

he sighed :

He threw,  
"Well, I am

full sore,  
no more.

Mr. Blossberg,  
made up his  
yard him-  
this public-  
ed to put it  
cut his sod,  
and liberty-lov-  
city ordinance  
atches of ver-  
ed to obtain  
side of the  
tify his front  
the first sod,  
or neighbour,

he shouted,  
anything of  
three inches  
up and dry  
leave at least  
bottom of it, so  
ow into the  
h the earth.  
for a corner

de and shav-  
in and about  
ke, and Mr.  
ght and sure  
as Mr. Bloss-  
nd time, old  
e next block,  
ence, intently  
ats.

id at length,  
use than that.  
ver grow on  
spade it all  
ine and soft  
ches, or the  
Don't waste  
ass on top of

the sod and  
t under Mr.  
ground was  
nd then Mr.  
couldn't die  
t to kill it,  
picked up  
nd prepared  
e had fairly  
r, his hands  
t, and look-

ing up he saw Major Bladders shaking his cane at him over the fence.

"Blossberg, you insufferable donkey," roared the Major, "don't you know that you'll lose every blade of grass you can carry if you put your sod on that dry ground? There, you have gone and cut it so thin that all the roots of the grass are cut and bleeding, and you must soak the ground with water until it is a perfect pulp, so that the roots will sink right into it, and draw nutrition from the moist earth. Wet her down, Blossberg, if you want to see your labour result in any thing.

So Mr. Blossberg put the sod aside again, and went and pumped water and carried it around in buckets until his back ached like a soft corn, and when he had finally transformed his front yard into a morass, the major was satisfied, and assuring Mr. Blossberg that his sod would grow beautifully now, even if he had laid it on upside down, marched away, and Mr. Blossberg made a fourth effort to put down the first sod in its place. He got it down and was going back after another, when old Mrs. Tweedlebug checked him in his wild career.

"Lawk, Mr. Blossberg, ye mustn't go off an' leave that sod lying that way. You must take the spade and beat it down hard, till it is all flat and level, and close to the ground everywhere. You must pound it hard, or the weeds will all start up under it and crowd out the grass."

Mr. Blossberg went back, and stooping over the sod hit it a resounding thwack with his spade that shot great goutts and splashes of mud all over the parlour windows and half way to the top of the house, and some of it came flying into his face and on his clothes, while a miscellaneous shower made it dangerous even for his adviser, who, with a feeble shriek of disapprobation, went hastily away, digging raw mud out of her ears. Mr. Blossberg didn't know how long to keep on pounding, and he didn't see Mrs. Tweedlebug go away, so he stood, with his spade poised in the air and his eyes shut tight, waiting for instructions. And as he waited he was surprised to hear a new voice accost him. It was the voice of Mr. Thistlepod, the old agriculturist, of whom Mr. Blossberg bought his apples and butter.

"Hello, Mr. Blossberg!" he shouted, in tones which indicated that he either believed Mr. Blossberg to be stone deaf or two thousand miles away.

Mr. Blossberg winked violently to get the soil out of his eyes, and turned in the direction of the noise to say "Good evening."

"Soddin', hey?" asked Mr. Thistlepod.

"Trying to, sir," replied Mr. Blossberg, rather cautiously.

"'Speet it will grow, hey?"

Mr. Blossberg, having learned by very recent experience how liable his plans were to be overthrown, was still non-committal, and replied that "he hoped so."

"Wal, if ye hope so, ye mustn't go to poundin' yer sod to pieces with that spade. Ye don't want to ram it down so dad binged tight and hard there can't no air git at the roots. Ye must shake that sod up a little, so as to loosen it, and then jest pressit down with yer foot outwill it jest teches the ground nicely all round. Sod's too thin, anyhow."

So Mr. Blossberg thrust his hands into the nasty mud under his darling, much-abused sod, and spread his fingers wide apart to keep it from breaking to pieces as he raised it, and finally got it loosened up and pressed down to Mr. Thistlepod's satisfaction, who then told him he didn't believe he could make that sod grow any way, and drove away. Then Mr. Blossberg stepped back to look at that sod, feeling confident that he had got through with it, when young Mr. Simpson came along.

"Hello, Bloss, old boy; watcha doin'?"

Mr. Blossberg timorously answered that he was sodding a little. Then Mr. Simpson pressed his lips very tightly together to repress a smile, and let his cheeks swell and bulge out to the size of toy balloons with suppressed merriment, and finally burst into a snort of derisive laughter that made the windows rattle in the houses on the other side of the street, and he went on, leaving Mr. Blossberg somewhat nettled and a little discouraged. He stood, with his fingers spread wide apart, holding his arms out like wings, and wondering whether he had better go get another sod or go wash his hands, when a policeman came by and paused. "Soddin'?" he asked, sententiously.

"Yes sir, a little," replied Mr. Blossberg, respectfully.

"Where'd you get your sod?" inquired the representative of public order.

Mr. Blossberg dolefully indicated the little bare parallelogram in the scanty patch of verdure as his base of supplies.

"You're the man I've been lookin' for," replied public order. "You come along with me."

And Mr. Blossberg went along, and the Police Judge fined him \$11.95, and when Mr. Blossberg got home he found that a cow had got into his yard during his absence and stepped on that precious sod five times, and put her foot clear through it every time, so that it looked like a patch of moss rolled up in a wad, more than a sod. And then Mr. Blossberg fell on his knees and raised his hands to heaven, and registered a vow that