

Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

A Story of Farm Life
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An instant later Jeff had them by the hands and was speaking reassuringly to them, while Gladys clasped the wondering child in her arms.

"Weren't you scared?" asked Jeff after Gladys had told her story.

"I didn't have time to be," she replied. "All I could think of was to hang on. I was frightened when I saw Don, though. What if you hadn't been here?"

"I didn't do anything," said Jeff in an embarrassed tone. "I'm going to plow the rest of the forenoon, though. Father gave me a day off, and I was very much," he said.



His looked up and saw Mabel standing with one pretty elbow leaning on the lemonade barrel. He noted with an approving eye that her dress was of the latest pattern and that it fitted her perfectly; also that her hair, and her face almost as pretty.

"I'm not much of a hand to get over disappointments easily," he said, giving the handle a vicious turn. "What have I done to make that sister of yours dislike me so?" he added.

"She doesn't dislike you, and if she did it wouldn't be for what you've done, but for what you haven't done."

"There it goes again!" he answered crossly. "Is it a crime for a fellow to spend his father's money when his father is willing?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mabel. "I suppose that's for you to decide. Let's talk about something else."

"All right; let's sample this ice cream."

But at the first taste Harold emitted a whoop that brought Beth hurrying over to see what was the matter.

"Maybe I did put too much vanilla in it," she admitted. "Mamma said to use plenty."

"I guess you did all right," said Harold ironically. "That means I'll have to go back to town and get some already frozen, as I wanted to do in the first place."

"It won't seem like a picnic without ice cream. You'd just as soon go after some, wouldn't you?" asked his sister coaxingly.

"Yes," he replied. "That is, if Mabel will go with me."

"I suppose I must sacrifice myself to the general good," said Mabel laughingly.

"Do you know," said Harold suddenly as they were on their way back, "I've a good mind to go to college and study law. Don't tell Gladys, though, because she'd think I'm doing it just to please her, and I'm not at all."

"Oh, I don't think she has any such exaggerated idea of her own influence," said Mabel. "I'm glad you are going to college, though. What's the use of living if you don't do something to make life worth while? It seems queer, too, that people that can go to college just for the asking don't seem to care much about it and those that can't go want to go so badly."

"That they raise apples to pay their way," interrupted Harold.

"But I do believe," he went on, "that we don't half appreciate the things that we get just for the asking. I wonder how it would seem if a fellow had to work for everything he got."

"Why don't you try it and see?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, it's too much bother," he replied, "and it's such fun to do nothing but have a good time. I'll probably change my mind yet and not even go to college."

That dinner was a torture for the awkward boy, for Gladys had told most of the credit, and both Mrs. Sanders and her sister showed him with praise until his face was as red as the tablecloth and he was forced to wipe the self-conscious perspiration out of his eyes with his napkin. He brought the uncomfortable occasion to a close as quickly as possible and left the table before he was half through on the pretext that he had heard the cat kicking out in the barn.

About the middle of the afternoon Gladys went out to the field where Jeff was working with a big apple pie under her arm.

"I know you didn't eat half enough dinner," she said. "It was too bad for them to bother you so."

"I ate all I wanted," lied Jeff, at the same time hungrily eyeing the pie.

"Then you don't want this?" said Gladys, starting to turn away.

"Oh, yes!" he cried in sudden alarm. "That is, maybe I could eat part of it. It looks awful good."

Gladys held it out to him.

"Did you make it?" he asked as he started on the second quarter.

"Yes," replied Gladys, "but it isn't any better on that account."

"I like it better," said Jeff as he handed her the empty plate and brushed the crumbs off his overalls.

"You're glad to eat it, huh?" Gladys said. "I like her, I like her, as just very much. He'd be a boy and had a little ambition."

Jeff climbed slowly back to his seat again. "Did you know I was going away?" he asked.

"No," cried Gladys, with sudden interest. "Where to?"

"To college. I want to find out things—why corn won't grow just as well if the ground isn't worked after a while, so many angles wrong after the rain, why cream turns to butter when it is churned, why."

"Why boys like pie," laughed Gladys, looking at the empty tin.

"You're making fun of me now," Jeff said in an aggrieved tone.

"Indeed I'm not!" protested Gladys. "I'll be proud to have a college boy for my friend."

At the picnic Harold could not help brooding over Gladys' slight, as he chose to call it. In his coming he devoted his entire attention to freighting the ice cream and making the lemonade and left the others to the sunbaking.

He was turning away with all his might on the crank of an ice cream freezer when he was started by a tramping voice close to his ear. "You don't seem to be enjoying the picnic



very much," he said.

