

with an onion, a carrot, salt and pepper and cayenne, and a pinch of thyme and savory. To this is added an equal proportion of corn-meal as the meat, and half a cup of oatmeal. When this mixture has boiled to the desired consistency, it is poured into bread pans, and put away to cool. In the morning, it will be set in firm loaves, Slices about half an inch thick are cut off the loaf, rolled in flour and fried brown for breakfast. This is always a favorite breakfast with our men.

Nellie has finished making her head cheese with the remainder of the head. She has a dozen little bowls, with slices of tongue at bottom and the head cheese poured on top. Also she has finished her lard. The table is almost cleared, and Nellie is carrying the lard pails off to the pantry. I throw out a pan of the crisp fat rinds to the chickens. Our dog and cats rush up to share the feast, and I prodigally throw forth the rest of the stuff, but am stopped by the almost wrathful voice of Nellie. She shouts that she can make soap from "them pieces you are jest throwin' away". Nellie has never known any other life than that of the farm, and if there is anything in the world that she can utilize in some way or another, I don't know what it <sup>not</sup> would ~~can~~ be. It is a matter of real distress to her that our nice modern sink swallows up her dish water, for dish water she declares is fine food for pigs and chickens, and I think Nellie secretly disapproves of the manner of life on a mere cattle ranch. She says that a farm is "far more sensible and ain't got so many airs as a ranch".

Now we are all through, and I say: "Hurrah, Nellie, here's where I escape. Come along, and we'll have a ride