

Friday September 26th

When Dad got up this morning he found the old sow had knocked down the orchard gate and let all the sows out. We got them in with out much difficulty but noticed the sow way up at the north end of the orchard lying down by himself. When we went to look at him we saw at once that he was very sick, so brought him down and put him in his old yard between the drive house and the big barn, he has lain around all day and won't eat or drink, he is not bloated but is quite hollow and does not seem in any pain but now and then stretches out his neck and swells his sides like a dog trying to vomit. Dad and I went up to Dunkin's this morning to see him as we got a letter from him yesterday morning saying he had a ram he would let us have for awhile not knowing of course that we had one, we expected to be back at noon but it began to rain soon after we got started and kept up so long that we stayed there for dinner and did not get home till half past four, we didn't think his sleep much ahead of ours and his ears not a patch on Ed's. When we got home Leah told us the old sow was out and had wandered down the road but Frank brought her home on Saturday home from school so we shut her up in Lucina's box stall and nailed up the door. To night the ram got in the barn and we gave him a drink, he does

not seem any better but now worse. Jonas cut corn this morning to eat corn and cut till it rained and this afternoon tore down the old fence around the hill, he was over to night to see if we would haul it for him to mow Dad told him he would try to. When I went back after the cows to night I found Babby & Fred's calf missing and walked way out to the Blending Hills to see them but when I got back they were standing at the culvert and Dad & Frank were just going to let them in, the fence was down at the culvert and there was an empty whisky bottle near it.

Saturday September 27th

When she went out this morning we found the ram had gone out of the barn into the yard and seemed weaker than last night. After breakfast we went out and Dad gave him some more scope, but while we were there we tried to get him to stand up but his feet just shook from under him and he stretched out and died. We spent the rest of the morning skinning and burying him, we think of it a a rough bit of luck but suppose it is all in the game, we will get a lovely mat off him if we can get it tanned right, what though life held his worth after his death will hold another's wealth. Dad held a post mortem on him and found that it was inflammation of the bladder which