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"You don't catch me selling apples to a trust," Gladys answered. "I'll make them into pies and let Jeff eat them first."

"What are you going to do with them?" her father asked. "There must be nearly seventy barrels of these Wealthys."

"We might make them into cider," suggested Mabel.

"I've thought of a better plan than that," said Gladys. "The Glen City Cold Storage company stores apples for a dollar a barrel, so Mr. Pearson told me. The Wealthys will keep in storage till the middle of February, and by that time they'll be worth \$4 or \$5 a barrel."

The next day the girls left their town to pick apples alone and went to town to talk with the storage man.

"The manager when Gladys had explained what they wanted. 'I guess we can handle that many all right. What did you say your name was?' he went on drawing his book toward him.

"I'm Gladys," she replied, when Gladys told him and excused herself for a moment.

"I'm sorry," he said as he came back, "but I find that we haven't any more room. Good day."

The girls stared at him in blank surprise, and it was not till they were halfway home that Gladys suddenly exclaimed: "It's Snyder's doing, Mabel. You know, he said we couldn't sell our apples unless we sold them to him. But well show him yet."

"I don't see how," Mabel objected. "We'd better have let him have them and saved any trouble."

It took about a week longer to finish picking the apples. After they were all piled and covered with straw Mr. Sanders helped the girls load up a wagon and they started for town to peddle them.

"They found it no trouble at all to get rid of them at a dollar a bushel, for Snyder's corner was already beginning to make itself felt. By the middle of the afternoon the entire load was gone. The girls drove around by the bank and Gladys ran in and deposited \$15. There was still \$12 left of the money the apples had brought. The girls had long before agreed that some of the first apple money was to be used to buy that long wished for silk dress for their mother. By the time they had selected the dress and trimmings to go with it and reached home it was almost dark. They went to town to buy a pair of shoes. "Guess what we've got for you, mamma!" cried Mabel, dashing into the kitchen like a young whirlwind and throwing the folds of the dress around her mother's shoulders.

Mrs. Sanders was an undemonstrative little woman, but she had gathered up the new dress quickly to keep a couple of teardrops from falling on it.

"What would I do without my two girls?" she said and then turned to her cooking as if nothing had happened.

But the girls understood, and when Mrs. Sanders came in and the supper dishes were done they made the little mother sit in the rocking chair while they draped the folds of silk around her, and their father agreed with them that "she looked just like a queen," though he had a very hay idea what a queen looked like.

"I want to know what Mabel just before she dropped to sleep that night. 'Let's spend all our money that way instead of going to college.'"

The next morning they were up and had their wagon loaded when the sun came peeping up over the haystack. It was hot after the sun began to shine, and it was hard work measuring out apples, but the money kept coming in, while the work seemed a great deal easier. It was fun, too, in a way—there were so many different sorts of people, and they made so many queer remarks.

There was the old negro mammy who hailed the "apple girls" as a deliverance from the daily fare of dried prunes; the wistful looking old man who said he liked apple pie, but his wife didn't and if he bought any apples it would "make trouble," and the hungry looking little boy who said that he had eaten two apples last year and they tasted good. Poor little fellow! It is to be feared that he broke his apple eating record so badly that day that the paragon bottle had to be resorted to, but he was happy for awhile, anyway.

Just as they were measuring out their last bushel Mabel looked up and saw Mr. Snyder coming across the road toward them.

"Look, Gladys," she whispered excitedly.

"Why? Where?" questioned Gladys, looking around.

By that time Snyder had reached the wagon. "Do you girls realize what you are doing?" he asked sharply.

Gladys brushed a stray lock back from her eyes. "We're selling apples," she said, looking at him innocently, "a dollar a bushel. How many do you want?"

"You're breaking the city ordinance," Snyder went on, ignoring her remark. "I could have you locked up for this." "But as it is fall for selling apples," cried Mabel in a scared voice.

"Certainly, unless you have a license. It's against the law to peddle without one."

For once Gladys was at a loss for a reply. She only lightened her hold on the old walletful of money and waited for developments.

Mabel was plainly frightened. "We didn't know there was any such law," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference,"

"I'll have to help you now to pay you back," he said, and in spite of the girls' protests that they didn't need and didn't want any masculine assistance, he put on his overalls and began to help them gather the precious fruit.

In accordance with Mr. Pearson's instructions, they were placing the apples in huge piles and covering them with straw until they could provide some more permanent place to store them.

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"What are you going to do with them?" her father asked. "There must be nearly seventy barrels of these Wealthys."

