THE UNSUCCESSFUL

We met them on the common way; They passed and gave no sign-The heroes that had lost the day, The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see Their mighty ranks contain Figures too great for victory, Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

come From glorious foughten fields: Some bear the wounds of combat,

some Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here, If we in aught puevail. Grant, God, a triumph not too dear. Or strength, like theirs, to fail. -Elizabeth C. Cardozo, in the Cen-

It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and the editor of the "Monthly Rocket" sat alone in his room at a large desk, strewn with papers and cuttings, gaz- haps, you will understand." ing thoughtfully at the sheets of manuscript which he had taken from a pile before him.

of scene, and the matter of turning a ously, "I-ask your pardon." collision into a fire-the two stories eally well writen, I'll admit. But town where it might have gone instead? the whole thing is beyond me."

all, what's the sender's name and ad-Cadogan street, W.' '

He paused irresolutely for a second. and then wrote on the sheet in front of I'm so tired of it all!"

"Dear Sir-If the author of the short story, "The Solitary Soul," will call at this office at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. I or my representative will

be glad to see him." "There, that ought to fetch him," said the man, with a peculiar smile, as she added sadly. be signed the letter, "Douglas Baird, Editor.' Then directing the envelope to the address given on the manuscript, he posted it at the corner of the street on his way home.

On the afternoon of the following well." Thursday, Douglas Baird sat in his office again. He was obviously not Heart of a Woman, then?" he ex- Hill, near Hillsboro, on the Talbot side quite at his ease, and from time to claimed with interest. "How silly of of the Tuckahoe River, was described time he would open one of the draw- me! I ought to have remembered the in a writing still extant. ers of his desk and examine the papers it contained, as if to assure himself that none of them were missing. Pres-

ently he looked at his watch. "H'm! a quarter past three already." he mused. "I wonder if my correspondent is going to fight shy, after

A tap at the door interrupted his soliloquy. In answer to his somewhat surly "Come in!" the visitor entered.

The editor of the "Monthly Rocket" slightly raised his eyebrows. Accustomed as he was to all sorts and conditions of visitors, it was not often that such a pretty girl as this invaded his office. His surliness vanished instantly. He could be charming to ladies when he chose. This was one of these occasions. Accordingly, he set a chair for the visitor and returned her timid greeting with a geniality calculated to dispel her very obvious nervousness.

It was a young but sad and troubled face that looked at him across the adorned the sunny head of a child, but the girlish mouth had assumed a curve of unnatural determination, and the blue eyes were full of that awful fear which is to be seen only in the eyes of the refined poor.

"I have a letter from Mr. Baird, the editor-I don't know if you are he- years old, and had lasted only a dozen asking me to call at 3 to-day," said the numbers,

"I am the editor, certainly; but I don't recollect writing to Miss-Chester. In fact, I expect some one else at this hour."

"Yes! Do you know him, then?"

asked the man eagerly. "Oh, yes, I think I may say I do, a little," she replied, smiling again. "In "I don't quite understand," returned cidence, of course?" Baird wonderingly. "Is there such a

person at all, then?" "Oh yes, very much so-I'm he-or. rather, he's my nom de guerre." she be the original author of 'The Liar." answered quietly, seeming to enjoy his |-The Sketch.

evident mystification. "You?" he replied., "You? What on earth made you take such a pseudonym?" he demanded wonderingly. "Oh! because Ithought a man's name would give my story a better chance of acceptance. But why did you write

to me? she continued anxiously. "I was so glad to get your letter! I thought you had accepted the tale. You are going to publish it, aren't you?" she added, all her smiles van-

"No," said Baird, looking at her cleadily; "I don't think I shall."

The girl's eyes filled at the answer. and, as he saw the bitter disappointment in her face, the editor began to ducah man, when the boat was launchfeel quite remorseful. It was a deuced | ed he decided to call her Nellie. His awkward business, he told himself,

"I am sorry, Miss Chester," he said, pulling himself together with an effort, self and wife too by spelling the name that you should have thought my let- backward .- Memphis Scimetar. ter meant acceptance of your contribution. Before we go any further, however, let me ask you one question. Did you send in that story, 'The Soli- schools,

tary Soul,' as original matter?"

