

I was told that I had better not take the school in our own district, since I had lately attended the school and was too familiar to the little fellows. So the next day I got a leave of absence from the hay field, attached a paper collar to my colored shirt, brushed my granger attire, walked briskly to the house of the director of an adjoining school district, building, meanwhile, many a pleasing air castle. The director was not at home and his wife came to the door.

"Is Mr. A. at home?" I inquired.

"No," was the encouraging answer.

"Well, could you tell me if the Winter school here is engaged?" I next inquired.

"Yes, it's engaged. You see," she proceeded to explain, as my countenance began to lengthen, "our teacher this Summer was taken sick and had to leave, and they promised her the school this Winter.

She also expressed the comforting opinion that I would be able to find a school somewhere else. I then went home, after having received this check to my ardor, and reported my success, or, rather, want of success.

"Pooh!" was uncle's remark, "that's nothing. There are plenty of other schools near by. If I were you, I wouldn't have the one you went to. Go in for the best pay you can get, my boy."

Mustering up something like my former courage, I sallied forth the next day but with similar result. All the schools situated within an hour's walk from home I found to be engaged, usually by some direct sufferer from the grasshopper raid.

I was then compelled to try my fortune in more distant regions. Uncle Hezekiah my steadfast friend in my emergency, volunteered to go with me to the Hard-to-Suit and Mud Creek districts, the journey comprising a drive of about twelve miles.

We visited the former district first, but upon reaching the house of the supposed director, found, to our vexation, that he had resigned and that his successor lived two miles beyond him. We went there

and learned that he was then threshing grain a mile and a half beyond. To add to our increasing vexation, the aspect of the clouds betokened an approaching storm. Nevertheless, we decided, since we had come thus far, to find him if possible.

We found him, at the place designated, as the threshing gang were about to finish their work. The director was "feeding" the machine, but a substitute was provided at my request, and I called him aside.

I first meekly inquired if his district would have school that Winter.

"Yes, they are going to have a school in the district," he replied.

I feared from his manner that he wished that I were with Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea, but I inquired as to my chances of getting the school.

"Well," he replied, "if you want the school you had better see the other members of the board. I don't allow to have much to do with the matter myself. One of them lives about a mile and a half from here in the very first house beyond the grove yonder. You see it, don't you?"

As he spoke, he indicated a grove in an easterly direction.

I nodded.

"The other one," he continued, "lives a little farther off, over there," pointing to the West,— "you want to go right West on this road until you get to the section corner, then south half a mile, then West again. He lives on the further end of his homestead."

Feelings of dismay came upon me as I listened to his directions, looked upon the damp-looking clouds, and then considered that it was now nearly noon. The fact that I could call upon these worthies on another day disposed of the least obstacle, but at this juncture he turned with an expression of impatience toward the machine, and I knew that if I would see him again I would have to meet him at the house.

We drove thither and got well drenched in doing so. At noon I button-holed the