

were given and accepted to wrestle and fight from time to time, and the loungers, and the idle folk of the town who did not read, and had nothing else to do, or did not care to do anything, were constantly excited over the result. There used to be a tavern near the school, and either going or coming she came across one of those fights. Stripped to their waists stood two men, surrounded by the crowd, hammering each other in full sight of the public highway. She had not at that time, though an old woman, forgotten the shock it gave her.

The school which the little Mulfords attended was a mile away from their father's house in the direction of Niskayuna. For about half of the distance their path lay through the woods and this part of their journey was always hurried over for fear of the Indians, who, generally friendly, were dangerous when drunk.

At home Betsy learned the simple and useful accomplishments of her time, sewing, knitting, spinning, baking and cheese making. Both she and her sister Sally were proficient in the making of hair jewelry, an art fashionable in their youth.

I have no doubt that as Betsy grew older there were many youths to pay her attention, that she could dance the Virginia reel, and that she knew just how to meet her admirers' sighing with a laugh that told them not to sigh again.

One summer there came to work for her father a tall stranger from Ireland, good looking, and better educated than most of her neighbors. It did not take long for acquaintance to ripen into love. Her family at first were opposed to Betsy's marrying a "foreigner," but love won the day, as it usually does, and those who at first objected afterward acknowledged that, foreigner or not, there were few better husbands than Henry Sutliff. The young bridegroom was too poor to buy a farm near the old home and so had to go to the western part of the state where more acres could be had for the money; but no good man need go into the wilderness alone, and no man who takes with him a good wife ever goes quite into the wilderness.

The first time I ever saw my grandmother, or the first time I remember anything about it, was when she visited us at our home in Bath-on-the-Hudson, where we had moved from Albany. For days her coming had been talked about, and when the time came I went to the city of Albany to meet her, and act as guide. It was a warm day, I remember, before street cars had been thought of for that city, and we missed the stage that would have taken us for six pence to the ferry. We made the journey slowly, the sun getting higher, the day warmer as we went, until we crossed the old covered bridge across the canal, and came in sight of the river, and the steep hills across it still to be mounted. There was at that time a grocery store on the slope leading from the bridge,