County Clork

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BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXI.-(Continued.) Days passed on, and at last rumors his attendance upon the proud Southern beauty, whose fortune was valued by

Still a minute observer could easily have seen that her gayety was feigned, for she had loved Henry Lincoln as sincerely as she was capable of loving, and not even George Moreland, who treated her with his old boyish familiarity, could make her for a moment forget one who now passed her coldly by, or listened pas-sively while the sarcastic Evron Hern-

only for a glass case! Toward the last of April Mrs. Mason winter with her aunt, who wept at

"I don't want your eyes to grow dim and your cheeks pale in that little, pentup room," said he. "You know I've been there and seen for myself."

Mary colored, for George's manner of late had puzzled her, and Jenny had more than once whispered in her ear, "I know George loves you, for he looks at you just as William does at me, only a little

Ida, too, had once mischievously addressed her as "Cousin," adding that there was no one among her acquaintances whom she would as willingly call by that name. "When I was a little girl," said she, "they used to tease me about George, but I'd as soon think of marrying my brother. You never saw Mr. Elwood, George's classmate, for he's in Europe now. Between you and me, I

A loud call from Aunt Martha prevent ed Ida from finishing, and the conversation was not again resumed. The next morning Mary was to leave, and as she stood in the parlor talking with Ida, George came in with a traveling satchel in his hand, and a shawl thrown care-

"Where are you going?" asked Ida. "To Springfield. I have business there,"

'And when will you return?" continued Ida, feeling that it would be doubly

"That depends on circumstances," said "I shall stop a

Mary answered that she was always glad to see her friends, and as the carriage just then drove up, they started to-Mary never remembered of having had a more pleasant George was a most agreeable companion with him at her side she seemed to discover new beautines in every object which they passed, and felt rather when the winding river and the waters of Pordunk Pond warned sorry when the her that Chicopee station was near at

"Oh! how pleasant to be at home once more, and alone," said Mrs. Mason, but Mary did not reply. Her thoughts were alone, the presence of a certain individual would not probably have marred her happiness to any great extent. But he was coming soon, and with that in antici-

Mrs. Perkins, who came early in the morning, bringing her knitting work and staying all day. She had taken to dress making, she said, and thought maybe she could get some new ideas from Mary's dresses, which she very coolly asked to With the utmost good humor Mary opened her entire wardrobe to the inspection of the widow. At last the day was over, and with it the visit of the widow who had gathered enough gossiping materials to last her until the Monday following, when the arrival in the neighborhood of George Moreland threw her upo a fresh theme, causing her to wonder "if 'twas Mary's beau, and if he hadn't been kinder courtin' her ever since the time he visited her school.'

She felt sure of it when, toward even and nothing but the presence of a visitor prevented her from stealing across the road and listening under the window would undoubtedly have been highly edified could she have heard their con The interest which George had felt in Mary when a little child was school in Rice Corner, and saw how and appearance; and it was then that he conceived the idea of educating her, determining to marry her if she proved all

He had asked her to accompany him to the school house, because it was there his resolution had been formed, and it was there he would make it known. Mary, too, had something which she wished to kindness to her and her parents' memory; but the moment she commenced talking upon the subject George stopped her, and for the first time since they were chi placed his arm around her waist and, kissing her smooth, white brow, said, "Shall I tell you, Mary, how you can repay me?"

did not reply, and he continued "Give me a husband's right to care for you, and I shall be repaid a thousand-

the future, which George said should all one bright dream of happiness to the reached Ella that Henry was constant in his attendance upon the proud Southern fullness of her joy wept as she thought beauty, whose fortune was valued by hundreds of thousands. At first she re-fused to believe it, but when Mary and many dashing belle had tried in vain to when she herself had ocular demonstra-tion of the fact, she gave way to one long fit of weeping, and then, drying her eyes, declared that Henry Lincoln should see "that she would not die for him."

Still a minute observer or the should save and the should save "that she would not die for him."

Still a minute observer or the should save she died.

CHAPTER XXII. The windows of Rose Lincoln's cham-ber were open, and the balmy air of May came in, kissing the white brow of the ing buds and fair young blossoms, which his breath had wakened into life, and which she would never see.
"Has Henry come?" she asked of her

don likened her to a waxen image, fit father, and in the tones of her voice there was an unusual gentleness, for just as and Mary returned to their old home in the country. On Ella's account Mrs. She was dying Rose was learning to live For a time she had seemed so indiffer For a time she had seemed so indifferent and obstinate that Mrs. Howland had Campbell had decided to remain in the city during a part of the summer, and she labored hard to keep Mary also.

