

The first I knew that something unusual had occurred was when something thumped hard against the outside wall of the rancho and then I heard the shouting cursing voices of some of the riders, tearing down in pursuit of the "goegies"--- That's what they call the cattle.

I looked out of the window, and it seemed to me as if the house ~~was~~ surrounded by cattle. They were trampling over my flower beds and banging against the ~~house~~ ^{walls}. A couple of them had penetrated even to the verandah and one window at least was smashed. *hey*

Of course, the revolution was soon quelled by the experienced cowhands and the fugitives driven back to the corrals. When at last I dared to venture out I was shocked and nauseated by what I found. All one side of the wall of our house---it was painted snow white, with green roof and trimmings, was splashed thick with blood. Oh! I did feel ~~weak~~ ^{shaky} and sick and I sat down ~~and~~ on the ground and began to cry---weakly. All the thrill and pleasure of the ranching game was gone for me. I realized that I was not made of the stuff to stand this sort of thing. I had a yellow streak in me, if you like. I could become acclimated to the ~~temperatures~~ altitude and temperature, but I could not be acclimated to the torture of dumb cattle. I ~~know~~ ^{dimly} dimly comprehended the cattlemen's point of view? If the horns were left on the animals might gore each other to death. Many of the operations were entirely painless, so they told me, and the fact that that day was a bloody one, was purely due to an accident. I forget just what it was---an unskilled "vet", or as hears that did not work --or something or other. We were branding and dehorning the cattle of another outfit as well as our own that day and there was little consolation in the thought that it was not our cattle but the other fellows that had bled against my house.

As an aftermath by the way to this incident I ~~might~~ had food for thought in the indifference or joking attitude of the men. When I pointed to that bloody wall and asked them to clean it off, they almost laughed at me. What! stop to clean a wall in the middle of branding ~~time~~? They thought I was