

Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HENRY

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"We will, Charley; we will, my boys," Mr. Hardy said earnestly, and rousing himself at the thought. "I must go up and break it to your mother, though how I shall do so I know not. Do you give what orders you like for collecting our friends. First, though, let us question this man. When was it?"

"Last night, signor, at eleven o'clock. I had just lain down in my hut, and I noticed that there were still lights downstairs at the house, when, all of a sudden, I heard a yell as of a thousand fiends, and I knew the Indians were upon us. I knew that it was too late to fly, but I threw myself out of the window, and lay flat by the wall, as the Indians burst in. There were eight of us, and I closed my eyes to shut out the sound of the others' cries. Up to the house, too, I could hear screams and some pistol shots, and then more screams and cries. The Indians were all round, everywhere, and I dreaded lest one of them should stumble up against me. Then a sudden glare shot up, and I knew they were firing the house. After a time all became quiet; but I dared not move till daylight. Then, looking about me carefully, I could see no one, and I jumped up and never stopped running until you met me."

Mr. Hardy now went up to the house to break the sad tidings to his wife. Charley ordered eight ponies to saddle horses instantly, and while they were doing so he wrote on eight leaves of his pocketbook: "The Mercer's house destroyed last night by Indians; the Mercers killed or carried off. My sister Ethel with them. Meet at Mercer's as soon as possible. Send this note around to all neighbors."

One of these slips of paper was given to each pony, and they were told to ride for their lives in different directions, for that Miss Ethel was carried off by the Indians. This was the first intimation of the tidings that had arrived, and a perfect chorus of lamentations arose from the women, and of execrations of rage from the men.

Mr. Hardy and the boys kept up as well as they could, in order to inspire the mother and sister with hope during their absence, and with many promises to bring their missing one back they galloped off. They were scarcely out of the gate when they saw their two friends from Canterbury coming along at full gallop. Both were armed to the teeth, and evidently prepared for an expedition.

An exclamation of rage and sorrow burst from them all, as only a portion of the chimney and a charred post or two showed where the Mercer home had stood. The huts of the ponies had also disappeared; the young trees and shrubs around the house were scorched up and burned by the heat to which they had been exposed, or had been broken off from the spirit of wanton mischief.

With clinched teeth and faces pale with rage and anxiety, the party rode past the site of the huts, scattered round which were the bodies of several of the murdered ponies. They halted not until they drew rein and leaped off in front of the house itself.

In half an hour they were able to say with tolerable certainty that no human beings had been burned, for the bodies could not have been wholly consumed in such a speedy conflagration.

"Perhaps they have all been taken prisoners," Hubert suggested, as with a sigh of relief they concluded their search, and turned from the spot.

Not as yet could they see into the ditch. At ordinary times the fence would have been an awkward place to climb over; now they hardly knew how they scrambled over, and stood by the side of the ditch. They looked down and Mr. Hardy gave a short, gasping cry, and caught at the fence for support.

Huddled together in the ditch was a pile of dead bodies, and among them peeped out a piece of a female dress. Anxious to relieve their friend's agonizing suspense, the young men leaped down into the ditch and began removing the upper bodies from the ghastly pile.

First were the two men employed in the house; then came Mr. Mercer; then the two children and an old woman servant; below them were the bodies of Mrs. Mercer and her brother. There were no more. Ethel was not among them.

Charley and Hubert turned toward each other and burst into tears of thankfulness and joy. The suspense had been almost too much for them, and Hubert felt so sick and faint that he was forced to lie down for a while, while Charley went forward to the others. He was terribly shocked at the discovery of the murder of the entire party, as they had cherished the hope that Mrs. Mercer at least would have been carried off. As, however, she had been murdered, while it was pretty evident that Ethel had been spared, or her body would have been found with the others, it was supposed that poor Mrs. Mercer had been shot accidentally, perhaps in the endeavor to save her children.

The bodies were now taken from the ditch and laid side by side until the other settlers should arrive. It was not long before they began to assemble, riding up in little groups of twos and threes. Rage and indignation were upon all their faces at the sight of the devastated house, and their feelings were redoubled when they found that the whole of the family, who were so justly liked and esteemed, were dead. The Edwards and the Jamiesons were among the earliest arrivals, bringing the gaucho Martinez with them. Perez, too, shortly after arrived from Canterbury, he having been out on the farm when his master left.

