

I might relate many another remarkable story of this kind, about big snakes, and game, and happenings on the farm, but, as I intend to make a separate story of my mother's childhood, I will not tell them in this sketch, saving them until the time I write this other story.

In 1872 grandfather gave up farming for good, and went in to the little town of McConnellsburg to live. From this time on, he worked at the shoe trade, until his death. In 1874 the family removed to Waynesboro, where they spent the greater part of their lives. After grandfather's death, grandmother came to live with us in the west, and thus I heard most of these stories that I have set down here. All these things she told me when she was in her eightieth year, and yet she is still strong and well. Her memory, especially for details, names, dates, etc., is remarkable to all of us, and I never tire of hearing her relate the scenes of her youth, and early life. I hope that these stories which I have set down just as she told them without any additions, will prove as interesting to such others as may read them, as they have to me.