A pause ensued. The ticking of a clock on the mantelpiece alone broke the silence of the room. The editor watched the woman keenly-a sudden spasm passed over her face and a hunted look came into her eyes. Then for the first time the man noticed her pallor and the poverty of her attire; she had clasped her hands together, as if to make an appeal, and he saw Here are earth's splendid failures, that even her gloves were carefully Louis. "He won't acknowledge they mended.

"If you would rather not answer," he said gently, and in a very different | tell the truth. My brother is a dentone to that which he had intended to adopt towards "Mr. Hellingham." "you need not do so. Only, I think you for him. Not that he tells me anymust acknowledge that it is impossible | thing, but merely as an incident, for for me to publish the story in My everybody who knows the man knows magazine."

asked, trying to control her voice. "I false. You don't understand, so I'll will own that I shouldn't have offered explain. He always had unusually it to you without an explanation, per- fine teeth, but about five years ago

haps. But I-I-For answer he took from a drawer a newspaper and a pile of manuscript. to recede from the roots, leaving them This is your manuscript," he remarked, watching her keenly as she put out her hand for it; "and this," he added gravely, taking up the paper, "is the journal in which a certain story entitled 'The Liar' appeared. Now, per-

The girl's hand trembled so that she could hardly hold the printed sheet. After a momentary glance, she laid it "I can't understand it at all," he down again, and then, turning her was thinking. "Except for the change blanched face to him, she said tremul-

"Will you tell me, Miss Chester," he are practically identical. At any rate, asked slowly, "why you sent this to they're rather too similar for me to me? Was it for the sake of getting pass the matter over. The extra chap- into print-a natural enough vanity, ter is original enough, though, and I'll allow; or," he continued in a softer was the payment that you would have what on earth possessed the fellow to received, had the manuscript been acsend it here, out of all the offices in cepted, an important consideration?"

"Oh, Mr. Baird!" she exclaimed, trying to regain her composure; "I know "I don't know quite what to say at it was a dreadfully dishonorable thing was that instead of making artificial this early stage in the proceedings," he to do, but-but-you don't know how said slowly; "but, let me see, first of hard it has been for me in London. A woman has no chance at all, and for dress? Ah! 'Claude Hellingham, 14 a girl like me, without interest or first-class dentist always, was more friends, it seems impossible to get than ordinarily careful on this job, and work. I've lost heart utterly now, and

> "Have you met with any success at all?" he asked sympathetically. "Yes-a little, but not very much, and nothing regular. I got some fairly

regular work on the 'Morning Comet;' left some money owing to me, too," more Riggs' disease to trouble him."

"That was hard lines! Did you write much for it?"

"Yes, a good deal. I did all those articles on 'The Provincialism of London,' and also the serial, 'The Heart of a Woman,' with some short tales as

name. It was a capital story-you should get it published in volume form. I'm sure it would succeed."

first firm I offered it to kept it for The shadow cast on the ground by the seven months, and then wrote to say outspreading limbs under a vertical they would bring the story out if I would bear the expense. The next people who considered it were not so bad; they asked me to pay only half the cost, I knew they were a good firm, and would treat me well, and so I tried to get the money before the book would be too much out-of-date."

"That is why you sent this manuscript to me, then?"

"Yes. I saw that you were offering \$100 for the best ten thousand-word story. The money meant such a lot to me, and I was so awfully hard-up! I began a story and got half through with it; but it wasn't alive, and I, somehow, couldn't get on with it. Then, one day, I came across an old file of the 'Capetown Mercury' in the desk. The soft, fair hair might have reading-room' in the museum. I saw n story called 'The Liar' in it, and liked the central idea very much. I worked it up and changed the construction a little, and added another chapter; and then-well, then I sent it here. I never imagined any one would recognize it. The paper was over ten

"And now, I think I've nothing more to say," she went on, "except that I'm ever so sorry about it all! I hope you wont think too badly of me-it was such a temptation! Will you tell me, "Mr. Claude Hellingham, perhaps?" though"-her voice faltered-"how it was you found out? I didn't think any one in London could have read the 'Capetown Mercury,' or, even if they had read 'The Liar,' that they could fact, I-I am the individual himself!" remember it now. It is a curious coin-

"Yes," answered the man slowly, "an extraordinary coincidence. The fact is, though-er-I myself happen to

Naming of Steamboats.

