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## Fire years before we took the farn grantatather had han all except a halt dozen of the trees arafted wit <br> 

| ed otber attempts. At all events we Were undisturbed for several months, until we had grown comparatively careless agaln. <br> Our yleld of grain was below the ar- crage, and the drought nlso reduced our recelpts from mills dellvered at the cheese factory, but the Putnam or- cbards were heavily laden for an off year, when many of our neightors had not enough apples for their own use, The quality of the frult was excelleat. and the price promised to be ligh. <br> Instead of 200 barrels of apples, as as we had estimated, we found late in October, when the been pleked, that we bad 428 barrels. These we picked with great care. We rejected all inferior fruit, and sold ty cents a hundred pounds. <br> While we were at work grandfather's old friend and fellow citizen, Morris Howe, one of the Springbrook pro- duce dealers, drove to the farm, saw us put up a tew barrels, and bought the entire crop for $\$ 3.021 / 2$ a barrel. delivered at his warchonse, We had made a good sale, but we fett the apples were worth the price offered, pelled to wo to Arden to attend the annual teachers' institute, as both Henry and I lad sereured schools for the coming winter. Grandfather promised to keep a sharp eye on the barreled apples, which were piled under the trees where they had been packed. <br> Upos oar retura we found their num. ber undiminished, and as soon as pasin Springtrook village When 1 arrived with the last laad I found Mr. Howe talking with Moses Lynch, who time. With a wholly gratultoun show of virtue Mows rumoved the land from one of tils berrels and very ostenta- thousiy emptied its contents on the floor. The apples wore Elaidwins of large siee and well colored. ME. Howe" he drawled, with that, sutistied air. "They don't cal'late on showin' what's in th' middlle, but 1 pat 'em up all alike cleas the <br> "Oh, I fancy all hotest then to same, 3Hy, Lypeb," sall the dealer. pleanaatly. <br> "Oh, yas, yas, hoacs' men do: but Mr. He kibder skaxes klader skase. <br> f. Howe. <br> piy. "Here' xtance-Deacon P'utanm's grandson. 1 saw him packiag apples last month, and F'm sure he Trouldn't be afrald to dump them anywhers. <br> That 1 would not, Mr. Howe," I aid, eagerly, for I was what 1 fancled was a hidden taunt in Lynch"l remarks. "Here lo a barrel of Long tsland Greenidgs; Iet us see if they won't mateh Mr, Lynet's Hall. Wins." <br> Hastlly drawing op the hoops till I could pry out the head, 1 disclosed the golden-green beautien benearh it, and then poured them out upon the floor. As 1 tonsed the eupty barrel to one side my eyes fell upon an object that completely munerved me for an lastant, From the center of the barrel had rolled a twenty-pouad pumplin, sur- rounded by about a peck of the rounded by about a peck of roe guarliest, amallest clde-apples I ever suw. <br> "Wal, wal?" Mones drawled, smiling queerly. "Plcked the wrong bar'l, queerly. "Plicked the wrong bar'l. | apples. The net loss to us was seven barrels, besides our time and labor. We plled the pumpkins in a cornet and placed the rejected apples in sacks. Just as we were finishing our unpleasant task Henry happened to glance at the heap of pumpkins, upot which a strong llatht fell from an ad. facent window. With a muttered exclamation he hastlly crossed the room and pleked up one. <br> "What does this mean, Jack ${ }^{2}$ " he asked, excltedy. "See! T.-E.-L." <br> Dimly outlined on the surface of the yegetable were the three letters. They were between green and brown in color, and were seamed with tiny wrinkles, while all about them the sliti was smooth and sellow. "That's a Hallowe'en <br> sald, after a moment's thought. "some chitd has pasted hils initjals cut from paper on the upper side while it was still green. And say. Henry, 'I.'. stands for 'Lynch'" <br> "And 'T. E.' for 'Thomas Elisworth.' ch, Jack ? We must let Mr. Howe see Moses only son, a lad about eleven years of age, who had been one of Henry's pupils during the preceding winter. <br> The practice of raarking apples and mon one. The space covered by the pasted paper of course dia not take the ripened color of the rest of the fruit, and the faitials or other design would stand out very prominently When the paper was removed. Our Hallowe'en Jack-0'-lanterns were almont always marked in thls way. We talked the matter over with Mr, Howe, and afterward walted is his office, for Lyach then was delivering onts at the warehouse His team soon ardived, and to our joy Thomas was the driver und had cowe alons. <br> Mr. Howe anked, calling him Insido and bointing at the pumpikin. <br> "Why, eracky. yes!" the boy ex- duimed, grinning broadly, "I lettered that down in pa's back corntield. He suid he must 'a' fed it to the cows by mistake. How'd it git up bere?' <br> We evaded his question, and carried the telltale pumpkin in triumph to our lawyer. Not muct more remalus to lawyer. Not much more remalus to be fold. <br> Within a week Mr. Stouc found a man who lasd soen Lyncl at work in the back part of our orchard on the Sunday afternoon following our departure for the institute. As he knew grandfather well, he fad wondered that Deacoan Putnam should permit labor on the Sabbath, but Lad said thoned him. <br> In company with this man, and with our proof well in hand, we called on the vindletive frllow. Mr. Stone had advised us to collect Just what bis cyil work haid cost us, and to make a Inrther condition that we would prosecute. <br> You probably could get heavier damages in money alone," the lawyer nald, "but you and your property mever Would be safe if he were near. <br> We followed his advice, and after a dropped his mask of wmooth beveve, lence, we forced the rancal to con our terms. He pald us 8250 , and in a moarh tett for the West, why In a moath lett for the Wes, why utill Hves for aught we know.-Y(gSE: Conspanion. |
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