

ing from one place to another in the neighborhood. Therefore, "Apple Seed John" had no board to pay, and he needed little money for he was content to receive his pay in the seeds of apples, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes. This is why he was called "Apple Seed John."

The farmers and the children would save their seeds for him, and when spring would come he would load his boat with seeds and sail down the Ohio river. At every suitable landing he took his bag of seeds on his back and trudged through the forests until he found a good open place, there he would plant his seeds, build a fence of boughs around the seeds and and start out again.

Thus he traveled on and on through many springs and summers, planting his seeds in the unsettled countries for those who would come later and make their homes in the new country. When the first settlers crossed the mountains and began to clear the forests for homes and farms, to their great surprise they found orchards and vineyards awaiting them. This, as the people found out, was the noble work of "Apple Seed John." Although he lived many generations ago, a few trees are still standing which are said to have been planted by him.

The story of this man, who in his humble way devoted his life to doing good for others, is one that may well be told and retold. While all of us can not be "Apple Seed Johns" we can all do something in this world to make others happy, either those coming after us or those living in the present generation.—Adapted by Ruth Liphart, Senior.

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So he kept traveling, far and wide,
'Till his old limbs failed him and he died;
He said at last: "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done some good in the world, though not a great
deal."

Weary travelers journeying West,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest,
And often they start with glad surprise
At the rosy fruit that around them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze?
The reply still comes as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by Appleseed John."
—From "Appleseed John" by Maria Child.