

deferred to her wishes he loved to tease. When he was fourteen Orville died of spinal meningitis, for which, at that time, there was no relief or cure. When he was dying it was to "dear Sherry" that he turned.

Years after, my mother would tell stories of the boy's wonderful mind, his knowledge of mathematics or Greek and Latin which my grandfather taught in the Vermontville Academy; his love of a joke but quick sensitiveness to another's sorrow or pain. My mother could rarely speak of him without tears in her eyes. The wound made by his death never quite healed.

His picture, too, hangs on my wall-- a sweet oval face, longish hair curled on the edges, old fashioned suit and large bow tie. Forever fair, forever young, the boy uncle whom I wish I might have known.

#### Asa Benedict and Three Wives

Not far away lies Great Uncle Asa, and beside him, three wives, the last one named Martha. Martha was presiding over the household when I was a little girl. I remember her straight black hair, parted smoothly in the middle and coiled low at the back. She always wore earrings and her face was round, pink and very pleasant.

Uncle Asa was a respected deacon of the church, held in high esteem by the community. When I knew him, his white hair was sparse; his wrinkle-lined face very stern--until he smiled, when it twinkled all over. I was fascinated by an extra long upper eye tooth which completely overlapped the lower lip, showing very prominently when great uncle's mouth was closed. I used to