

**SILVER FIELDS: AND
OTHER SKETCHES OF A
FARMER-SPORTSMAN**

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Silver fields: and other sketches of a farmer-sportsman by Rowland E. Robinson

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ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

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A FARMER-SPORTSMAN

BY

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

*Author of "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Danvis Folks,"
"In New England Fields and Woods," etc.*



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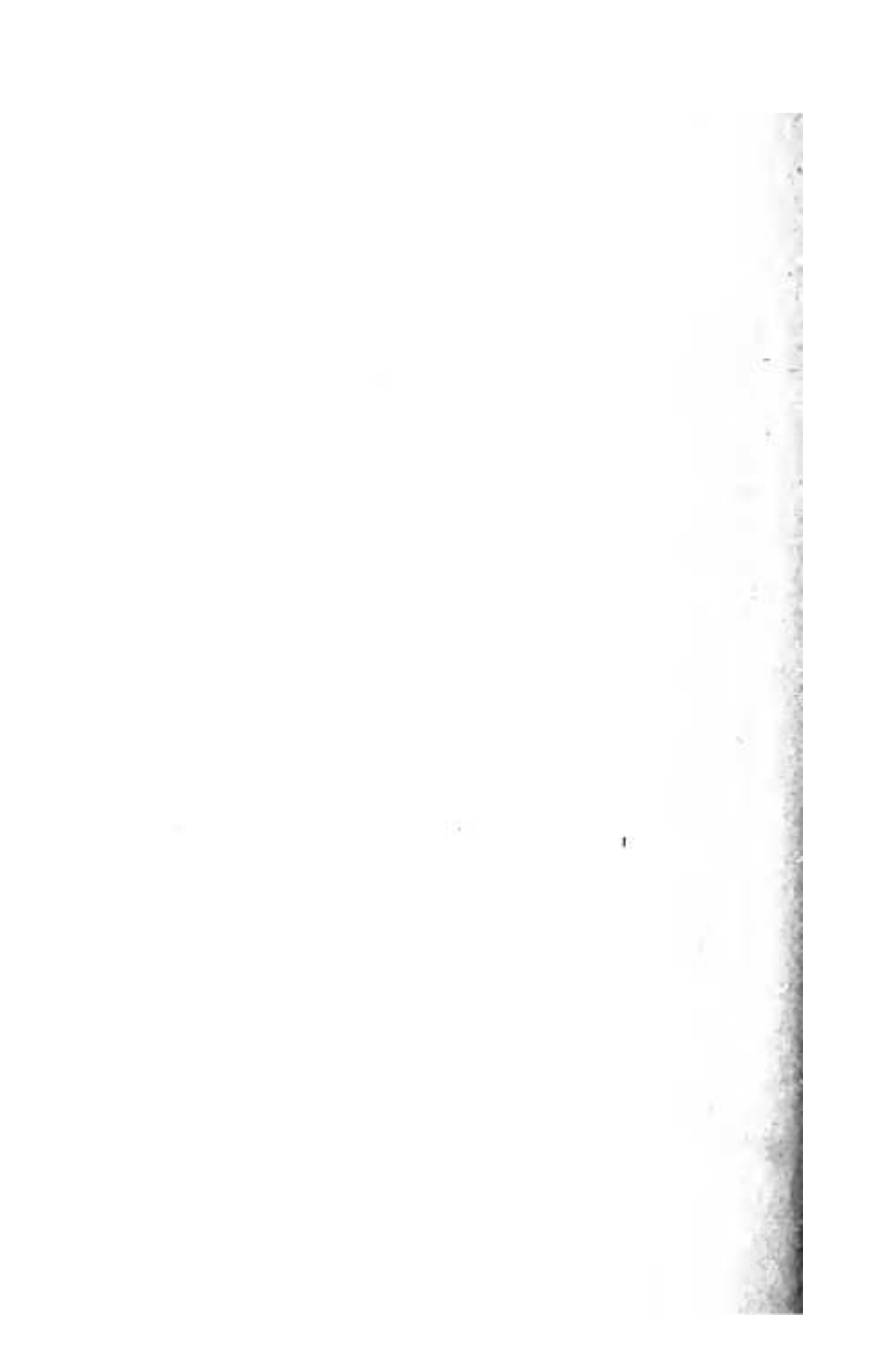
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A FARMER-SPORTSMAN



SILVER FIELDS

AFTER many downfalls of snow by night and day, everything of lesser height and sheer uprightness than buildings and trees is buried in universal whiteness. Sometimes the snow flutters down and silently alights like immense flocks of birds. At other times it descends as silently, but like the continuous falling of a gray veil shutting one in from all the world lying farther away than his nearest outbuildings. Another snowfall comes blown by howling winds in long slants to the earth and whirled and tossed along the fields blurring their surface in a frozen crust.

Then comes a day when the wind quits buffet-ing the snow from this side and that and stands still, debating which way it shall blow next, while the sun burns into the cold blue sky's eastern rim, runs its short course over the dazzling northern fields, and burns its way out behind the glorified western mountains. When the sun is highest the air bites cheeks and nose and fingers with a sharp chill, and one feels its teeth gnawing his toes through his boots if he does not bestir them. At nightfall the smoke of the chimneys leans toward the North Star and by the next morning the wind comes roaring up from the south, armed with