

But what a sight! Water and dust had made a paste which covered us completely! It was already dusk, I didn't dare be out any longer. I hurried Prince up the long hill, through the village Main Street and into the barn as fast as I could. I reported to Aunt Martha at the back door, that Prince was fed, watered and bedded down for the night, and said pointedly that Uncle Asey wouldn't find it necessary to make any further visit to the barn that evening.

The next morning, I arose at the crack of dawn, and thoroughly removed from horse and buggy (with back breaking labor) all evidences of our debacle. Just as I was finishing, Great Uncle came out to bid me good morning. I never knew if he had seen evidences of my folly the night before--he merely said, smiling a little quizzically: "I judge you had a nice ride, yesterday." My guilty heart turned over with relief.

As I turned from the graves of the 3 ladies beside him--first wife, second wife, then Martha, I wondered which one was in favor now!

Mr. Rockwell

Mr. Rockwell was superintendent of our Sunday School for many years. He was dignity personified--a large man with white hair and a flowing white beard. As superintendent he was second in importance only to the minister.

One year the church people put on an entertainment, very popular in those days--"The District School." All the older members of the congregation took part in it--the elders, deacons,