

The bedrooms were prepared for guests. Many fresh towels were placed on the towel racks--soft linen towels, handwoven and beautifully embroidered. The beds were made up with linen sheets and freshly washed quilts in colorful designs, "wedding ring," "dinner plate," "tulip and rose," and "pine tree." The handsome lace spread, made by French nuns and brought by my mother from Paris, honored the guest room. The most important guest, groom to be, probably never noticed it! Large square pillow shams of the same lace concealed the home-raised goose down pillows.

Bureaus, tables, washstands received fresh covers. Rain water, carefully inspected to see that it was free of leaves and twigs, filled the pitchers set in huge china wash bowls. New soap, store variety, was used for this occasion. The covered soap dishes always reminded me of small soup tureens. When I played with dolls I used them as such. "Well water" filled the small pitcher beside the toothbrush mug. The slop jar was placed beside the bureau and the "chamber" shoved discreetly under the bed.

The mirrors were wiped, but no cleaning could remove the dizzy lines these old looking glasses acquired through the years.

The big yard was not neglected. Hours of raking, pruning, staking made the whole place a setting of beauty for the rambling old white house. Flower beds and blossoming shrubs filled the beds between walks and house. A few pots of geranium placed on the well curb added a festive touch to the utilitarian iron pump. (Well water always tasted of that