

weighted down with frills on horseback. So ignoring Nellie's look of disapproval, I trot off jauntily from the kitchen; ~~but~~ not so ~~soon~~ quickly however, but what I overhear Nellie's remark, intended maybe for me, and maybe for her own consumption. Says Nellie:

"Pretty soft for some folks as takes life easy and can go runnin' around doin' nothing".

Doing nothing! I am overcome with indignation. I who have helped to put down about 400 lbs of pig! I am so cross with Nellie that I cinch Silver Heels much too tightly, and he turns about restlessly and noses toward my shoulder. As I throw my leg----I suppose one ought to say "climb" if one follows the standards of a Nellie----across my horse's bonny back, and I come out through that barnyard at a neat clip. Before me stretches a wide expanse of rolling meadows, fragrant of new mown hay ---for they are still haying, though it is the end of October. Thus it is in Sunny Alberta. I face the beginning of a glorious sunset, lingering in splendor behind that skyline of Rocky mountains. There is a clean, cold nip in the air, a stillness and freshness and fragrance that both charms and exhilarates. As I canter across the country, I forget all about the tiresome day in the hot kitchen, and the mountains and billows of pig. Our dog is leaping around us, jumping up to tease Silver Heels, and I tell him to begone and bring home the milk cows, and I point ~~know~~ with my quirk to where a bunch of cattle are grazing on a hill slope. You should see our Patsy then. He is off across meadow and field at a breathless scamper. Now he is on the hill side. That little dog barks at the heels of three of that herd of 20 or 25 head, picking and bunching the