

ABANDONING AN ADOPTED FARM

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649000425

Abandoning an Adopted Farm by Kate Sanborn

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

KATE SANBORN

ABANDONING AN ADOPTED FARM

Abandoning An Adopted Farm

BY

KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF
WIT OF WOMEN; HOME PICTURES OF ENGLISH PORTS; VANITY
AND INSANITY, SHADOWS OF GENIUS; SUNSHINE AND
RAINBOW CALENDARS; ADOPTING AN ABANDONED
FARM; A TRUTHFUL WOMAN IN SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA; ETC.



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1894

PS 2761

A74

COPYRIGHT, 1894,
By D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—TRUTHFUL SKETCHES	I
II.—HIT OR MISS	26
III.—BYGONES	48
IV.—HELP!	66
V.—WOMEN AND GEESE	80
VI.—UNPLEASANT VISITORS	92
VII.—FACTS ABOUT FARMING	109
VIII.—TRIBULATIONS AND COMPENSATION .	139
IX.—HOME	168

ABANDONING AN ADOPTED FARM.

CHAPTER I.

TRUTHFUL SKETCHES.

"There is nothing so improbable as truth."

EDITH BROWER.

YES, strange as it may seem, I am forced by the pressure of circumstances, to leave the dearly-beloved Farm of my Adoption; but not from caprice or lack of interest (or capital) in this place, now reclaimed and beautified. Determined always to see the sunny side, I rejoice in the prospect of more land to till—land that is now my own—more complete solitude, and comparative freedom from the inquisitiveness and persistence of passers-by, tramps, small boys with kleptomaniac tendencies, agents, peddlers, bores of all kinds, the insistent shriek of the rushing

2 Abandoning an Adopted farm.

locomotive, and strangers from near and far who insist on seeing my hens!

A former cook, corpulent Bessie, used to exclaim, "Heaven helping me, I'll never leave the bandaged farm!" But a thriving Dutchman courted her, and appropriated her ample proportions, raising her to a higher social position; for, as his father said at the wedding: "My son has a beautiful broffession. He is a blumber." So, in spite of her fixed intentions, she is now only a fat memory.

She was a devout Catholic, almost too devout. In the midst of preparations for a dinner for city guests, who were waiting, I have noticed her in a corner murmuring prayers over her beads; and when a friend cut his finger and ejaculated a hasty "O Lord!" she raised her eyes, folded her hands and responded reverently, "Amen!"

She was always making genuine Irish bulls, as when she said, on hearing me complain of my immense grain bills, "If I weré you, Miss, I wouldn't keep any cows this winter—but the horse."

But she has gone with her warm heart,

good-natured face, and the piano legs she was proud to display in a clumsy dance of her own invention, with its singing accompaniment of "Idely, idely, idely, ide."

I also supposed I should live and die right here, and I too must depart.

The general air of suspicion with which the statements in my book are received, and the fact that it is classed as "Fiction" in public libraries, are disheartening. I judge that the plain everyday, out-and-out truth is so seldom told that it is not easily recognized.

A novelist has assured me that where he made up plots of the most startling kinds, the reviewers and readers pronounced them true to Nature and life, an absolute reproduction of the secrets and mysteries, bliss and agonies of love or passion. But where he ventured to tell of events which had really happened, hearts that had truly broken, every one had condemned his work as unnatural, unreal, improbable, impossible.

Another writes: "My difficulty has been, when I looked about me for suggestive