

One Sunday Grandpa had lost a cow and sent me to find her. As the regular pony, "Old Buck" was in use I tried to ride old "Nellie". Everything went fine. I went up "Stringtown", found the cow, and drove her back to Georgetown, but had a very hard time getting her to go into a lane below town. I turned somehow in the saddle and couldn't remember any more. Three or four hours later when I regained consciousness I found out that the horse had thrown me ~~back~~ ^{and} that as I came down my foot had caught in the stirrup. The horse dragged me for a block or two and then very likely stepped on me and pulled my foot through my stirrup. They found a large pool of blood there, but I was not found for another 100 yards. It is likely I regained consciousness and walked and then fainted again.

Dick Hull's came by in a wagon and found me and Grant recognized me by my torn shirt. After ~~the~~ ^{Ruby} doctor had