

waded in although they didn't look for her on account of the weather but she & Eben have been cleaning the pen all day. Frank went out at eleven o'clock to feed his ducks this morning and found all but four of them in a heap outside the box dead, one wasn't quite dead but it soon died. He put the four live ones over in the barn as he thinks it was the rain killed them but they were all well at seven when he fed them before. We haven't done any thing but sit around all day. I read "The Key of the Last Minister" This afternoon I went down Mr. M. Bide down town and got the paper, which confirms the report of Kitchener's death. Mr. M. Bide said that when he saw him last night and about eleven o'clock Bob had said in the rain and said the last report was that he was saved but the morning's paper had been issued since then. Kitchener was on his way to Peterhead when the cruiser Hampshire which was carrying him & his staff struck a mine and was torpedoed off the Orkneys and they think no one has been saved. Sir Wm. Robertson it is thought will take his place in the War office. About five o'clock to night Frank noticed a lot of our cattle down at Ben Jey's corner at the end of the road

so he and I went down to get them, they were all in Martin's field. Ben Jey told Frank that they had come up through his place. There were only five of the crowd and the three that I went back I've got to see if I could find the rest of them. I heard a young crow squawk back there in one of his pine trees and saw a little bird dragged by a fellow sitting on a limb so I threw two or three sticks at him and he at last flew down and lit in a mud puddle where I easily caught him, so I brought him up in side my coat and put him in Dad's bird cage. I looked all through the gully for the cattle but as they had gone up as Dad had brought them up I couldn't find them. I waded through the creek up to my knees more than once. Dad said he had yelled at me when I was going down I've got to see if I hadn't seen him. It didn't matter much as I was soaked then.

Thursday June 8th

Charlie Quamby was in here for quite a while this morning and he traded collars as the one he had on Art's horse was too big for him. Frank & I took Daisy May up to Ham. Thompson's again and got back about twelve. Dad beat