

the buds on the basswood began to grow, he would cut the trees down for the cattle to eat the buds. That was called "browsing." Father's first work was to cut trees and clear a place for a garden—for potatoes, corn and other vegetables. Father would cut the trees, mother would pile brush and set fire. While very busy at his work he was taken ill with the ague and fever, which put a damper on his ambition and checked his labors for a time. Every other day he would do some work; but there was a great amount of work to be done, or the fall crop could not be put in, and a whole year's time would be lost. A man must be found to come and log burn and clear the ground, sow the wheat between the stumps and rake it in, as the stumps were too close together to use a drag. Then, again, the man must be paid for his labor. My mother, being very handy and ingenious, secured a loom and did weaving in part pay for the labor that produced the best crop of wheat they ever had. Father always called it mother's wheat. He was always willing to give mother all the credit she deserved. As soon as possible they put out a nursery of seeds and trees of different kinds that were to be had in that new country. In my childhood I remember the remains of several trees, one large sweet apple tree always bore very hard apples. Mother always used them to make cider apple sauce, with plenty of quinces. A barrel full every winter was the accustomed store she made for her large family.

On Feb. 26, 1812, sister Belinda was born. Many new settlers were moving in, and the county called for roads to be laid out. The new road passed by the east part of the farm, the present house and spring being near the center of the farm. A new house was built on the road. I have not the exact date of the building of the new house; think it must have been 1813. The new building was roomy and comfortable. Mother's bed was in the living room, with a trundle bed rolled under to be pulled out in the evening for the small children, and the older children went up a ladder in the corner of the room to their very comfortable beds up stairs. The location of the house was good, with a fine yard in front. A log barn was built back of the house. I can just remember it being torn down and a garden made on the spot. North of the house was a fruit garden of cherries, peaches, long rows of currants, apples and quinces. Before my remembrance father laid out several acres of land for an apple orchard, thinking he could not get too many apples. This was at the west of the house. In later years he had the poorest fruit grafted. I was very familiar with all the different kinds of fruit—the sweet, bough apple was my favorite. Outside of the house was a brick oven. It was often filled with bread, cake and pies. It was the men's business or bake day to make ready the kindling wood, split fine in long