A grave was dug in the center of the space once occupied by the house. In this the bodies of Mr. Mercer and his family were laid. And Mr. Hardy having solemnly pronounced such parts of the burial service as he remembered over them, all standing by bareheaded, and stern with suppressed sorrow, the earth was filled in over the spot where a father, mother, brother and two children lay together. Another grave was at the same time dug near, and in this the bodies of the three servants whose remains had been found with the others were laid.

By this time it was 11 o'clock, and the number of those present had reached twenty. The greater portion of them were English, but there were also three Germans, a Frenchman and four gauchos, all accustomed to Indian warfare.

Each man, with the exception of the young Hardys, who had their Colts' carbines, had a long rifle; in addition to which all had pistols—most of them having revolvers, the use of which, since the Hardys had first tried them with such deadly effect upon the pampas, had become general among the English settlers. Nearly all were young, with the deep sunburned hue gained by exposure on the plains. Every man had his poncho—a sort of native blanket, used either as a cloak or for sleeping in at will—rolled up before him on his saddle. It would have been difficult to find a more serviceable looking set of men; and the expression of their faces, as they took their last look at the grave of the Mercers, boded very ill for any Indian who might fall into their clutches.

CHAPTER XIV.

There was no difficulty in following the tracks. Mr. Mercer had possessed nearly a thousand cattle and five thousand sheep, and the ground was trampled in a broad, unmistakable line. Once or twice Mr. Hardy consulted his compass. The trail ran southwest by west.

At nightfall there was a general unrolling of ponchos, and soon afterward only sleeping figures could be seen by the dim light of the smoldering fire. Mr. Hardy, indeed, was the only one of the party who did not fall to sleep. Thoughts of the events of the last twenty-four hours, of the best course to be adopted, and of the heavy responsibility upon himself as leader of this perilous expedition, prevented him from sleeping. He heard the watch rouse the relief and lay down in their places. In another half hour he himself rose, and walked out toward the sentry.

It was a young man named Cook, one of the new settlers to the east of Mount Pleasant. "Is that you, Mr. Hardy?" he asked, as he approached. "I was just coming in to wake you."

"What is it, Mr. Cook?"

"It strikes me, sir, that there is a strange light away to the southwest. I have only noticed it the last few minutes, and thought it was fancy, but it gets more distinct every minute."

Mr. Hardy looked out anxiously into the gloom and quickly perceived the appearance that his friend alluded to. For a minute or two he did not speak, and then, as the light evidently increased, he said, almost with a groan, "It is what I feared they would do; they have set the prairie on fire. You need not keep watch any longer. We are as much separated from the Indians as if the ocean divided us."

Cook gave the two short whistles agreed upon to recall the other men on guard, and then returned with Mr. Hardy to the rest of the party. Then Mr. Hardy roused all his companions. Every man leaped up, rifle in hand, believing that the Indians were approaching.

"We must be up and doing," Mr. Hardy said cheerfully; "the Indians have fired the pampas."

There was a thrill of apprehension in the bosom of many present, who had heard terrible accounts of prairie fires, but this speedily subsided at the calm manner of Mr. Hardy.

"The fire," he said, "may be ten miles away yet. I should say that it is, but it is difficult to judge, for this grass does not flame very high, and the smoke drifts between it and us. The wind, fortunately, is light, but it will be here in little over half an hour. Now, let the four gauchos attend to the horses, to see they do not stampede. The rest form a line a couple of yards apart, and pull up the grass by the roots, throwing it behind them, so as to leave the ground clear. The wider we can make it the better."

All fell to work with hearty zeal. Looking over their shoulders, the sky now appeared on fire. Flickering tongues of flame seemed to struggle upward. There was an occasional sound of fear, as herds of deer flew by before the danger.

"How far will it go, papa, do you think?" Hubert asked his father, next to whom he was at work.

"I should say that it would most likely stop at the stream where we halted to-day, Hubert. The ground was wet and boggy for some distance on the other side."

The horses were how getting very restive, and there was a momentary pause from work to wrap ponchos round their heads, so as to prevent their seeing the glare.

