

pig has been confidently placed in my supposed competent hands, and if anything goes wrong with it, the blame will be mine.

I know that my cook is more capable of bossing the pig job than I, but fate in this case has assigned the disposition of that pig to me. There lies a job before us that bids fair to carry us well into the night, unless we do some tall hustling. I am convinced that no one mere woman could tackle it alone; besides I do not lack experience in this particular work.

Aforetime I have had the out of doors call to me and have sought to shake responsibility to supposed more competent shoulders than mine, but when I yielded to temptation, the results had been disastrous. So I bustle about the kitchen now, look as wise as I can under the circumstances, and lay out our campaign of work. Nellie is to run the grinder, putting through the fat for the lard and then the meat for the sausage and scrapple. She is to clean the head and feet, render the lard, make the head cheese and clean up the mess as we go along.

Meanwhile I am to "put down" the bacon and hams and shoulders in brine, which we have already boiled over night; I am to take care of the fresh pork, and when the grinding is done, I am to make the scrapple and the sausage meat. I start in on the pieces to go into the brine, a fragrant mixture of salt, saltpeter, brown sugar, molasses and spices. I rub my pieces all over with salt and brown sugar, and pack them tightly into the barrels, laying the bacons flat against the sides, and the big pieces in the middle. Small pieces are laid at top. Over this I pour my brine, first having tested it by ~~having~~ putting an egg in it. As the egg remained on top, I perceived I had