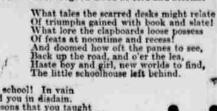
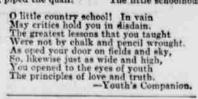
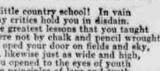
The Hitle country schoolhouse—you Remember it; of course you do!
Within the angle snugly set,
Where two long yellow highways met,
And saplings planted here and there
About the yard, and boxed with care
As if to typify, in turn,
The youngsters caught and caged, to learn.

Around, the rolling pastures spread, With woodland patches garlanded, From which the breezes gladly bore Sty invitations to the door. Across the sills the bees' soft hum Was mingled with the muttered sum, and from their covert in the vale in plaintive pleading piped the quail.



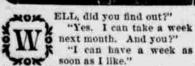






A Week's Vacation

By EMMA A. OPPER



Della Freeman and Cora Gregory stood looking at each other in the New York elevated railroad station where box, as he lowered their tickets with a preserved from last summer. jerk of the handle, concluded that something remarkable had happened.

It was nothing very great, after all, which the two girls discussed in animated tones all the way up town, altalking over so eagerly as to forget to her silks and velvets? take off their wraps when they stood in the plainly furnished little "third floor back" they called home-nothing very great, only the prospect of a week's va-

But to two girls, who had bent over a typewriter and stood at a glove counter for a year without a rest; who had got up early every morning to prepare their breakfast over the little gas stove. taken a sandwich or two for lunch for economy's sake, and come home to get their dinner wearily, with the help of the gas stove again, and who had somehow managed to make all their dresses between them—to these girls a week's vacation was a great event.

A week's rest, a week's freedom from the toll of the glove counter, a week's forgetfulness of the purple ink of the typewriter.
"We'll go as far into the country as

ing over a column of "country board" down and curl up her hands and want advertisements after dinner. "Won't a maid to wait on her." Sam be lonesome, though?" she added, with a laughing glance at a photoof the young head of the dress goods later, and repeated her warnings. department-and at the ring on Della's

"There's the buggy, Burt." said Mrs. and all that, but they wouldn't do for Marsh, joining her stalwart son at the plain fellows like us, with our front window; "they've come!" to make—even if they'd have us.

She spoke in an awed tone, and gazed apprehensively at the two young ladies who stepped down from the dusty vehicle, looking about delightedly at the pretty yard before them, with Its scattered maple trees and its blooming flower beds.

Something of her distrust was shadowed in the face of the young man the leafy country roads. as he went out to help his father, who trunk they had brought.

"I don't know but we've done a them. know. Nothing'll be good enough for runner of a brain fever, brought on by em; nothing'll suit 'em; they'll just worry of mind. elt around with their hands folded and took more than we can manage."

conviction of the family. walk, and was talking pleasantly to ing that girl, that would make his Mrs. Marsh in the hall-forgot it so life a burden to him! I could die far as to take her little traveling bag happy if I was easy about that." from her hand and walk up to the door with her, instead of helping his father

had not recalled him to himself. "Of all things, Burt Marsh!" she let go, with them here!" cald, as she poured a dipper of hot Only those unfortunates who have k twice at you? And if they would, endured that day. what kind of a wife would one of them make for a hard-working farmer? ward night, thoroughly tired out and fourteen inches wide. An indentation Look at 'em!" She pointed to where ravenously hungry—and alone, having to fit the horse's foot is branded in

dicatinging Cora's trim form. "How long do you s'pose you could keep her in such things as them? Don't do

nothing rash, Burt!" The dress, a pretty, blue-figured lawn, had cost precisely one dollar and I think she's better." six cents, buttons and linings included; the hat, a rough white straw, had been they had met with such utter delight picked up at a bargain for twenty in their faces that the boy at the news- three cents and trimmed with a piece table stared, and the man at the ticket of mull and a few pink buds, carefully

> But how could Mrs. Marsh know that?

And how could Burt, with his utter inexperience of such things, do otherwise than accept his mother's view, most missing their station in their ab- and gaze at Cora in her blue lawn as

"Yes, they've come," he said, with a sigh, as he leaned over the fence to exchange a word or two with Bradley Harwood, his friend and neighbor.

"They're very nice looking."
"Don't say so?" said Bradley, smil-

the four sat out under the maple trees, on shawls and footstools, and enjoyed the moonlight and the soft, warm breeze.

