

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "Friend Oliver," "I, Thaw and the Other One," Etc.
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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I will give it to him again. With my own hands I will give it to him once more. Oh, Richard, my lover, my husband! Now I will hasten to see thee."

She reached London the next night, and, weary and terrified, drove at once to the small hostelry where Hyde lay.

"Katherine!" he cried; and his voice was as weak and as tearful as that of a troubled child.

"Here come I, my dear one."

"Oh, how you love me, Katherine!" She took from her bosom the St. Nicholas ribbon. "I give it to thee again. At the first time I loved thee; now, my husband, ten thousand times more I love thee. As I went through the papers, I found it."

And between their clasped hands it lay—the bit of orange ribbon that had handseled all their happiness.

"It is the promise of everything I can give thee, my loved one," whispered Katherine.

"It is the luck of Richard Hyde. Dearest wife, thou hast given me my life back again."

CHAPTER XV.

Turning Westward.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Hyde sat at an open window at Hyde Manor. He was pale and wasted from his long sickness, but there was speculation and purpose in his face, and he had evidently cast away the mental apathy of the invalid. As he sat thus, a servant entered and said a few words which made him turn with a glad, expectant manner to the open door; and, as he did so, a man of near sixty years of age passed through it—a handsome, lordly looking man, who had that striking personal resemblance to Hyde which affectionate brothers often have to one another.

"Faith, William, you are welcome home! How delighted I am to see you!"

"Tis twelve years since we met, Dick. And Hyde Manor is a miracle. I expected to find it mouldy and mossy. On the contrary it is a place of perfect beauty."

"And it is all my Katherine's doing. She is my angel. I am unworthy of her goodness and beauty."

"Why, then, Dick, I may as well tell you that I have also found a treasure just like the same kind. In fact, Dick, I am married, and have two sons."

"There was a moment's profound silence, and an inexpressible shadow passed rapidly over Hyde's face; but it was fleeting as a thought, and ere the pause became strained and painful, he turned to his brother and said, 'I am glad, William. With all my heart, I am glad.'"

"I was married very quietly, and have been in Italy ever since. I was told that you had left the army."

"That is exactly true. When I heard that Lord Perry's regiment was designed for America, and against the Americans, I put it out of the king's power to send me on such a business."

"Indeed, I think the Americans have been ill-used, and I find the town in a great commotion upon the matter. The people of New York have burned effigies of Lord North and Gov. Hutchinson, and the new troops were no sooner landed than five hundred of them deserted in a body."

Hyde's white face was crimson with excitement, and his eyes glowed like stars as he listened. "That was like New York; and, faith, if I had been there, I would have helped them!"

"Why not go there? I owe you much for the hope, of which my happiness has robbed you. I will take Hyde Manor at its highest price; I will add to it fifty thousand pounds indemnity for the loss of the succession. You may buy land enough for a dukedom there, and found in the New World a new line of the old family. Dick, my dear brother, out of real love and honor, I speak these words."

"Indeed, William, I am very sensible of your kindness, and I will consider your proposition. I think, indeed, that my Katherine will be in a transport of delight to return to her native land."

Almost with the words she entered, dressed in a white India muslin, with ornaments at her breast. The earl looked at her, and then kissed her cheeks and led her to a chair, which he placed between Hyde and himself.

Katherine was predisposed to "embrace" him, but yet she dearly loved the home she had made so beautiful. During Hyde's convalescence, also, other plans had become very hopeful and pleasant, and they could not be cast aside without some reluctance.

"It was on a cold, stormy afternoon in February, when the fog was white with snow. Hyde sat by the big wood fire, recollecting a letter from Lord North, which also inclosed a copy of Jonathan Quincey's speech in the House of Commons. Katherine had a piece of worried work in her hands."

It was at this moment Lathia came in with a bundle of newspapers. "They are brought by Sir Thomas Swinburn's man, sir, with Sir Thomas's compliments, these being what he thinks you would like to read."