Mary promised, however, to spend the prayed for the young girl, that she might prayed for the young girl, that she might not die until she had first learned the parting with her more than she would way of eternal life. And, as if in an-probably have done had it been Ella. swer to her prayers, Rose gradually be-Mary had partially engaged to teach the gan to listen, and as she listened, she school in Rice Corner, but George, assuming a kind of authority over her, declared she should not.

On her return from the city Jenny had told her as gently as possible of Henry's conduct toward Ella, and of her fears that he was becoming more dissipated than ever. For a time Rose lay perfectly still, and Jenny, thinking she was asleep, was about to leave the room, when her sister called her back, and bidding her sit down by her side, said, "Tell me, Jenny, do you think Henry has any love for me?"

"He would be an unnatural brother if he had not," answered Jenny, her own heart yearning more tenderly toward her sister, whose gentle manner she could not understand.

"Then," resumed Rose, "if he loves me, he will be sorry when I am dead, and perhaps it may save him from ruin." The tears dropped slowly from her long eyelashes, while Jenny, laying her round, rosy cheek against the thin, pale face near her, sobbed out, "You must not die-dear Rose. You must not die, and leave us."

From that time the failure was visible and rapid, and though letters went frequently to Henry, telling him of his sis-ter's danger, he still lingered by the side of the brilliant beauty, while east morning Rose asked, "Will he come to-day?"

Calmly and without a murmur she had heard the story of their ruin from their out undeceiving her. Before that time she had asked to be taken back to Mount Auburn, designating the spot where she would be buried, but now she insisted upon being laid by the running brood at the foot of her grandmother's garden, and near a green, mossy bank where the spring blossoms were earliest found, and where the flowers of autumn lingered ongest. The music of the falling water, she said, would soothe her as she and its cool moisture keep the grass green and fresh upon her early grave.
One day, when Mrs. Lincoln was sit-

ting by her daughter and, as she frequently did, uttering invectives against Mount Holyoke, etc., Rose said, "Don't talk so, mother. Mount Holvoke Seminary had nothing to do with hastening my death. I have done it myself by my own carelessness;" and then she confess-ed how many times she had deceived her mother, and thoughtlessly exposed her pation she appeared cheerful and gay as usual.

Among the first to call upon them was health, even when her lungs and side were throbbing with pain. "I know you will forgive me," said she, "for most severely have I been punished."

Then, as she heard Jenny's voice in the room below, she added, "There is one other thing which I would say to you. Ere I die, you must promise that Jenny shall marry William Bender. He is poor, I know, and so are we, but he has a notake back the bitter words you once spoke to Jenny, and say that she may wed him. She will soon be your only daughter, and why should you destroy

her happiness. Promise me, mother promise that she shall marry him." Mrs. Lincoln, though poor, was prone and haughty still, and the struggle in her

bosom was long and severe, but love for her dying child conquered at last. "And, mother," continued Rose, "may he not be sent for now? I cannot be here ong, and once more I would see him and tell him that I gladly claim him as a brother.

A brother! How heavily those words mote upon the heart of the sick girl! Henry was yet away, and though in Jen ny's letter Rose herself had once feebly traced the words, "Come, brother come," he still lingered, as if bound by a spell he could not break. went by, and night succeeded night, until the bright May morning dawned, the last Rose could ever see. Slowly a eastern horizon came the warm sun, and as its red beams danced for a time upon the wall of Rose's chamber she gazed wistfully upon it, murmuring "It is the last-the last that will ever rise

for me.' William Bender was there. He had ome the night before, bringing word that Henry would follow the next day. There was a gay party to which he had prom sed to attend Miss Herndon, and he deemed that a sufficient reason why he

should neglect his dying sister. "If Henry does not come," said Rose, turn away from the wine cup, and say that the bitterest pang I felt in dying was a fear that my only brother should Until the shadows of evening fell upon me dead, and feel angry that I wish-around them they sat there, talking of ed him to reform. And as he stands over