Many steamboats, like race horses, have names given for the reason that their names reflect some whim of the owner, or are named after some object of interest or affection to him. The steamboat Eillen, which was sunk recently at Island 34, and on which the wrecking crew is still at work, had a name which puzzled rivermen. Steamboats are always named after something, and what Eillen meant was more than most of them could decipher. The boat was named after the wife of the owner. He is a Pawife objected to having the boat named after her, so he satisfied him-

education of each child in the public | the dispute has ended in mere words. | Too great care cannot be ta

HIS TEETH WERE HIS OWN.

And Yet the Facts Were Rather Out of the Ordinary.

Four or five traveling men around the hotel stove had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up and saying "good night" went off to bed.

"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said a man from St. are false, or rather he insists that they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tist in Kansas City, and this man lives there, and my brother does his work the circumstances. His teeth are his "Will you tell me w-why?" she own, and at the same time they are they showed signs of Riggs' disease, an affection which causes the gums exposed some distance down from the enameled surface. In aggravated cases or where the person is very sensitive the disease is very painful and it is almost impossible to relieve it. To cure it is practically mpossible, for the gums will not grow back again. This man was of the sensitive kind, and although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him they could do nothing, and he suffered so that at last he told my brother to extract every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done my brother followed instructions and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition, and as my brother looked them over, regretting that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel idea occurred to him, which he at once told to the other man, who agreed to it willingly. This teeth, as was the usual custom, these same teeth be used exactly as if they were artificial. My brother, who is a when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a hair's breadth and slipped them into his patient's mouth they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand can tell that they are false, if, indeed, false they but the paper failed last summer-and are. At the same time there isn't any

It Saw Many Queer Sights in the Course of

DEATH OF AN HISTORIC OAK.

Its 300 Years of Life. Another of the historic trees of Maryland has perished. Nearly three "By Jove! was it you who wrote 'The hundred years ago the oak of Lloyd's

There is no known record of its dimensions, but it had a mighty trunk. Its magnificence was in its branches, "I tried to, but it was no good. The whose amplitude was extraordinary. sun made a circle whose diameter was more than 100 yards. Decay fastened upon the tree; then, some years ago, an axeman made a huge wound in one side and the tree, being too old to heal itself, gradually rotted. Recently some one stuffed the hollow with dry leaves and brush and set it afire at night. The country for miles around was illuminated. After the fire burned out the remainder of the giant oak was cut down and carted away.

The oak in these olden days was sometimes called "The Quaker Tavern," because the Delaware Friends, after having assembled at Camden, made their pilgrimage by this route to the Third Haven Meeting Housewhere George Fox preached and Lady Baltimore met William Penn-to attend the yearly meeting long before there was any town of Easton to extend to them its hospitality. The oak on Lloyd's Hill was their regular noonday stopping place. Here they would rest and feed their horses and unpack and eat their lunches.

Heron Island, in Miles River, is now treeless. An old and gnaried cedar, for many years the only tree on this barren waste of sand, was recently cut down and burned for fuel by some oystermen who were cast away there in a storm. The cedar was a valuable landmark to the river sailors. Territorially, Heron Island is in Queen Anne County. It belongs to the estate of the late Col. Richard S. Dodson.

Guarding his Treasure. Staring at women is so common in

Paris that few people seem to trouble prising to hear that the practice which the French capital, has led to a scene in the crush-room of a popular theatre. One of those remarkable beings described as "clubmen" was escorting a rising beauty around the crushroom when a stranger, supposed to be American, fixed his eyes on her and seemed hypnotized by the splendor of her charms. The beauty did not blush. She was too well enamelled stare of the fascinated foreign person. Her companion, the "clubman," however, took the attentions of the supposed American in a different light, and called him to order on the spot. Hard words passed between the two men, and auditors were intensely argused. One of the latter-a hardened bachelor-was heard to remark that he did not know the clubman was he had a treasure to guard. No duel land must be well fertilized. London spends \$140 a year on the will be fought over the matter, and plowed and thoroughly -London Telegraph.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON ACRICUL-TURAL TOPICS.

The Best Breed of Hens-Secure Even Crops If Possible-Temperature of Incubators-Sand in Maple Syrup-Cows Prefer Fixed Habits-Etc., Etc.

The Best Breed of Hens.

There is no best breed of hens. The breed most suitable to any farmer is the breed that he can make the most money out of. If you can make money out of raising hens, always keep them, and by all means keep good ones. The farmer don't want hens with certain markings on them, but he wants hens with lots of eggs in them.

