

and the way these hogs went at it was "root hog or die;" and thus he prepared clay for his oven. Nothing like necessity, the mother of invention.

About this time I had a visit from my neighbor, John Arnold, who asked me to ride with him to Chatham, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Mr. B., how do you like farming?" "I rather like the country life," I replied, "but I don't think there is much money in it." "You are right," he said, "there is not. Keep out of debt, economize and utilize all you can. Now, I think," he continued, "that you labor under great disadvantages, and I'll tell you what I mean. You are lucky in getting your farm without paying for it, but you have to pay out money for all you touch; for instance, you paid for your horses, wagon, harness, plough, etc., and even your hats, coats, shirts, boots and socks and everything you have. That is your case. Now here is mine. Father gave me my lot and an old mare and cow, and after a few years I had enough land cleared to keep a dozen sheep. On my father's farm we were four or five boys and as many girls and brought up to all kinds of work. On the farm was



"MAKING MUD CATS."