

"I'm the only one in this valley that gets the paper in the mail," said the farmer. "It's two days old, but it's still news. People around here don't know what's going on in Gibbsville, eleven miles away."

"There's not much going on there," said the lady from the town.

"Oh, I don't know. My wife only reads the ads, but I like to read about what's happening. There's always something new. I wish I could get away from the farm."

"Sell it," she said.

"Ho-ho. Sell it? Did you ever try to sell a farm? (A)You never get what you put into it. If you don't have a son that's ready to take over and run your farm, your widow is lucky to get a quarter of the value for a quick sale."

The lady remained silent for a little while.

Then she said, "How many children have you got?"

(B)Two, and one on the way."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Well, the boy is three and a half. The girl is two. It's too soon to say, but I hope the boy finishes college and goes away. By that time I'll be about fifty, I guess. Maybe I could sell the farm and get work in town. (C)Twenty years from now, who can tell?"

"Maybe the boy will want to be a farmer."

"If he listens to his mother, he will."

"She likes the farm."

"She likes it better than town. She cooks, bakes, sews, and does the milking. She says she could shoe a horse."

"You ought to be proud of her. (D)She sounds a very remarkable person."

"In some things."

"In a lot of things, it seems to me."

"You don't have to take her side against me," the farmer said. "I appreciate her, and I'm good to her. (E)Get that straight. I'm good to her."

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