

THE ORCHARD JACK MADE.

THIS is the orchard that Jack made.

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These are the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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These are the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the coat that was put in pawn to buy the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the man, unshaven, unshorn, who owned the coat that was put in pawn to buy the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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These are the ailments, hard to be borne, that plagued the man, unshaven, unshorn, who owned the coat that was put in pawn to buy the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the temper, sharp as a thorn, that was caused by the ailments, hard to be borne, that plagued the man, unshaven, unshorn, who owned the coat that was put in pawn to buy the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

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This is the family, all forlorn, who suffered the temper, sharp as a thorn, that was caused by the ailments, hard to be borne, that plagued the man, unshaven, unshorn, who owned the coat that was put in pawn to buy the cider, freshly drawn, that contained the alcohol—poison, I warn—that was made by the yeast that thrived in the juice that was crushed from the apples that fell from the trees that grew in the orchard that Jack made.

By Margaret Baker in "The Best of Health."

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