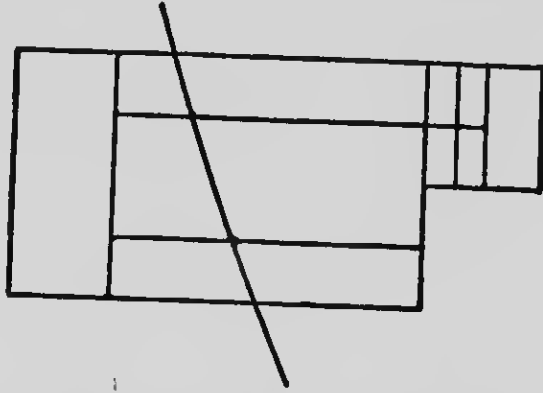


what the worse for wear. This is how one of them looked when my map was finished.



I am not especially haughty about this map, but it settled a matter which had been chaotic in my mind. My plan was to make the farm a soiling one; to confine the stock within as limited a space as was consistent with good health, and to feed cultivated forage and crops. In drawing my map, the forty which Polly had segregated left the northeast forty standing alone, and I had to cast about for some good way of treating it. "Make it your feeding ground," said my good genius, and thus the wrath of Polly was made to glorify my plans.

This feeding lot of forty acres is all high land, naturally drained. It was near the obvious building line, and it seemed suitable in every way. I drew a line from north to south, cutting it in the middle. The east twenty I devoted to cows and their belongings; the west twenty was di-