my coffin, tell him to promise never again

o touch the deadly poison." Here she became too much exhausted to say more, and soon after fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke her father was sitting across the room, with his head resting upon the window sill, while her own was pillowed upon the strong arm of George Moreland, who bent tenderly over her, and soothed her as he would a child. Quickly her fading cheek glowed, and her eye sparkled with something of its olden light; but "George-George," was all she had strength to say, and when Mary, who had accompanied him, approached her she only knew that him, approached her she only shew was recognized by the pressure of the little blue-veined hand, which soon dropped heavily upon the counterpane, while the cyclids closed languidly, and with And oh, what pleasure they have indoors the words, "He will not come," she again slept, but this time 'twas the long, deep sleep from which she would never awak-

the cottage. Softly the kind-hearted "school,"

And sometimes they set up a store and trade;

dead, and then turning aside to weep as dead, and then turning aside to weep as they looked upon the bowed man, who with his head upon the window sill, still Yes, deary me! These two disagree sat just as he did when they told him she And quarrel at times, I'm afraid. was dead. At his feet on a little stool was Jenny, pressing his hands, and cov- Then they play spart for the morning ering them with the tears she for his sake tried in vain to repress.

At last, when it was dark without, and lights were burning upon the table, there was a sound of some one at the gate, and in a moment Henry stepped across the threshold, but started and turned pale when he saw his mother in violent hysterics upon the lounge, and Mary Howard bathing her head and trying to soothe her. Before he had time to ask a question, Jenny's arms were wound around his neck, and she whispered, "Rose is dead. Why were you so late?"

He could not answer. He had nothing

o say, and mechanically following his sister he entered the room where Rose had died. Very beautiful had she been in life, and now, far more beautiful in death, she looked like a piece of sculptured marble, as she lay there so cold and still, and all unconscious of the scalding tears which fell upon her face as Henry bent over her, kissing her lips and calling upon her to awake and speak to him once more. When she thought he could bear it

Jenny told him of all Rose had said, and But after luncheon they sidle out, by the side of her coffin, with his hand And Janie, perhaps, has a pie esting upon her white forehead, the cou science stricken young man swore that never again should ardent spirits of any kind pass his lips, and the father, who stood by and heard that row, felt that it it were kept, his daughter had not died The day following the burial George

nd Mary returned to Chicopee, and as the next day was the one appointed for the sale of Mr. Lincoln's farm and country house, he also accompanied them. "Suppose you buy it," said he to George as they rode over the premises. "I'd rather you'd own it than to see it

"I intended doing so," answered George, and when at night he was the owner of the farm, house and furniture, he generously offered it to Mr. Lincoln rent free, with the privilege of redeeming

This was so unexpected that Mr. Lin-coln at first could hardly find words to express his thanks, but when he did he accepted the offer, saying, however, that he could pay the rent, and adding that he hoped two or three years of hard labor in California, whither he intended going ld enable him to purchase it back On his return to Glenwood he asked William, who was still there, "how he would like to turn farmer for awhile."

"Oh, that'll be nice." said Jenny, whose ove for the country was as strong as ever. "And then, Willie, when na come back we'll go to Boston again and prac-tice law, you and I!"

Jenny looked up in surprise while Wil-

liam asked what he meant. Briefly then Mr. Lincoln told of George's generosity and stating his own intentious of goin to California, said that in his absence omebody must look after the farm, and he knew of no one whom he would as soon trust as William.

William pressed the little fat hand which had slid into his, and replied that much as he would like to oblige Mr. Lin profession in which he was succeeding even beyond his most sanguine hopes "But," said he, "I think I can find a good substitute in Mr. Parker, who is auxious to leave the poorhouse. He is an honest, thorough-going man, and his wife, who is Mrs. Lincoln entirely from care."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the last-mentione lady, "I could never endure that vulgar want to be eating at the same table, and couldn't survive that."

Mr. Lincoln looked sad. Jenny smiled, and William replied that he presumed Mrs. Parker herself would greatly prefer taking her meals quietly with her hus-"We can at least try it," said Mr. Lin

coln in a manner so decided that his wife ventured no further remonstrance, though ingly lamenting their fallen fortune mor than the vacancy which death had so re ently made in their midst. (To be continued.)

Proof Positive.

Briggs-Bertler is an ass, that's what he is. He is always on the wrong side of every question.

