

The big white sow here was in mud half way up to her back, and the young pigs could move only sluggishly in the thick muck. It seemed to be the opinion, in those days, that pigs had to live in filth. Next we went into the big barn and tried to see who could jump farthest off the big hay mow, over the horse stalls. Once, when I landed, my jaw hit my bent knees and I saw stars for several moments!

We watched the herd of cows come lowing into the barn, each taking its own stall, waiting patiently to be milked. At the first sharp sound of the milk being squirted into the big tin pails, three cats came running for their evening meal.

"Whoa, boss, whoa now, stand still," said the milker with a slap on Bossy's flanks. Sometimes a cow became irritated or restless, if the milking was not done skillfully. Then a powerful foot shot out -- man, stool, pail and spilled milk all mixed in hopeless confusion.

Jennie had saved her prize exhibit till the last -- the little lambs. "This one," she said, picking up a little white bundle of soft wool, "is mine. I've had it since it was born. Its mother wouldn't nurse it, so I have brought it up on a bottle. Isn't it a darling!" and she buried her head in the white fleece. The little creature responded to this admiration with a gentle baa-a.

Mr. X had finished milking and stood grimly looking at us as we fondled the lambs in their pen. Suddenly setting down his pail of foaming milk, he said, "No use being so silly about a dumb animal! Time to have its tail cut off!" He grabbed the lamb and started towards a corner of the barn where there was a big wooden block with an ax laid against it.

I, in my ignorance, not knowing what was coming, could only