Burt sat near Cora; Bradley, after one admiring look at Della's smooth, dark head and sweet brunette face, sat down at her side and semeed content to remain there.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Mrs. Marsh, anxiously, addressing her husband from the window where she sat watching the group under the trees, "if Burt goes to making a fool our money will take us, Dell," said of himself with that girl. What kind Cora, raising her bright eyes to the of a farmer's wife would she make? face of the elder girl, as they sat por- She couldn't lift a finger. She'd set

Mrs. Marsh was almost in tears as she finished; she was quite in tears graph on a mantel-the pleasant face when she went to Burt in his room

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview "I presume he'll live through it," to Bradley Harwood next day. Della laughed. "Oh, Cora! won't it know what I'm about as well as the be nice? I don't know how to wait:" next one, I hope. Of course, they're pretty girls, and bright, and ladvilke pretty girls, and bright, and ladylike,

to make-even if they'd have us.' "No, of course not," said Bradley, promptly.

But he came over that night and sat under the maples with Della again, with Burt and Cora not far away; and he brought his new two-seated buggy around the next afternoon, and the four went off for a long drive through

Della and Cora were quite carried had driven the newcomers from the awny with enjoyment of their beautirailroad station, to carry in the small tul surroundings, and Burt and Bradley were guiltily happy in being with

foolish thing," Mrs. Marsh had ob- It was on the third day after her served, in troubled tones, when it had boarders arrived that Mrs. Marsh came been fairly settled by letter that the down with a sharp attack of rheumatwo young ladies from New York were tism. Rheumatism was what the doccoming for a week. "Whatever we're for pronounced it; but Mrs. Marsh was going to do with 'em is more than I firmly convinced that it was the fore-

"It was too much for me," she said complain of things between them- to her husband, who stood over her selves. I rather guess we've under- bed in helpless distress, "to see that boy getting more and more took up And that had come to be the general with that good-for-nothing, helpless little critter! I couldn't stand it. What Burt Marsh, however, forgot his with the extra work and all, it's prejudice for a moment, as he looked brought me to this! If I die," she into Cora Gregory's blue eyes-Della went on solemnly, "promise me you'll Freeman had tripped up the gravel do your best to keep him from marry-

Mr. Marsh promised. "Well, then," said his wife, coming with the trunk-forgot it so far as to back to practical subjects more cheersit next to her at the dinner table, and fully, "tell Burt to harness the horse tarry on a lively conversation; might this minute, and see if he can get a have forgotten it entirely, if his mother girl to come and stay a week or two till I'm over this. The work can't be

water over the dinner dishes, "don't traveled and retraveled sparsely settled of the winter mail carriers make their get to thinking too much of them girls rural districts in search of a "hired way on snowshoes, and wooden snoweither of 'em. Do you s'pose they'd girl," can appreciate the miseries Burt shoes, at that. These are made with a

Suffice to say that he returned, to- whole about twenty inches long andj the two girls were bending over a rapped at the doors of a score or so with a hot horseshoe, and an iron of houses which had been supposed to clamp, secured by a screw bolt, holds contain rare treasures in the domestic it to the boof.

line, only to find that they had already

"work out" this summer. He put the horse into the barn and With basket and with pail equipped, Clear-eyed, tan-cheeked and berry-lipped, Athwart the pastures, down the road, They trudged to learning's poor abode; The pink sunbonnet, broad-brimmed straw The bare brown feet that knew no law Of fashion's last; the bundled forms That laughed aloud at cold and storms. vent into the house rather slowly. What would his mother say? And low would they get along? It was

very unfortunate. A whift of boiling coffee and broil ing ham floated out to him as he neared the kitchen; and a vision of his father laboring over the stove and spolling the supper, brought a smile

to his face. A moment more, and he stood in the kitchen doorway, staring in bewilderment at the scene before him.

Cora, with her blue lawn replaced by a darker gown, which was half covered by one of Mrs. Marsh's checked aprons, was turning the broiler over the coals with one hand, while she lifted off the potato kettle with the her fair cheeks becoming reddened by the heat.