The fire could not have been more than three miles distant, when the space cleared was as wide as Mr. Hardy deemed necessary for safety. A regular noise, something between a hiss and a roar, was plainly audible; and when the wind lifted the smoke the flames could be seen running along in an unbroken wall of fire. Birds flew past overhead with terrified cries, and a close, hot smell of burning was very plainly distinguishable.

Starting about half way along the side of the cleared piece of ground, Mr. Hardy set the dry grass alight. For a moment or two it burned slowly, and then, fanned by the wind, it gained force, and spread in a semi-circle of flame.

The horses were already unspooked, and half of the party held them at a short distance in the rear, while the rest stood in readiness to extinguish the fire if it crossed the cleared space.

Overs and over again the fire crept partially across—for the clearing had been done but roughly—but it was speedily stamped out by the heavy boots of the watchers.

The spectacle as the fire swept away before the wind, was fine in the extreme. The party seemed inclosed between two walls of fire. The main conflagration was now fearfully close, burning flakes were already falling among them, and the sound of the fire was like the hiss of the surf upon a pebbly beach.

"Now," Mr. Hardy said, "forward with the horses. Every one to his own animal. Put your ponchos over your own heads as well as your horse's."

In another minute the party stood clus-

tered upon the black and smoking ground which the fire they had kindled had swept clear. There, for five minutes, they remained without moving, unscorched by the raging element around them, but half-choked with the smoke.

Then Mr. Hardy spoke: "It is over now. You can look up."

There was a general expression of astonishment as the heads emerged from their wrappings, and the eyes recovered sufficiently from the effects of the blinding smoke to look round. Where had the fire gone? Where, indeed! The main conflagration had swept by them, had divided in two when it reached the ground already burned, and these columns, growing further and further asunder as the newly kindled fire had widened, were already far away to the right and left, while beyond and between them was the fire that they themselves had kindled, now two miles wide, and already far in the distance.

The fires in the pampas, although they frequently extend over a vast tract of country, are seldom fatal to life. The grass rarely attains a height exceeding three feet, and burns out almost like so much cotton. A man on horseback, having no other method of escape, can, by blindfolding his horse and wrapping his own face in a poncho, ride fearlessly through the wall of fire without damage to horse or rider.

At daybreak they were soon in the saddle and on their way. They had many an hour's ride before they came upon the trail. They followed it all that day. Towards sundown one of the gauchos told Mr. Hardy that he knew that at a short distance further to the west there was a spring of water much used by the Indians. Finding that it was not more than half an hour's ride, Mr. Hardy, after a brief consultation, determined to go over there to water the horses and breakfast, before retracing their footsteps across the burned prairie.

In a little over the time named they came to a small pool of bright water, from which a little stream issued, running nearly due north across the plain. After drinking heartily themselves, and filling the water skins and kettle, the horses were allowed to drink; and Dash plunged in with the greatest delight, emerging with his usual bright chestnut color, whereas he had gone into the water perfectly black.

After he had come out and shake himself, he commenced hunting about, sniffing so violently that Hubert's attention was attracted. Presently the dog ran forward a few paces and gave a sharp bark of pleasure, and Hubert, running forward, gave so loud a cry that all the party rushed up.

Hubert could not speak. There, half buried in the ground, and pointing west, was an Indian arrow, and round the head was twisted a piece of white calico, with little blue spots upon it, which Mr. Hardy instantly recognized as a piece of the dress Ethel had worn when she left home.

"Oh, papa, papa," cried Hubert, "I know this arrow!"

"Know the arrow?" he repeated.

"Yes, I am quite, quite sure I know it. Don't you remember, Charley, the day that those wounded Indians started, as we were taking the quivers down to them? I noticed that one arrow had two feathers which I had never seen before, and could not guess what bird they came from. They were light blue, with a crimson tip. I pulled one off to compare it with my others. It is at home now. I remember that I chose the one I did because the other one had two of the little side feathers gone. This is the feather. I can almost solemnly declare, and you see the fellow is gone. That arrow belongs to one of the men we recovered."

