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The Little Green Apple

TWO apples grew on the lowest branch of the apple tree. One morning they were talking to each other. "I wish," said the smaller apple, "that I did not have to grow up. I should like to be a beautiful blossom all my life."

"Oh, I shouldn't," answered the other apple. "I hope that I shall grow to be the largest apple on the tree."

"Well, you won't," screamed an apple near the top of the tree.

"Neither will you," retorted the apple below. "Besides, I hear you have a worm hole in you."

The apple on the top branch was so angry that it almost lost its balance and fell to the ground. This would have been a disgrace for any apple.

"I have no worm hole at all," cried the apple above. "I shall grow to be much larger than you. You are too near the ground to be safe."

"What does it mean by that?" asked the smaller apple on the lowest branch in a whisper.

"It means that we are in danger of being picked," I suppose," explained the other apple. "For my part I should just as soon be picked as have the wind blow me down."

"Who would pick us?" asked the smaller apple, looking up.

"Oh, boys, of course," answered the larger apple. "That wouldn't be so bad, either, if they would only give us



PRESENTLY THEY BROUGHT DOWN THE LARGE APPLE.

time to ripen. When they pick us there is but one thing to do."

"What is that?" asked the smaller apple eagerly.

"Give them the stomach ache," the apple likes to be eaten before the proper time. The stomach ache is the only way to punish them."

For a few moments the smaller apple did not speak. Then it said: "I think it's better to grow up anyway. It would be much easier to be a sweet smelling blossom."

"How can you say so? I think it is fine to feel the sun on our faces and know our cheeks grow redder each day."

"Your cheeks aren't red," replied the smaller apple, "and my seeds are green."

"When you are older you will be handsomer," said the big apple. "Perhaps you will be used in a pie."

"Good gracious, how unpleasant!" exclaimed the smaller apple, twisting on its stem. "What is a pie?"

"It is something people eat. It is very good. No apple need feel ashamed to be used in one."

"Will the apple at the top of the tree be used in a pie?" inquired the smaller apple.

"If it has a worm hole I should not care to be used in the same pie," remarked the larger apple.

"I should not care to be used in a pie anyway," said the smaller apple. "What else could I do?"

"Oh, there are baked apples and fried apples and apples that are used for cider."

"Cider sounds much pleasanter than pie."

"The apples used in cider are not the finest ones. They are all sizes and colors. Very few fine looking apples care to go into cider."

"What are you going to do when you get ripe?" asked the smaller apple presently.

The larger apple thought for some time. "I am going to the city," it said, "to be sold on a fruit stand. All the largest and finest apples are sold there. They are looked after well too. Their cheeks are polished until they shine, and they are shown in a window beside the grape fruit and oranges and grapes. By Thanksgiving time I suppose I shall be eaten."

"It must be fine to be a good looking apple," said the smaller apple sadly. It repeated this remark several times to itself and was about to ask other

Met on the Battlefield

[Original.]

The battle was over; the last volley had been fired; the last boom borne away on the cold winter wind. A cessation in the firing was followed by the cries of the wounded. The lives of some were ebbing away who knew that if they could get a surgeon they might live. Others would give up life and hope of returning home for a swallow of water. All over the field the dead and dying were mingled, the dead waiting burial, the wounded waiting removal.

Two wounded officers lay side by side. They had never met before, but now a common misfortune had made them friends. Captain Elliot Noble was seriously though not mortally wounded; Lieutenant Mark Preston had a very slight chance for his life. The former was striving to keep hope alive in the latter.

"Remember," said Noble, "that at home there are those who are praying that you may come back to them."

"There is but one who will pray in my case, and she will probably pray, if she prays at all, that I may never return. She married me thinking the man she loved had gone back on her, but she found out later that he hadn't. It was all a mistake."

Noble sighed. It must be sad to be dying and feel that the person who should grieve for you will be pleased at your death.

"I don't know who the man is," Preston continued. "My wife would never speak of him to me, and I never even heard his name. I hope that as soon as he hears I've been thrown into a trench he'll go and make her happy. She's a good woman, and I'm no dog in a manger."

It was getting dark, and the cold was increasing. They could hear snoring parties moving near them, but none so near that they could attract their attention.

Noble always kept in his pocket a little flask containing an eighth of a pint of whiskey to be used in just such an emergency as this. When he found that his comrade was getting chilled with the cold he pulled his flask and put it to Preston's lips. Half the contents was all he would allow him to drink, reserving the balance in case a rescue were delayed. An hour later the captain drew the flask again and poured the balance down his comrade's throat in an effort to restore him to consciousness. Noble was by this time becoming himself benumbed through loss of blood and cold. Nevertheless he took off his overcoat and threw it over Preston. This was the last act he remembered on the battlefield.