Hyde turned the papers with eager curiosity, and read the news from London.

Katherine," he said, as his hand impulsively went to his left side. "I thought I had done with it forever; but, by St. George, I'll draw it in this quarrel!"

"The American quarrel, Richard?"

"No other could so move me. Every good man and true wishes them well. Are you willing?"

"Only to be with you, only to please you, Richard. I have no other happiness."

"Then it is settled. The earl buys Hyde as it stands; we have nothing except our personal effects to pack. Write to-night to your father. Tell him that we are coming in two weeks to cast our lot with America."

When Joris Van Heemskirk received this letter he was very much excited by its contents.

He was sitting in the calm evening, with unopened books, in a cloud of fragrant tobacco, talking of these things. Then he put on his hat and walked down his garden. He was standing on the river bank, and the meadows over it were green and fair to see, and the fresh wind blew into his soul a thought of its own untrammelled liberty. He looked up and down the river, and lifted his face to the clear sky, and said aloud, "Beautiful land! To be thy children we should not deserve, if one inch of thy soil we yielded to a tyrant. Truly a vanguard to me and to mine thou hast been. Truly do I love thee."

Then, with his mind made up, he went into the house.

In a few minutes Elder Semple came in. He looked exceedingly worried, and, although Joris and he avoided politics by a kind of tacit agreement, he could not keep to Kirk and commercial matters, but constantly returned to one subject—a vessel lying at Murray's wharf, which had sold her cargo of molasses and rum to the "Committee of Safety."

Joris let the elder drift from one grievance to another, and he was just in the middle of a sentence containing the opinion of Sears and Willet, when Bram's entrance arrested it. He walked straight to the side of Joris:

"Father, we have closed his majesty's custom house forever."

"Well! Who, then, Bram?"

"The Committee of Safety and the Sons of Liberty."

Semple rose to his feet, trembling with passion. "Let me tell you, then, Bram, you are a parcel of rogues and rebels; and, if I were his majesty, I'd set out the last one of you."

"Patience, elder. Sit down, I'll speak."

"No, councillor, I'll not sit down until I know what kind of men I'm sitting with. Out with your malice secret thoughts. What are you for?"

"For the people and for freedom, am I," said Joris, calmly rising to his feet. "Too long have we borne injustice. Bram, my son, I am your comrade in this quarrel." He spoke with fervor, but not rapid speech, and with a firm, round voice, full of magical sympathies.

"I'll hear nae mair o' such folly. Give me my bonnet and plaid, madam, and I'll be going. I hope the morn will bring you a measure o' common-sense." He was at the door as he spoke; but, ere he passed it, he lifted his bonnet above his head and said, "God save the king! God save his gracious majesty, George of England!"

Joris turned to his son. To shut up the king's customs was an overt act of treason. Bram, then, had fully committed himself, and, following out his own thoughts, he asked abruptly, "What will come of it, Bram?"

"War will come, and liberty—a great commonwealth, a great country."

In the meantime Semple, fuming and ejaculating, was making his way slowly home. However, before he had gone very far, he was overtaken by his son Neil, now a very staid and stately gentleman, holding under the government a high legal position in the investigation of the disputed New Hampshire grants.

He listened respectfully to his father's animadversions on the folly of the Van Heemskirks; but he was thinking mainly of the first news told him—the early return of Katherine. He was conscious that he still loved Katherine, and that he still hated Hyde. So Neil was somber and silent. His father was uncertain as to his views, and he did not want to force or hurry a decision.

Next morning, when the elder reached the store, the clerks and porters were all standing together talking. He knew quite well what topic they were discussing with such eager movements and excited speech. But they dispersed to their work at the sight of his sour, stern face, and he did not intend to open a fresh dispute by any question.

