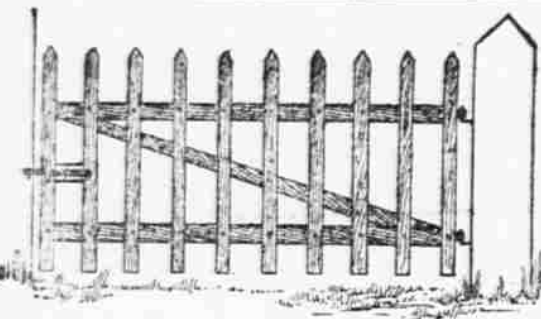




Farm Gates.

Upon every farm there must be gates. These gates should always be in good repair, but such is not always the case. It is a neat, tidy farmer, indeed, that never allows a gate to sag, so that it has to be lifted in opening, or has a broken hinge. There are many plans of making good gates, but the best we have ever tried is constructed as follows: Take two pine or poplar boards, six inches wide, an inch and a half thick and as long as you want your gate. Have pickets one by four inches and as long as you want your gate high. Then a brace one by four inches, long enough to reach from the lower corner of gate on hinge end to top corner, where the latch is to be placed. Lay the two rails down on barn floor or trestles, if you have them, the proper distance apart, and nail on your pick-

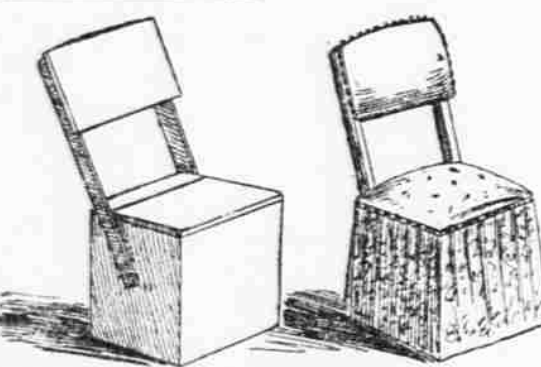


A NEAT FARM GATE.

ets, putting four nails in each end. Saw brace to fit in between rails without notching, and nail pickets to this. Bolt on hinges, having holes in same, so the bolts will pass through both picket and rail. At the other end bolt a paling on each side of the rail. Have a common latch made out of an old wagon tire or any old piece of bar iron and when this is properly secured your gate is complete. Always use dressed lumber, so you can paint gate any desired color, red being usually preferred. A gate made in this manner will last for twenty years, if kept painted, and it will never sag a particle, and is good and strong. It is the easiest gate made, and the best we have ever tried.—New England Homestead.

The Porch in Summer.

To live as much as possible out of doors is always desirable in summer, and if one has not a wide veranda they may have a nice tree or cluster of large shrubs, or a framework and covered vines. A few comfortable lounging places are to be desired. Old pieces of furniture may be renovated, painted and upholstered and made to stand the exposure and changes of the weather. The illustration shows a chair. The framework consists of a box, two upright sticks and a board to form a back. The box should be 16 inches wide and long, and 10 inches high, with a hinged cover so the interior may be a receptacle for odds and ends. The uprights, which can be of pine two inches wide by one inch thick, are securely screwed



A CHAIR FOR THE PORCH.

to the outer sides of the box, pitched at an angle to make the back comfortable. A board 18 inches long by 12 inches wide is screwed to the upper ends of them and the framework will look like No. 1. The seat and sides are to be upholstered by using some old hair or cotton. First cover with strong unbleached cotton, then cover with any color of denim not easy to fade or show soil. At a hardware store get some japanned iron shanked buttons, and with stout strings tuft the seat like a carriage cushion, and around the back and the seat tack a row of large headed tacks over a strip of white leather or stiff canvas.

Berry Culture.

Every farmer should raise enough berries to supply the family all the year. There is nothing more delicious and healthful than strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, and no other crop on the farm pays as well for the small outlay and the land they require. September is the month to plant them, and when this is properly done a good crop can be grown the first year.

