

were not worth having, and he had a place for everything and everything must be in its place.

In the east end of the barn was the stable. It was so low that a horse could not enter without crouching, and the feeding was done from the threshing floor. The roof of the barn, as well as that of the house, was covered with oak clapboards, split and shaved by hand and held in place by long logs fastened lengthwise of the roof and crosswise on the shingle. In 1830 this barn was torn down and used for firewood after a 30 by 40-foot modern structure had been erected on the hill, about ten rods west from my present residence. This barn also has been torn down and the timbers worked into the one now in use. Grandfather and I worked the old house up into firewood, and I think I never disliked any work I have ever done as much as I did chopping those dry, hard logs into stove wood. The well, or spring as it was termed, was in the upper end of the ravine, not many feet west of the log house. It was then 13 feet deep, and an abundance of water flowed over the top at all seasons of the year. Since the adjoining lands have been cleared, the well goes dry in summer and has gradually filled with stones and mud, so that but for my recollections all trace of it would be lost. Twenty feet down the ravine, where some large willow trees now stand, was another spring, over which was built a spring house that was aristocratic in proportions and architecture for the times. The roof all sloped one way and nearly touched the bank into which the spring house was set. This roof afforded me an improvised toboggan slide, on which I spent many happy days before the origin of numerous scratches on my hands and face, and holes in my clothes was discovered. I had observed my father moving huge grindstones by placing a roller under one edge, so I experimented with a roller under one end of a plank and the experiment proved a success. There was just enough danger in this rattle te-bang descent to make the sport exhilarating to a boy of my age, 4 years. I was admonished with the rod to discontinue these exploits, and it is unnecessary for me to say they were discontinued promptly. I have but slight recollections of my father further than that he was very fond of his family, particularly of his son, of whom he had great expectations, and no time nor pains were spared in teaching me that obedience to my Heavenly Father as well as to my earthly parents was necessary if I wished to be happy, and now in old age, I have reached threescore and ten, as I look back to those happy days, there never arises a doubt in my mind that those early instructions, tempered with love and fervent prayer, have kept me from yielding to many of the temptations which surround every young man. My father had extensive plans by which his family would have been benefited, had he been permitted to live, and not the least was the education of his son. He died when I was but eleven years old, and well do I remember his last words to me. "Rufus, you will be a good boy and take good care of your mother and sisters; God bless you; good-bye."

He exacted no promise but the trust he reposed in me has been the guiding star of my life. The most vivid recollections I have of my father are connected with a journey I made with him to Meadville, Pa., when I was four years old. We started one afternoon with Gaff and Bill, a pair of fine sorrel horses, hitched to a wagon load of axes. We reached Hartstown before dark and put up for the night at the Martsall House, then one of the leading hotels of the country, but now a dilapidated tumble down build-