

Pocahontas And Caper.

A few weeks later Clare saw Van again when on her way to the old farm.

"Have you been up to see the bride and groom?" she asked. "I'll go. You'd think they had been living on the farm ten years. Stanislaus went to a vendue one day last week and bought a horse, two pigs, and a small flock of sheep. By the way - Kazia looks at your goats with longing eyes every time she passes your farm. She wants to know if you will sell her a couple of kids when you breed your goats."

"I'll give her my two Toggenburgs if she wants them," said Van. "I don't use much of the milk, and to tell you the truth I'm not keen on taking care of them."

"Those two goats of yours are thoroughbreds! You wouldn't give them away to a stranger, would you?"

"Yes, I'd give them to your Kazia and her man. I admire the way they are starting out."

"Oh you're good!" said Clare. "Kazia will love them. She took care of goats in Poland. She was a dairymaid, and made goat milk cheese."

"I'll be on my way now to tell Kazia about your generous gift."

On her way home Clare stopped at Van's gate and whistled.

"I'm in a hurry," she called. "I just stopped to tell you that Kazia was speechless with joy when I told her about the goats. She and Stanislaw will be down Sunday afternoon for them."

Sunday afternoon they came. Kazia was so happy when Van presented her with the goats that she threw her arms around first one goat, then the other, and she thanked Van again and again.

"I bring you the best cheese you ever taste," she promised.

"What do you call my goats?"

"This is Pocahontas," said Van motioning to the one with the full udder, "and this one is Caper."

"I call Pocahontas 'Honie', said Kazia," and Caper I will call 'Cafie.' When my own babies come I give them Honie's and Cafie's milk to drink.

Stanislaws stood by grinning good-naturedly. He winked at Van when Kazia stooped to kiss first one goat, then the other.

"Be careful," he said, "or your goats will eat your clothes off," and both goats looked as if they would do just that, when they stood on their hind legs and placed their dimity front hoofs on Kazia's shoulders and nuzzled her.

When Stanislaus and Kazia walked up the road past Sibe's gate each one leading a goat, Sibe raised his hand in greeting and called "Hi Neighbor."

"We're all set for farming now," said Stanislaus - "come up to see us."

"I will," said Sibe, then he sauntered down the road to Van's gate. "I thought you'd get rid of them sooner or later," he said.

"Good animals for those who need goat milk," said Van. "I prefer Jersey cow milk, and buttermilk fresh from Joe's blue churn."