

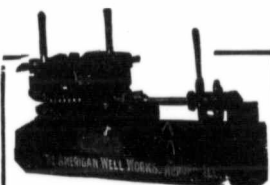
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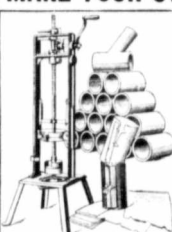
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bed like an accusing angel, with
an invisible but mighty flaming
sword.

"I've heard there were good
men your power put out o' work.
I've heard there were good laws
your hand kept others from
makin'—an' that's not all of it.
Ye have planted the hungry-
grass for the woman ye married
without love, and for the son ye
never fathered."

The sick man sank back ex-
hausted on his pillow: "It's not
true," he said thickly. "None of
it's true."

"Aye, it is thrue—and ye know
it. Moreover, there's a bit left to
the tale, and that's thrue, too.
The man who plants the hungry-
grass crosses it himself—once—
afore he dies; an' then he learns
the taste o' hunger—the hunger o'
loneliness—for the things he
never had."

"Curse ye," said Corporation
Dan, the speech of the new world
slipping from him. "An' curse
this night that brought ye wi'
your bitter tongue to trouble a
dyin' man. I was passin' peace-
fully till ye came."

"Ye were not—" and then the
old man's face softened, and all
the simple, gentle humanity
showed in it again. "Forgive me,
Danny lad, I was not thinkin' of
ye this once, but of the lad who
come after ye—an' the words ye
said about him. Don't ye take his
heart from him till ye are sure of
havin' somethin' better to leave."

"You'd better go," said the
nurse beside him; and Corpora-
tion Dan repeated after her
weakly: "Yes—go—and remem-
ber—I am dying content—ab-
solutely content."

At the door the old man turned.
"Good-by," he said, "good-by, and
good luck—" and he passed
slowly out of the room.

But Con McDougherty did not
leave the house. Something held
him, and he stood a long time in
the hall below, fumbling with the
buttons of his coat, bewildered
and uncertain.

Then steps sounded above him;
and in a moment the nurse came
down holding a small leather case
in her hand.

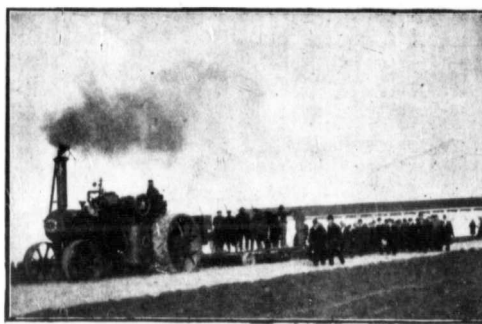
"He's gone?" he asked tremu-
lously.

"Yes—a few minutes ago. But
he sent this to you—" and the
nurse gave the small case into the
old man's hard hand.

He opened it. It was a gold
watch. "I'm not knowin' the
meanin' of it," he said stupidly.

"He said—you were to wait
here until his son came, and then
to give him that. I think his
mind must have been wandering,
for he said—you were to tell the
boy about the hungry-grass."

The lips of Con McDougherty
quivered as he closed the case.
"I'll wait," he said softly, "an' I'll
tell the tale to the lad."

**That Powerful
Sawyer-Massey****"Pulling Twenty Plows
Four Inches Deep—
In Breaking"**

That's what men of authority told us we were doing
with our powerful 35 h.p. Steamer, breaking virgin prairie
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Engine Disks hitched on behind. In the tough breaking
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Western Canada.

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our Canadian Factory for pull—both in the belt and at
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engines than have been heretofore manufactured. They
have overcome the trying conditions of poor water, poor
fuel, hard tough breaking, and extreme temperatures.

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