

we did, it was no part of my business to worry about them. It was enough for us to gather in our own crop and be thankful that, after all, the Hessian fly had left us a crop worth gathering.

When the storm had rumbled away, the sun came out, and it was certainly a care-free sun. It gave its stimulating warmth and heat to the weeds as freely as to the crops. If man wanted to coddle some plants for his own use, the sun was perfectly willing to do its part — but it did its part just as freely and irresponsibly for the grass and the weeds. In spite of the philosophers and teachers, Nature seemed very irresponsible to-day. She had been irresponsible in sowing her seeds and in promoting their growth, and it was quite evident that she would be equally irresponsible in her work of harvesting. The free and irresponsible winds would blow the seeds fitted with wings and parachutes to every point of the compass and let them fall where they would. The free streams would carry others to hospitable