

In Pastures Green

trying to get her to put out her tongue. How do you feel a cow's pulse anyway? The longer I live on a farm and grapple with its problems the more I find I have to learn. And all the time I was fussing and worrying she kept on contentedly chewing her cud. Restraining an impulse to give her a kick for looking so exasperatingly comfortable, when in the best judgment of the neighbourhood she should be dying, I closed the door and left her to her job of digesting a bushel of corn. And she did it to the king's taste. In the morning I went to see her before I gathered the duck eggs and found her bawling for her morning feed. She never batted an eyelid—never turned a hair. And at milking time she gave a brimming pail of milk, just as if nothing unusual had happened. Later in the day, when she was turned out for water, she bolted for the spot where she had found the corn on the previous day and seemed ready to repeat her exploit. It is not because she is starved either, for she is beef-fat