

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS--II

Standing in Uncle Will Benedict's grocery store one day, I heard Uncle Will say: "I wish I could locate John Rhodes. There's a big buyer here from the east. He may want to buy some of the Rhodes' hay." Mr. Rhodes bought horses and hay all over the country and sent them in car-load lots to the east in the fall.

I called out: "I know where Mr. Rhodes is. He's cutting hay on the Brown farm at the end of east Main Street."

The eastern buyer didn't seem to know what to do with his information--there were no telephones so I offered to get my horse (we lived near Main Street) and ride out to the farm with a message. The horse I mentioned was one loaned to me for the summer by this same Mr. Rhodes, so I was only too glad to return a small favor.

The buyer said: "That will be fine. Ask Mr. Rhodes to meet me here as soon as possible."

It took me only a few minutes to put saddle and bridle on "Walpurga" and less time than usual to mount her from the fence. Walpurga was tempermental and could be most exasperating when she sensed I was trying to get into the saddle. She wnet backwards or forwards or swung from side to side with the most amazing cunning and versatility so that I would find myself time after time making a leap only to land on the grass instead of into the saddle. I have seen, on such occasions, a wicked gleam in her eye and heard a mocking whinny.

I came into the hayfield at Brown's just as the cutting was done and the crew were beginning to load the big hay wagon.