A northern slope that will drain well is best. A great many make the mistake of getting the soil too rich for strawberries, and get a big crop of vines with very little fruit. Land that will grow a good crop of corn is just right, and when properly planted and cultivated will always produce plenty of fine berries. The soil should be cleared of all weeds and rubbish, well pulverized with disk or cultivator and harrow, and then plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized after plowing. Mark rows three feet apart and set the plants in deep, putting a half pint of water with each plant and packing the dirt firmly around the roots. Late in the fall they should be mulched with clean straw, marsh hay or corn stalks. In the spring hoe or cultivate shallow, but not after the plants begin blooming, as it will cause them to rust.—Fruit Grower.

Dandelions for the Garden.

The stand-by for early greens in many country places is the dandelion, which grows spontaneously in the pastures, showing its location by bright yellow flowers. But when the dande-

lion is old enough to blossom it is not so juicy and tender as it is in the earlier stages of its growth. Besides, a further improvement is made by digging up the roots the previous year and planting them in some rich place in the garden. There is a slight tonic bitter to the dandelion greens which makes them liked by almost everybody, and those who do not entirely like the flavor eat the greens because they are healthful. Some gardeners claim that they have originated new varieties with larger, thicker leaves than those on dandelions that grow wild. It is possible, however, that it is the garden culture rather than differences in variety that makes the new sorts preferable.

A Monster Hog.

The largest hog ever raised in Butler County, Ohio, was slaughtered on March 9, weighing 1,275 pounds. It was three years and ten days old, and was of Poland-China stock. His measurement from nose to rump (tail) was 7 feet and 4 inches; across the back when standing up was 2 feet 6 inches; around the neck close to his ears 5 feet 4 inches; girth around the heart near the forelegs 7 feet 7 inches; around the flank 7 feet 8 inches. After he was hung up and split through the back I measured the thickness at the shoulders and along the back; at the shoulders, 12 inches; along the back, 10 inches; there was 6 inches of fat and 4 inches of lean meat.

On November 24 this hog weighed 830 pounds, making a gain of 445 pounds in 105 days, or 4 1/4 pounds per day, the largest gain per day on record. During this period he ate forty ears of corn per day, and, as it takes about 100 average ears for a bushel, the total corn fed during the 105 days was forty-two bushels, making an average gain of 10 3/5 pounds gross weight per bushel of corn. Having experimented several years in feeding hogs to learn the gain in live weight per bushel of corn, with the choicest selected hogs and under the most favorable conditions the gain was ten pounds per bushel.

The net weight of this hog was 1,100 pounds, the loss being a fraction less than 14 per cent.; the general average loss from live to net weight ranges from 15 to 18 per cent. on large and well fattened hogs.—Cincinnati Price Current.

Cleaning the Cellar.

The first house cleaning in spring should be done in the cellar, removing whatever is left of the vegetables and fruits put up for winter use, and after clearing away mould from the walls giving them a coat of fresh whitewash, into which a weak solution of carbolic acid has been put in making it. This will destroy latent germs, which more often originate in the cellar than anywhere else. After the cellar is cleaned and whitewashed place a few lumps of unslacked lime in any places that seem to be somewhat moist. Keep the cellar windows closed on warm, sunny days and open them at night especially if rather cool. It is the warm air from outside in the cellar coming in contact with the cold stone walls and metal which it contains that deposits moisture and soon forms a mould on all such surfaces. Most people think it is cool air which is responsible for damp walls. On the contrary, it is the warm and apparently dry air from the outside which does it when this is brought in contact with any cool surface.

Profit from Garden Herbs.

