

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MANN.

able. While it was done very well in my father's small shop, where the excellent quality of his work gave him a local reputation and a better price, it did not prove to pay well on a more extended scale.

After this, Harris went on the road with a two-horse team selling axes, for they were then sold principally in the country by peddling. Harris, I think, tired of this business and eventually went away. I accompanied him as far as Yeagertown. He said he would visit the factories about Philadelphia, and we all expected it would not be long before his return. If I had known that I would never hear from or see him again, it would have filled me with crushing sorrow, for he was nearer to me than any of my brothers; we had grown up together, and my affection for him was very strong.

I continued principal operator at the factory, making shingling hatchets and colliers' shovels. This was between my eighteenth and twentieth years. My father thought this work too hard for me, but I rather enjoyed it, for I had much leisure time, which I devoted principally to reading. There was a circulating library in Lewistown, kept by a Mr. Cogley, of which I made free use.