

Adam seized the third, and remarked with bland surprise:

"Why it's so dead ripe, it just dropped off of itself."

Eve knew better, but said nothing.

Adam did eat, devouring the pear noisily. It sounded juicy and luscious in little Eve's ears.

"I don't quite remember whether this one was altogether ripe," pursued the perfidious Adam. "Bless me, it has fallen off too!"

He plunged into it with liquid swoops and gurgles of delight.

"How good that sounds," sighed Eve.

"Here," decreed Adam magnificently, "you may have this one," plucked the third pear, and Eve did eat.

Hearing the gardener walking in the garden in the cool of the day, the guilty couple ran and hid themselves amongst the trees of the garden.

But the gardener in the twinkling of an eye perceived that his pet pears were gone, pounced upon Adam and Eve, dragged them forth from their ambush and before the High Tribunal of their aunt.

"How could you be so naughty and steal those beautiful pears, when you were allowed