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HARVEST TIME.

Picture.:-

Gathering a harvest from the frozen ground in December. It's the queerest affair imaginable, and a harvest you and I will never see again. At least,--

--I think not. The scene is only two-miles from--

--Newcastle-on-Tyne which makes it all the more extraordinary. Now, if you--

--have all done guessing what it might be, I'll tell you. A few weeks ago a factory stocked with jute for rope-making, caught fire. The jute was--

--salvaged, spread over these fields to dry and--

--made up into stacks for the winter.