

After some explanation Daisy nerved herself to place a stool between two cows, having discovered that neither of them could reach her with its horns.

"Please hold its tail, Milly," she said; "it makes me nervous to have it whisking about like that. Now, do I squeeze or pull?"

"If I were you," said I, "I would have a pail ready before doing either! It would be a pity to waste so much milk!"

Daisy took the pail in silence and spent some minutes in trying to get it fixed between her knees. As it shot out at each attempt, she finally placed it flat on the floor and proceeded to manipulate her cow. She worked away vigorously, with a frown on her brow and her lips tightly shut, but there was no result.

Pull, squeeze—squeeze, pull! But no milk!

"Perhaps they forgot to put any milk *into* this cow!" I suggested.

"Milly! Be quiet! This must be one of those cows that have the muscle too tense. You have to use a sharp three-edged knife to relieve it you know! I should hate to do it!"

"Go on trying," I said, "its probably a perfectly normal cow."

Just then the cow lifted a hind leg

and set her hoof down fair and square on Daisy's left foot.

"Ouch!" she screamed; "take it off! take it off! *take it off*, you horrid thing!"

A man came to the rescue, and Daisy extricated herself and limped into the gangway.

"Well! Of all the ungrateful creatures! When I was doing my best for her! What did she mean, anyway?"

"Why, Daisy," I said, "you forgot to sing to her! She wasn't in a happy frame of mind. She must have heard you talking about the three edged knife"

"Oh, stop! If you knew how sore my foot is!"

"Do you think you can walk back?" I said, "or shall I go and get some-one to help me to carry you?" "No! Don't you *dare* to tell anyone about this afternoon!"

"All right," I said, "I'll leave you to do that."

"As if I should!"

"Well, of course, when the right time comes, you are going to tell your grandchildren all about the day when you learned to milk!"

"Yes, I am, but it won't be *this* day! You bet I'll stick to it until I *do* learn!"

"Good old sport!" I murmured, as I put my arm round her and supported her to the door.

And she did.



"A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL GARDEN"