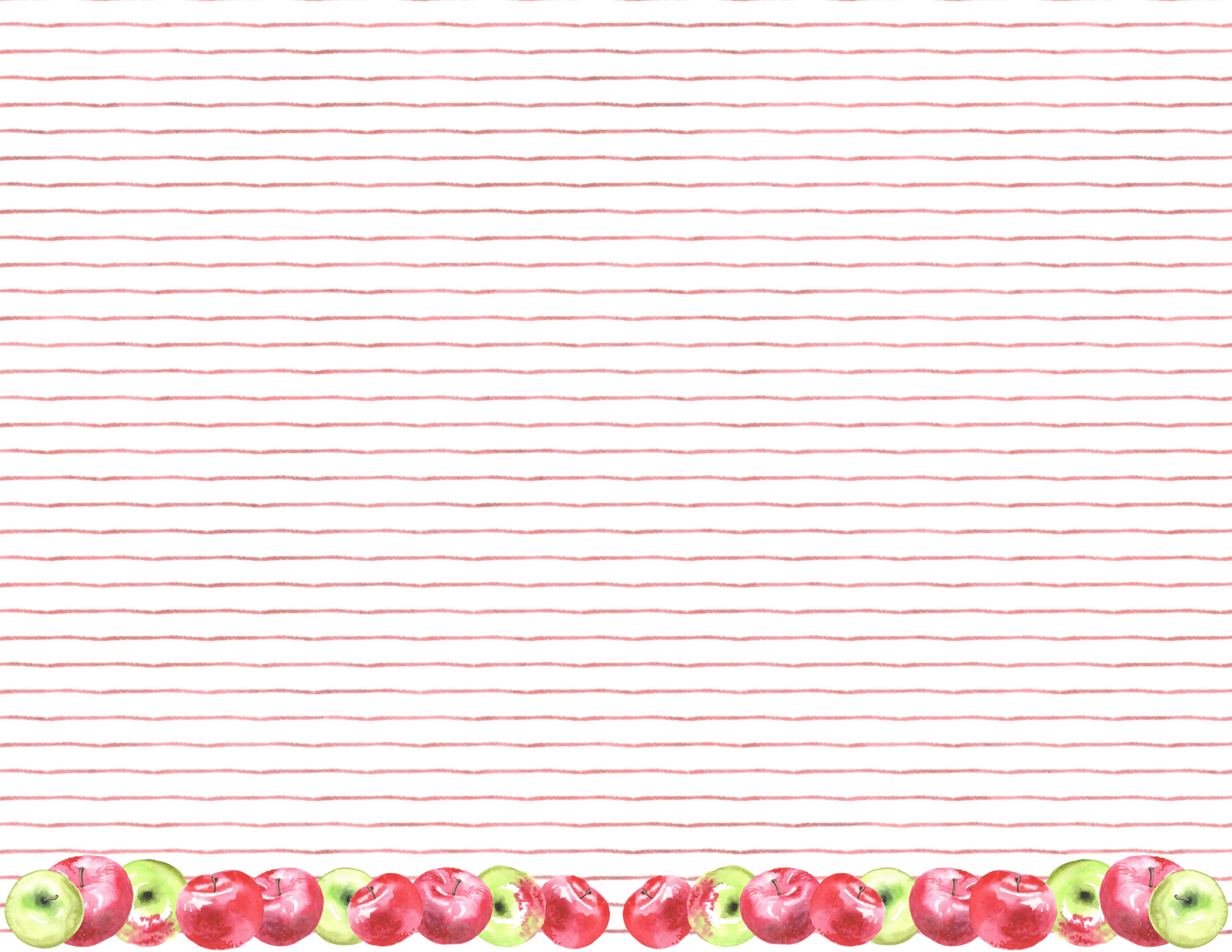


