

# HAPPY DAYS

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## WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

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I must tell you about the time when grandpa was a boy. He told me about it himself.

Grandpa is real old. He has lived nearly eighty years; and that, you know, is a long, long time.

Grandpa's father and mother were pioneers in Ohio. Pioneers are early settlers in a country. Grandpa's parents lived in a funny little log cabin away out in the backwoods. In this cabin grandpa and his seven brothers and sisters were born.

Did you ever see a log cabin? I guess not, for there are not many of them in our country now. I do not think you would care to live in one such as grandpa lived in, for there were very few comforts in it, though grandpa says they thought it was a splendid place.

It was built of big, rough logs chopped down in the woods. The floors were made of puncheons. Puncheons are thick boards. There were only two rooms and a loft in grandpa's cabin. The children slept in the loft, and you will laugh when I tell you their staircase was a ladder. But grandpa says he never slept as soundly in any place as in that loft.

Grandpa's mother had a spinning-wheel, and she made the cloth for his clothes. Sometimes in winter he was dressed in garments made of the skins of wolves and foxes. So,

you see, his clothing was not exactly what we should call fashionable.

The furniture of their cabin wasn't fine, either. It was all home-made. Their bedsteads were just rough boards, and their bedclothes were the skins of

different animals that they had killed. They had several three-legged stools and a couple of tables, all made of thick, common boards. They didn't have marble tables, and mahogany cabinets, and onyx stands, and easy chairs upholstered

boy he often went on a squirrel or rabbit hunt with his father and the other men of the settlement. They often killed as many as a thousand rabbits or squirrels on one hunt.

Grandpa says he liked the winter the best, when the snow lay heavy and deep outside, and all he had to do was to sit by the wide fireplace and watch the big logs crackling and blazing away, while the wind roared amid the trees and the wolves howled in the forests.

Grandpa had a good many pets, for he tamed some of the squirrels and rabbits, and he had a fine watch-dog besides. But the pet he liked the best was one that came in unannounced one day. It was a cunning little ground-hog.

Did you ever see a ground-hog? He looks something like a raccoon. He has a bushy tail shaped like a trowel, and he has a flat nose. His feet are different from a raccoon's, for his claws are made for digging, while the raccoon's are made for scratching. But, when all is said, the two creatures are very much alike.

And why do you suppose the ground-hog's claws are made for digging? Why, for the reason his name implies—he lives in the ground, and he makes his home by digging in the earth with his claws.

Grandpa's ground-hog made his appearance in the cabin one day in spring.

He looked around him a bit, and then decided that he would stay. So what do you suppose he did. I will tell you:

The puncheon boards on the floor had shrunk a good deal since they were first laid, and there were quite large spaces be-



THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT."

in fine brocade velvets, and brass beds with silken canopies over them. No, indeed; but grandpa says they were happier than lots of people are who have all these things—happier and healthier, too.

When grandpa grew to be quite a big

bit, and then decided that he would stay. So what do you suppose he did. I will tell you:

The puncheon boards on the floor had shrunk a good deal since they were first laid, and there were quite large spaces be-