The table was carefully set; the pile of dirty dishes which had been waiting for the hired girl had disappeared; the floor had been swept, and the stove

had been polished. Mr. Marsh sat in a corner, surveying the irreproachable kitchen, and the

little person who had transformed it. with quiet satisfaction, He chuckled at the sight of his son's

open-mouthed astonishment "We was a little mistaken that time Burt," he observed, approaching and speaking in an undertone-"your ma and all of us. If ever there was two more capable, go-ahead girls than them-

The inner door opened gently, and Della tiptoed in. There was an odor of camphor and liniment about her. "She's asleep!" she announced, triumphantly. "I knew I could get her to sleep, rubbing her head, and I did.

"Supper's ready," said Cora, calmly, putting the last potato into the dish. It might have been because Burt was so hungry, or it might have been because Cora was the cook, that he though the supper by far the best he had ever eaten

But as Mr. Marsh comparing notes afterward, expressed the same opinion, there must have been some foundation for It.

A year or more of experience with sorption, and which they were still he might have gazed at a princess in the little gas stove at home had taught Cora a good many things worth know-

> "I never was so beat, I declare!" said Mrs. Marsh, when her husband came to take Della's place at her bedside that evening. (Bradley Harwood had come over and the quartet were on ing. "I'll be over." the porch.) "I never was quite so far
> He was over that very evening and off from the right track before. Why, the porch.) "I never was quite so far that girl is a regular born nurse. You never saw nothing like the way she done for me. And she slicked up the room in less than five minutes better than I could have done it myself. And to think of that little creetur getting supper, and all! Well, I am beat!"

Mrs. Marsh concluded not to have brain fever, after all. She felt so much better the next day that she insisted on getting up and doing the

But she was not allowed to do much. The young ladies from New York, having got their hands in, and thoroughly enjoying the roomy kitchen, and the plentiful supply of milk and eggs, and cooking materials of all sorts, continued to "fuss," as they termed it, over the stove, and produced a great many delightful things, which Mrs. Marsh regarded with awe, and which Burt and his father grew enthusiastic

"What do you think of 'em, now?" they were continually asking her with sly laughs and winks.

"Well, I never was so beat!" was all

Mrs. Marsh could say. The week flew by very pleasantly, and all too fast. Della and Cora capped the climax by presenting Mrs. Marsh with a new calico dress-"to remember them by," they said-and making it themselves with a speed and skill that took her breath away, and won any small part of her heart which might have been unconquered.

Bradley Harwood called several times a day. "Strikes me they wouldn't be so far

out of the way for farmers' wives, after all?" he remarked to Burt. And Burt laughed, light-heartedly.

Their last day was the softest and sunniest one of their brief week; and Bradley brought his two-seated buggy around for a last drive.

"It has been perfectly lovely, hasn't It, Dell?" cried Cora gally, when they stood in their room that night-they were to start the next morning.

"Yes," said Della, rather slowly. "What is it?" said Cora, regarding

her thoughtful face sharply. "Well, I was obliged to tell Mr. Harwood about Sam," said Della, reluct

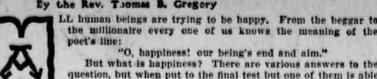
antly: "about our being engaged."
"What a coincidence;" cried Cors. "I was obliged with a happy laugh. to tell Mr. Marsh that-that I'll come back in the fall and stay for good Do you know, Dell, I don't understand it. I thought at first that they rather disliked us or mistrusted us, or

thing, didn't you?" . "I think," said Della, who had watched the course of affairs shrewdly -"I think we have overcome a ridic ulous idea or two they had concerning us, by a 'natural and easy process.' " Saturday Night.

nowshoes For Horses.

Over the light crust that forms or the snow in the dense forests and deep gulches of Northern Idaho the horses double thickness of inch boards, the

The Way to Happiness



question, but when put to the final test but one of them is able to stand, and here it is-happiness is peace with one's own self, You may be at war with your neighbors and still be happy, but happy you cannot be if you are at war with yourself.

Peace—peace with yourself—is the only real happiness.

And how is this great thing to be reached? Wishing to be happy, how we to make the wish a reality?

It is an important question, the most important in the world-and, because this is so, it has been studied from many angles and answered in many ways. Some have tried to find happiness along the way of ambition. In power, dominion and glory these would be supremely blest. Caesar tried that way, and, in the pride of his manhood, ran up against an assassin's dagger. Hannibal tried it, and wound up by committing suicide. Napoleon tried it, and died broken hearted and miserable on a lonely rock in the sea.

