller cities; and all of those who wish can find employment. But after making the tramp many of them prefer to live on peaches and berries, and refuse to work, sleeping under the trees where they are allowed to stay undisturbed. The natives call them "peach plunks" and treat them with the greatest contempt.

The Old Dominion steamships carry out about 8,000 crates every day, of which fully one-quarter are from General Van Worst's orchards. There are larger orchards than his in the state, but none better and few half so well managed. And there is no fruit grower in all Delaware who takes more pride in his acres, or who can treat a stranger with greater hospitality than Jersey City's ex-Mayor.

Handsome ornaments can be made by mounting fern leaves on glass. The leaves must first be dyed or colored. They are then arranged on the mirror according to fancy. A butterfly or two may be added. Then a sheet of clear glass of the same size is placed on top, and the sheets are secured together at the edges and placed in a frame.

Wet Mountain Valley in Colorado.

Part of this forest seems to have slid from the range and dammed the stream forming the lake. We pass a great ban of perpetual snow, bordered with a carpet of rarest flowers, and stand on a knoll, looking into this mirror of the grand and beautiful, this secret of the mountains. This is a new world! This is nature! This is the wilderness! A tent springs up on the flower-bank of evergreens, overlooking the waters; a big fire is not unwelcome, wood is furnished, the circle of trees make good rests for tired backs, saddles are lifted into their limbs, and the ponies find a plentiful supply of mountain grass. Description cannot bring this picture before the mind. It is a lake of clouds and meadows; of winter snow-banks and summer, yes, tropical, flowers; of wild rocks and velvet lawns; of dark forests and mountain peaks, catching light's earliest and latest rays. The ladies walk round the lake. At 5 o'clock each of the party comes with keen appetite to a table spread in the wilderness, a table of spring chicken and large new early rose potatoes from the Lake House ranch—of bread and butter, and coffee made with the deep pure water by our side.

A Singular Lullaby.

Some of the hill tribes in Northern India have a peculiar way of sending their babes to sleep, which is thus described: Near a hollow bamboo, which served as a spout, through which the cool water of the mountain stream poured forth in a jet, was disposed the head of an infant, who was lying covered warmly and fast asleep. The bamboo spout was so placed that the water played upon the crown of the baby's head over a part which seemed to be bald of hair, a consequence, perhaps of the habitual action of the water. The children, for there were two of them, were lying on their right sides, and perfectly still, one would fancy in a state of stupefaction. They had been lying for an hour and a half, we were told, and would be there till nine at night—in all between four and five hours. We felt the face of one of them and found it cold, and then held the pulse of one of them, but could detect no movement. But these hill people are convinced that the strange practice, which is quite general, assists in strengthening the brain, and makes the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless.

Useful Recipes for the Shop, the Household, and the Farm. The best remedy for currant and gooseberry worms is the powdered white hellebore, obtainable at any druggist's. Put the powder in a common tin cup, and tie a piece of very fine muslin over the mouth. Fasten the apparatus to the end of a short stick, and dust the powder through the muslin lightly on the bushes. Do not work on a windy day, and stand to windward during the operation, as, if taken into the nostrils, the hellebore excites violent sneezing. The same material is a good remedy for cucumber beetles.

Sawdust can be converted into a liquid wood, and afterwards into a solid, flexible, and almost indestructible mass, which, when incorporated with animal matter, rolled, and dried, can be used for the most delicate impressions, as well as for the formation of strong and durable articles, in the following manner: Immerse the dust of any kind of wood in diluted sulphuric acid, sufficiently strong to affect the fibers, for some days; the finer parts are then passed through a sieve, well stirred, and then allowed to settle. Drain the liquid from the sediment, and mix the latter with a proportionate quantity of animal oil, similar to that used for glue. Boil the mass, pack it in molds, and allow it to dry.

The following soluble glass is best adapted for coating brick or stone: Dry carbonate of potassium, 10 parts; powdered quartz, 15 parts; charcoal, 1 part. Sand, free from alumina and iron, may replace the quartz. Fuse together, and dissolve in boiling water of five or six times the weight. Filter.

Vegetarian Society. A Society in Gormany publishes a tract for general distribution, in which under the heading, "How Do We Live?" occurs the following summary: 1. We slay no animal for food, and consume none of the products of such slaughter. 2. Our daily bread is sweet, and consists of grain (wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats), which we grind coarsely and bake; also of millet, rice, peas, beans, lentils, etc., which we boil. To this add especially all kinds of fruit. 3. We avoid all stimulating condiments, such as pepper, ginger, nutmeg, cloves, garlic, mustard, etc. 4. We thirst, therefore, seldom, and drink little. We avoid spirits (beer, wine, brandy, etc.), also tea, coffee, and vinegar, and drink water or the pure juice of fruit mixed with water. 5. We avoid all stimulating, nerve-blunting indulgences, especially the hateful tobacco smoking, chewing and snuffing. 6. Cleanliness of the whole body and the hardening of the same is with us a rule of life, and especially do we care for the normal activity of the skin as the condition of sound health. 7. We submit, also, very much upon the air, and take care that it shall be pure and fresh where we live, where we work, and especially where we sleep. 8. The heavenly sunlight is our life, therefore we allow it to penetrate our dwellings, in order that these may be dry and the air therein healthful. 9. Work, bodily and mental, is our delight. We seek healthful and useful labor, and love conflict; but only against superstition and all unnaturalness. 10. We aim at moderation in all things, as the true condition of enjoyment. 11. We reject all medicinal poisons, and every thing that can act injuriously upon the blood. 12. Through soundness of body we seek soundness of mind, and through soundness of mind, we act again upon the body, and thus secure for both a higher degree of enjoyment than is possible under the usual flesh-eating mode of life, with its consequences.

TRANSPORTATION. The Old Dominion Steamship Company own the Junction and Breakwater Railroad, and thus afford an outlet for nearly all the fruit of the south of Delaware. Almost all the peaches are shipped to New York, very few going to Philadelphia, "because," as the General explained, "there is no outlet from Philadelphia, but from New York they are sent to the Eastern and Western markets."

Nearly all the peaches that reach