

"Here then was a little tree growing wild without any care given it, yet it produced handsome apples of fine quality. How do you suppose it came to be growing there?" "Somebody must have planted it," declared Gordon. "No," I said "it was not planted, but grew there from the seed, and was, therefore, what is called a chance seedling." "The Brownies must have planted it," remarked Jean. "Well, probably they did," I said, "but I think the Brownies in this case were the men who helped to chop down the trees in the woods; for it is most likely that they had taken with them some Snow apples to eat when they felt hungry. They threw away the cores and when these rotted the seeds were left on the ground, and from one of these seeds this little tree may have grown."

"What makes you think they were Snow apples," inquired Jean. "Well," I said, "if you will fetch a few Snow apples from the cellar, to compare with those in the dish, you will probably find the reason yourself." In less time than it takes to tell, they were making comparisons, and they agreed that there was not much difference in appearance, except that the McIntoshes were, on the whole, a little larger and redder than the Snows. "What makes those black spots on the skin," asked Gordon, "they are on both kinds." "Those," I replied, "are caused by a fungous disease with which the Snow apple and its relatives are often troubled. Now cut an apple of each kind and compare the flesh." "Why, they are both nearly as white as snow, aren't they?" asked Jean. "That is still further proof," I said, "that they belong to the same family. Now taste them." After much tasting of one and the other, it was decided that they were both so good that it was hard to say which was the better; but when asked to shut their eyes and guess the name of the one they were given to taste, they found no difficulty in telling which was the McIntosh, because it had a "spicy flavor."

"Now," I said, "I think that you have sufficient proof that these two apples are related. In fact, there is little doubt that the McIntosh, and a number of other varieties I might mention, are seedlings from the Snow, or, as it is more properly called, the *Fameuse*. None of these varieties, however, take their names from their parent. The McIntosh, as you may have already guessed, received its name from the man on whose farm the first tree of that kind was found."

"But how does it come there are so many trees of that kind now?" asked Fred. "We have them, and Grandpa has them, and lots of people have them." "Well," I said, "that is one of the interesting points in the story of nearly all cultivated fruit trees."

"All of the McIntosh trees now growing in all parts of the country have descended from that one little tree in Dundas County, not by planting seed from it, for that most likely would have produced other varieties, but by grafting and budding other trees with cuttings and buds taken from it."

"One of the remarkable things about nearly all our cultivated fruit trees is, that trees grown from their seed show endless variations. If, for instance, you should plant 100 McIntosh apple seeds, probably no two of the trees from them would bear apples just alike, and most likely none of