

the pasture lands were too well seeded to dock, milkweed, and wild mustard to be attractive, and the fences were cheap and much broken.

The woodland near the western limit proved to be practically a virgin forest, in which oak trees predominated. The undergrowth was dense, except near the road; it was chiefly hazel, white thorn, dogwood, young cherry, and second growth hickory and oak. We turned the corner and followed the woods for half a mile to where a barbed wire fence separated our forest from the woodland adjoining it. Coming back to the starting-point we turned north and slowly climbed the hill to the east of our home lot, silently developing plans. We drove the full half-mile of our eastern boundary before turning back.

I looked with special interest at the orchard, which was on the northeast forty. I had seen it on my first visit, but had given it little attention, noting merely that the trees were well grown. I now counted the rows, and found that there were twelve; the trees in each row had originally been twenty, and as these trees were about thirty-five feet apart, it was easy to estimate that six acres had been given to this orchard. The vicissitudes of seventeen years had not been without effect, and there were irregular gaps in the rows, — here a sick tree, there a dead one. A careless estimate placed these casualties at fifty-five or sixty, which I later found was

c