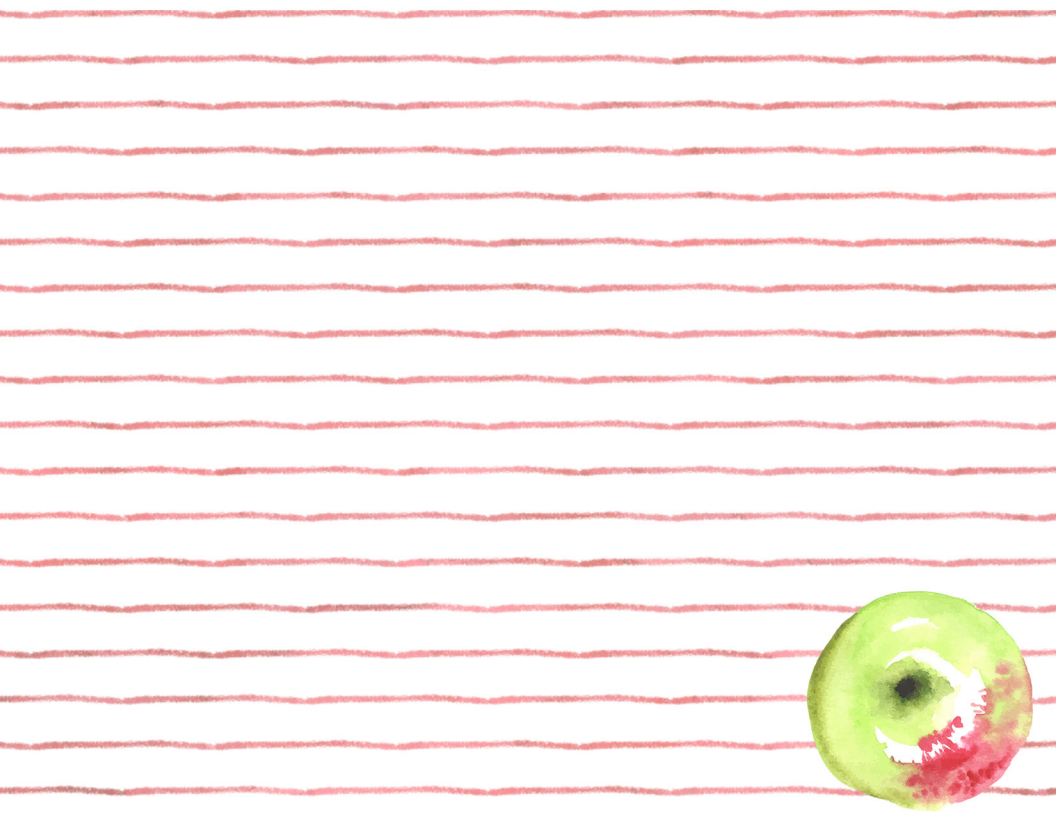