And there is the way of beauty-a way that was tried by Cleopatra and Nell Gwynne, by Alcibiades and Abelard, as well as a host of others of less fame, but history tells us that to all of them it was in the end the way of bitter disappointment.

A very noble way would seem to be that of self-culture—the development of the instinct, the acquisition of knowledge, the gratification of the art sense, and yet the most illustrious individual of all those who have tried this way the great Goethe-declared, near the close of his long life, that during all his eighty odd years, he had not had "six weeks" of happiness.

Then there is the way of wealth-the broad, straight way, which from the earliest times has been crowded. But from old King Croesus down to Andrew Carnegle the verdict is the same, "Wealth does not satisfy."

Croesus' millions could not save him from a troubled life and a miserable death; and the iron master's wealth seems to be pressing down on him a terrible weight, and he is unloading himself of it as fast as he can. Fame, beauty, knowledge, riches! They all fail us. Sooner or later we

learn that the happiness we seek is not to be found in them. We grasp the imagined prize and it turns to ashes in our grasp. Fame? The more you have of it the greater becomes your loneliness,

Beauty? It is a "rainbow's form, vanishing amid the storm." Knowledge? "Behold, we know not anything." Wealth? Go see the pampered favorites in their splendid unrest.

Where, then, shall happiness be found? There is but one answer: In the eternal sacrifice of self.

This does not mean that one should deliberately go about it to make himself miserable. It does not mean that one is bound to imitate the authorities of old and dedicate himself to the idea so well set forth in Byron's couplet:

"Deep in you cave Honorius long did dwell, And hoped to merit Heaven by making earth a hell."

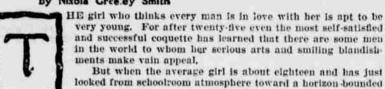
Honorius was foolish. Self-sacrifice is not self-torture. Self-sacrifice does not mean that we shall take ourselves away from the world and be wretched. but that we shall stay with the world and try to make it happy.

To stay in the world-a man among men-and to work for the world's betterment, regardless of the consequences to one's private interests, to fling all thought of self, like a rock, into the deep sea of forgetfulness, to be willing —like the soldier in the battle line, like Father Damien among the lepers, like Paul at Rome, like the Nazarene on the cross-to die for others, this is the true self-sacrifice and the true happiness.

The happiest man in the world to-day is the man who has the most of this spirit, who to the fullest extent of his power is joyfully giving himself, body, mind, soul, to the cause of humanity-to mother, father, wife, children, neighbors, everybody; who thinks of self last, if at all, and who finds his happiness in the happiness he is able to make for those around him,

The Girl Who Thinks Every Man Loves Her

By Nixola Greeley Smith



by matrimony, she is very much inclined to believe that if a man asks if he may call on her he is only prevented by a pardonable timidity from proposing the very first time he takes advantage of the When he invites her to go to the theatre she accepts it with all the blushing and significant besitation that might accompany a reply to a proposal, and

unless a school friend with whom she can talk her trousseau over with drops in, she spends the afternoon debating whether her wedding gown will be of satin, chiffon and crepe de Chine, wondering just what her engagement ring will be like, and deciding that under no circumstances will she allow her mother to live with them. "Yes," she confides to any one willing to listen to her, "Charley Jones was in last night and asked me to go to the theatre with him. Ordinarily, I wouldn't

have hesitated a minute, but there was something so significant about the way he asked me-Oh, no! You don't mean it! I wish you wouldn't be so idiotic If I thought for a moment that there was anything but the merest friendship in his feeling for me it would have to stop right here. I don't believe in encouraging men, just to throw them down. Mother says it isn't right."

Later she goes with the unconscious Charley to the theatre, and while he is wondering whether the pleasure of going with a pretty girl and allowing other people to tramp on your toes between the acts outweighs that of going by yourself or with another man and tramping on their toes, she remains on the keen edge of expectancy all the evening and later accounts to her mirror for his commonplace and utterly unsentimental utterances by saying that it is a pity

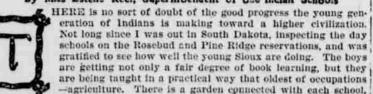
And so the days run on-and Charley does not propose. And the girl who thinks every man is in love with her wonders what she can have done to blight what was undoubtedly a budding infatuation.

