

“Well, about some things,” said the Maple, who thought she knew quite a lot herself.

“Then there was a good deal more about the big forests that I was used to hearing about before my Grandfather Maple died, and about the Indians whom the white people had to fight at first, before they could get a place in the land.

And now there are many millions of people living here, there are great noisy cities, long railroads which go from one end of the country to the other, and boats which sail over the great lakes, and down the rivers.”

“I wish I had heard it,” was the Chestnut’s answer, when the Maple finished her story.

“Oh, I’m sure there is to be another story to-day. We shall watch and wait for it.”

So the branches of the two trees were twined lovingly together as they peeped through the window. And this is the story they heard that bright Spring afternoon, though no one would have thought they were listening.

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