There are certain kinds of vegetables which have a good sale when dried that are far too little grown. We allude to such herbs as sage, thyme, fennel, coriander and the like. More money is often made from a sage bed than from the same area of land planted in anything else. There is always a good demand for it to use for stuffing when pork, turkey or chicken are to be roasted, and if the herb has to be bought at the grocer's or drug store several times what the farmer could well afford to sell it for has to be paid. There would be more profit in farming if farmers paid more attention to the small items which they now neglect, because they seem too unimportant to be worthy of notice.

Solid Floors for Stables.

Wherever there is a crack in a stable floor where horses or cows are kept, fertility, which is really money, is constantly being lost as the liquid excrement runs to waste. There are under many old stables several feet depth of soil filled with this excrement, which if drawn out on the fields makes the richest kind of manure. The stable floor should be solid, either made with matched plank, or, better still, laid in cement, which will not absorb the excrement or rot as it lies upon it.

Green Bone for Hens.

Fresh-cut bone contains the right kind of material to make an egg, the lime in it furnishing the shell. It is better than grit for fowls, as, unlike the bits of stone, it is ground and digested in the gizzard, thus serving a double purpose, helping to digest grain and being itself digested at the same time. Fowls that eat much green bone will make manure equal to that which wild birds make from eating fishes, and which when composted becomes the guano of commerce.

Strawberries.

The old plan of spading under a portion of the old strawberry bed, so as to leave the plants in rows, will not pay. Better reset clean land with vigorous plants, arranging to grow a crop of potatoes every third year to clean the land and mellow it. The picking of berries on heavy clay land causes it to become so packed as to require cultivating at least one season in every three with some hoed crop.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Willed Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tireless Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"The other evening while witnessing Mansfield's performance at the opera house," said a well known member of the Detroit Post, G. A. R., "I noticed a couple of good-looking privates from the Seventh United States Infantry walk down and take two \$2 seats with the utmost nonchalance. They were clean, intelligent young chaps who, even though they were only privates, knew what they were paying for, and whether they got their money's worth. It reminded me of the only time I ever heard Patti, and I wondered if they were having an experience similar to my own.

"It was away back in the '60s, just after the close of the war, that a detachment of the Forty-third United States Infantry was stationed at Fort Griatiot under command of Capt. Ferguson Walker. I was a corporal in Company A, and I had a chum who was also a corporal in the same company. As soon as the news of Patti's appearance in Detroit reached our post corporal—I'll call him Liederfoos—proposed that we go together to Detroit and hear her. I ventured the remark that pay day was too far off, at which he said he had money enough to pay our fares to Detroit and that if I would get two days' leave for himself and me, he would pay all expenses. 'You can't afford to put up \$5 a seat for two,' I argued, at which he replied: 'You get the two days' leave and I'll do the rest.'

"And so the next day Liederfoos and myself called on Capt. Walker and I asked for the leave. 'What do you want to go to Detroit for?' asked the captain, and when I explained that we were going down to hear Patti he expressed a wish that we would tell him the truth, and added, 'You men, between you, couldn't pay for one corner of one of those \$5 seats.'

"That's perhaps true," ventured Liederfoos, 'but we want to go to Detroit, and if you will give us leave and are there yourself, you'll see these two corporals in a private box, all by themselves.'

"Well, I'll give you the two days' leave," said the captain, 'and I'll be in the opera house when Patti sings. Moreover, I'll be on the lookout for you two. Say, if I see you two men in a private box at Patti's concert I'll be hanged if I won't pay the cost of your railway travel.'

"And so when the time arrived Liederfoos and myself came down to Detroit and registered at the Michigan Exchange. After dinner my companion excused himself and left me at the hotel to amuse myself as best I could. Along about 5 o'clock he returned and he not only had an order signed by Patti for a private box, but he had a pair of opera glasses and a bouquet of flowers as big as a patent pail. Then and not until then did I learn my friend's secret. As a boy he had been a next door neighbor to Patti when she was a girl. Her father lived just outside of New York, up Yonkers way, I believe, and this corporal in the United States army, who had drawn Patti on his sled, tethered with her on the fence between her lot and his and played hide and coop with her, had been having a two hours' visit with the prima donna. She had not only received him kindly, but was positively pleased to meet her old schoolmate and friend. Of course I don't know all details, but I am positive she must have given him a shave and a hair cut; we bought new boiled shirts with collars, cuffs and necktie, new handkerchiefs and went to that opera house in army blue, of course, but about as swell as it was possible for chaps wearing the old shad-belly coats of the service to be.