Harleigh-But he says the same thing of you. Briggs-Well, and doesn't that prove what I say of him?—Boston Transcript.

Au Il'-Exerc set Idea. "How much is that employe short?" inquired the commercial acquaintance. "Short!" echoed the bank director. 'We're the ones who are short. He is

"I suppose that woman orator spoke her mind freely on the subject?" "Not much. She demanded half of her \$50 in advance before she went on the platform."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. Smart-Well, you know you fish ed for me.

Mrs. Smart-Yes: and what Md I catch? A lobster!-Philadelphia Bulle-



Or out in the street at play! Ah, deary me! If they'd always agree, What fun they could have in their play

Slowly the shades of night fell around For Jacky and Janie keep "house" and

And never a neighbor's word they say But they don't seem happy-I wonder



Ah, deary me! Why can't they agree,

And Janie, perhaps, has a piece cake. And she stands close up to the garder

fence. So Jacky a bite can take. For, deary me! They soon would agree If Jacky a bite would take!

She holds it out with a sidelong glance. And Jacky moves up and takes a bite And then—the trouble is past and gone They will play together till night. Yes, deary me! They now can agree, And they'll play together till night! -Youth's Companion.



Money Earning for Little Folks. It may be a help to those who are eaching little people to earn and savean important lesson-to read the following list of ways in which children have earned money, as compiled by the Congregationalist:

Washing windows. Picking apples and other fruits. Raking up leaves. Doing errands. Picking over raisins. Weeding in the garden and the paths. Picking up pins at a cent a dozen. Raising vegetables. Caring for animals. Washing and wiping dishes.

Singing for the old folks. Hemming papa's bandkerchiefs . Dusting. Beating rugs and mats.

Stoning cherries. Making and selling paper pillows Gathering and selling wild flower autumn leaves, etc. Mending.

Caring for the baby. Hemming towels, etc. Waiting on grandpa and grandma Reading aloud. Caring for the table silver. Making and selling lamp-lighters and

Self-denial of candy, sugar, butter,

How Paper Will Float.

I fancy that if questioned most people would say that a sheet of paper would not float for any length of time on away ahead of the game."-Washing- water, and certainly would not bear any weight. But experiment proves the contrary. Indeed, the number of things that can be done with floating paper will not only surprise old people, but will furnish amusement for children. A sheet of ordinary writing-paper, if properly adjusted, will float for an apparently indefinite period. Four halfsheets which I floated by way of a est were as dry on the upper surface after having been on the water for ten days as when I first placed them on the liquid.

to learn the weight these floating papers can carry. One day while I was experimenting with them I rather carelessly placed a large wooden spool on one of the half-sheets, expecting, of course, to see the paper go to the bot-tom immediately. This did not happen, however, and my aroused curiosity prompted me to add greater weight. Recklessly I laid my four-bladed penknife on top of the spool; to my aston ishment the paper still remained floating; and even when I placed on more freight, in the shape of four one-cent pleces, it obstinately refused to sink. Woman's Home Companion.

Got the Job. A young man who is now well up the list of high-salaried officers of a big manufacturing company said several days ago that he owed his first opportunity to show his ability to the fact that he was not afraid to soil his clothes. He was one of half a dozen young men just graduated from scientific schools who entered the shops of this company as students.

They were expected to show that they were practical workmen, but most large dairy farm for several years. The fodder could wilt before it was covered of them preferred theory to practice. The manager of the company was a self-taught man, and he didn't take much stock in scientific schools.

The young man who has succeeded took his measure accurately, and, putthe shops. Whether by accident or design he was noticed by the manager before it reaches the overflow pipe one day stretched out on his back under a heavy casting, with a hammer trough, shown at C, and thence is car- and cold chisel in his hand working ried to any point desired. This overaway as if he had no higher ambition. week later the manager summoned him to the office.

"Didn't I see you under the casting several days ago?" he asked.

"Well, I find that we have a vacancy on our staff now, and you may fill it if you choose.' The young man did choose, and his

progress has been rapid. He does

not have to soil his clothes now to prove his ability. Tit for Tat. "Mamma," said 3-year-old Maggie, I love grandpa so much that when I

grow up I'm going to marry him."

nother, "you can't do that. He's my father. "Well, what if he is," rejoined Mar-"You married my father, didn't you?"