All crowded round to examine the arrow, and Mr. Hardy said solemnly: "Thank God for His mercy. He has decided our way now. Undoubtedly, as Hubert says, one of the men we aided is of the party and wishes to show his gratitude. So he has managed to get a piece of Ethel's dress, and has tied it to this arrow, hoping that we should recognize the feather. Thank God, there is no more doubt, and thank heaven, too, that Ethel has at least one friend near her."

All was now joy and congratulation, and Hubert rubbed his hands and said triumphantly: "There, Charley, you were always chaffing me and wanting to know what was the good of my collection, and now you see what was the good. It has put us on the right trail for Ethel, and you will never be able to laugh at me about my collection again."

(To be continued.)

Did He Understand?

A well-known Edinburgh professor often became so interested in his subject that when the noon bell rang he seemed quite oblivious of the fact, and kept the class for several minutes. Certain restless spirits among the students decided to give him a gentle hint, so they bought an alarm-clock. London Tit-Bits tells the result.

The clock, set to alarm at precisely 12 o'clock, was placed on the professor's desk. As was anticipated, he began his lecture without observing the clock. But when the noon hour struck, the alarm went off with a startling crash.

Even those not in the secret appreciated the joke. There was a round of applause. The professor smilingly waited until the alarm and the applause ceased, and then said:

"Young gentlemen, I thank you for this gift. I had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm-clock is something my wife has need for our servant for a long time. It is a very kind remembrance on your part." Then he went on with the demonstration which had been interrupted by the alarm, and the students were never quite able to satisfy themselves whether the professor understood the joke or not.

Approval.

"It seems to me that there is a great literary awakening in this country."

"Yes," answered the matter-of-fact critic.

"I observe it with great approval."

"Then you are fond of books?"

"No. I am in the stationery business. I sell pens, ink and paper."—Washington Star.

People without reserve are always on the ragged edge of trouble.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

SALVATION is more than a sensation.

Wise benevolence is always good business.

Fatherhood is an essential factor in fraternity.

Give up the holy day and we lose every holiday.

Application is the best exposition of Scripture.

God will deny our desires if we deny our duty.

He who wills our being wills our well-being.

No man with a broad heart can lead a little life.

The figurative in the Bible need not be fictitious.

Never trust the man who will not trust another.

God's promises are weighty because they are gold.

They who play with life now will pay for it then.

God has wedded real happiness to sincere holiness.

Humanity's debts to us make our credit with God.

The more noise a lamp makes the less light it gives.

To be in tune with the good we must be at one with God.

HIS SHIP WAS HIS PRISON.

Perilous Experience of the Captain of a German Sailing Vessel.

A decidedly unusual but uncomfortable and dangerous experience was that of the master of the steel sailing ship Ernate, which was recently related in the maritime court at Dantzig, Prussia. He left Memel, a port on the Baltic, with a cargo of planks on April 18 for Oldenburg. Captain Engelland, who also is the owner, remained at the wheel during a gale which overtook the vessel next night, and at 4 in the morning went to his cabin to change his wet clothes.

He had just got into dry underclothing when the vessel tipped over, and he found himself standing on the roof of the cabin, of which the sea had hermetically closed the door.

By unloosening the boards of what was now the floor he got into the hold, which contained only loose sails. Fortunately some shelves of a high cupboard standing in the cabin remained intact, and from them he collected two tins of condensed milk, three pounds of prunes, some rice, sugar and sausage. He also found a hammer.

For twelve days the man lived in his prison, eating as sparingly as possible and drinking sea water, which appears to have had no ill effect. He spent his free time in hammering on the steel bottom of the ship to attract the attention of chance passing vessels, and slept quite well at nights, for after the first few days the sea was smooth. He knew when it was day, for a dim light penetrated the water.

On the twelfth day the Norwegian steamer saw the wreck and sent a boat to take it in tow. Engelland had fallen asleep, but hearing footsteps over his head, he began knocking with his hammer and shouting.

The Aurora's men returned to their ship for tools and bored a hole through the wreck's keel where they had heard the knocking. When they drew out their borer a man's finger followed, and they soon learned that Engelland had food for four days more and wished to be towed to land, for it was impossible to release him in the open sea. He also desired to have the hole plugged again, as he was afraid that the loss of air would cause the ship to sink lower in the water.

The Aurora towed the wreck safely to Neufahrwasser, where with considerable difficulty it was attached to a huge crane, a plate was unloosened and the imprisoned captain freed.