"And say, you should have seen the entire audience stare at us. It was interesting. And then, too, there was Capt. Walker, the most amazing man you could imagine. When Liederfoos threw his bouquet on the stage to have Patti pick it up and how most graciously to the two corporals, I thought Walker would have a fit. Yes, the captain paid us the cost of our railway fare when we got back to the post, in spite of our protests. 'I look upon that proposition of mine,' he said, 'just as I would upon a bet. It is a bet, and you won it handsomely.'—Detroit Free Press.

Saved His Wagons.

During the civil war H. W. Walker, of Walker & Co., of Detroit, was master of transportation for the First Cavalry Division, Gen. McCook, Army of the Cumberland. On the first day of the battle of Chickamauga Mr. Walker received an order signed by Gen. Rosecrans directing all commands, unless they were in active engagement, to give the road to Walker and his wagons. With a train of 150 wagons loaded with ammunition and rations he had taken his wagons and their contents to the battlefield, the day before the battle of Lookout Mountain, and having discharged the freight was without orders as to what to do next. Accordingly he applied to the late Gen. Garfield, who was chief of staff. 'Really, I don't know what orders to give you,' answered Gen. Garfield, but when Mr. Walker suggested it, the General directed Dr. Armstrong, assistant surgeon of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, to permit all wounded soldiers able to be moved to be loaded into Walker's wagons to be taken back to the hospitals north of the Tennessee river.

"Accordingly," says Mr. Walker, "we loaded the poor fellows into the wagons as carefully as we could and started

down toward Chattanooga. Reaching the river my train was stopped suddenly and I rode up to the head of the column to investigate. There I found that the pontoon bridge was being guarded by a new regiment and the captain in charge of the detail that had stopped us was not only emphatic as to his orders to permit no one to pass, but—you see he was new as to so great a responsibility, but he was all right—he was inclined to be impudent. The situation was puzzling as well as critical, because I did not want to run any risk of losing my wagons and the wounded men needed attention. Accordingly I made a grand bluff. I pulled out the order that had been signed by Gen. Rosecrans—nearly two days previous to the order that had been given to the captain—and presenting it demanded right of way.

"Why didn't you show this order in the first place?" asked the captain, without looking at the date of the order.

"Because I thought the sight of these wounded men would be sufficient," I replied. At this the captain called off the guard, and as the wagons resumed the march the captain called me aside and explained that it was the first experience of the kind he had ever had and he hoped I wouldn't cause any trouble. Of course I explained that the error was a natural one, that no harm had been done and that he deserved commendation for his fidelity. Meanwhile I put the written order, which I knew was absolutely worthless, back into my pocket and rode up to the head of my train. We reached the hospitals all right, no man the worse for the ride, and I didn't lose my wagons.—Detroit Free Press.

Stories of Gen. Lee.

A coterie of ex-Confederates were talking over old times in the Southern colony at the Metropolitan a few nights ago, when the conversation turned upon Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Not only do I maintain that Gen. Lee was the greatest master of the art of war of his age, but that he was one of the most benign of all historic characters," said Judge Mackey, of South Carolina. "I tell this anecdote, which has never been printed, as illustrating his fine sense of justice and his generous consideration for the rights of others."

"On Aug. 16, 1864, Gen. Lee's army attacked Grant's left at a point a few miles above Petersburg. The attack, made with considerable force, was at first successful, and we captured about 400 prisoners. As the prisoners were brought into our lines Lee was standing by the side of his horse writing an order, with the paper resting upon the saddle. Just then one of the Federal prisoners rushed up in a state of great excitement and said to Lee:

"General, one of your soldiers has stolen my hat."

