

## THE STORY OF AN APPLE.

PROFESSOR H. L. HUTT.



FIG. 67.—McIntosh Apples.

but I informed him that every apple has a history, and some have a very interesting one. "What variety of apple is that?" I asked. "A McIntosh," they all shouted in chorus, for they had been learning the names of apples, and were always pleased to be able to identify a variety correctly. "How do you suppose it got that name?" I next enquired; but as this was too much for them, I said, "Well, that is where we will begin our story.

"Once upon a time (for all good stories begin that way), about thirty years ago, on a farm near Dundela, a little village in Dundas County, in the St. Lawrence Valley, lived a man by the name of Allan McIntosh. He was one of the early settlers in that section, and had cleared off most of the forest which once covered his fields, only a few acres of it having been left for bush. The bush was the favorite resort of the cows when the weather became warm and the flies were too troublesome in the adjoining pasture field.

"One evening, late in September, when Mr. McIntosh's little boys, Allen and Harvey, were hunting through the bush for the cows, they espied just on the edge of a clearing, a little tree bearing near its top a number of bright red apples. If they had discovered it sooner, they might have found many more on the lower branches. What do you suppose had become of them?" "The cows must have got them," suggested Fred. "Yes, the cows had found them first; but the boys were soon up the tree making sure that the cows would get no more of them.

"The apples were at that time hardly mellow enough for eating, but that did not prevent the boys from sampling them; and they declared that they were the finest wild apples they had ever tasted. Those not eaten at once were taken home and kept in the cellar till the family gathering at Christmas, when all present pronounced them finer than any of the named varieties grown in the little orchard near the house.