

Saturday October 11<sup>th</sup>

It looked so much like rain this morning just before we hooked to the spreader that we decided to hook to the wagon first and get the husked corn, but just as we were about to start it began to rain so we put the horses in again. Old Jonas came in from the field and entertained us for awhile with a wild west personal experience of how he was stranded out west somewhere in Mexico and fell in with a gambling cowboy, and made a pile in a hurry, revolution, knives, etc. Jonas has seen some awful times in his day if all accounts are true. We then got the sheep in the barn and marked them all with blue chalk and Dad put the new tag we got from Dunkin in his sheep's ear and stuck up the tame ones ear with sticking plaster as she caught her tag in some thing the other day and tore her ear the full length. By this time the rain had let up and Jonas gone back to work so we went out with the wagon and got about a load (21 bushels) but before we were in it was raining hard and we got pretty wet. It rained most of the afternoon, I read a little and the rest of the family cracked hickory nuts, while thus engaged - a small yearling heifer with a freshly broken horn and a long thin rope around its neck came into the garden followed by very bedraggled

man in his rubber boots and a small freckle faced youth I found out that he was the man from whom Jonas had purchased his heifer and that the above mentioned critter was her. As Dad had told Jonas that he might turn her in with our cows. Frank and I proceeded to help him catch her, get the rope off her and put her in the lane. But we found we had undertaken a task which we were incapable of performing, for the heifer was as wild as a deer. The man (Smith his name was) had already chased her over nearly every road between here and Marshburg, but she was still very game. First she jumped into the pig yard where I caught the trailing rope, but I might as well have had hold of an engine the rope was so small and wet and she was so small and wild that I was forced to let go. She then leaped over the fence and down the lane toward the road where Dave, the small boy headed her off. I opened the gate into the barn yard, hoping to get her cornered in there but she got from there into the pig yard, then into the wheat field up the wheat field to the gully down the gully fence to the side road. Then over the fence into the gully making straight for the gap into the Chryrus field where I headed her off from there and the three of us followed her up to the gully cross fence. (Dave stayed back in the barn yard), there the man caught the rope but let go again immediately, she jumped back into the wheat field and ran the whole length of both wheat fields