

and as we reached it my grandmother made a suggestion that met a hearty response from my boyish heart. She proposed that we should stop and have a glass of "spruce beer." I never had suspected that such a delicious drink could be bought there, but she was sure it could be had, and inquiry proved that she was right. The lid of a great ice chest was raised, and from its cold depths a stone bottle was lifted. Glasses were set out, and the string holding down the cork untied. Now came out the traits that had grown from necessity to habit with her. What was the price of that sort of drink in that locality, she asked. "Three cents a glass." That was all right, but how much could the whole bottle be had for? Never before had I thought of drinking half a bottle of it, and my heart gave a great bound at the prospect. The price was named, the offer accepted, as being the better bargain, and we sat, and sipped the rich brown fluid, rested and smiled. The hills grew lower as we drank, the river brighter, and the path that led toward home shorter by half. I started soon after to complete the journey with a high opinion of my grandmother's shrewdness and good sense, that never grew less as life turned its first pages slowly to me, and its last so quickly to her.

At the gate of the little inclosure stood the home group to meet her, my mother, and her children gathered about. As the old lady came up to them with a smile lighting up her face, she greeted them with this characteristic salutation—"How do you do, Martha?" then, grasping the proffered hand and straightening the arm so as to be in no danger, she added, "Keep your kisses for your husbands or lovers, none for me."

I remember my grandmother as a bright-eyed, red-cheeked old lady, short of stature and stout, but very quick and decided in her motions. My sister Elmira writes as follows of the portrait of my grandmother which was painted when she was eighteen years of age by her uncle Ezra Ames, who seemed to be fond of painting portraits of his nieces: "When in my girlhood I used to visit my aunt Marian Taylor, I was certain to go often into the parlor to gaze at the beautiful portrait of my grandmother Sutliff. It was the picture of a brunette, the complexion rich and dark, the cheeks red with the glow of health, the dark hair slightly waving, while here and there about the ears and low broad forehead a curl peeped out. The features were fine and small, the dark eyes surmounted by arched eyebrows had a sweet expression, while the mouth had a firm but not unpleasant set. The plump, girlish neck, encircled by a neck ribbon of black velvet, rose like a column from a deep standing ruff that but half hid the outlines of throat and chest. And it was small wonder to me that the tall young Irishman from over the sea should fall a vic-