

grease hand with the haying, and in the period when labor was scarcely to be had for love or money, the "riders" scorned to "hay", and claimed that was a "farm hand's job", and not a cowpuncher's. Of course, on a cattle ranch our men never put their hands to such menial toil as chores. A modern cattle ranch does not include chores among its itinerary, and many indeed do not even have milk, but to use a colloquial expression of cowboy-dom, they just "tickle the tin"--meaning they used canned milk.

Pig day, much as it is dreaded by the women of the ranch, is always a day approved by the men, as is evidenced by the relish with which they put down incredible quantities of spare-ribs, that are the first day's offering. ~~Exlunchingxomxatrayx~~
~~inthelivingxroomx~~ They feed away with noisy and hearty enjoyment. I, however, have no appetite for pig, but munch in preference on dry toast, a poached egg, buttermilk and jam.

Lunch out of the way, we are back at our pig. While Nellie is doing the dishes, her pig's head is boiling away on the stove, and I tackle the ground sausage meat. I know Nellie considers the grinding the hardest part, but indeed there is a bit of art and work in the mixing. I add the right proportions of sage, summer savory, bread crumbs, pepper, salt and paprika. I test a piece on the frying pan, and find it good. Then I pack my mixture down tight into small stone crocks, pour melted lard over the top and my sausage meat is done and ready for future use. Nellie, strong of arm, carries the crocks to the store room, and I attach part of the pigs head, the heart and other small pieces that have been boiling on the stove. These I run through the grinder, and put back on the stove in a double boiler,