Engelland was perfectly conscious and even able to walk alone. He is 32 years of age and married. He has no idea of what became of the three men constituting his crew.

The Capture of a Monkey.

Ringtail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, says a writer in Leslie's Monthly, are caught in an interesting way. A coconut is split in two, and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut just large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear, and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the coconut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured pawing wildly at the tree trunk.

Haggards for Hawks.

All the hawking on Salisbury Plain this year has been done with "haggards." It is a change from Shakespeare's time. A haggard is a wild hawk taken for use when in its adult plumage, a bird of much superior flight to the hand-reared eyes or nestling which mostly served Elizabethan falconers.—Academy.

Needed More.

Employer—A raise? What have you heard that warrants your belief that we could pay you more wages?

Clerk—I—heard Edith say "yes" last night, sir.—Philadelphia Press.



House for Drying Sweet Corn.

I have for several years been raising sweet corn under contract, and the accompanying illustration will convey some idea of my drying house. It is also my granary, the upper floor containing grain bins on one side. The lower floor and south side of the upper floor are arranged for sweet corn. The most essential part of drying sweet corn is to have a free circulation of air. Therefore I cut doors through as shown. These doors are on both sides and on the back. They are hung on hinges and can be opened and shut when needed. The sweet corn should be spread in layers; therefore we use racks made of 1 by 3 inch slats placed twenty inches to two feet apart, one above the other. If the corn is green and milky when husked it should be put on the racks very thin, not more than two or three ears in depth, and turned frequently, but if it is more matured and the kernels are glazed it

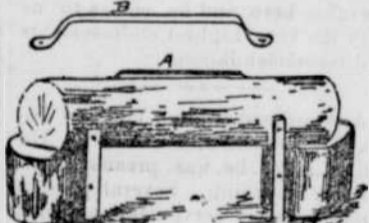


A CORN DRYING HOUSE.

may be put on thicker. I can dry 500 or 600 bushels in this building.—Correspondence Ohio Farmer.

A Handy Wood Block.

On every farm there is more or less wood-chopping to do, and, as a rule, it is back-breaking work unless some device, something like that shown in the cut, is used. This is simply made and consists mainly of two pieces of logs sawed smooth so that they will stand firmly. These are set about four feet apart and each log is about three feet high. On top of these logs is placed another, which reaches from end to end of the base logs, as shown in the cut. Stakes are cut and fastened to the log as shown, so as to hold it firmly in position. The whole arrangement is planned so that the log will be of the right height for cutting without causing one to bend over too far. In order to prevent danger from flying pieces of wood, such as small twigs of trees, an iron bent as shown in figure B, is fastened to the chopping log, and under this iron is placed



A HANDY WOOD BLOCK.

the small twig or limb to be cut, the ax striking it on the side nearest the chopper, and the bent iron preventing it from flying up and striking the worker. A wood block arranged in the manner indicated will be found to save many backaches and can be worked on quite as well as if the block were lower.—Indianapolis News.

Graining Cows in Summer.

While in many sections grain feeding must be done this summer, the ordinary practice is not to feed grain to cows that are on pasture. This is acknowledged to be a mistake by those who have tried both methods, provided their cows were grade or thoroughbreds. In some sections the belief in grain has been carried to the extent that the cows are barn-fed the year through. That this results in a good milk flow cannot be denied, but there is some question as to the advisability of depriving cows of grass entirely. On the other hand, there can be no question about the value of graining to a moderate extent in connection with pasturing. To commence with, the supply of grain should be small, say a pint a day, increasing the quantity as the value of the grass decreases. The expense of this plan is certainly small compared with the results, and during this month and August is a good time to test it.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Grand Old Cherry Tree.

Sometimes the fruit on a single tree is worth more than two or three acres of wheat. There is a tree in northern Delaware, seventy or eighty years old, that has produced an average of \$50 worth of fruit annually for nearly twenty years. One year the cherries sold for \$80. Six years ago this old patriarch bore fifty-four peach baskets of delicious fruit, or about eleven hundred pounds. And all of this fruit has been a free gift from nature, as the

old tree has stood in a dooryard of these years unattended and unscathed for except in cherry time.—Country Life in America.