Apprentices and clerks then showed a great deal of deference to their masters, and Elder Semple demanded the full measure due to him. Something, however, in the carriage, in the faces, in the very tones of his servants' voices, offended him; and he soon discovered that various small duties had been neglected.

"Listen to me, lad," he said angrily. "I'll have no politics mixed up with my reports and reports. Nothing that Congress has right to do or not to do; and if there is among you any of those fools that are themselves 'Sons of Liberty,' I'll pay them what

ever I owe him now, and he can gang to Madam Liberty for his future wage."

He was standing on the step of his high counting desk as he spoke, and he peered over the little wooden railing at the men scattered about with pens or hammers or goods in their hands. There was a moment's silence, then a middle-aged man quietly laid down the tools with which he was closing a box, and walked up to the desk. The next moment, every one in the place had followed him. Semple was amazed and angry, but he made no sign of either emotion. He counted to the most accurate fraction every one's due, and let them go without one word of remonstrance.

But, as soon as he was alone, he felt the full bitterness of their desertion, and he could not keep the tears out of his eyes as he looked at their empty places.

At this juncture Neil entered the store. "Here's a bonnie lass, Neil; every man has left the store. I may as well put up the shutters."

"There are other men to be hired."

"They were mainly a' auld stand-bys, auld married men that ought to have had mair sense."

"The married men are the trouble-makers; the women have hatched and nursed this rebellion. If they would only spin their webs, and mind their knitting!"

"But they willna, Neil, and they never would. If there's a pot o' rebellion brewing between the two poles, women will be dabbling in it. They have aye been against lawfu' authority. The restraints o' paradise was tyranny to them. And they get worse and worse; it isna an apple would do them the noo; they'd strip the tree, my lad, to its vera topmost branch."

"You ought to know, father. I have small and sad experience with them."

"Sae, I hope you'll stand by my side. We twa can keep the house together. If we are a' right, the government will whistle by a woman's talk."

"Did you not say Katherine was coming back?"

"I did that. See there, again. Hyde has dropped his uniform, and sold a' that he has, and is coming to fight in a quarrel that's nae o' his. Heard you ever such foolishness? But it is Katherine's doing; there's little doot o' that."

"He's turned rebel, then?"

"Ay has he. That's what women do. Politics and rebellion is the same thing to them."

"Well, father, I shall not turn rebel."

"Oh, Neil, you take a load off my heart by these words!"

"I have nothing against the king, and I could not be Hyde's comrade."

(To be continued.)

GESTURES IN GENERAL USE.

Motions That Are Common to All Nations of the Earth.

Certain gestures are absolutely identified with certain feelings. To shake one's fist is to threaten; to hold up one's finger is to warn. To indicate thought we place the tips of the fingers on the forehead; to show concentrated attention we apply the whole hand. To rub the hands is everywhere a sign of joy, and to clap them a sign of enthusiasm. It would be easy to multiply examples. Affirmation, negation, repulsion are all indicated by motions that every one understands.

It is the same, in quite as great a degree, with nationalities, in spite of the original diversity of the races that make them up. The mimetic character results at once from race, from history and from climate.

The gesture of the Englishman is fierce and harsh; he speaks briefly, brusquely; he is cold, positive, forceful. His salutation is cold and accented, but his handshake is loyal. The gesture of Germany is heavy, good humored and always ungraceful. Many of the Slav people are unwilling to look one in the face, and they have a false gesture.

The Spaniard and the Portuguese, although dwelling in a Southern land, gesticulate little; their language is rhythmic, slow, solemn; they are grave, their salutation is a little theatrical.

The Italian is lively, mobile, intelligent, gay; his language is harmonious, sonorous, warm and luminous, like his country's sky. The salutation of the Italian is quick and full of feeling, his gestures colored and exaggerated.

Won the Old Man.

"Sir," he said to her father, "this is a practical world. The spirit of commercialism cannot be throttled by the tender bonds of sentiment. Perhaps you have noticed this?"

