CHAPTER XXIII.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

"Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast."

Some five or six weeks after my daughters and granddaughters went way off to Massachusetts, Mr. Philips came out to the barn one noon, to give me some water and feed, and said, "Well, old lady, I have got another surprise for you. Since Mr. Sagendorph bought my cattle and transferred them to his son, he is so well pleased with them that he is anxious to have you too, so he has asked me for a price on you and Primitive. As you are past twelve years old I have priced you at three hundred dollars and Primitive at two. I hardly think he will pay that much, but if he does, I am satisfied you will have a good home. You have been a faithful servant for eleven years and I do believe I ought to keep you the rest of your life. You have given for me over eighty thousand pounds of milk, which made over five thousand pounds of butter worth about eighteen hundred dollars by adding the skim milk. You have dropped seven valuable calves which brought me eighteen hundred dollars. I already have your picture enlarged and framed, and hanging in my best room, near Governor Rusk's and Governor Hoard's pictures. I owe much of the little success I have attained to a good father; a kind and loving mother; to a faith-
ful wife, the mother of my six children, to you and to the two men I have just mentioned. And you know, Queen, that no amount of money could buy you if I had the least idea you would be treated unkindly or not be well cared for, but I feel certain that if Mr. Sagendorph buys you that he will be kind to you and give you the best of care.”

Still, after hearing this kind talk, I felt that the chances of getting better care and treatment than Mr. Philips and his boys had given me when they cared for me were uncertain. But I tried to cheer myself up with the thought that if I went to Mr. Sagendorph’s I could see all my off-spring and be with them again, and that I would not be as lonely as I was here all alone. Then, too, I thought maybe that I would be so far from the railroad there that I could not hear the cries of the poor hungry cattle in the stock cars. Thinking of them made me wonder if I would be let to get as hungry and thirsty as those poor cattle were, if I should go on such a long journey as I might have to. But, after all my trying to make myself believe that it would be best for me to go to Massachusetts, I still hated to leave my old home where I had always been treated so kindly, and where I was thought so much of. Mr. and Mrs. Philips and the children always petted me and talked to me as if I was a person instead of a cow. I had been talked to all my life and liked to hear people talk, and I knew I would be very lonely if I should go where I was not talked to or not treated as if I was one of the family. Then, again I thought that my home here would soon be not what it used to be; my children had grown up and gone from me; Mrs. Philips’ two daughters had married and gone to homes of their own, and it would only be a short time until her sons, too, would leave the home nest and go out into the world to make homes for themselves, when Mr. and Mrs. Philips and I would be left alone in our old age, when it would be too much work for them to care for me—Oh, dear! I thought, why should mothers be separated from their children? Then, I thought, I had less to complain of than most mothers, for I had
kept my daughters with me until they had daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters of their own and I had got to be a great-great-grandmother. So, I made up my mind that my life, so far, had been a very happy one; that I had a great deal to be thankful for; much more than very many people have; and that I would try not to worry any more about my future, but bear patiently and cheerfully whatever Fate had in store for me.

In less than a week after this, Mr. Philips came into my stall and said, "Well, Queen, you will have to go and leave us. I was passing the bank, this morning, and the cashier called me in and said, 'There is a draft of five hundred dollars here, for you, from Mr. A. H. Sagendorph. I guess he likes the cattle so well that he has concluded that he bought them too cheap and has sent you five hundred dollars more.'

"I told him that men did not often do that way; that for the five hundred dollars I had to ship him two more cattle.

"'Well, he said, 'I never supposed you could raise such cattle as those on that hill.'

"But, I told him that good feed and water; good shelter and care, and last, but by no means least, good breeding will raise good cattle anywhere, even on a hill. Now, the next thing, Queen, will be to get someone to go with you as the boys are all attending school. I would like to go myself and see your new home. Well, I declare! if there don't come that seedling apple man again. I guess he thought he wouldn't wait till Spring, but I haven't much time to talk to him now.'

The man came into the barn where Mr. Philips was standing and said to him, "When I got to Milwaukee I found that I had to return to Sparta; so, after I got through there, I thought I would run down here and see you and get you to tell me some more about seedlings."

Mr. Philips said to him, "I am pretty busy, as I have sold two head of cattle and must ship them tomorrow, but I will spend a little time with you, and the seedling subject is not yet
near exhausted. Since I last saw you I have found an old letter from Mr. Harris, in which he said he had great hopes of getting something valuable from the Zettel seedlings, for one of them, which I had called the Mier, had made a great record, and said further, 'you remember that you gave one of the Mier apples to my friend Elliott?'

Well, he made a cut of it and gave seven of the seeds to Tom Redpath, who planted them and produced six trees which, in six years, bore good apples, and two of them, one fall and one winter, have been awarded prizes at the Minnesota state fair for best seedlings. A very unusual occurrence to get fruit from a seedling tree at so early an age.'

Mr. Philips then said to the man, 'I can show you some seedlings here of both apples and plums that I did not show you at the farm. That tree standing near the barn is the Lords L, a tree grown from seed of the Wealthy by Mr. O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, Minn.'

