

for the "Cat" from the small of the back downwards. While the "Cat" was being applied, the large boy, who carried the howling victim, moved up and down the aisle, the master following and applying the strokes. I must confess that I was twice compelled to undergo this severe discipline. Aunt Julia protested and the girls wept, but justice must prevail. On a minor occasion Mr. Kay struck me with the ebony ruler on the palm of the left hand, breaking a small bone, the mark of which encounter I have carried for the last sixty-four years, bringing "pleasant" reminiscences of my school days in Cornwall.

After spending two years in Cornwall, father came to visit us. Upon leaving the farm I was so closely confined to the house and school, that when father came to see us he was startled at my delicate appearance. He decided at once to take me home with him. The journey home was very pleasant, our route being by Oswego and Rochester. At Rochester I had my first ride on a horse car. We passed the Genesee Falls where Sam Patch had recently lost his life.

On arriving home I found things much changed: the boys were larger and stronger and looked on their newly-returned brother as a first-class specimen of a town dude. Mother had been worrying about me ever since I went away and she would not consent to my returning to Cornwall. In spite of the run down