

Cattle. Trains. Sheep. A lost lamb. Wind and trees. Cars. Trucks. Squeals. Laughing. Even a horse. Squelch of mud. Teacups. Knives, forks. A cold engine. Hoofs. Especially the pigs. Banging gates. Such unaccustomed noise if you're from the city. The smells are as varied. The language is stronger but more cheerful. Go to a stock sale, if you haven't been already, when you have the chance. It's fun. But be careful when the bidding is flying from mouth to mouth that you don't move a finger, even twitch an eyebrow. You mightn't have room in your house for the pen of fine fat lambs—"all good, bright, and healthy. The Best"—that you find you have bought.

"O.K., boys, over we go." The auctioneer swings from one pen to the bars of another. The crowd moves a pace or two. "Right oh! Buyers. Say how much and Away We Go. Tell me what I've got for a start." His voice is quiet With the bidding it swells forcefully, but never so as to lose its tone. "Right, what've I got? What do you say? 35 bob, 35 bob? 30 bob, 30 shillings? Right, I've got 26. Twenty-six. 26."

He cracks out the first bid. There is nothing quiet about him now, nothing still. There isn't until those thirty-four fat lambs have a new owner. The crowd nudges closer. The prices are good to-day

—not that you'd think so from the ton of the auctioneer. The bids follow each other, as thick, as fast, as sharp as hail-stones on an iron roof.

"26 bob 26 26 26 shillings, 26 and sixpence 26 and a half 26½ 26/6 and a half a ½, an' 9 an' 9 9 9 9 d. an' ninepence 26/an' ninepence ninepence ninepence three-quarters 26 and three-quarters 26¾ an' ninepence an' ninepence. Come on men, I'm not going to dwell, I'm going to sell, I'm going to cash 'em, and they're beaunts." The words come rushing, but with smoothness, with power to sell.

There is no doubting the interest—except of the "beaunts": they stand there, the thirty-four of them, looking only as thirty-four prime fat lambs could look, or would want to look. They show every sign of growing into thirty-four fat sheep. But they won't. Are they concerned, even interested? They are not. They are prime fat lambs. Meantime, it's . . .

"Thirty bob one sov. and a half sov. and a half 30 shillings 30/- 30/- 30 bob 30s. 30 bob bob bob 30 shillings 30 30 30, thirty and three and three an' three an' 3 an' 3 an' three thirty shillings and threepence did I hear six? Are you judges or aren't you? They're going cheap. And threepence. I'm not going to dwell; shake it along, who's in for their chop?" A nod from the owner

