

The Hidden Hill.

A good looking young couple stopped at Van's gate one morning and introduced themselves. "On our days off we have been leaving our car in the barnyard here and hiking across this farm to our hidden hill. Will you allow us to continue doing so," said the young man. "We are bride and groom," went on the young man. "We did most of our spooning, and now we want to spend one day of our honeymoon, on our hill."

"So just as you have been doing leave your car in the barnyard and cut across any part of my farm," said Van.

"We like to get off the beaten tracks. These mountains are threaded with trails, but this one belongs to us. We found the hill by accident one day when we got lost. To reach it we cut across your bog down yonder and climb the steep wooded hill beyond, then go down the other side of it and climb another hill, and there we are, surrounded by wooded hills, your hill behind us, a steep one in front of us, one to the north of us, and one to the south of us, our hill low and isolated, with a large flat rock atop it, and at the foot of the rock a little spring brook."

Tom was watching out for them

when they returned in the late afternoon

"Don't you want to throw some apples in the back of your car," he asked. "We had a hard wind storm yesterday and the apples will rot where they fell 'if someone doesn't pick them off the ground."

Tom helped them until they had thrown more than a bushel of apples in the car.

To Van's surprise they came up again on Armistice Day, and stopped in to see him. The groom handed him a quart jar. "This is some of my mother's good apple-butter. My mother was born on a Pennsylvania farm where they always made apple-butter in the fall

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and she still makes it. She said the apples you gave us were just the right flavor for apple-butter. Now we're on our way to Hidden Hill to eat our lunch - our last trip of there this year."

"Stop 'em and have a drink of sweet cider on your way back," invited Van.