

Kinsman and attended a school that was taught by Miss Irene Hickcox, in the dwelling-house of John Andrews, Esq., boarding in what at that time was known as the Kinsman boarding-house. It stood on the Greenville road, about half-way between the Kinsman National Bank and the residence of G. W. Birrell. It was during her school days in Kinsman that she became acquainted with father. She taught a term of school in Vernon, one mile east and one south from the center, on the Kinsman and Orangeville road. At the age of seventeen she married, and immediately began keeping house in a log building which stood a few feet north of where Uncle Benjamin afterwards built a house for himself, and which is now occupied by William Lillie. In this house sister Sarah and I were born, but soon after my birth we moved into the house with grandfather and grandmother, where we lived until this house was built.

The four years spent in the log house were the most unhappy years of her married life, and had it not been for father's love and affectionate care, coupled with the devoted helpfulness which Aunt Orpha rendered, I really believe she would have lost her mind. The large family my father had around him would almost have discouraged an experienced housekeeper, so it was doubly discouraging to mother, for up to the date of her marriage she had never made a loaf of bread, and to add to her discomfiture was the fact that Aunt Susan, Uncle Noyes' wife, who lived just across the road on the bank of the dam was an experienced housekeeper. * * * * * It was during these days of tribulation that William Webber by his kindness won mother's gratitude. Some time after my birth she lost her health and was confined to her bed for, at least, a year. Gradually she gained strength and in course of time resumed the responsibilities of housekeeping. I well recollect the morning Aunt Abigail Parker called me into mother's bedroom to see a little sister "the doctor had brought me." I was disgusted. "I did not want another sister, I wanted a brother." Little did I anticipate that this six or seven pounds of humanity was to go hand-in-hand with me through life, yet such has been the case, and the one aim of her life has been to ease and cheer our mother's declining years. In time another sister, Hannah, was born, after which event mother never again regained her health. For a year at a time she would be confined to her bed, but the vitality she inherited from the Hyde family would assert itself in spite of disease and drugs, so she would again and again be on her feet, anxious and determined to do what she could for her children, for they were all she had to live for. Father's death left her prostrated, and the doctor's visits were a daily occurrence, but her anxiety for her children was a greater restorative than any medicine the doctor could give, and she would soon again be at work. It is strange, indeed, that a boy 11 years old should have no recollection of a sister who was two years older than himself, but such is the fact. As I was a romping, blustering boy, and the most of the time out of doors, she did not enter into my life as Uncle Benjamin's boys, Oliver and Hiram, did, who were congenial spirits, and either by consent or stealth we were together the most of the time. Soap-making was another family event and usually came during sugar-making time. Sisters Hannah and Le Mira were little tots of two and four years. The soapmaker had carelessly left a bucket of strong lye standing in the pantry, and the children supposing it to be syrup helped themselves. Le Mira discovered the mistake and ran to mother, who was ill and in bed at the time, and gave the alarm, but before anyone could reach Hannah she had swallowed considerable lye. Fortunately