

lane one would often see the Atwood team of matched bays hitched to a fence, and Mr. Atwood's great voice and the farmer's high pitched cackle ringing out together.

Mr. Atwood had the biggest Sugar Bush in the country too. Each year he invited the children of the 6th and 7th grades to a "sugaring-off." It had become a tradition, in a sense, and certainly a gala day in the school year.

Now, again, the invitation had duly arrived. The favored grades were to be dismissed ahead of schedule so the children could get an early start.

As soon as the two lumber wagons, furnished by neighboring farmers drove up in front of the school, the children climbed noisily on board and settled down into the straw for the long seven mile drive. Each carried a lunch.

When Lucy appeared with a four-year old brother in tow, all groaned: "Oh Lucy, do you have to lug him along?!"

Poor Lucy, always having to explain and apologize for one or more small brothers or sisters tagging at her heels! Lucy's mother had to "take in sewing" to make ends meet---there were eight children--so Lucy had to help with the care of the younger ones much of the time.

Lucy explained: "I have lots of lunch for him," and turning to the little brother, "You won't bother, will you, Willie?"

Willie, who usually felt unwanted, grabbed Lucy's skirts and smiled bashfully.

At the farm the wagons were emptied in a hurry, and the excited youngsters, after being greeted by Mr. Atwood, were led