

exploits, and I can speak from personal knowledge, having accompanied him on many of his hunting excursions. He did not hunt foxes with dogs and gun, as is done at the present day, but caught them in traps, using scraps of freshly tried lard or tallow for bait. The revenue from the sale of fox skins supplied him with ammunition and tobacco. I recollect one sly fox which came near outwitting him. We went out one morning to examine the traps and found one of them missing. We followed the trail for two miles or more, when we found the trap fast on a little stub. The only chance the fox had to escape was by amputating his leg, which he did by gnawing it off, and there was a trail of blood where he made his escape. Several years after grandfather caught the same fox again. During this time he had been more than a match for grandfather's cunning, often springing the traps and eating the bait. We knew him by his tracks in the snow, but he was at last outwitted. One trap was set and baited as usual, while others were set around this one in a circle, but without bait. This game was too new for the fox to understand, and early one morning not long after I saw grandfather slowly coming in from the direction of the traps excited and happy, but very tired. I ran to meet him, and found he had the three-legged fox on his back. Grandfather was never tired of telling this story, and if they tell fox stories in Heaven, he is still telling it there. Squirrels were abundant in those days. Often we would go to the woods, and with the gun that he had carried in the Revolutionary war he would not be long in bagging all the game we wanted. He was a fisherman of renown; was also a noted bee hunter, and no one could excel him in catching pigeons, which he did with a net. He would level and mellow a piece of ground, set a long net, which was attached to a spring pole, along one edge. A rope from the pole led to a screen of bushes twenty or thirty feet away. He would sprinkle the mellowed earth with wheat and bait the pigeons for two or three days. The pigeons would become accustomed to the surroundings, and when everything was favorable grandfather would secrete himself behind the screen. Soon a flock of pigeons would settle; he would pull the rope, and hundreds of pigeons would be imprisoned under the net. In this way grandfather furnished material for many a luxurious pigeon pie. These birds, which once were so numerous that many times their flight darkened the sun for hours, have become extinct, and the government has a standing offer for a live specimen. One of the most vivid impressions of my youthful days is of the sugar camp. At that time it contained about forty large, fine maples dotting the valley along the brook to my north line; not more than five or six of them are left to remind us of their usefulness, and, like myself, the time is not far distant when all will be gone. It is a singular circumstance that these trees were all—or nearly all—destroyed by lightning. Every heavy thunder shower near by was sure to claim one for its victim.

The old log house stood on the brow of the hill, overlooking the valley. In early times Jane McLaughlin lived at our house, and her fear during a storm was so great that she would lose all control of herself. Henry McKinney—one of father's apprentices—happened to be in the house during one of the worst of these storms, and seeing how frightened Jane was, he stepped up to her and putting his arms around her, said, "Steady, Lord, my wife don't like thunder." He seemed so willing to protect her that she afterwards consented to become Mrs. McKinney. Grandfather took pride in