When Noble awoke he was in a temporary hospital, from which he was removed to a more commodious one. As soon as he got out he wished to make inquiries about the man he had befriended, but it was impossible since he had not taken his name. All he could learn was that on the spot where they had lain in a trench had been dug, and many dead had been buried in it without any attempt to learn their identity. Noble had no doubt that his comrade had died and been shoveled into the trench.

Captain Elliot Noble is a very happy man. He is no longer in the army, having been a volunteer and mustered out after the close of the war. He is prosperous in business, has married and is happy in his marriage. His wife, who was a widow, has inherited a dwelling from her first husband, and in this the family, consisting of husband and wife and a baby, has recently come to them, live.

One evening Noble and his wife were sitting before a bright fire of logs. The husband occupied an easy chair, and the wife sat on one of the arms. His arm was around her waist; her arm rested on his shoulder.

Without a man had stolen up to the window and was looking in at this picture of conjugal happiness. Fortunately for the looker on the shadow had not been drawn down to its full length. Noble was sitting with his back to the window, and the man outside could only see that he was a man. But presently Noble arose and turned his back to the fire, showing his full face. At the moment his wife threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and went out of the room.

When the man outside saw Noble's face he caught at the window sill. When he saw the wife throw her arms about her husband's neck, he staggered back and put his hands before his eyes. Then he turned and walked away.

When Captain Noble and Lieutenant Preston were found on the battlefield each was identified and their names put down on the lists being made up of the casualties. Preston's name was entered as dead. When, early the next day, a trench was dug near him and he was about to be thrown into it, a slight movement in his throat was noticed.

He had the night before been saved from dying on the field by the whiskey and the overcoat of his comrade. This he knew, and for months while lying in hospital he was constantly vowing that if he recovered he would find his preserver and do what he might to show his sense of the obligation.

At last he was discharged from the hospital, but was surprised to learn that he was considered dead. Rather than go home he concluded to remain for awhile among the dead. Might it not change his relations with his wife?

One night, hungry for a bit of human sympathy, he went home. There he saw that his wife's former lover and present husband was the man to whom he owed his life. He has never since been heard of. MORRIS WYNNIE.

SEND THIS BOOK EAST.

O. R. & N. and S. P. Ry. Books Tell About The Oregon Country.

If possible, the passenger department of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company and Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, has surpassed itself in the 1906 issue of its new publication, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and their resources. The purpose of the publication is to attract homecomers and investors to the Pacific Northwest and this publication is undoubtedly the best messenger that could be sent by residents of Oregon, Washington and Idaho to their friends in the East and Middle West.

Beautiful half tones, printed on superb book paper, make the publication, which contains 88 pages and a map of the section, a work of art, but far superior to the typographical make-up in the contents of the book. Under many heads covering practically all the resources of the states are short, pithy stories of what has been accomplished, not what might be done, but actual facts and figures accompanied by names and addresses of well known farmers, who are daily laying aside an income that would be a fortune to an Eastern agriculturist.

Wm. McMurray, general passenger agent of the O. R. & N. Co. and S. P. lines in Oregon, has favored the editor with a copy of this publication and informed him that readers of The Observer, by sending the names and addresses of friends in the East and four cents in postage for each address, may have the book promptly mailed to the addresses given.

Going to the Beach?

Round trip season excursion tickets to Clatsop and North Beach points via the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad were placed on sale May 1st, and will be daily until Sept. 30th, at the Portland office, 248 Alder street, and at the Union Depot, at the popular rate of \$4 for the round trip. Children of half fare age, one-half the adult rate.

Tickets good going one day from date of sale, and for return until October 1st. These tickets are interchangeable and will be honored for passage in either direction between Portland and Astoria on the boats of the O. R. & N. V. T. Co. Close rail connection made at Astoria with the boat to and from North Beach points. For all information regarding the beaches and the best way to get there, address:

J. C. Mayo, General Passenger Agent,

Astoria, Oregon, or C. A. Stewart, Ag't,

248 Alder st., Portland, Oregon.

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B. H. Trumbull, Commercial Agent, 142 Third st., Portland, Or.
J. C. Lindsey, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 3d st., Portland Or.
Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent, Colman building, Seattle.

Great Northern Rates.

August 7th, 8th and 9th, and September 8th and 10th are dates fixed upon when the Great Northern Railway will have on sale tickets to Chicago and return at rate of \$71.50; St. Louis and return \$67.50; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Superior or Sioux City and return, \$60. Tickets first class, good going via the Great Northern, returning same or any direct route, stop-overs allowed. For all information address H. Dickson, C.P. & T.A., 123 Third st., Portland.