

Boys employed in livery barns were occasionally allowed to take out a "rig" when it was not needed for hire. How often I have seen Hal, all dressed up, derby hat, tan gloves, a flower in his button hole, driving by in a handsome buggy, whip held ready, horse smartly trotting; the "man-about-town" for the moment secure in his social position, at peace with himself and the world.

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My grief every time I found a dead bird, in the orchard or on the sidewalks.- Until it was discouraged by law, little boys killed every bird they could hit with a slingshot. The boys became deadly accurate and the slaughter was dreadful. Blue birds, robins, sparrows, flickers, even crows fell before the thoughtless onslaught. I gathered up the birds and tenderly buried them. As the number accumulated, I laid out a cemetery under the parlor windows, rows of little graves each with a mound over it and a cross of sticks at the head. Then I planted creeping myrtle all over, and in summer, kept an urn filled with flowers. Sometimes the neighboring children came to help and we had a very satisfactory funeral, gospel songs and the solemn words of commitment included.

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Between Grandma's orchard and the church yard was at one time a white picket fence. Children love short cuts, and I often saved a few feet enroute to Uncle Will's grocery by climbing the fence instead of going out the front gate up West Main to Main and so past the church to town. Anyone who was brought up with picket fences knows that on one side