THE WEEKLY MAIL TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878.

UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

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where, if s cow didn't eat them, where, if s cow didn't eat them, my retarn. But one

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that season. Her thing to mind is see to it our stock has access to good, water at all times; some fire fearfully from the want of pure o drink. I have seen cows trying the their thirst at mud holes scarcely hog to wallow i, and the owners cows drink the milk that they

