

before dinner".

She stops in her work of scraping her precious pigs' feet, and gives me a look of half astonishment, half withering scorn. Nellie does not condescend to even reply to my suggestion, but I read in her face her opinion of a woman who will go "gallivantin'" about on a horse, when theres real work to be done in a house. So I run up to my room. Get out of my greasy duds, an am into a fresh smelling pongee middage, riding britches and coat, pull on my brown leather riding boots, a kid's tam for my head and my Indian gaily beaded gauntlets (which one of our squaws----we adjoin an Indian reserve----specially made for me) and am running downstairs in short order, en route through the kitchen, and out through the garden and the barnyard to the corral, where I know Silver Heels awaits me. As I pass through the kitchen, Nellie inquires with elaborate sarcasm:

"Ain't you goin' to give me a hand with them pigs feet?"

"I sho uld say I aint" I laugh back. "Throw 'em out Nellie".

"The best part of the pig!" grunts Nellie, "I'd like to see me doin' anything so foolish and wasteful".

She stops her work long enough to examine me with a critical and condemning eye. Divided skirts are the proper garb for a respectable woman is the opinion of Nellie, and I have never been able to convince her that my coat and britches are just as decent and far more comfortable and certainly better looking than the khaki skirts that have a nasty habit when you are on hors horse of ascending to your knee with every breeze that blows, and a woman in the saddle as much as I am ~~isnt~~ does not want to be