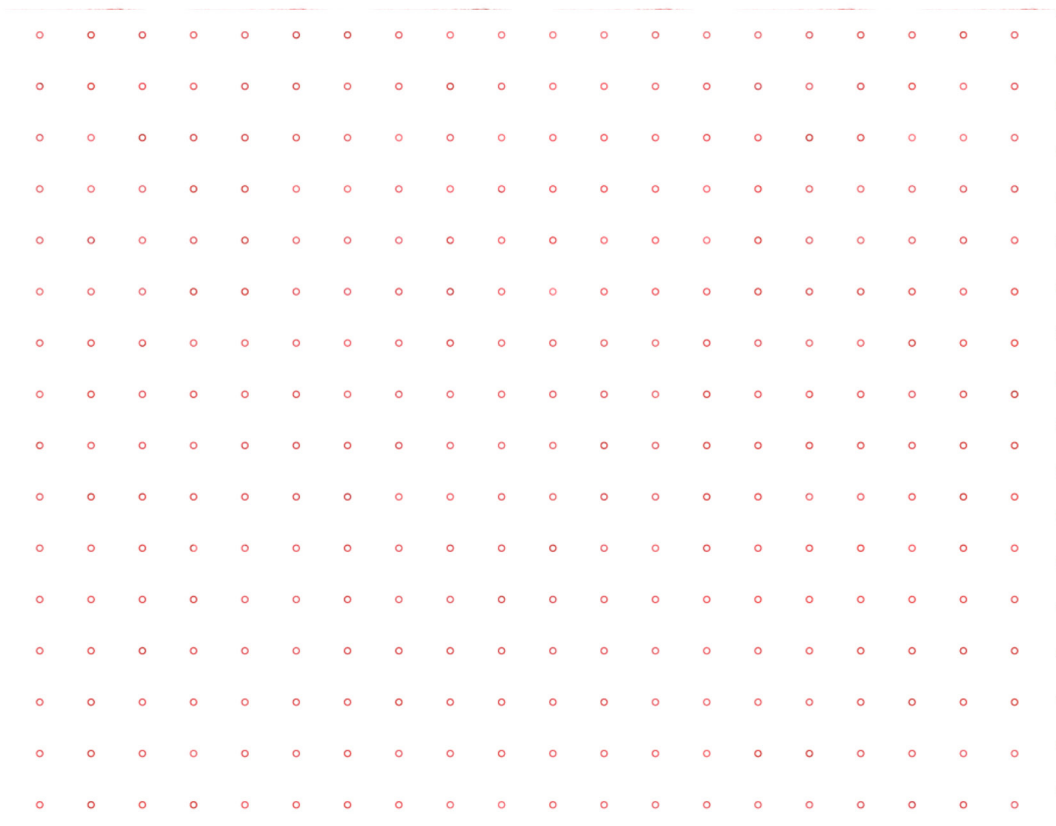
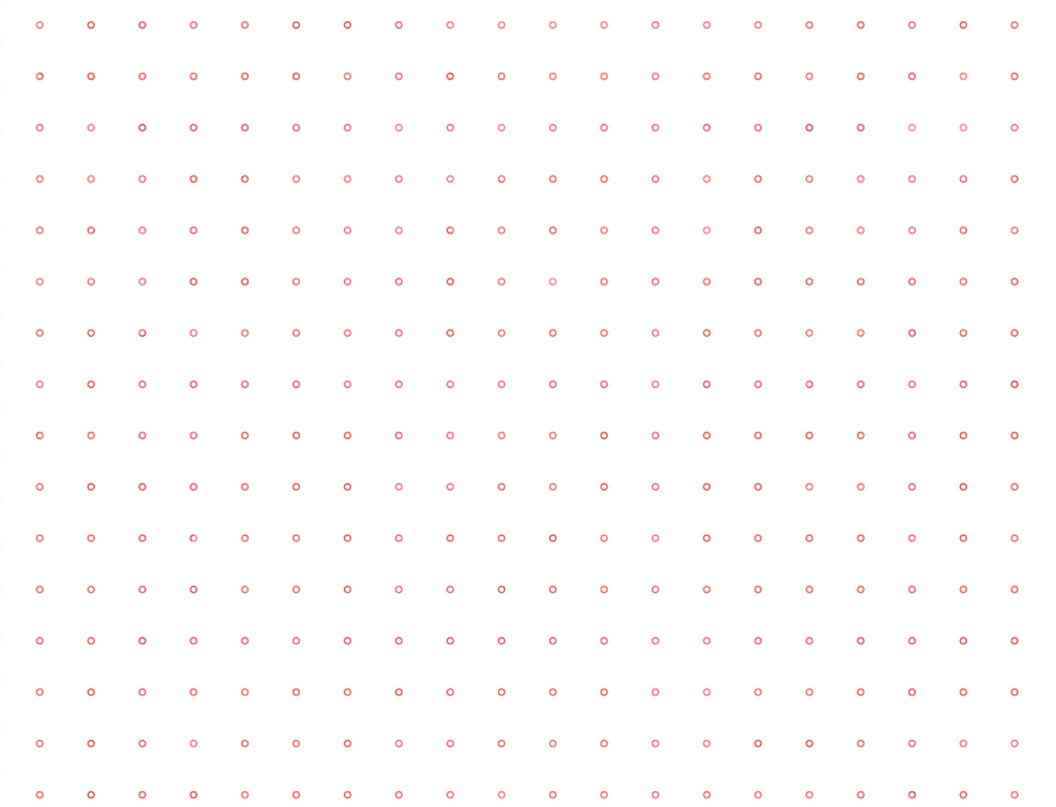
