

the County of Bruce, who told a young friend of mine, "Jack, whenever you are afraid that you are going to stick, just think of the words, and lay on the bow promiscuously!"

Another institution, and well patronized in those days, was the country "store." Stores are now used for the sale and purchase of goods; thirty years ago, each store was the rendezvous for the neighborhood as well. Skendle was not behind other villages in this respect. One of our neighbors would have it that we pronounced the name wrong—it should be "Scandal." It is quite certain that at any hour of the day or evening, a row of men would be found sitting on the counter; and one or two of the colder ones on the vinegar-barrel—the iron hoops of which were worn perfectly bright—behind the stove. Here all kinds of news and rumors were discussed; and when the horses hitched to the opposite fence were headed off for home, the same purpose was gained as now by means of the daily papers—news was scattered. I cannot say that the "store" had no fascinations for me; but fortunately I never became one of its *habitués*. Some of the boys who graduated there are round the place still—and fond of "loafing" yet!

One of the constant frequenters of the place was Brother Drayton. I thought at first it was a title they gave him; but I found it was the name his mother had given him, and he had no other. No more restless man ever lived. His mother, an active old herb-doctoring lady of eighty, said it all came of rocking Brother lengthwise in his cradle, when he was a child—and "she would never rock another boy that way." He always lived two years and no more on a farm; and then would sell out, or "trade" farms with someone: so that the old herb-doctoring mother never got her separate room fairly arranged to her mind, but she had to move again. No wonder she reflected on the longitudinal rocking! The Brother, after giving the

benefit of his constant attendance round. Skendle for twenty years, emigrated to Iowa. I have no doubt he did well. He needed a big sphere where he could roll round without hurting anybody. The old mother had been lying peacefully in the churchyard for some years before this emigration.

Another *habitué* was Pete Swail. His little farm of fifty acres was never more than half-tilled; and his little brown ponies with the flat-strap style of harness, ought to have been very sleek and fat; which they were not. Pete was slow—slow in his gait, in his speech, in his decisions. If happiness comes with an unruffled temper, Pete should have been happy; for he had not energy enough to get angry. He had eight or nine little boys running about—every one with a little whip in his hand and a flannel night-cap on his head! The boys did not seem to be specially mischievous; but all summer (and how far into the winter I know not) they would be seen scampering round, barefooted, "*playin' hoss*." Pete did the right thing at last—he moved off to Lake Erie; and I don't doubt that before this there are half a township of Swails, perhaps as fond of whips and as careful of shoe-leather as ever. Now, one of these boys, playing some monkey tricks in the barn, fell and broke his arm. "Don't cry!" said Pete, "I'll go and fetch the doctor, and he'll fix your arm all right. And if you don't cry when the Doctor's fixing it, I'll buy you a *white cotton shirt*." The bargain was made—the boy was "good stuff"—so the doctor said; and the gift was bought. Pete's weakness was in stretching out the truth till it looked like falsehood. A very small amount of danger or strange adventure would furnish (or suggest) materials for a most wonderful story. Such men probably have their uses in a neighborhood, as the Roman nobles were accustomed to warn their sons against drunkenness by making a slave drunk.

(To be continued.)