

down

"off my nut" as indeed I heard my young son, aged ten, suggest. "Mamma, what do you take us for? Think we're going to stop our work to do house~~work~~ cleaning?"

monkey

He himself was bespattered with ~~the~~ blood, and his overalls were a sight to behold. But his red hair stood up like bristles on his head, and his wide freckled face beamed. His was the job at the corrals to keep the fire going. And he was a little New York boy!

Luckily for me the branding period was mercifully short. A day or perhaps two and the years job was done. ~~Men~~ All hands upon the place ~~were~~ drawn in from parts of the range and the ranch to give a hand that day, and men from other outfits rode ~~in it~~ also to help. So ~~Exhibit~~ we had a houseful to feed. ~~We~~ Even with ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ an extra cook car to accommodate the hands and a competent Chinese cook, there were always a number of special men who came to the house with my husband, and were our guests. ~~These~~ They were nice big rough fellows—stockmen, ~~with an~~ Many of them were university men. In fact ~~the cattlemen~~ more and more one finds men of education among the cattlemen. ~~Was it the Prince of Wales~~ Someone once referred to it as "The sport of Kings". ~~Back~~ And theres something to that, though I would'nt call it a sport. ~~It~~

~~Over the years, though~~

~~Just as time went on all our wounds~~

As I have said time had accustimed me to the life, It had adjusted my point of view. Then too ~~xxxx~~ a streak of loyalty in me kept me passionately reassuring myself that this was the life. I loved it. I told myself, even if I did go back to New York---it would only be for a visit ---perhaps to get some pretty clothes and see friends--or things like that; but I was spoiled for life in a city. I'd never be able again to get along without my hills, my horses, the free and easy life of the ranch. Then too we were ~~xxxx~~ of some importance in the ranching country, and I was but a drop in the bucket in the vast ocean