Testing for Plant Food.

One of the simplest methods of ascertaining what plant food is needed in a soil is to test the soil with a growing plant. If the soil is deficient in nitrogen the leaves of grasses and cereal grains will be either bluish or yellowish, the latter in the case of the grain, while a deep, vivid green indicates a good supply of nitrogen in the soil. Any soil in which rape, cabbages and other members of the brassica family thrive indicates that such soil has a good supply of phosphoric acid. Where potash in the soil is abundant the leaves of the growing plants have a yellowish green cast, while if potash is deficient the shade of green is of a bluish color. Naturally it requires a practiced and observant eye to determine accurately these things, but the plan is correct and worth following. The indication of sorrel in a meadow seeded to mixtures such as red clover, timothy and clovers, is a pretty good indication that the soil needs lime. However, the litmus paper test for acid soil is the quickest and is thoroughly reliable.—Indianapolis News.

Value of Dry Earth.

It is well known that fine, dry earth is one of the best absorbents and disinfectants known. It is also plentiful and costs nothing but the labor of handling. It makes excellent bedding if covered over with a few inches of straw, and it really keeps the manure clean, even when used in the stable without straw, as it is easily removed from the hair with a brush. A man bedded with dry earth can be cleaned out in a much shorter time, and he absorbs the liquids and gases, quite a saving is effected in that manner. Its use goes beyond the stall. As the stable should be cleaned daily, quite a large quantity of dry earth will be used in the course of a year, and necessarily be added to the manure heap. Although it adds nothing to the heap itself, yet its presence therein will double the value of the manure by preventing loss of fertilizing material. It is a better absorbent than straw or cornstalks, and is easily handled when the manure is hauled to the fields.

Pruning an Orchard.

I am opposed to the too common practice of trimming trees as high as a man's head, leaving the long, naked stem exposed to the ravages of insects and the damaging influence of the sun and winds. If the tree is low and branching near the ground danger from these difficulties are lessened. It will grow faster and stronger and bear more fruit, which is more easily gathered. If watched closely when young and growing it will not be necessary to take off the young limbs. Occasionally clipping off the ends of the branches give proper shape and removing tips that cross or crowd each other, but that will be required for most trees. The tree is easily trained if the work is accomplished at the right time. Pruning should not be neglected.—E. B. Jones in American Agriculturist.

Oats for Pig Feeding.

We have been feeding oats to pigs for the past few winters and consider it the best feed we have ever used. It is one of the best hone and muck builders that I know of, says a correspondent in Successful Farming. Like corn, it does not tend to produce fattening. As a food for brood sows it is hard to beat. We plan to grow our oats with one-third cornmeal. Where possible we add to this steamed milk, making a slop which is ideal in the production of growth. Those farmers who have plenty of oats will find that they can be used as a hog food to an excellent advantage.

Bees and Damages.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has held, in the case of Parsons vs. Massey, 93 Northwestern Reporter, 86, that the owner of bees, who knows that they are prone to attack horses, if near them, is liable to one whose horses were stung to death by the bees while fastened to a hitching post in the vicinity of the hives. The latter were near the highway, and the post was erected by the owner of the bees for the purpose of hitching horses, and was in the course usually taken by the bees in going to and from their hives.

Start with Good Birds.

A few extra good birds for the foundation stock is far better than twice the same number of ordinary ones. A good beginning is the "short cut" to success. Life is too short to breed from inferior birds. It may be cheap at the beginning, but expensive in the end.—American Poultry Advocate.

Poultry Notes.

Stone drinking vessels are cooler than tin ones.

A quart of feed for twelve hens is a good measurement.

Air-slaked lime dusted over the yards is a good preventive of gapes.

When the egg shells are thin it is an indication that the hens need lime.

Don't forget to chop up dandelions for the little ducks if kept where they cannot get grass.

Boiling the milk fed to poultry will check looseness of the bowels, a common trouble in hot weather.

Market all the early chicks not wanted for next year's breeding. If you caponize any, let it be the later hatches.

If done hatching send the male roosters to market or to the pot in stantier. Overfat and broken-down hens, ditto.

Never give crushed oats to young chicks without first sifting out the hulls. The hulls, either on or off the kernel, are liable to produce a stoppage in the crop.