

back of our shanty was a ledge of rocks and gushing out from under it was an ice cold spring of water which formed a pool about three or four feet deep a few feet from the ledge and full of lovely trout! In the morning about 5 o'clock father and mother would start the breakfast, father by going to the pool and mother by building the fire and heating the griddle. By the time it was hot, father would be back with five or six big trout all dressed. When they put them on the griddle they would jump right up off it. Then is when they are delicious. And we had plenty of game too, such as deer, bear, woodchuck, coon. And coon when fricassed in an iron kettle and eaten with corn pone and cold spring water is not to be despised! We also had pheasant, prairie chicken, quail, and woodcock. Yes, we did once in a while have corn meal. By taking great care in raising the crop, we would get a few bushels and we ground it in the coffee mill.

I will now tell you some anecdotes of father's boyhood home as he used to relate them to us. Before the Civil war, everyone of wealth owned slaves and father's people had a great many. But when father's mother came into possession, she set them free. Not many of them took their liberty, but stayed on with them. There was an old black mammy named Dinah that was a nurse to father and as you know, negroes are very superstitious. She used to tell him all sorts of ghost and hobgoblin stories though she would tell him there was no such thing as ghosts. One time when he was about four years of age, he ran away and got lost in the big woods and was out two days and a night before they found him. And his nurse was the one that found him. He was asleep and she grabbed him up and spanked him and said she'd 'learn him to run away and scare eberybody out of all the wits dey had!" When he saw her black face he thought she was a goblin and nearly went into fits for which she got a great scolding. At one time, the cook came running to grandmother telling her to 'come quick, de debil is in the cellah! Grandma said, "no, there is no devil in the cellar." "Yes, dar is misus, I heard 'is cloben foot clumpin, clumpin, all ober de cellah!" So she went to see what it was and there was their cat who was in the habit of going to the cellar and helping herself to oysters, with her foot caught in a shell and was running around the cellar.

Not far from father's home was a house that people said was haunted and from which at night there would be heard dreadful groans and noises and there would be lights flashing up and then go out and flash up again, and ghostly forms flitting by the windows. But in the daytime, all was dark and gloomy. Father and some other boys thought they would lay the ghost, so one dark, rainy night they went there and went down cellar through two rooms. They came to a door which was slightly ajar. They peeped in and saw several men seated at a bench on which were strange looking things and money in heaps. The boys got out without being seen and went to the police and told what they had seen. The next night the police went there and arrested them. They were counterfeiters, who the police had been after for some time and for whom there had been a reward offered. The reward