

I must come honestly by my hunting interest, for grandfather and "grandpappy" enjoyed it very much. One fall, grandfather got over thirty squirrels with his old gun. One day he shot as many as fifteen. They were great pests to the farmers, then, being so plentiful that they injured the corn crops. Foxes too bothered the farmers. Aunt Kate often had fine chickens and even big turkeys carried off. One time when out in the orchard, they saw a fine big turkey half eaten, under one of the trees. On the mountain side, the bears used to come down in the autumn, and tear up the corn shocks to get the ears of corn. Deer were occasionally seen along the upper fields, and one day Dan Fore found several does and a buck feeding with his cattle. At sight of him, they jumped over the fence, and disappeared with long easy leaps into the forest. Grandfather used to trap turkeys in a pen. It was made in a three-cornered shape. It had to be made of natural sticks, for if any clippings of fresh marks were on it the wily birds would not go into the pen. A long string of corn was laid up to the pen, and led under a ditch, natural of course. Once inside the pen the turkeys never thought of looking down to escape, but always tried to fly up and out. Thus grandfather got three one time, two, in the pen at once. Another time he got a great gobbler, that tried to fly off when grandfather took him from the pen. He was so big and strong, that he half lifted grandfather from the ground with his beating wings. But he held on, tho the big bird tore his hands dreadfully with his spurs. One time they tried to keep a wild turkey for some time in a pen. It would not eat, so they took it down into the cellar, thinking it would eat perhaps, in the dark, but it would not, and they killed it after three days of this vain waiting.

In the winter time, when the snow was deep on the ground, the partridges used to file past the house, in a single column and grandmother watched them from her bed-room window. Grandfather used to occasionally track them and pheasants in the snow and shoot them. In the winter, the drifts used to get so deep and hard, that when they drove down to grandpappy's in a big, straw covered sled, they would not have to pass the gates at all but drive over the fences. Then too in the winter, the axes would ring out in the frosty woods where the men were cutting down wood for fuel, and piling it in great cords. In the spring they would cut off bark for the tannery and take it into town. The children would go along then and pick wild strawberries, that grew in endless profusion everywhere.

One year, when they still lived in Greensburg, at the time the railroads were first building that far west, they took the two boys, Harry, and Melly, and went home to grandpappy's on a visit. They rode in the stage, for the last time over that route. Every ten miles, a different driver would take the coach bringing out his own team of horses, that were changed as often as the driver was. At night, they got a driver that was tipsy.