

watch, fascinated, to see if once--just once-- it would be covered by the upper lip. It never was.

Uncle Asey (as we called him) had a nice "turn out"--a good looking horse, and trim buggy. At that time my highest ambition in life was to drive or ride a horse. Occasionally to gratify that desire, I screwed up my courage to the ultimate and asked Uncle Asey if I could take his horse and buggy for a drive. I don't know why it needed so much courage to make the request, because he rarely refused and was always very gracious about it. You may believe that after availing myself of this privilege I was extremely careful to see that old Prince was returned in good condition, and the buggy as clean and shiny as when I took it.

But one time, luck was against me. I had driven over to Nashville, five miles, to see a friend, when coming back, I encountered an unexpected mud puddle. Before I could pull to one side of the road, the legs of the horse and the buggy were completely spattered. They were a dreadful sight, and I knew I could never put horse and buggy back in Uncle Asey's barn in that condition if I expected to borrow the outfit again. What to do

Just then we approached the Thornapple River, which flows across country below the town. A high old iron bridge spans the river. For most of the year the river is scarcely more than a brook. Beside the bridge there is an especially shallow section which was used for a ford. Farmers passing along the road drove their teams through the water instead of crossing the bridge. The horses drank, the little dogs frisked about. Sometimes the