

Mr. Rhodes, on a tall roan, was directing the operation and egging on the men to work faster, a storm seeming imminent.

He was grateful for the message and said, "I'll ride right down to the store. How would you like to ride home on the hay?"

I was thrilled with the idea. I had never ridden on a full load, but often had looked with a little envy at the boys and girls we passed every day on the country roads, at this season, who were tucked into the soft hay beds, singing lustily as the horses trotted along.

"I'll send your horse home by one of the boys," Mr. Rhodes added, as he galloped off.

I found that there is a special technique for building up a large load of hay on the farm wagons. Several workers pitch up the hay--the pitch grows higher and higher as the load grows, until only a strong arm and a good back are able to manipulate a forkful to the top of the stack. On the wagon itself are two or more workers who catch the hay as it falls, distribute it evenly about and pack it down as hard as possible.

I was in the latter position. The hired men were amused at my inept attempt to add a helping hand, but at least they did not laugh at me.

We piled the fragrant hay higher and higher and I sneezed constantly as we did it. Finally the overseer announced, "That will do, get going before it rains."

The driver took his seat as he slapped the reins across the backs of the strong farm team. Away we went, careening a little from side to side, when the hay shifted its weight.