

put in enough salt. So I set a board, with a huge flat stone on top to hold the meat under the brine, cover the barrels with cloths and tops, and my pork is in pickle. In a few weeks, we will take it out of the brine and smoke it. Then it will be put in cheesecloth sacks, with clean straw backed around it and hung in the meat house, to be used as needed.

We are now rid of all the large pieces, but oh! what a job lies before us, for they have killed two pigs, weighing about 250 lbs. each.

While I have been "putting down" the big pieces, and Nellie grinding the small, my three long fine loins of pork have been roasting in the oven. Our men like fresh pork, but even in the fall we do not take the chance on keeping the fresh pork. So, instead of putting the loins in brine, I cook them, pack them in crocks and cover them with lard. When the lard is cold, it makes an air tight protection for the meat, which is ready for use any time.

Nellie by this time has her lard rendering on the fire. Her sausage meat, too, is already for me, but lunch catches up with us while we are in the midst of our work. We scurry about the kitchen intent upon having the meal on time, for that high priced haughty help must be fed well and on time. The old hired ~~hand~~ man who gave a hand in the farm kitchen is a thing of the dear past. Now we have among those present, in the big wash room adjoining the kitchen, fence riders, bronco busters, cow boys and fellows whose main job is to "break" horses, brand and dehorn cattle, ride the range, and ~~fix~~ in the slack season, just prior to the fall round up, condescend to ~~break~~ ~~down~~ ~~bit~~ ~~of~~ ~~plough~~