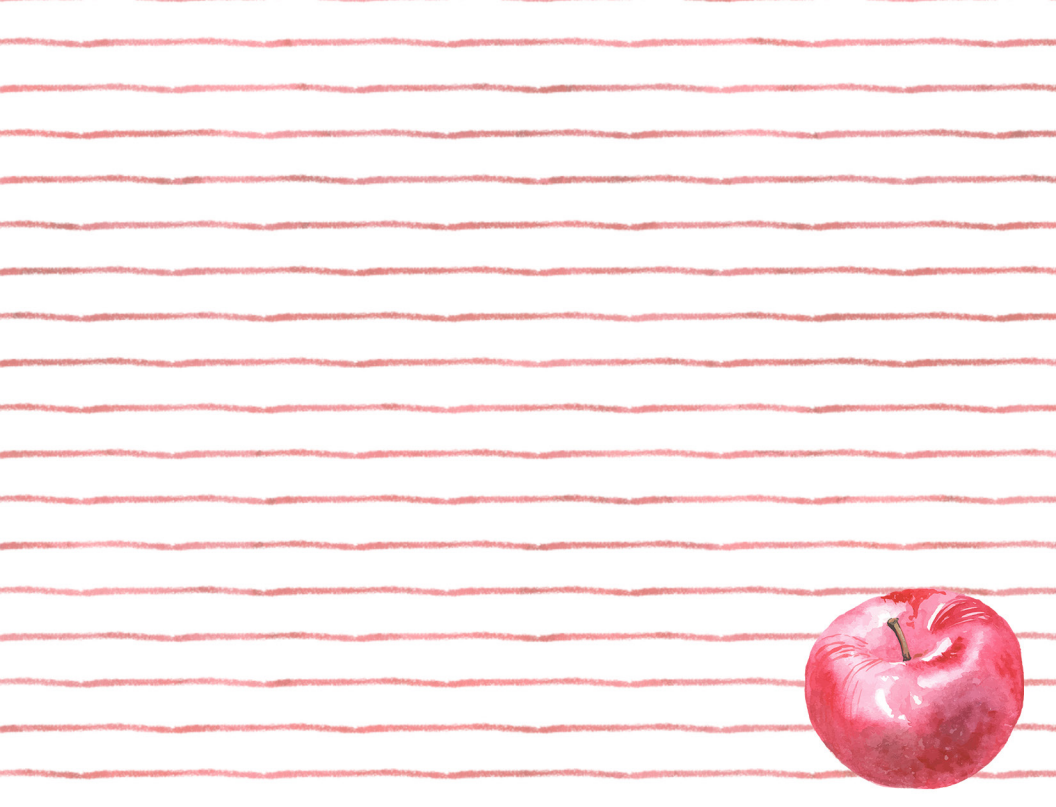


