

over with the boys from school. It has been a beautiful morn-  
ing. It seems to be the general opinion that we are going to have  
Indian Summer now. The rap is running to-day.

Monday November 27<sup>th</sup>

I went down with the boys this morning and went  
with Bob Miller up to Carpenters to get my lanks.  
We did not get back till about half past ten and  
as the old horse went so slow. I got of four  
very nice looking Shopshire lanks and Bob  
charged me \$ a piece. I went around the orchard  
fence as we put them in the orchard and fixed  
a little around it to keep them in. Gus Stringer  
was here when we got back with a couple  
of teams getting what hay that was any good  
at all and he seemed to be having his hands full  
sorting it. I did the some of the chores up before  
noon. This after noon I went back with  
Dad for a little while to throw wood out  
of the ditches he ~~threw~~ out this morning. He got  
quite a lot done. Every body was plowing to day  
it seems to Robert John Watron was ~~getting~~  
at a great rate <sup>just the other night in the woods.</sup> I went over to see what he was doing.  
He asked me if I was lost and I told him I was  
just looking for rabbit holes ~~and then~~ had  
quite a talk with him. He was plowing with a  
gang plow and did not seem to be holding it at all.  
I came up early to do chores. Aunty came

of the same story in the paper and I am sure  
it is about as true as the paper says.

Tuesday November 28<sup>th</sup>

We got up before day light this morning  
so Dad could get a good start at plowing  
but it got began to rain early and  
kept up all day so we could do nothing but  
run around in the mud or stay inside. Dad  
hooked up Joe and Ginger and drove the  
boys down to school and then went  
alone to inquire after Miss McPherson  
and found she was a little better. I clean  
out the stables and cut wood while  
he was gone. I read Iwanhoe  
most of the afternoon. Bill Donald  
came after Dad to go and see his grey  
mare which was broken out in several  
places. He had been reading up doctor  
books and was afraid it was some awful  
disease. I forget the name of it.  
Aunty went down <sup>this afternoon</sup> and did not get  
back till dark. I churned for about  
an hour and a half this afternoon after Enos  
had been at it for about as long and Dad finished  
it tonight after churning for about a couple  
of hours, but there was a big lot of maggy  
butter. Aunty read to us all some more