Secure Even Crops If Possible.

an eyesore to any one interested in good farming as a field where the

perfectly bare. ing a good deal, but nevertheless it

can be done. of a portion of the soil being too wet and the loss on this one wet patch ply of winter squashes. might more than overbalance the prodrainage.

Temperature of Incubators. I have two incubators of different makes, and in one it takes from 101 to 1021/2 degrees to bring the chicks out on the 21st day, while in the other it takes from 102 degrees to 1031/2 to batch in the same time, with the thermometer on fertile eggs and in the same place in each machine. Every incubator should be tested and the correct temperature determined on. This will depend upon the incubator, the eggs, the thermometer and where it is placed. When the eggs begin to hatch, better shut up shop and leave them to come out in their own way than to watch too closety.-J. Blaine Fitch, in New England Homestead.

Sand in Maple Syrup.

The maple sugar maker may have passes through the ordinary strainer, the ribs. and he may wonder how it happens care and cleanliness. Its presence, at the best. least in small quantity, is not a sign of carelessness, because this is not common sand nor dirt, but sugar sand. a form-malate-of lime that is always present to a greater or less extent in the sap, and merely collects in little grains when the sap is boiled down. It may be removed very readily in the following manner:

Pass the hot syrup through closely woven flannel into a settling tank. with a tap placed at least an inch and bran. a half above the bottom of the tank. or, better still, use a siphon. Use a funnel-shaped felt strainer, if the syrup is to be bottled hot, and wash these strainers thoroughly to remove any grit that may collect. If large quantities are to be strained at a time, change the strainers often. For sugar, let the syrup stand longer before boiling down. The strainers may be bought from dealers in maple sugar makers' supplies.-The Epitomist.

Cows Prefer Fixed Habits.

Every man that has had the care of milch cows knows how quickly a change of practices by the cow keeper is seen in the milk yield. A dairyman goes away from home for a single day and leaves his cows to others. The feeding is irregular and the milking is irregular and the next day the herd is decidedly "off" in its milk. The worst feature of the situation is that the cows cannot be again brought back to their old flow of milk without a great deal of trouble. Frequently there will be some cows that have been in milk the grass!

The cow will only keep up her milk and seizing the small newspaper dealyield if she have a fixed ration of er, put him off. Then the pretty wofeed. For this reason every dairyman man it the up-to-date frock paid her should endeavor to watch his pasture fare in pennies and smiled. closely and increase the supply of succulent feed as fast as it becomes out before her eyes, and she glanced scarce in the pasture. Have the feed at the head lines. Then she read half as like in kind as possible. This is one a column about a thrilling rescue of a about it. It is, therefore, rather sur- reason why it pays to feed some mill- typewriter girl by a gallant fireman. feed the year round. When the pas- She glanced sideways at the big man, if reprehensible is well established in ture becomes short this part of the ra- Apparently he was taking no notice. tion can be kept up and even increased She began on a story of burglars in a without the habit of the cow in this

regard being disturbed. As to milking, all scientic dairymen sack, andare agreed. It does not do to milk a low at 5 o'clock one morning and 6 clajmed excitedly. p'clock the next and 7 o'clock the next. mitted in the summer. The writer has course, he said: known cases where the cows were for that, nor did she resent the steady | milked at evening any time between | madam? If so, let us turn to the stock most always in having times on cer- go News. tain farms. The loss is not only that shown in one day, but the daily losses that will continue to occur during the whole subsequent lactation period of the cow.-Farm, Field and Fireside,

A Modern Farm Garden.

The essentials of a good garden are such a watchdog, but it was true that a rich soil and a sunny focstion. The of becoming noted for that. deeply verized.

ting the soil in the best possible condition. This work can be done with a horse and tools and requires but a few hours. A small hotbed should be provided for starting early plants, such as tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, peppers and the like. This is not difficult of construction or management and the details have frequently been given in these columns. The cost is triffing, amounting to almost no expenditure of money, as old boards about the farm can be used for making the frame, and discarded window sashes used for glass.

