

them in the horse stall. Billy is a dandy horse colt as straight as a string two white feet and a spot in his fore head. Dad thinks he will be black. Aunty Frank and I drove down to Sunday school and church this morning but none of us except Dick who followed his usual course of action went anywhere else all day. I spent the after noon reading and I had a little practice on my horn with Enah. It has rained a good digging rain nearly all day but has been cold.

Monday May 14th

Billy came over at seven this morning and he and Dad have worked all day up at the cemetery doing some work for Aunty Alice. They took a waggon load of rich earth up and a lot of sod. This after noon Aunty, Aunty Alice and Yid. went up with them and they were rather late getting home. I spent the day cutting the lawn and doing odd jobs. my chickens are all starting to hatch to day and there seems to be quite a bunch of them. I went over to Jack Martin's a couple of times to see if I could get some chicken feed but just got enough for to night and the morning. Albert Buck was over to night to see if he could sell Aunty Alice his house. Every one seems to be de-

duced into thinking that she wants to buy - although she has never had the slightest intention of it. Some even went so far as to say she had bought Muncie's house on Main St. Enah and Aunty Alice went over to Mrs. Pattershers after tea and when they got back Enah and I had a little practice on the fiddle & piano. It has been cloudy and very raw and cold all day.

Tuesday May 15th

Dad & I took the chickens out of the machine this morning and stuck them under the old hens over the hog pen. They only had thirteen between the three of them and one hen didn't hatch any at all. About thirty came out of the incubator and they are still hatching. I put the eggs which weren't hatched from under the hens in the incubator. Dad got started to plow the corn ground but Bob Miller & Whit Dixon came over to look at the steers and they were here about an hour. Dad would n't sell either of his steers but Whit came over to where I was and asked me what I wanted for my steers. I thought likely he had been deeking with Dad or I wouldn't have sold him but Whit said the market was glutted so I let him go for seventy dollars and they get him when they want him. I guess I lost on him but if I