

to eat the fruit of every other tree in the garden?"

Now Adam did not mind such a little thing as a fib. Thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, he stoutly affirmed that he had never so much as seen the pears.

The High Tribunal turned to Eve, who quaked beneath her pinafore and gave a frightened sob.

"Child, is it possible that it was you?"

The doughty Adam expected Eve to fib easily in his footsteps and was cogitating whether he should now inculcate the robins, or a neighbor's boy against whom he had a grudge.

But, remarking her pitiful plight, and being a much better fellow than the reputed father of the race, hence incapable of meanly shuffling off blame upon a dear companion, and of desiring her to be punished with him, he suddenly cried with a swagger:

"I say, I lied you know. I ate your old pears, all three of them — skins, seeds, and stems."

The High Tribunal was very wroth with Adam and commanded he should be driven out of that delightful garden and enjoy no more the fruits thereof; and the grim gar-