

pump.)

Beyond the lawns, orchards extended to the east and west. There were no violets beneath the trees at this season, but in spring the ground was so thickly blue that it seemed as if a bit of sky had dropped down to rest there.

Back of the house, the walk led past the grape vines and the granary to--shall I say--the "powder room," with outdoor plumbing. The walk was swept and the building scrubbed with water and lye soap. Pages from the illustrated papers of the day, not too common and carefully saved, were pasted on the walls to replace former issues, still readable, but torn and soiled. If the next installment of a continued story was found, that was all to the good.

The day before the wedding, carefully selected chickens from the big flock in the barn yard were killed, dressed and made into salad. Varieties of sandwiches were rolled into damp towels. We had never heard of wax paper. Olives were taken out of bottles, nuts were salted and coffee was ground. Dishes came down from top pantry shelves, while silver was being scoured. The neighbors had already sent in an extra supply. The damask tablecloth reserved for company came out of its tissue paper wrapping for an extra pressing.

Decorating the house was left till the morning of the wedding. We brought in armfulls of pink and white asters, vines and maiden hair ferns. Every vase, pitcher, even umbrella stands were filled.

The day of my wedding dawned hot and humid. I awoke early. Realizing I was leaving my beloved room for keeps,