

Zealand died about noon, Ada told me last night that she was threatened with diphtheria but I didn't know it was so serious. Cool and windy all day.

Wednesday July 21st

Dad. and I raked up hay all morning while Frank cultivated the corn. We didn't quite finish by noon as it is mostly blue grass and slow to handle. Jack Ivey was over and wanted Frank to go over and rake up some hay for them, so he went over after dinner. Neff was in with a Mr. Frances on their way down to Charlie Blake's to a poultry culling demonstration and wanted me to go but I didn't. They gave me a few pointers though on picking out the poor-laying old hens. Dad. and I finished raking our field about four o'clock and Frank got home about the same time. We started to put off the load of hay that was on the barn floor but when we got three lifts off a heavy thunder shower came up and as Dad. didn't want to get the rope wet we didn't unload the last lift. I took Aunt's milk down to her to-night and got a few pointers on the Sunday school lesson got home about ten o'clock and culled out my hens before I went to bed.

Thursday July 22nd

It was too wet to do any haying to day so Dad. plowed

all day and got further nice strep turned over. I thinned turnips and made Sid a milk stool this morning as he is learning to milk now. Frank took Joe down town and had her shod. She brought Mrs. Johnson from Court right over to dinner and she was here all the afternoon and to tea. This afternoon I didn't do much, went back with Frank to fix up the fence in the gully along the road but as we took Joe & Queen back with us I had to stay with them and let Frank do the fencing. He took one of the old snow barricades and put it up instead of the old gate which is pretty well broken to pieces. We all went down to night and I went to band concert.

Friday July 23rd

Frank started to cultivate corn this morning and Dad. cut weeds along the fences and in the orchard I started cutting the lawn. Art Inambury went by going to haul hay all alone. Dad. thought it would be too wet here to haul till noon so I rode Frank's wheel over to give Art a hand. We got part of a load on - all he could haul through his gully - when it started to rain he rough-locked the wagon going down the hill but it went a little too fast for the horses and they couldn't stop till the hind wheels were square in the ditch. They couldn't pull it out so Art had to go and get a spade and dig it out. By this time it was pouring rain and