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AT THE GREAT CENTRAL SHOW HELD IN PARIS, JUNE 13-17, 1906
our Percheron Stallions won as follows:



- 4 year olds—First, FAISAN
- 3 year olds—First, VALORY
- 2 year olds—First, GUERIDON

AT THE PERCHERON SHOW HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF THE SOCIÉTÉ HIPPIQUE PERCHERONNE DE FRANCE
our Horses won as follows:

- 4 year olds—First, BIBI
- 3 year olds—First, DIMITRI
- 2 year olds—First, GUERIDON

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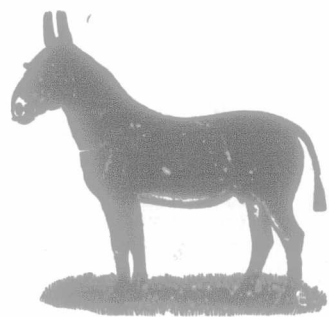
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so long without you." "You see, Mollie," explained my husband as we lingered over our pleasant supper "I was obliged to get my seedling done and the garden planted before starting the house. I have all the lumber here handy and two of my neighbors have promised to help me in the evenings. They are very good natured boys and have been great company this last winter, so I want you to be very nice to them."

I promised laughingly, and the next evening they came over to start the new house. We soon became great friends and in less than six weeks the house was up, so well did they all work. It comprised a dining room, kitchen and two bedrooms, and a spacious verandah ran round the south and west walls. I was delighted with it and the days that followed were some of the pleasantest I can remember. How busy I was putting up the curtains and pictures and arranging the books and pretty ornaments I had brought out with me! I filled the house with fragrant prairie flowers and then rested from my labors, a veritable Queen in her Palace on the Hill. The summer sped happily away, I had learned to bake, churn and wash, and had also become quite an expert biscuit maker. The threshing time however, tried me. It was a puzzle, not a pleasant one either, to know how to provide and cook for so many men if only for a day or two. I came through the ordeal with flying colors, however, and the overflowing granary was sufficient reward in itself.

The brilliant fall passed slowly away, unfolding to my delighted eyes fresh beauties every day. The dazzling skies, the brilliant foliage and the gorgeous sunsets, were such as I had never seen before, and filled me with longing for an artist's brush or a poet's pen. Winter crept slowly but surely upon us, but Christmas was with us before we had realized its presence. I enjoyed the first fall of snow, the fresh white mantle enhanced the beauty of the scenery; but, as the winter advanced with its blizzards and the temperature fell to thirty and forty degrees below zero, how I grew to hate its everlasting purity. I grew irritable and discontented. I could settle to nothing; works, books and music lost their charm. I longed with a daily increasing longing for England—the brisk walk once a day, the afternoon calling or shopping the evenings devoted to balls, dances or concerts. I yearned for the city

chatter of my sisters and the soothing sympathy of my mother. In fact I grew to hate my home; my Palace on the Hill became a prison. It was a long cruel winter. Jim suggested writing home and asking my mother to come out in the spring. This I did, and then I just lived from one mail day to another even more than I had done before. If the day happened to be too dirty for my husband to go I fretted over the delay until I made myself really ill, and as the time passed and I expected my mother's reply every mail, my anxiety became uncontrollable. It was the beginning of March, when one mail day, I awoke early and aroused my husband.

"It looks all right to-day," I said, "So you will be able to go for the mail."

I got an early dinner and then Jim went down to the stables to hitch up. The sun was no longer shining, and a big bank of grey clouds was rising in the east; the wind seemed also to be freshening. I made no remark, however, neither did Jim, though his face was grave as he kissed me good bye. As the afternoon wore on, growing dark earlier than usual, I almost wished I had not let Jim go, but I wanted my mother's reply so badly, and I comforted myself that both Jim and his team knew the trail well. By half past five I knew we were in for a blizzard, the wind roared round the little house as if it would hurl it from its perch on the hill, and the snow drove in sheets.

I had hung out the stable lantern, and waited sick and faint for what the night might bring. As the tempest increased I prayed that Jim might have seen it coming and stayed at one of the farms along the homeward trail. However, I knew that he would be as anxious about me as I was about him, and would, if any way possible, press on home to save me from further anxiety. As the evening wore on and I sat alone in the house waiting, the tempest still raging outside, I pictured my husband lying frozen to death in the snow.

Agonies of love and remorse took possession of me until I thought my brain must give way. I did not attempt to go to bed but sat through the night in my chair, alternately pacing the floor. Toward morning I must have fallen into a sound sleep of exhaustion, and when I awoke in the gray dawn, I was almost numb with cold. For a few moments I sat quite still until recollection came back to my bewildered senses, and then I had to press my hands to my mouth to prevent myself from screaming. Perhaps it was as well that I had to busy myself in making up the fire, for the thermometer in the room was down to twenty and I was terribly cold. Presently I went into the kitchen and opened the outer door. The storm had ceased and the sun was rising, but the snow had drifted up against the doorstep in a bank. I looked at the deep snow in dismay. How was I to get through it to reach the boys' shack some half mile away? It must be done somehow, even if it killed me, for they must go in search of Jim before another hour had passed. I was just meditating the wearing of my husband's high rubber boots, when a sound on the clear morning air made me raise my head with a thrill of hope. The sound continued drawing nearer every moment. It was the musical tinkle of sleigh bells. Thank God! he was coming home to me, and then as suddenly an icy hand clutched my heart as the thought flashed through my brain that it might be his dead body some one was bringing home. I stood motionless, scarcely breathing, then, mingling with the tinkling bells I heard my husband's well known voice speaking to the horses.

"Thank God! Thank God!" I cried, and I had just time to smile into his dear face, and feel his arms about me when I fainted. I awoke in my bed, warm and comfortable, a delightful feeling of comfort and happiness about me. Jim's anxious eyes met mine and I nestled happily in his arms.

"Tell me all about it?" I murmured.

It seems he saw the storm coming and had wisely stopped at a farm house, not more than three miles from home, as I had prayed he might do. There he had stayed all night, the fury of the storm and the blackness of the night forbidding him to venture forth. As

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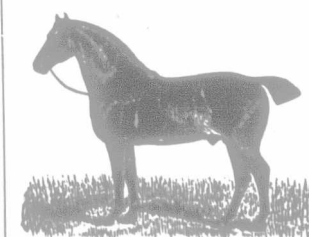
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