

hospitality and majestic grandeur.

The rest of the gloomy downstairs had no particularly distinguishing features, and always reminded us of a fat, morbid old lady, clothed all in black, who would live in lonely solitude, letting her thoughts fall on her youth with all its gay parties, and grieving heavily over the changes time had brought. The upstairs, so sunny and quiet, reminded us of a tiny, frail old lady, clothed all in gray, who would also live alone, but cheerfully dreaming of her happy life, and the little ones who have left her one by one, showing the passage of time on her face, but sweetly and patiently awaiting her earthly departure.

But more than the dark downstairs, or the prim upstairs, we loved the attic. Dusty, discarded bedsteads jutted out from the walls or loomed dangerously over-head; dark corners bulged with mysterious bundles, and dingy trunks hidden under the rafters held endless stores of yellowed garments and musty papers and letters. From the tiny, cob-webbed back windows we could see the carriage house, and our visits were never complete without going out to it.

The empty stalls which had once stabled restless, spirited horses, the "twisted" stairs leading up to the coachman's quarters, and there the stuffy, silent rooms—all gave an air of emptiness and sadness. One always felt the grandeur of a departed age, a twinge of dissatisfaction for modern life.

We always left the old house—loving, it and feeling more closely in touch with by-gone times, about which we had read, but could never comprehend.

Plowing

John Crawford

It is a hot spring day. The sky is a soft bright blue, flecked with snowy white clouds. The sun shines warmly down on the black plowed earth. The air is warm and moist. The plowed ground seems moist and steaming. As the horse turns at the end of the field, the man at the plow pauses before setting the broad breaking-plow into the earth again. He gazes at the furrow just completed, swings his shoulders and clucks to the big, patient horse.

As the plow is set the horse leans against the tugs. Leather slaps against leather and the collar creaks as the horse lowers his head in effort. The man calls in a low tone and the plow starts. The horse's big feet hit the ground firmly but almost soundlessly. Muscles ripple in his neck and shoulders as he pulls. His sleek head shines in the sun.

The man leans forward between the plow handles, swinging his body powerfully to keep the plow straight and level. His faded blue shirt is patched with dark stains of sweat. He calls tensely to the horse now and then.

The dry corn-stalks rustle and crack as the huge clods of black moist earth are turned over. The gleaming plowshare, beautifully curved, turns the earth smoothly and without effort. The tug chains rattle as the horse misses his footing and lurches slightly.

When the end of the furrow is reached the horse snorts and tosses his head. The harness rattles loosely. The man rests on the plow handles, and gazes out across the fields. In the distance a crow flaps lazily across the sky. The harness rattles again as the horse shifts weight. The faint caw of the distant crow is heard, softened and sweetened by the distance.

