## Deaf and Dumb-and Blind

By Paul Calvin anderson




##  <br> 

## -


1

Unless Actds Formed in Soll By Decay of Humut
Accumulate Sumfitienty to Retard
Growth of Plants


QUICK RESULTS FROM
APPLICATION OF LIME


MAKE HOUSE FOR 1000 HENS

 At Seventeen or Seventy

|  |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| Bent and trembling, Grandma Simp son held her coarse, gray shawl moreclosely from the rough March wind. ind trudged along in the glush, searchIng every inch of the way for the tit-the folded paper she had dropped. It was late twilight and her eyen wereijm. Besides, she was sfrald to go home-Lis, ther daughter-in-taw, was none too gentle. |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| whe What'I got to the store, it was gone. What'll 1 dor |  |
|  |  |
| A step behtind her made her step aside-whoever it was would want to |  |
|  |  |
| He stopped to peer kindly. Into the his dead comrade. |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| pension, and because he pald no rent en of the poor. He had seen little of Mary Simpson |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| athing that called for help. "Did you, praps, find a paper?" |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| I was a-holding it tight, but it's gone." "Well, ain't that too badiAnd in |  |
| this March wind, it must have blown off. It's too wet to hunt for It-and too dark! I'll tell you what you do- |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| hunt for ti at Irret IIght for your oou tell 'em 1 will and trill be all right she ahook her head, and he saw on |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| her cheek the bitter, scanty tears of the old. He knew what ge and lone-IIness were, and tried to comfort her. "You'll get your death $\sigma^{\prime}$ cold out |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| here, and prrhapa it'll be found and returned in theest about here." |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  much to do an' Tm a burden even |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| does seem, though I hate complainin',as if I never could stand her slack |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| had one ó them spellis with yourhead and I took you to my house. head and took you to my house.And when John gets home from town. he can come after you." |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| Grandma simpson, brightening atthought of temporary freedom, fol-lowed him without a word. He led her |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  sene lamp, stirred up the Are in thekitchenen atove and put on the kettie |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| gone. What did Liz want from thestore? You can tell me and I'II get it and take it to ber. Say Mary- |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| husbind's pegple had come and could he wait till next summer for his visit sae letter |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| check at all, uless t's found-Davidwould thave done as much for me. woehald of her dead husband. "We was |  |
|  |  |
| always friends. What did Lik want" |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| fire. <br> "You're a good man, William! she |  |
|  |  |
| wanted some sugar and potatoes, and bacon-and two loaves of bread,can bake lovely bread, but she won't can bake lovely bread |  |
|  |  |
| let me!-my chlidren never ate ba.rlllet your ker'swhadeewhile youregone. |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

