

straw, change to bright gleams of fierce-tongued flame leaping upward to the sky, and all the country round is lit with distant conflagrations. Darkness comes suddenly down, and soon the twinkling lights of the town are seen from some neighboring hill, and once more again we are at home. What keenness of appetite, what gracious sense of rest has the freshness of the open air, the tramping over the broad-spread fields given us! The office-worn mind and frame are rejuvenated by such a jaunt, and life is made more worth the living.

from better labor on the land, from drainage and selection of earlier maturing seed, had been fully realized. For the three past years the fateful frost had been avoided, and the earth had brought forth its fullest increase unharmed. The average yield had been higher, the quality of grain better than ever before, and not a single complaint upon this score did I hear. But the price had fallen! Instead of 50c, they were receiving but 37c. to 40c. for the best wheat the world ever saw. The better return of the land had been lost in the lesser value of the product.



LEA'S THRESHING BEE.

Thus and on other days were the happiness of the previous visit re-found, but in different mode, proving the permanency of sport in this favored district and the certainty of its recurring seasons.

But what of the farmer? There was plenty and to spare in every home. All that had been hoped for

It was enough to make angels mourn. There was something pathetic in the lament of one man: "My farm is too good. It is all the finest loam wheatland; not a waste acre in the whole of it. I picked it out to grow wheat. I have tilled it all, and it has done all that I asked, but the price knocks out my earnings. I have no sloughs or