

tim a few years later to the maturer charms of so much loveliness. In later years it was always a pleasure to me to see her lay aside the ugly cap that in her youth was assumed by every woman at her marriage, and arrange the hair that still retained its wavy kink and was but slightly sprinkled with 'silver threads' at seventy-four, when I last saw her."

As she advanced in years my grandmother lost her girlish beauty, but I think she was always what would be called a comely woman. She was lame from her childhood and always walked with a slight limp.

Any account of "Mammy," as she was called by her children and grandchildren, would be incomplete without mentioning her constant knitting. She was always busy with it. A little patch was pinned on her waist, and in it a quill for one needle to rest in, her lips moved as she counted the stitches, and reading or dreaming the needles clicked rapidly on, while there grew from their working stockings, mittens, "pulse warmers," or comforters by the dozen and score. Speaking of her knitting and reading reminds me of the fact that few people were fonder of fiction of the better class than was she. A good honest love story would hold her as it would any of her blooming granddaughters. In spite of the fact that she declared that she wanted no kisses, she was ever glad to think that some of the world wanted them and had them. No kindlier heart ever beat with sympathy toward all than hers, in spite of the fact that she seemed to disregard sentiment, and cast it out as something with which she would have naught to do.

Soon after her visit to us I, having grown old enough to be trusted away from home, was permitted to make a visit to her home in Cherry Valley, Otsego county, N. Y. I was put in charge of the conductor of the train, an acquaintance of the family, to be put off at Fort Plain. No sooner had the train gotten fully in motion than I began to wonder if that conductor, who never looked at me more than at the other passengers, had not forgotten all about me, and if I was not to be lost in some far part of the world where I would never see my home again. I remember that the train was coupled with those old fashioned links, that permitted the starting of one car at a time, and that each started with a jerk that caused me to slide nearly off the seat, that the motion seemed to be that of jolting, and only by looking out of the car window could I make myself believe that we were passing over the ground at all.

However, all journeys have to end, and after a deal of worry, I was told that the next station was Fort Plain. I left the train and looked about for the stage coach as I had been told to do. The ride was nine miles to my uncle's house, at which my grand-