"I cannot say I have," replied the stern parent "but that needn't detain you."

"Of course not," said the youth with an affable smile. "What I was about to say is that while I am sitting up courting your daughter I feel that it would be no more than fair to offer to pay for the gas I assist in consuming."

"Good," said the old man. "And how about the coal? Do you expect me to throw that in?"

"Certainly not," cried the youth. "I'll gladly throw in the coal. Bless you, I worked my way through college, tending a furnace."

And the old man smiled approvingly.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything, and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men. —Fowler.

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

Fond Mamma Could Understand Overcoat, but Trouser! Jenkins had left college, where he had lived rather fast, but now meditated matrimony and settling down. As an old aunt had died and left him a little money, and what was more natural than that he should redeem some of his many articles of clothing which he had deposited with his "uncle" in the days of necessity?

By sad mishap, however, that obliging relative forgot to remove the tickets, and this led to an embarrassing contretemps on his return home.

Full of kindness and pride for her dear boy, his mother, on his return to the paternal home, insisted on unpacking his boxes. In doing so she first discovered an overcoat with an ominous looking label upon it.

"What a nuisance!" said Jenkins, in answer to her expression of surprise. "They must have forgotten to take off the ticket at the ball at Smith's when I left my overcoat in the ante-room."

Mamma was satisfied; but when shortly afterwards she found a pair of trousers bearing a similar label, imagine the puzzled surprise with which she exclaimed:

"But surely, my darling, you didn't leave these in the ante-room, too?"

Rival Religionists.

A Roxborough man rode down on the train the other day behind two little schoolgirls, one of them a Methodist and the other an Episcopalian. They appeared to be much interested in church work, for their conversation concerned nothing but guilds, sewing circles, mite societies and aid clubs. They also appeared to regard each other's churches jealously. If one's mite society had forty-five members, the other's was sure to have fifty-five and so on. The Methodist little girl said finally to the Episcopalian: "We are holding our midwinter revivals now. There has been a great awakening. The other retorted, 'We don't need awakenings in our church. We never go to sleep.'—Philadelphia Record.

Sorry He Spoke.

He was dressed in a style that he regarded as most "fetching," and he persistently ogled the young woman sitting on the opposite side of the tramcar. Finally he bent down and, lifting his hat, said:

"Beg pardon, but I'm sure I've met you somewhere."

"Oh, yes," began the young woman, in a pleasant voice.

"Delighted," broke in the youth, ecstatically.

"You are the young man who calls on our cook," continued the young woman in a clear voice. "I'll tell Bridget that I saw you."

His View of It.

"I have come, sir," said the debt-ridden nobleman, "to ask for the hand of your daughter."

"Well, now, say," returned the hard-headed American millionaire, "don't you suppose we can compromise this thing? If I pay your debts, will you get out and not bother us any more?"

"But, my dear sir—"

"Oh, that's all right. My daughter's future happiness is worth a good deal to me."

Vegetarian Diet for Orphans.

A year ago Berlin refused a bequest of £25,000 for the establishment of an orphan asylum, the legacy being given on condition that the orphans should be brought up on a vegetarian diet. The city of Breslau has accepted the gift on those terms.

Rich American Dies in London. John Temple Leader, an American by birth and very wealthy, has just died in London. He owned the castle of Vincigliata, near Florence, which is fitted up magnificently in the medieval style.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It treats the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Sore, Hot Calluses, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitutes. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Paper Railroads.

If all the railroads that are projected on paper could be built there would be no further complaint about the congestion of traffic.—Cleveland Leader.

In the long run, the only kind of help that really avails is the help which teaches a man to help himself. —President Roosevelt.

No chromos or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Delfance Starch for the same price of other starches.

The summer girl who falls in love thinks she is having a warm time.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color silk, wool and cotton at one boiling.

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

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Labor is the corner stone of faith.

