

Descending to the stream we may find it a great waring, muddy torrent, swollen by recent rains, or else a quiet little stream that swells and purls in the deep, clear pool, then dashing out over the limestone pebbles, whirling and swirling, producing that gentle murmur that makes us tire of the dallying perch and minnow and sink into a delightful repose.

As summer approaches, the green of the prairies become more rank and ragged, the corn fields have grown into a dark green expanse, and spots that were before, black and bare, now glisten in the dark, glossy green of the cotton. Our wheat fields grow yellow and wave as a great golden rippling sea, until the monotonous click and whirr of the steel binder commands,—being guided and directed by the microcosm, man; when it is gathered together into walls and stands obedient to our will. The stream may have dried up until only a few shallow pools here and there dot its bed. The long lanes have become, in many places, almost enclosed on either side by gigantic cockle burrs and sun flowers, and now these gray ribbons of commerce send forth great clouds of dust at each blow from the messengers of trade.

As summer advances, the shrill whistle and the clouds of smoke and dust mark the presence of numerous steam threshers, and then the heavy wagons go threading their way to the nearest station, and one act of busy life is completed.

Autumn comes and O! hot! dusty! and dry! chills and fever, and in many localities not infrequently that dreaded disease, Typhoid fever, harass the inhabitants of this otherwise happy land. The great white laden cotton fields are duly picked, hauled to the gin and pays homage to the singing saws, and thence to market and away on the wings of trade. The foliage of the trees of the nearby creek go through all the various colors, and finally finds a last resting, as with all other living things, on the bosom of mother earth. The prairie becomes gray and uninteresting, the fields, naked and bare. Indian summer settles down, the blue mist frequently enveloping the very soul of man, making him a sour, sordid creature whose companionship is sought by none.

The cycle of seasons is closed by grim old Winter, who,