

In the days that have gone since then I have been busy. There was a slight frost over by the river, so, as it usually goes there first as a warning, we began to get the remainder of the garden under cover. Chow got two other Chinamen and they got in the potatoes and other vegetables.

Yesterday I crated and sent off the remaining four dozen chickens that were for sale. This leaves me with five dozen choice ones for my flock. Last night I made up the books on my chickens, and when they were balanced, I found that I had fifty-eight dollars and my sixty pullets to show for my summer's work. If the original cost had not been so great—but it was. If I had not lost so many, and food had not been so expensive—but I did and it was. However, I have gained useful experience, and next year shall grow my own chicks and make quite a fortune.

Betsy is almost dry, so Saundy is to take her back to the Arrow with the others. Her cream and cream money, abetted by the garden, is all that has kept me alive this summer. So that I have really boarded for the original outlay of seventy dollars—and I have secured a cow for nothing. Yes, I remember that my book-keeping always amused you.

I sold my pigs to the butcher at a profit of twenty-four dollars and seventy cents. Molly and Dexter are rented to Mr Good at three dollars a day for the rest of the season, for Govern-