"Beg pardon," the man said, "but I thought Lord was the plum man of Minnesota." "So he is," Mr. Philips said, "and right there stands one of his favorite productions, the Rollingstone, and a little farther down the row is a Brittlewood and a Free Silver plum tree that Mr. Lord gave me to remember him by, both I prize highly. I can tell you Mr. Lord is an authority on plums wherever he goes, whether it is in Minnesota, where he is loved by so many—or in many other places. Come into the house and I will show you the nicest picture you ever saw. It is Mr. O. M. Lord and Mr. J. W. Kerr, of Denton, Md., two of the best authorities on native plums in the United States. The artist caught them when they were examining a choice specimen of the native plum. From the expression on their faces I judge they have found a nice Surprise plum—which was originated by Martin Penning, of Sleepy Eye, Minn." The man said, "My, how I would like a copy of that picture. It would be a treasure for a keep-sake." "Well," Mr. Philips said, "it will be in my book and for a plum man it will be
O. M. LORD, Minnesota City, Minn.

J. W. KERR, Denton, Md.

Two National Plum Experts.
worth the price of the book." "Tell me more about the Lords Apple and Surprise plum," the man said. "Well," said Mr. Philips, "this tree has not borne yet, but Mr. Lord says it looks like its parent but it seems hardier, keeps longer and with me does not blight as bad as the Wealthy. I have so much faith in Mr. Lord's judgment that I am going to try it." The man said, "I'd like to try it too." Mr. Philips said, "I will give you some cions. Now, as to the Surprise plum, Mr. Penning is a German. He tried to raise apples but failed, the winter would kill them, so he hired his boys to gather plum pits. These he planted in about a dozen rows, when they were about four or five years old many of them blossomed and in the fall Mr. Penning went up and down the rows to see what fruit
he could find. He found nothing that attracted his attention until he was nearly at the end of the last row when he found five nice plums on one tree. He picked them and tasted one and told me he was surprised. He took them to the house and gave one to his wife to try, and she was surprised. Then he took the rest to the village for his chums to test and they were surprised. So he said 'I called it the Surprise.' That tree near the corner is a Surprise and a handsome one too. The next three trees are the Compass, a cross between the Minor plum and the Sand cherry brought out by a man named Hanson in Minnesota. It bears early, the fruit has a cherry flavor and is about half the size of a plum but large enough so the robins let them alone, and it is very fine for canning." The man said, "that is a new fruit to me and I will write to you in the spring to send me some of those trees and some of the Lords L cions." Mr. Philips said, "that next handsome tree is a Yahnke but is larger than the one I showed you on the farm. They are slow growers while young, but after they get a good start with me they grow very vigorous. That next tree is a Wisconsin seedling that originated in Dane county. I went to see the original tree in company with the late J. C. Plumb who thought it of sufficient value that he secured cions and disseminated it quite extensively. It is called the Windsor and has many friends in Wisconsin. Mr. Plumb spent much time looking up new seedlings in different portions of the state. He was an earnest conscientious horticulturist and Mr. Yahnke of Winona gives him much credit for his good example and good advice to him when he was a boy in the country of his adoption. Much of Mr. Plumb's work was a labor of love for other people which never paid him much, but he enjoyed it. Two other seedling men that to me it was a pleasure to visit I desire to speak of before I close this seedling interview. The first, Mr. Joseph Zettel of Sturgeon Bay was a sturdy Swiss pioneer who began planting seeds away back in war times and raised a large orchard. The first time I visited him he said he
was glad I came as he did not expect to live the year out, but he had some things he desired to show me. I saw him after eating an apple digging up the ground with his boot and planting apple seeds. Why, said I, you don’t expect to live a year and what are you planting seeds for? ‘Well,’ he said, ‘when I was born in the old country, I soon found apples growing on my father’s grounds and I want somebody’s children to find apples growing when I am gone.’ Surely I thought the world will be better for this man’s living in it. The other man I spoke of Mr. S. L. Freeborn of Richland county. He too, was much interested in growing seedlings. After his death Prof. Goff and myself visited his large plantation of seedling trees, the largest lot I ever saw, where the seeds were saved from special hardy varieties and planted by the man himself, and grown to bearing size in nursery row. Aside from his family, leaving his seedling trees was his great regret when the time of his departure came. He expected to do the state good by propagating the best of them. I have always regretted and Prof. Goff shared it with me, that the best of those seedlings could not have been tested over the northern portion of Wisconsin and in Minnesota. Mr. Freeborn, was a quiet, unassuming man who oft times felt that the work he was doing for the public was not appreciated.” The man thanked Mr. Philips very much and said, “you know more about seedling apples than any man I ever saw.” Mr. Philips said, “I am not through yet, I want to show you a picture of the largest seedling tree I ever saw in Wisconsin. It stands in the town of Lind, Waupacca county, where so many seedlings originated. The seeds were planted in 1853 by Mr. Hollis Gibson, who still owns it and lives there. It is six feet and six inches in circumference one foot above the ground. The spread of the tree is forty feet. It bears a winter apple of fair quality, but is too shy a bearer to be profitable, but it is a grand old landmark, an honor to Mr. Gibson.”