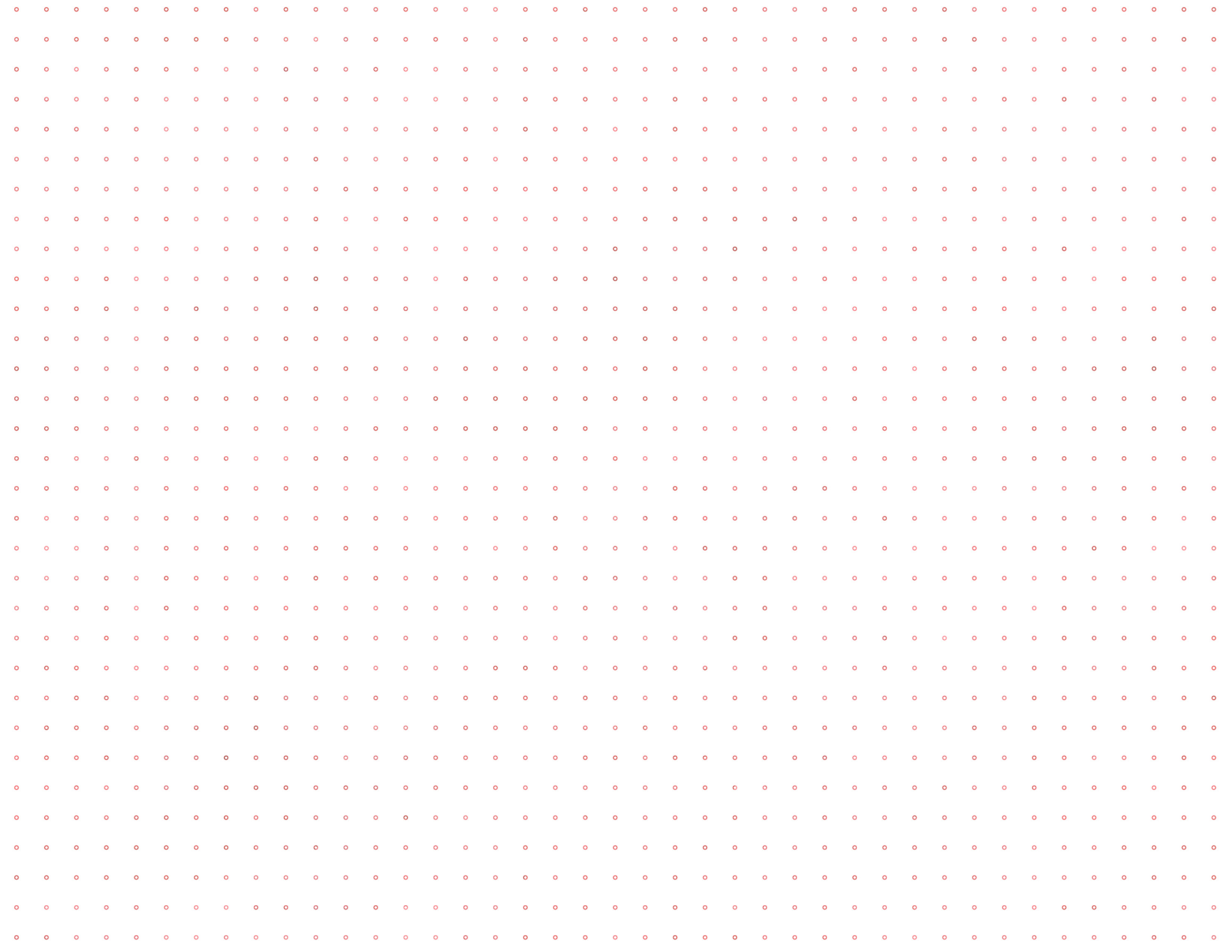
APPLE
PICKING













PICKING THE APPLES.

Apples to pick ! apples to pick !
Come with a basket and come with a stick.
Rustle the leaves and shake them down,
And let every boy take care of his crown.

There you go, Tommy ! Up with you, Jim !
Crawl to the end of that crooked limb.
Carefully pick the fairest and best ;
Now for a shake, and down come the rest !

Thump ! thump ! down they come raining !
Shake away ! shake, till not one is remaining.
Hopping off here, and popping off there,
Apples and apples are everywhere.

Golden Russets, with sunburnt cheek ;
Fat, ruddy Baldwins, jolly and sleek ;
Pippins, not much when they meet your eyes,
But wait till you see them in tarts and pies !

Where are the Pumpkin Sweets ? Oh, here !
Where are the Northern Spies ? Oh, there !
And there are the Nodheads, and here are the Snows,
And yonder the Porter, best apple that grows.