But she does not remember-though surely, if she has any knowledge of her sex she should—that Mabel Johnson told Maud Thomas that Ethel said Charley Jones was just crazy about her, and that Maud Thomas told Charley's sister, who related the very much varnished facts to him with the remark that he ought not to allow himself to be made such a fool of.

She does not know anything except that Charley does not call any more. And that does not prevent her from thinking that the next Charley is just as much and as suddenly smitten, nor from confiding his infatuation to her girl friends with the same disastrous results.-New York World.

Solution of the Indian Problem

By Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of the Indian Schools HERE is no sort of doubt of the good progress the young gen-



schools on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, and was revenue producers, with the exception drainage will take care of itself, othergratified to see how well the young Sioux are doing. The boys are getting not only a fair degree of book learning, but they are being taught in a practical way that oldest of occupations -agriculture. There is a garden connected with each school, and they are shown how to plant and cultivate potatoes, beans,

cabbages and various other vegetables. Wherever irrigation is feasible they are shown its application.

The young girls are instructed in all the branches of housekeeping, cooking, sewing, mending and the like. They take to these arts readily, and are much cleverer with their fingers than white children. The sewing of some of the girls is really beautiful. While excellent in manual dexterity, the Indian children are slow to comprehend abstract ideas. They can be taught to cipher apple orchard, will destroy all injuri- to be planted may have a loose, mellow very well, but mental arithmetic puzzles them sadly. This, in my opinion, is additional reason for emphasizing their need of training along practical lines. It is far better to teach the rising generation how to make a crop and keep the house decently than to employ them in parsing sentences or studying his- in certain sections, poultry can be tory. They take interest only in the taugible and the concrete, something they can perceive with the eye, and to which they have in a way been used from in all parts of the country.

There is no longer any opposition to the children attending the Government schools on the part of the parents. In fact, the old folks now gladly bring their offspring to the schoolhouses and are proud of their scholastic attainments. The solution of the Indian problem may not be easy, but in time it will be accomplished. The two chief factors to that end is this industrial education and after that the dispersion of the Indians among the white people throughout every part of the United States.—Washington Post.



Clean Eggs. Take a damp cloth along with you when you gather your eggs and wipe in the market they are looked upon Ranch. with suspicion or sent away, and the receiver will lower his estimation of them. Strictly fresh eggs are often stamped, wrapped in tissue paper, and seeding of clover on the wheat crop. put up, a dozen in a box. What is this Among the hundreds of hay crops that done for? To inspire confidence and maintain profitable market prices. It high estimation as clover, and espe-is a well known fact that appearances cially the red variety. It fills a place largely make the value and draw the on the farm that cannot be estimated.

Feeding Cotton Seed Meal.

tonseed meal, many dairymen desire ilized world in which it is not known, to use it but are deterred because of adverse reports concerning it. It is crops. It belongs to the legumino rich in protein, hence its value in the or bean family. The seeds, when ration, but being concentrated it is viewed with a magnifier, are perfect likely to make trouble with the bow- little beans, handsome in appearanceels. Only small quantities of it should and easily germinated. Clover is be fed, usually about two pounds a adapted to all soils, for it is grown day, and then it should be mixed with on both light and heavy land, but light other grains, preferably with bran. The best results from the feeding of cottonseed meal has been obtained by the writer when ensilage was a part of the winter ration, and the presumption is that a succulent food of some kind is really needed to balance the cottonseed meal. If no succulent food can be giv- that it is hard to get a good "catch" of en, or at best but little, it will be the clover, but such is not the case when better plan to reduce the quantity of cottonseed meal given.—Indianapolis News.

Temperature for Planting. It is a common belief that the tem-

perature of the air and the soil is a reliable indication of the time for and garden seeds. Many farmers will not plant corn or cotton until in their judgment the soil is "warm enough" to germinate the seed. That this is not an unerring guide may be easily demonstrated by the experience of any one who has kept a diary and ob served closely. It is quite true that neither corn, cotton, nor other seed will germinate or come up if the temperature of the soil continues, after the land. planting, below the proper degree of warmth for the germination and growth of the particular seed, but ordinary observation shows that in our changeable spring climate the temperature of the air and soll on one to 10 days. Honce the weather of past years.-Philadelphia Record

The Value of Poultry.

Poultry values on the farm have reasons:

of the waste of his farm into money in market.

Second-Because with intelligent management they ought to be all-year of perhaps two months during the molting season.

