

was a small font of type, which the Collins Brothers had used in printing "currency," till the courts stopped the issue. Among other curiosities were some lanterns made of tin, cut and slashed in systematic figures, through which the light of the candle within sent its feeble light. In every room was a fire-place and mantel.

These were days before the discovery of hydraulic cement, and the only receptacle for soft rain water from the roof was a huge wooden cask, which had at an earlier day done duty at the distillery. It was in the day of tallow candles, and a frame of pine holding twenty-five pewter moulds, was often in use. It was sometimes my boyish pleasure to put in the wicks and pour the tallow.

In front, at the gate, was an immense flat, hard, limestone rock, whose abundant fossil tracings were an unsealed mystery to us all, old and young, as the simplest truths of geologic science had not then come to us. Here stood also a large wooden "horse-block," made from the section of a huge saw-log, with steps cut in the side. Riding on horseback was then the principal mode of local travel for both men and women. Saddles for both sexes were the usual equipment of every household.

An incident occurred in those early days which had its climax at this front gate. Mails were carried by riders on horseback, and one morning the mail carrier dashed up to the gate upon a horse covered with foam and trembling like an aspen leaf in the utmost terror. The rider, frightened and nearly breathless, related that about a mile south of the house, where we children fished with pin hooks for small perch and cat fish, a panther had sprung out of the wood and with a wild scream pursued him, nearly to the village, when the barking of dogs stopped the pursuit.

It was in the woods where this panther appeared that my venerable grandfather was once lost. He was accustomed to roam about in the forest, but owing to a fog or gathering mist he once lost his bearings. Night came on and Aunts Almira and Eliza, with whom he made his home, became anxious, and as the evening wore on without his return, they were distressed with serious apprehension. The neighbors were aroused and search was made. They scoured the woods, hallooing aloud the old man's name. After hours of search, and far from his home, they heard a feeble cry. It was the cry of the old man helplessly bewildered.

The old homestead still stands, as of old, a center of happy domestic life and love. Representatives of five generations of the Collins family have found in it a home. Elizabeth A. Collins Reed now lives in it with children and at times, grandchildren.