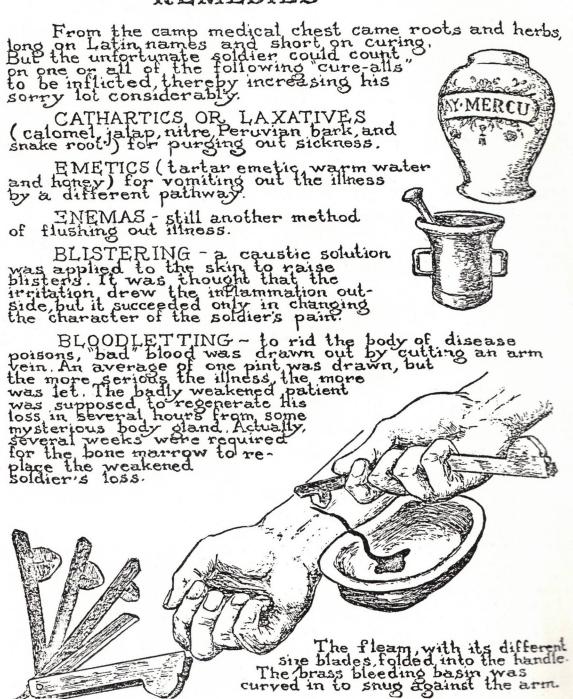
## REMEDIES



## THE COLD CURE

It was winter time on that old dirt farm in Wayne Township. It was the time of the year for running noses and sore throats. The snow was drifted in some places beyond the top of the fences, and on the level it was a foot deep. In some places, there were bare spots and the ground was frozen as hard as glass. The deep ruts in the old back lane would twist your ankle if you did not walk with extra care.

I was thirteen years old at the time, and big for my age. I was expected to do, and did, my sharound that farm barn. The cows were milked and the milk cared for in cans and taken to the cruzery. Jack and Jenny, the faithful team of mules, never failed to take the milk on the bobsled to the creamery. Other chores had to be taken care of and the horses had to be fed and watered. The chickens were fed and the eggs had to be hunted to make sure none of them froze.