"Why, dear," replied the astonished

Proved by the Book. "What did Columbus discover?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. small boy at the foot of the class. "How do you know that?" asked the

"Because," replied the youthful student, "my book says he came across

talking of the soul's immortality, "that when we die it is only our bodies that

'what do they do with our heads?" Worse Than Whipping. whip you? Johnny-No; but she does worse than

hat. Tommy-What does she do? Johnny-Washes my neck every

Sacred Hash. Succotash was a new dish at small Bobby's house, but he evinced a decided fondness for it, and, passing up his plate for a second portion, said: "Mamma, please give me some more of the

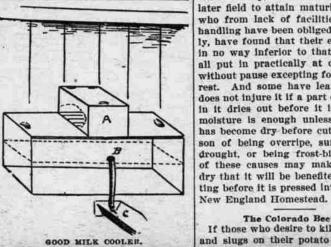
GREAT RIVER OF SIRERIA. Floating Down the Amour Is the Ex

A traveler in Siberia had the novel experience of floating down one of the greatest rivers in the world-the Amour -which is practically unknown to geographers as yet. "At Khabaroffsk," he says, "though we were more than 500 miles from its mouth, it was fully a mile and a half wide and flowed in a strong, full current, which fact we realized for many a day thereafter as we made our slow and toilsome way against it. The Amour is one of the few greatest rivers of the world. In length it is equaled by no river in Europe and is surpassed only by the Yang-tse-Kiang and Yenisei in Asia, by the Nile and Congo in Africa and by the Amazon and McKenzle in America, though if we reckon the Mississippi and Missouri as one river it is longer than any of them except the Nile. Its water is somewhat muddy at Vladivostock, but nothing like the consistency not be said to be 'both food and drink.' As we ascend its swift current it con-

"Its shores are still in their virgin though doubtless some such tilled land the city, as many as twenty-five at lies back from the river and out of times, exclusively on alfalfa to the persight. Great wood piles for the use of the frequent river steamers are the never noticed nor known any injurious of it. most common objects that show the hand of man, but even these are often at first bloom. in desperately lonely spots, so that one can scarcely believe that they were ever visited by human beings. And yet all this immense river basin of 500,000 square miles is apparently fertile and abitable and when we saw it is was glowing in rich and brilliant verdure Surely the world is not yet overpeopled while such a lordly domain is waiting



Home-Made Milk Cooler. On every dairy farm, large or small, there should be some arrangement made for cooling the milk. The illustration shows a home-made milk cooler which has been in operation on a size can be varied according to circumat the end so that the cover can be thrown entirely back and not interfere in any way with the person who is in the box to which the water can go which goes out of the box into a flow pipe is a piece of rubber hose The larger box in which the cans of milk are set has a cover on either sid



of the ice chest, these covers being raised and thrown back against the ice "The Atlantic Ocean," answered the chest when open. The cans of milk are or one pound of it to two pounds of placed in this large box in the water.— Indianapolis News.

come half grown is the use of the ily in a shower, and it would be easy to "hopper dozer," or kerosene pan, which tell when it washed off, without walt-"But you know, children," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been stovepipe from by turning up the sides and ends about four inches so as to or plaster would, like the lime in Bormake a long, flat pan about four inches, deaux mixture, prevent injury to the in depth. This is then mounted on foliage, and they are also "Please, sir," queried a small pupil. runners varying in height according to have some effect in preventing blight. requirements. On the frame back of In the days before the Colorado beetle the pan is stretched a piece of cloth to came around almost every farmer used prevent the insects from jumping over to put plaster on his pototo and squash the pan. When ready to begin work, vines, first to keep off the little striped the pan is partially filled with water, squash or cucumber bug, next to preand some coal oil is added. If the vent blight, and not least because it ground is level, no crosspieces are nec- was supposed to attract moisture to the sloping ground it should be made as in: sorbed some of the ammonia that was dicated in the illustration to prevent the oil and water from running to one end. The height of the runners will necessarily vary from two to eight or ten inches, according to the crop to be a hill" then, but we never saw such a protected and the age of the insects to be captured. The machine may be of



any length desired up to sixteen or eighteen feet. If small, it can be drawn by hand, but when larger a horse or two is desirable. When full, the insects can be removed, a little more oil added and the machine started afresh. In this way a number of bushels of hoppers can be captured and destroyed in a single day. The cost of running this machine is trifling and the