"Gen. Lee turned to the prisoner, who was a youth of 18 or 19, and said: "Where is the man who took your hat?"

"He is one of the guard; that man with red whiskers over there," the Federal replied.

"Lee thereupon ordered Col. Marshall, of his staff, one of the knightliest of soldiers himself, to recover the hat, which was done, and he delivered it to the soldier."

"It is not remarkable that a General, watching the progress of battle, and framing an order to direct it, should turn away to do justice to a prisoner under such circumstances? Especially when the soldier who took the hat needed it far more than the man from whom it was taken; for the average Confederate soldier was in one sense a plumed knight. He had no crown, and his uplifted hair was a plume of natural growth."

"It is a remarkable fact that Gen. Lee never wore a sword during the war, or any weapon, and he never buckled on a sword until the day of his surrender, and then as an act of courtesy to Gen. Grant, and as proper for the occasion, when terms of surrender were being agreed upon.

"Gen. Lee did not expect to surrender his sword to Grant, because, by the terms of surrender, all officers were to retain their side arms; but he did expect, as I have heard him state, that Grant would go through the form of touching the hilt of his sword, according to the custom of war. But Grant, most magnanimous of soldiers, did not even do that.—Washington Star.

Of No Use.

It seems to be necessary to use some discrimination in making New Year's presents. Two acquaintances met on the street on New Year's morning.

"Hello, Ruggles! How is the family?"

"All well. By the way, my wife made me a present of an elegant smoking jacket this morning."

"You are fortunate."

"Yes. My eldest daughter gave me a silver-mounted smoking-set."

"That comes in very appropriately."

"Oh, yes. And my son gave me this silver match-box."

"It's a beauty—one of the handsomest I ever saw. You are not looking well this morning. Anything the matter?"

"Nothing—except that about two hours before I got the presents I had registered a solemn vow not to smoke any more for a year!"

"He That is Warm Thinks All So."

Thousands are "cold" in that they do not understand the glow of health. This implies disordered kidneys, liver, bowels, blood or brain. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes "warm" because it gives all who take it perfect health.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FUNNY HONEYMOONS.

enjoyed by Eccentric People in This and Other Countries.

A few years ago a newly wedded couple living ten miles southeast of Brookville, Ky., took as a honeymoon trip a wagon ride to witness the hanging of Robert McLaughlin, which occurred at Brookville.

A short while since an adventurous couple spent their first days of wedded life on the summit of Mont Blanc. The ascent, extremely hazardous by reason of terrific snowstorms, being successfully accomplished, and the summit reached, the bridegroom, in the presence of the guides, embraced his young wife, to whom he swore eternal fidelity, and received from her lips an equally fervent assurance. Then the descent was commenced, and the couple, after three days' absence, arrived at Chamounix, where they were accorded an enthusiastic reception.

There are of record four honeymoons known to have been spent in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

In the neighborhood of Dodschau, a small Hungarian town, there is an extraordinary ice cave. The roof, with the floor, are thickly coated with ice, which in places assumes most fantastic shapes. In this cave, some sixteen years ago, a couple named Kolescy elected to pass the week immediately following their marriage. They took with them a plentiful supply of rugs, blankets and warm clothing, but notwithstanding all precautions their experience was not of a sufficiently pleasant nature to tempt imitators.

Severe Rebuke.

Constable, the famous painter, once gave a remarkable instance of the sweetness of his temper, which scarcely anything could ruffle. The story is told by Julian Charles Young, whose uncle had witnessed its incident.

He called on Constable one day, and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat, the artist proposed to repair to the back room to show him a large picture on which he was engaged.