Beautiful Bellefleurs, yellow as gold,
Think not we're leaving you out in the cold ;
And dear fat Greenings, so prime to bake,
I'll eat one of you now, for true love's sake !

Oh, bright is the Autumn sun o'erhead,
And bright are the piles of gold and red !
And rosy and bright as the apples themselves
Are Jim, Tom, and Harry, as merry as elves.

UNKNOWN.

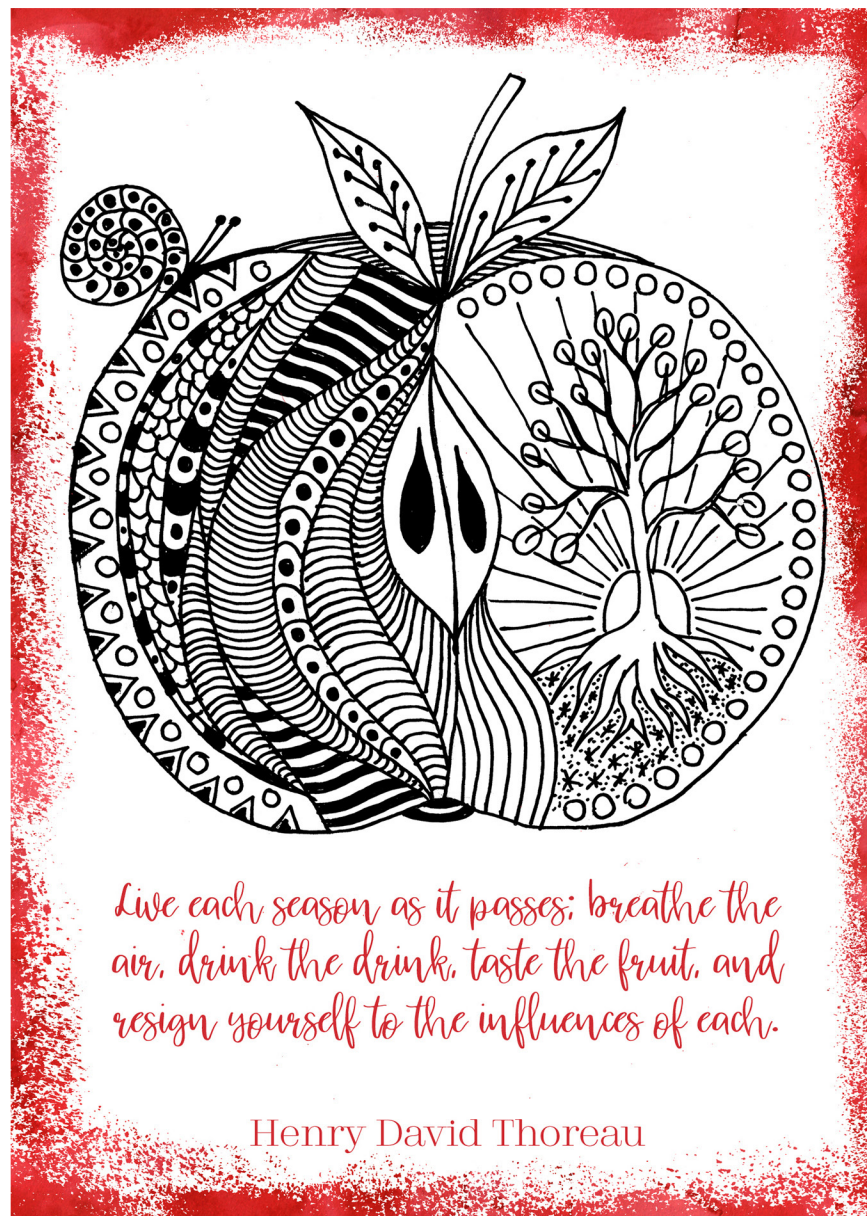






*Surely the apple
is the
noblest of fruits.*

Henry David Thoreau



*Live each season as it passes; breathe the
air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and
resign yourself to the influences of each.*

Henry David Thoreau

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Enjoy!!