remedy very effectual. - Nebraska Alfalfa for Horses. Concerning the action of alfalfa hay n borses, a farmer says in Breeder's Gazette: For more than fifteen years I have had experience in raising horses from birth to sale, from youth to age, on alfalfa pasture and hav, except mayof the Mississippi at St. Louis. It can- be giving them some variety in winter. consisting of corn fodder and straw All animals and man like a variety in stantly grows clearer, until 1,000 miles diet. I feed no grain except to horses further up it is about the color of white in harness, and my horses are noted for wine and is sweet and wholesome to their size, strength and beauty. I sold two Percheron colts in March, 3 and 4 years old, weighing 1,700 and 1,800 greenery. For hundreds of miles at a pounds, that did not know the taste of er is put on. If you begin your irrigatime one sees not a cultivated field grain. I have wintered horses from

> Feeding Half-Grown Chicks. The usual custom of turning young chicks on to the range to shift for them- If the dinner bucket is placed in a selves as soon as they are large enough to the best results. For chicks that the hay rigging, so that the sack will are to form the layers in the late fall hang loosely, swing back and forth, and winter this plan will do very well the dinner will jar very little, though if they are grain-fed once a day. Chicks carried on the wagon all the foren

fect satisfaction of the owners. I have

effect from well-cured, good hay cut

that are to go to market as soon as they are large enough will need a liberal quantity of cracked corn and wheat placed in a trough where they can get at it easily; do this every other day. The chicks will not over-eat for they will get enough exercise on the range to counterbalance any heavy feeding. The grains named, together with what the chicks will pick up on the range, will constitute nearly a perfect balanced ration.

Filling the Silo.

It used to be thought that rapid filling of the silo was all important. It must be filled so fast that no layer of with another, and thus the fermentastances. A shows the little box in tion beginning at the bottom must which the ice is placed. This is hinged gradually work up through the mass until it reached the surface, where oxidization or rotting began, which again worked downward until the decayed ting on old clothes, went to work in putting in the ice. B shows the height matter on the surface prevented any more air from going down. Naturally we accepted this idea, as it was sent out by learned chemists and scientific men, but opinions have changed since those days in the light of positive facts. The farmers who have not been able to fill their silos as rapidly as they wished to, or have been obliged to wait for help, for weather or for some later field to attain maturity, or those who from lack of facilities for rapid handling have been obliged to fill slowly, have found that their ensliage was in no way inferior to that which was all put in practically at one time, or without pause excepting for the night's rest. And some have learned that it does not injure it if a part of the water in it dries out before it is cut. The moisture is enough unless the fodder has become dry before cutting by reason of being overripe, suffering from drought, or being frost-bitten. Either of these causes may make fodder so dry that it will be benefited by a wetting before it is pressed into the silo .-

> The Colorado Beetle-If those who desire to kill the beetles and slugs on their potato and tomato vines would mix their paris green with an equal amount of slaked lime, the mixture when they are a little damp from dew or rain, they would de-By all odds the best method for destroying grasshoppers after they be The poison would not wash off as easssary, but if the pan is to be used on hill. Probably the fact was that it abescaping from the "shovelful of manure in the hill." which most of them used for growing potatoes, and they used to talk about growing "a peck in

> > Evolution of the Apple Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and puckery-crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grand-

General Farm Notes. Dig out the peach tree borers and jar the curculio. Bone is the thing to use on peach

trees every time, says one grower. In orchards badly infested with cankerworm late spraying with some form of arsenic, which is most safely used in bordeaux mixture, may do good if the

worm is still feeding. Cultivate the sweet potato ridges after rains to break the crust and keep the soil mellow. Making the ridges narrow the last cultivation will cause

them to mature early. For field culture for the canneries good strong tomato plants should be ready for the field from the middle to the latter part of June, the time which they are usually set in New Jersey and Maryland.

A great deal depends upon how wattion before it is very dry, you don't need so much water, but if you let your ground get very dry and then put on your water you need a great deal more

Often on the farm, barvest or thrashing hands find it impossible to be at home for dinner, and it is a vexing problem how to haul dinner on the wagon without jolting it into a mush. grain sack, and each end of the sack is hooked or fastened in some way under