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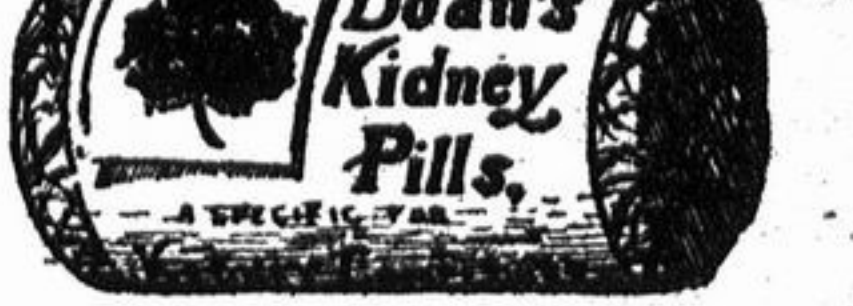
MT. PLEASANT, OHIO.—I received the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills, and never had any medicine do me so much good in so little time. I had Congestion of the Kidneys and Bladder so severe it caused a pressure on the lungs like Asthma, but through the use of Doan's Pills I am free and easy now. Geo. W. Smith, Veterinary Surgeon, P. O. Box 41, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.

Aged people find Doan's Kidney Pills a great comfort for declining years. They cure incontinence and urinary weakness peculiar to children.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.—I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. For five years I have had much pain in my back, which physicians said arose from the kidneys. Four boxes of Doan's Pills have entirely cured the trouble. I think I owe my life to these pills, and I want others to know it. SADIE DAVIS, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

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Forster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills. Name _____ Post office _____ State _____ (Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Forster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

MRS. RATH'S BABY

Tired Mother's Touching Story of Anxiety and Suffering.

Cuticura Brings Blessed Cure to Skin Tortured Baby and Peace and Rest to Its Worn Out Mother.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Helena Rath was taken sick. Single-handed, she did all the housework and washed, cooked and mended for her husband, Hans, and their six children. After a plucky fight to keep on her feet, Mrs. Rath had to yield, and early in 1902 she took to her bed. What followed she told to a visitor, who called at her tidy home, No. 821 Tenth Ave., New York City.

"I hired a girl to mind the children and to do whatever else she could. I couldn't stay in bed long. Sick as I was, it was easier for me to crawl around than to lie and worry about my little ones. So I got up after a few days, and let the girl go. I had noticed that she had sores on her face, hands and arms, but I paid no attention to that until Charlie, my youngest, began to pick and scratch himself. He was then ten months old, and the girl had paid more attention to him than to any of the others. Charlie was fretful and cross, but as he was cutting teeth, I didn't think much of that. Even when a rash broke out on his face I wasn't frightened, because everybody knows that that is quite common with teething babies. Several of my others had it when little, and I thought nothing about it."

"But the rash on Charlie's poor little face spread to his neck, chest, and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before. The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and how he did suffer! He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbled with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores."

"I believed he had caught some disease from the girl, but some of the neighbors said he had eczema, and that is not catching, they told me. Yes, I gave him medicine, and put salves and things on him. I don't think they were all useless. Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not much change for the better until a lady across the street asked me why I didn't try the Cuticura Remedies. I told her I had no faith in those things you read about in the papers. She said she didn't want me to go on faith nor even to spend any money at first. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed

the directions, bathing Charlie and putting that nice Ointment on the sores."

"I wouldn't have believed that my baby would have been cured by a little thing like that. Not all of a sudden, mind you. Little by little, but so surely. Charlie and I both got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the other children undressed; when I woke up the sun was streaming in. For the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break."



"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snow flake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and also the Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

MRS. HELENA RATH.

The agonizing, itching, and burning of the skin as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair, and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures, blood purifiers and humour remedies of the civilized world.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICE: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60); Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap, 25c. per tablet. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 pages, 300 Diseases, with illustrations, Testimonials and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, R. Towne & Co., Sydney. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

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