Third-Because poultry will yield invested than any of the other depart-

ments of agriculture. Fourth-Because the manure from garden or orchard. The birds themselves if allowed to run in plum and ous insect life.

fruits can only be successfully grown raised for table use or layers of eggs of course, be necessary to plow again

Sixth-Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife the again, so that it will need stirring and daughters can engage, and leave periodically. For fertilizing, stable him free to attend to other depart-

Seventh-Because it will bring him the best results in the shape of new over the ground before plaid eggs during the winter season, Frank M. Beverly, in The Ep

when the farmer has the his hands Eighth-Because to start poultry

them off clean, no matter what their raising on the farm requires little or destiny may be, as it is beneficial. no capital. By good management poul-What is more disgusting than to see try can be made with little cost a valan incubator full of dirty eggs? Even uable adjunct to the farm.-Farm and

> Seeding Clover. Now is the time for the early spring.

are well known none commands suchfor not only as food for stock it is valued, but as an almost certain renovator of all soils on which it is grown. Recognizing the food value of cot- There is scarcely a portion of the civand it is truly the king of the farmsoils do not suit it as well as a soil that is medium or heavy. In some parts of New Jersey it is often seen in luxurious bloom on sandy solls that are white as snow, and in Pennsylvania. it is a certain crop on the heaviest kind of land. Farmers often complain proper care is taken to seed it well. Double, or at least, one-half more seed? should be used than is the custom at present, and the seed should be rolled! with a heavy roller. At present the practice is to sow it very early in the spring, and allow it to remain out of the earth until it is carried down by planting the different varieties of farm | the melting snows or rains, or eaten by birds, in which cases much of the seed is lost, owing to remaining entirely out of the soil, and when theyoung points are up the field seems as: if it were uneven, the failure being ascribed to the earth and seed, when inreality the fault is with the farmer. Then there is the necessary inoculation of the soil with the clover bacteria: if the crop has never been grown on

> The Garden. The garden pays better than any

ther land of equal area on the farm, and for this reason great care should be exercised in selecting the plat of day is no guarantee of what it will be ground for this purpose and preparthree or four days after. The con- ing it for the best results. Marketditions of planting may be correct at gardening is more profitable than the time of planting, and be all wrong farming, while growing vegetables for at the time of germinating. In the family use will be quite a saving to the spring corn usually requires about 12 family purse. In gardening threeto 14 days to come up, and cotton seed things must be considered as of a may be all that could be desired for lection for a location, second the propseveral days after planting the seed er drainage, and third the preparation and then turn cold or rain. It is more of the soil for planting and success important that the latter half of the fully growing the vegetables. The care period of germination should be favor- of the garden is frequently left to the able than the first half. The correct farmer's wife, and therefore the local rule is to plant according to time-the tion should be chosen with referenceday of the month-having regard oth- to the kitchen's convenience, and alsoerwise only to proper degrees of dry- with reference to the sun and wind. A ness in the soil, which should be in surface, if possible, should be chosen should be determined by experience this slope incline slightly eastward it will be the better. A hill, hedge or rock wall to serve as a wind break on the north is advisable. The size of the garden plat should be governed been variously discussed by the numer- by the size of the family, if vegetables ous authorities. Among those most are to be grown for home use; but if prominent is Professor Gilbert of Ot- for market, the facilities should detertawa, Can., who gives the following mine the area. When the area and location of the garden have been deter-First-Because the farmer ought, by mined, the next step will be to look aftheir means, to convert a great deal ter the drainage, in order to get rid of an excess of water. The water, if the shape of eggs and chickens for allowed to remain, will deprive the roots of the vegetables of a supply of air, and this will retard their growth. If the plat is a little inclined, the wise trenching, ditching, or some system of underground drainage must be used. The preparation of the soil conhim a quicker return for the capital sists in plowing, harrowing and fertilizing the ground. Some prefer spading to plewing, especially if the garden be small; but when the space is not. the poultry house will make a valuable | too small for convenient plowing, it is: compost for use in either vegetable much easier to use the plow. It is necessary to have the soil broken to a depth that the roots of the vegetables Fifth—Because, while cereals and ly. The fall is the best time for plowing, so that the clods are left exposed? to the frost and freezes; but it will,

in the spring, as the soil, no matter how loose the earth may be, will setmanure is the most available on the farm. This manure should be hauled out from the stable and spread evenly over the ground before plowing.