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"I've thought of a better plan than that," said Gladys. "The Glen City Cold Storage company stores apples for a dollar a barrel, so Mr. Pearson told me. The Wealthys will keep in storage till the middle of February, and by that time they'll be worth \$4 or \$5 a barrel."

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THE MAKING OF AN ICEBERG.

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At any time of the year ice may be encountered in the Atlantic north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, approximately that of New York, and between 42 and 55 degrees west longitude, but it is in spring, when the increasing warmth of the sun loosens the Arctic snow and causes the bergs to melt and float from the places where they have been stranded, that there is the greatest danger to the mariner.

The bergs have their origin almost exclusively in western Greenland, although a few may come around Cape Farewell from the Spitzbergen sea and some from Hudson bay.

A huge sheet of ice a mile thick in places covers the whole of Greenland. This gradually slides down the valley toward the sea, into which it thrusts in great sheets fifty miles wide. As these ends become too heavy they break off and become bergs. The process is known as "calving." The pieces set adrift thus may be a thousand feet out of the water and a mile square. As they drift about they become broken and continue to diminish in size until they finally disappear completely. The process sometimes takes several years.

Once set adrift icebergs find their way into the Labrador current and begin their journey. But of all bergs as set adrift only a very small proportion ever find their way into the path of the transatlantic steamships.

Not do all bergs take the same course. Some go south; others lodge against the shore or against islands. Two years may separate the time that two bergs reach a low latitude, though they were "calved" at the same moment.

Field ice also offers an obstruction to the icebergs, though by their great size and bulk they often act as plows and aid materially in breaking up the ice fields which obstruct the arctic seas.

Ice fields are more affected by the wind than are icebergs. Bergs generally drift with the current, so that one sometimes is seen moving into the wind.

Advantage is taken of this by the sealing and fishing boats when caught in an ice field. They often anchor to icebergs and are towed miles through the ice, through which otherwise they could make no headway. This is accomplished by sinking an anchor into the berg and using a strong towline. As the berg advances open water, with small floating ice, is left astern.

But this is indeed a dangerous thing to do. All too often the icebergs are seen an endless variety of shapes—some a simple rectangular block, some a square or pentagon, others like a mountain peak with two separate supports. In many there are great caves and indentations. As they drift south and begin melting cascades of water pour down their sides or run from the tips of the hundreds of icicles which depend from every ledge.

Frequently there are outlying spurs in the water, as dangerous to ships as submerged reefs. For this reason vessels should always give them a wide berth, half a mile being considered the narrowest that one may be approached with safety.

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They Have A Definite Purpose.

Foley's Kidney Pills give quick relief in cases of kidney and bladder ailments.

Mrs. Rose Glasser, Terre Haute, Ind., tells the result in her case. "After suffering for many years from a serious case of kidney trouble and spending much money for so-called cures, I found Foley's Kidney Pills the only medicine that gave me a permanent cure. I was laid up in bed with severe backache and pains, but after taking Foley's Kidney Pills for four weeks as directed I am again able to be up and attend to my work. I shall never hesitate to recommend them." Sold by all druggists.

The Horse's Ears.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same, but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road. To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, slip back just before he "breaks" (into a gallop) and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications speak to him sharply and pull up his head.

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It tells of Dr. Shoop's Nigh Cure. Tells how these soothing, healing, anti-septic suppositories, bring quick and certain help. This Book is free. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. All dealers.

Dance on the Ceiling.

A student of the Tyrol and Tyrolene people describes a remarkable dance in which the male dancers beat time on the ceiling with their feet.

"In Brandenburg and one or two other Tyrolene valleys which boast of a particular unusual fair sex," says the writer, "the girl at the conclusion of her awa's fantastical jumps catches hold of him by his braces and bolts him up in the air. He, of course, helps by jerking himself upward when she lifts, and then, balancing with his hands on her shoulders, he trends the ceiling of the low room to the tune of the music, and she continues to dance around on the floor of the room. Such dances are rapidly falling into disuse."

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach—nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a make-shift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak in-side nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Sold by all dealers.

Chas. Dwight, colored, Monday a week, shot and killed his wife in the field at their home in Orangeburg county, S. C.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

An electric motor has been invented to keep track of the number of seconds any telephone in use during the day.

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.

One large electric company of this country spent during the last year nearly \$1,000,000 in patents and patent litigation.

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25-cent box. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about this formula. Stops womanly pains, headache, pains anywhere. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for free trial to prove value of his Headache or Pink Pain Tablets. Sold by all dealers.

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