

as I was born. The cows didn't seem to mind, so far as I can remember. It was real fun to us two ^{when} one day ~~we~~ whilst still engaged in the same manner of rounding the cows. A little boy came to play with us, and we thought of having rides on one of them. The cows were very quiet, and we had often been on their backs when they were lying down about the yard. But this day we put the little boy (Jimmy Beggs) on first (he being our guest so to speak) & we smacked the beast to make her get up which she did in a very leisurely manner, & then stood still. At last however we got her started off, & at a good pace. Just when we were thinking what great fun it was & what a good ride it was, the cow suddenly stopped and Jimmy went on and over her horns. No harm was done but we thought that was enough, and I think so did Jimmy.

But what an event it was in our

young lives when harvest time came and was over, and we were expecting the machine to come to thresh out the corn in the stacks. There would be the engine to come, and the combine, (that was the thresher) and the elevators. The engine and combine each required four horses to bring. But it was, when the smoke came out of the funnel, & the belts put on, & then the whistle blown, and the wheels to go round, the hum of the combine as speed was got up, the chugging of the engine. Life was real. Life was earnest to our young selves, and last of all the enormous long whistle given to notify the next farmer to bring his horses to take the machine away (This whistle was sometimes about half a mile long) and ended much of our joy, for there was a gloom came over all when the machine had gone away. But for days after, & even at nights after