“I have,” Mr. Philips said, “had a letter from a noted horti-
culturist of your state, Mr. Hartwell, saying, 'Go on with your good work in seedlings. I believe that Wisconsin and Minnesota have produced more good seedlings than any other ten states in the Union.'

Said to be the Largest Apple Tree in Wisconsin.
On Farm of Hollis Gibson, Waupaca Co.

"That next tree is a new seedling that originated at Eureka, Wis., called the Sweet Fameuse. Parsons and Loupe are propagating it. It is a nice, red, sweet apple, and I have seen the old tree which appears quite hardy, but is growing too near the
LYMANS' PROLIFIC CRAB TREE.
Said to be the Largest Tree of Its Kind in Minnesota. On Farm of A. B. Lyman, Excelsior, Minn.
village school to ever ripen a large crop of apples. It keeps quite well until February.

"When planting the state trial orchard, at Wausau, Wis., I drove nine miles out in the country, to see a seedling tree, on Mr. Windorf's farm, said to be a seedling of the Northern Spy. It is a fine tree and bears an abundance of light colored apples, which keep until Easter Sunday. I got some cions and have it bearing in the Wausau orchard and in my own. We have named it the Windorf, and it is a good tree for that locality, having stood forty below zero, and is still bearing.

"Another, which I have not told you about, is a seedling crab, called Lyman's Prolific. I have visited the old tree several times, on the farm of A. B. Lyman, near Excelsior, Minn. It has borne as high as thirty bushel of apples in a single year. It is a good market crab, as it is late and productive. Mr. Lyman has one hundred trees of it bearing, and I have fifty trees of it. It is a useful ornament in any large door yard or orchard both for fruit and shade, and it is hardy enough to grow anywhere an apple tree will. Mr. Lyman also planted the Wealthy seeds that grew another good winter apple, a contestant for the $1,000 prize. It has scored with such judges as Green and Elliott ninety-four in quality. It is getting quite a name abroad as the following from the Gardner's Monthly, of London, England, shows: 'The Evelyn, a new American apple is being well spoken of. It is the outcome of an offer of $1,000 to anyone who would produce an apple of the quality and appearance of the Wealthy and keeping ability of a mid-winter variety. The Evelyn promises to approximate the standard. The fruit is of fair size, regular form, and attractive in appearance. It was one of the promising varieties mentioned by Mr. Brackett at the meeting of the American Pomological Society.' "Pretty good, said the seedling man, I'll have to try that too." Mr. Lyman also grows 100 acres of alfalfa.

"The Bret No. One here is another seedling I could have shown you. It originated near Dover, Minn.
"Another candidate for public favor standing there is the Gilbert. I saw the old tree at Rochester, Minn. It is a handsome tree, entirely free from blight, and some of the apples are as handsome as the Wealthy, and the season is the same. With me it bears better as it grows older. Minnesota has put it in their list for trial and it is quite promising.

"There is another new seedling, which is attracting some attention, and has been entered for the thousand dollar premium offered by Minnesota. It originated at Dodgeville, Wis., and was propagated by Mr. Townsend, of Baraboo, Wis. I have seen the young trees that are now twenty years old. It is a handsome red apple called the Gem City Winter. It is now being propagated and has been entered for the $1,000 Minnesota seedling premium by A. D. Brown, a nurseryman and seedling enthusiast of Baraboo, Wis. Mr. Elliott, one of the Minnesota judges, says it keeps well and is good in quality, but all the contestants for this prize must be grown and prove satisfactory on the Minnesota College Grounds before the money is paid.

"I will tell you about one more seedling then I will have to quit for this time. In the coldest place on my farm is a tree that the seed was planted before the Civil War, and has been in bearing more than forty years. It is a small apple and so hard in the fall that we shake it off the tree, so we named it the Shook. When ripe it makes an excellent pie, in May and June. Professor Goff, of our State University, after using a half bushel of them one spring, urged me to propagate it by top-working, that would increase the size, which I did, and this year specimens that grew on Virginia and Whitney No. Twenty stocks were nearly one-third larger than on the parent tree. Its main value is its keeping quality, and top-worked it seems to be all right. Seth Kenney, of Minnesota, has it growing."

Well, the seedling apple man went away and Mr. Philips went with him, but Mr. Philips soon came back, with a new halter for me, and said that he was going out to the farm and
bring Primitive to town so as to ship us the next day. He said, "Queen, you will soon have a new home—and home is where your treasures dwell; and you know that Mr. Sagendorph has all your dearest treasures—your daughters, granddaughters, great-granddaughters and great-great-granddaughters, that will all be glad to see you again. I shall never forget the pleasant hours we have spent together; and I shall miss the good talks we have had, though I monopolized the talking, but you were a good, interested listener and it takes greater talent to be a good listener than it does to be a good talker. This may be our last talk together on earth, we will, however, hope to renew them when we both have crossed the mystic river into the great beyond where 'milk and honey flow,' which indicates that there are cows there, good cows, too, Queen, such as you are."