



## Another



## THE MILLER OF CRANE'S FORD

Morris County in the neighborhood of Mendham, is credited with being the birthplace of Apple Jack; but Nicholas Mooney, the shrewd and genial flour miller of Crane's Ford, always maintained that he was first to make a superior brand. According to his records, the ghost population of Morristown doubled during the first year Apple Jack was made there, whereas the nearest a ghost ever got to the West Fields was a graveyard on the second Watchung Mountain. At one time, there were so many spooks in the woods back of the Morristown Tavern that horses refused to travel on the Jockey Hollow Road on moonlight nights.

The Ghost Business was profitable in Morristown, Mr. Mooney said. One night, on his way home from the Tavern, the village school teacher made the acquaintance of some influential ghosts from Schooley's Mountain and formed a combine to sell "restricted hidden-treasure plots" to his bibulous cronies. They met in the woods, in the light of the moon, full robed, and sold ten plots for \$2500—cash on the spot. They might have sold the entire mountain, a week later—so the Miller declared—but the Chief Ghost took one drink too many and was caught trying to sell Washington's Headquarters to a statue of Mad Anthony Wayne. He was wearing a bed sheet and hob-nailed shoes, at the time. The next day he worked the Sheriff for a breath of fresh air and made his escape. The other ghosts formed a Temperance League and shortly thereafter Schooley's Mountain be-

came a health resort. "That," said the Miller, laughing heartily, "is the only good that ever came from drinking the 'Jersey Lightning' brand of Apple Jack."

Nicholas Mooney was a proud man. Not one single drop of his apple jack was for sale at any price. He turned would-be buyers away coldly. But he gave warm welcome to the drovers from the hills of Hunterdon who tarried at the mill stream to water and feed their cattle and hogs — sometimes as many as 500 head—on their way to market. They were nearing journey's end when the head of the long procession reached his door—a tedious, two-day journey, with nights under the stars, at the road side, and little rest for man or beast. How welcome the sight of the miller in the doorway! And how refreshing the drinks which he proffered them! To the men on the feed wagons and the drovers in the saddles, in turn, he would say, holding high the brimming glass: "'Tis the best in the land, but 'tis none too good for my good friends from the hills of Hunterdon."

The drovers were silent men and made no show of gratitude, but tradition holds that, whenever they passed through Crane's Ford, disquieting noises came from Nicholas Mooney's barnyard, and soon thereafter, the tenderloins of pork and savory sausage that came from his larder were as welcome to the discriminating palate as was the matchless, home-made apple jack that came from his well-stocked cellar.