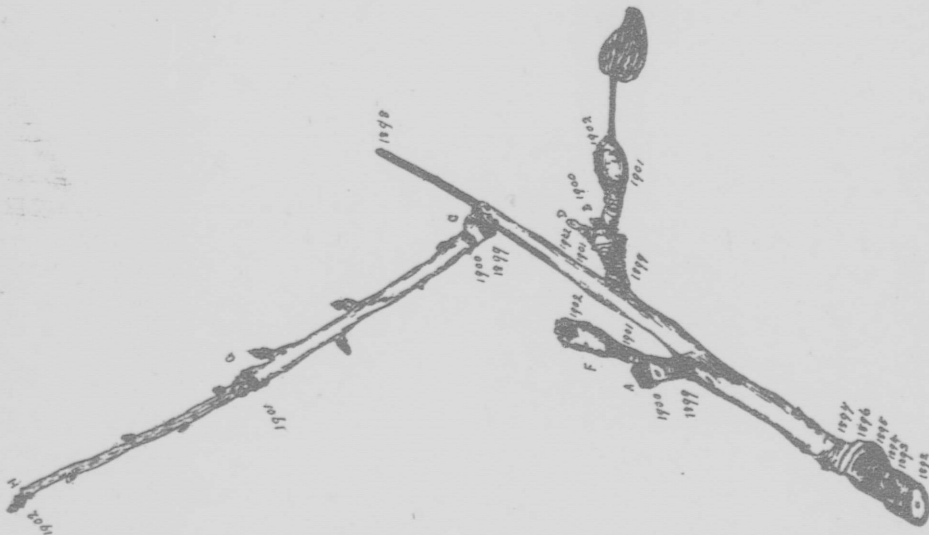


out large green leaves to take advantage of the present growing period. But again I was doomed to disappointment. My brothers got ahead of me, and I was relegated to another year of struggle. However, I had such a sturdy start that I was determined to do my share and produce seeds, so that if I should not be able to stand the struggle I might be remembered by the young apple trees that might spring from these seeds. So in the summer and fall I spent all

blossoms dropped, and no signs of an apple was left. I felt like giving up, but a good season of growth aroused me, and from beside the scar of the old apple bud I sent out another growing bud. The following spring, 1895, I grew very little more, but sent my energy into another fruit-bud. The next spring this bud blossomed, the busy insects came and went, partaking of the nectar, and in return pollinating the pistils. This time I was more fortunate. Two



"THE STORY OF AN APPLE TWIG,"

my energy in producing a large and strong bud which in the following year would bear apples.

Another winter passed and one bright afternoon in the spring of 1894, the bud I had spent so much energy in making, burst into a bright white blossom, which was followed in a day or two by three more. Surely this was life! Just let me show the world one large ripe apple and I would die contented. But my joy was soon spoiled. One by one the

apples set out of the four blossoms, one of these was small and the stem shrivelled, but the other was strong and healthy. The small apple hung on for a day or two and then fell off, but the large apple grew and grew, and soon was quite large and juicy. It soon became quite a severe strain on me, and I had to increase in thickness at the point of attachment to support the growing weight. This accounts for my swollen joints. All this time I was also making provision