On walking up to his easel, he found that one of his little boys, in his absence, had dashed the handle of the hearth-broom through the canvas, and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him, and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted his act, Constable took him on his knee and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:

"Oh, my dear pet! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think, can you?"

Hard to Deal With.

"See here," said the doctor to his refractory patient, "I've been a physician for ten years, and I know what treatment your case requires."

"That cuts no ice with me. I've been an invalid for thirty years, and it's not for the likes of you to tell me to take something that I know I don't need."—Detroit Free Press.

SALESWOMEN understand what torture is.

Constantly on their feet whether well or ill. Compelled to smile and be agreeable to customers while dragged down with some feminine weakness. Backaches and headaches count for little. They must keep going or lose their place.

To these Mrs. Pinkham's help is offered. A letter to her at Lynn, Mass., will bring her advice free of all charge.

MISS NANCIE SHOBE, Florence, Col., writes a letter to Mrs. Pinkham from which we quote:

"I had been in poor health for some time, my troubles having been brought on by standing, so my physician said, causing serious womb trouble. I had to give up my work. I was just a bundle of nerves and would have fainting spells at monthly periods. I doctored and took various medicines, but got no relief, and when I wrote to you I could not walk more than four blocks at a time. I followed your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier in connection with the Vegetable Compound and began to gain in strength from the first. I am getting to be a stranger to pain and I owe it all to your medicine. There is none equal to it, for I have tried many others before using yours. Words cannot be said too strong in praise of it."

MISS POLLY FRAME, Meade, Kan., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write you in regard to your medicine has done for me. I cannot praise it enough. Since my girlhood I had been troubled with irregular and painful periods and for nearly five years had suffered with falling of the womb, and whites. Also had ovarian trouble, the left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling is all gone, and I am healthy and strong."



left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling is all gone, and I am healthy and strong."

BRASS TRIMMED IRON BED FREE. Regular Price of Bed \$4.50. It is made after new design, the heavy wrought iron, has angle iron side pieces and brass knobs, the scroll work is ornamented with cast clove leaves. It is 6 feet 6 inches long. Can be had in following widths: 3 ft., 4 ft., 4 ft. 6 in. Sent \$10.00 and receive the Bed and 5 lbs. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR \$1

COMBINATION GROCERY ORDER NO. 2. Regular Retail Price. 1/2 B. Coffee... 1/2 B. Tea... 1/2 B. Cocoa... 1/2 B. Baking Powder... 1/2 B. Soda... 1/2 B. Corn Starch... 1/2 B. Sugar... 1/2 B. Flour... 1/2 B. Rice... 1/2 B. Beans... 1/2 B. Lentils... 1/2 B. Peas... 1/2 B. Apples... 1/2 B. Oranges... 1/2 B. Lemons... 1/2 B. Limes... 1/2 B. Pineapples... 1/2 B. Melons... 1/2 B. Cucumbers... 1/2 B. Tomatoes... 1/2 B. Potatoes... 1/2 B. Onions... 1/2 B. Carrots... 1/2 B. Parsnips... 1/2 B. Turnips... 1/2 B. Cabbage... 1/2 B. Lettuce... 1/2 B. Spinach... 1/2 B. Peas... 1/2 B. Beans... 1/2 B. Lentils... 1/2 B. Peas... 1/2 B. Apples... 1/2 B. Oranges... 1/2 B. Lemons... 1/2 B. Limes... 1/2 B. Pineapples... 1/2 B. Melons... 1/2 B. Cucumbers... 1/2 B. Tomatoes... 1/2 B. Potatoes... 1/2 B. Onions... 1/2 B. Carrots... 1/2 B. Parsnips... 1/2 B. Turnips... 1/2 B. Cabbage... 1/2 B. Lettuce... 1/2 B. Spinach... 1/2 B. Peas... 1/2 B. Beans... 1/2 B. Lentils... 1/2 B. Peas... 1/2 B. Apples... 1/2 B. 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