

Clare Sells A Farm.

Van was hoeing his patch of potatoes when Clare stopped at his gate.

"Won't you come along up to the farm with me," she called.

Van dropped his hoe and strode to the gate.

"Where is your maid?" he asked, as he stepped into the car.

"Shopping for her wedding dress. My Kazia and her fiance' Stanislaus are getting married two weeks from today. I am selling them the farm. Stanislaus was named for a Polish King. He told me he'd rather be the owner of a farm in America than be a King in Poland. He is a born farmer, and how he will love the land he owns! He has been working on a big dairy

farm up in Sussex County since he came from Poland ten years ago. Kazia came from the same part of Poland that he came from. They are a well matched couple, both are strong and thrifty. Between them they have saved enough money to buy father's farm. I'm selling it to them for much less than I'd sell it to anyone else. Stanislaus's boss is giving Stanislaus two fine Guernsey heifers, and Kazia a dozen White Rocks to start her poultry farm. Kazia has been with me three years. She is a faithful worker and never wastes anything, and she is an excellent cook. Sometimes she cooks Polish

dishes with impossible names. They are always good.

When Stanislaus heard I was selling father's farm he asked what I wanted for it. Right after father died Stanislaus on his day off drove in his Ford up to the farm. He and Kazia followed my car. I watched him looking the farm over. There wasn't anything on the farm he didn't see. He examined the apple trees, and the old bee-house at the edge of the orchard. He walked along the brook the length of the farm. I saw him pick up a handful of earth and examine it. He walked along the edge of the woods examining this and that tree. He climbed the hill back of the

out-buildings. He spent some time in the barn and granary. He walked around the old garden plot. He looked down the well, drew up a bucket of water and drank a drinkful. Stanislaus knows well what he is buying. There's a hundred and fifty acres in the farm counting the woodland. The farm has three good springs that never dry up."

By this time Clare and Van had reached the farmhouse and walked through the rooms. "My! I'm glad you're with me," said Clare "The house seems so dead without father. I suppose I should have

some sentiment for all the things in this house that father and mother used all their lives, but I don't want them. I'm giving everything in the house to Stanislaus and Kazia."

"Your father took good care of his tools and farm machines," said Van as they walked through the barn and other outbuildings.

"There never was a more careful man," said Clare.

"By the way, I'm giving Jack to Kazia. I know she will be good to him. Jack will be happier in his old home. He will smell father all over the place."

They followed a little path from the barn down through the orchard to the brook. "See, Van, did you ever see a better place for a dam?" They had reached the lower meadow where the brook narrowed between two rocks that arose like sentinels.

"Father was offered ten thousand dollars for his farm a few years ago. A man from Paterson came up here and looked the place over. He wanted to make a lake here."

"No," said father, "this is my home. Not a foot of my land will I sell."

"Too bad," said the man, knowing that there was no use of arguing with father

"What a setting for a lake! I can just imagine canoeing down here on a lake and looking up at that long green hill, and the old apple orchard and the white farmhouse. Wouldn't that be a picture! But I like it better as it is, with this stream flowing down through the meadow. I loved it when the horses came down to drink at the old watering place, and when the cows pastured here. When mother died, father sold off all his live-stock. I'm glad I sold the farm to Stanislaus and Kazia. I like to think that someone who loves the land will live here, and will make the farm come to life again.

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I like to think of children paddling in this brook where I paddled when I was a child. With all the talk we hear about worn out farms not paying, Stanislaus believes you can make them pay if you go about it in the right way. I love to hear him tell about the cows and sheep and pigs he will keep, and put all their manure back into the soil, and the cover crops he will raise. He's had good experience in that. I haven't a doubt, but what he and Kazia will make the farm pay. Stanislaus is as strong as a horse, and Kazia will make a wonderful

farmer's wife. She's talking about all the chickens she will raise, and all the eggs she will sell."

"Won't it be lonely for the young couple, back here?" asked Sam.

"They'll be too busy working and getting ahead to be lonely," said Clare, "and anyway they won't be alone long. Kazia says she expects to have five children."