Plant everything in the farm garden that your family is fond of. Plant everything that can be easily grown, for if it is not liked at first it soon will be. Start tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery and peppers in a hotbed. As soon as the ground is in good condition set out a few roots of asparagus. Then plant a few potatoes, carrots, peas, radishes, onion sets, and when Perhaps there is nothing that is such danger of frost is past, two or three rows of beans. As soon as the ground becomes warmer and the season adgrowth is uneven and in some spots vanced, put in seed enough to furnish a full supply of peas and beans, and No doubt the farmer's aim should be sure to plant liberally of dwarf be to get all parts of the field to bear limas. Plant also carrots, parsnips, as good as the best part. This is ask- turnips and salsify. Set ouf early cabbages from the hotbed and sow a few rows of late cabbage and cauliflower Fertilizers and time spent in tillage for fall and winter use. Plant a good are as good as thrown away by reason supply of sweet corn, cucumbers, squashes. Providing an abundant sup-

If your ground has been well prefits of the whole field. Of course this pared and you have a good garden only applies to such farms as require drill, the seeding of the entire garden will not take more than a day. If your rows are long and straight, an bour or two at a time with a horse and cultivator will do most of the work of cultivating, and but little hand hoeing or weeding will be necessary.-American Agriculturist.

Short and Useful Pointers.

All garden refuse should be burned. Millet seed is excellent for young

More meat and less corn is what produces the eggs. Choice vegetables are pretty sure of

finding a quick market, Close confinement and a superabundance of food will ruin any animal.

Farniers should select breeders from the poultry as well as from other stock.

There are some parts of a good cow trouble in removing the fine sand that that are always prominent; but never

Never ship produce if it can be sold to be present in spite of his utmost at home. The home market is always One weed along the fence means a

couple of hundred next year in some other place. If the young stock are not thrifty the farmer will soon find himself to

be the same. Keep the hog pens clean and whitewash them with fresh lime. Hog lice

don't like this. A good food for a sow with young where it must remain for at least 24 pigs is a mixture of equal parts of hours. Draw it off from this tank cornmeal, ground oafs and wheat

> More stock means more manure: more manure means better crops; better crops is the forerunner of the farmer's prosperity.

If your neighbor's swine have the cholera keep just about as far away from his place as you would if his family had the small-pox.

Farmers should not depend entirely

on themselves. No matter how good they are, there is always somebody else that can give them a pointer or two. Numerous experiments show that fairer and brighter fruit is grown in

sunshine and in lighter soils and in higher locations than is grown in beavy soil on low land. Do anything that will tend to lighten the farm work. The farmer hasn't got any "snap" and anything that will

take a portion of the labor off his

hands is a welcome addition to the

Courtesy on a Street Car. A big, fine-looking man sat in the for a few months that will show a de- corner of a South Side car reading his cided change for the worst and will newspaper. Next to him sat a little not recover their old performance at woman in an up-to-date frock. She all. How quickly the cows drop off in had a box of candy in one hand and milk in midsummer when the pasture an opera libretto in the other. She gets short and the farmer neglects to tried to get a newspaper from a boy provide anything to take the place of who came through the car, but the conductor broke up the transaction.

The big man's newspaper was spread South Side flat, how they bound and gagged a woman, stole her sealskin

"Oh. oh! the horrid things!" she ex-

The big man looked around inquir-Neither must such a variation be per- ingly, and then, quite as a matter of

"Have you finished this page. 7 and 9 o'clock, this being the case all reports and the society news."-Chica-

> A man in Pennsylvania has achieved fame by always standing up when he sleeps. In these peculiar, sensationloving days the man who likes obscurity has a hard time dodging the lasso of notoriety. He has to be without a peculiarity, and even then runs risks | like to hear him donk."

Women are not permitted to be phoin get- | tographers in China.

TABLET NO. FIVE.

Tae Story of a Remarkable Murder and How the Truth Came Out.

The story was told by a Police Commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit. "The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He

was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith. About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Col. James. The Colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week. On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about twenty-four hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom. Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the corener returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the Police Commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Sunn's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and fer five or six years I kept it pigeon-holed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones's death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dianer, for sour stomach. That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination. which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the Colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the markers from the label. Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion. When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant, when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeon-hole, where it has remained

"Pardon me for asking." said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with

interesting fiction?" "It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how old you learn the partic-

ulars?" "Well." said the Police Commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals-he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."

The Part She Didn't Like.

The other day a wee little woman who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time, says the Cincinnati Euquirer. She talked about it

continually after getting home. It was a "good donkey," it was also a "beautiful donkey." In fact, the child went completely through her small store of adjectives. And when her father came home at night he heard the adjectives all over again.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee. "Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is,

I liked him pretty well, but I didn't

Though Spain is an agricultural country it had to import last year. more than \$15,000,000 worth of grain,