

The name, Wallace, certainly sounded familiar to him, and after a moment's contemplation told his friend that he well remembered the stories his grandfather had told him of that place. "My grandfather," he said, "was dearer to me than anyone else on earth. After the death of my parents, I spent my early boyhood with him, and he gave me my education. Many were the stories he told me of Wallace, and of how dear it was to him. I have never visited the place, for at the time of my grandfather's death, I was too ill to make the journey. My last text-book is just completed, and, as I feel like a vacation, I believe I will visit the home of my ancestors, if it is possible."

Stepping into a shipping office, he learned that the steamer returned to Wallace for a load of stone in three days. He engaged a stateroom, and when the steamer left Boston, the stern old professor was sitting on deck, thinking of the almost forgotten tales that had so delighted his boyhood. When the steamer entered the newly deepened Wallace Harbor, he looked eagerly shoreward, to see a pretty prosperous looking little town, with summer cottages lining the eastern shore, and with ships from different countries at the piers.

Landing, he inquired the way to a hotel. "We have but two hotels," he was told, "the 'Remsheg' is two blocks from the end of the pier." He secured a room at the "Remsheg" and at dinner learned that "Remsheg" was the old name for Wallace.

After dinner, he inquired the way to the stone quarries, and there he found busy life indeed. He was told that the quarry with the commerce had been the making of Wallace.

Next he visited the station, and learned from the rail janitor that Wallace had been cut off from the railroad for years, but sixty years previous to this the railroad had been built in, and the station erected with the native stone of Wallace.

He also learned that the immense coal-pier of Wallace Harbor, that shipped so many tons of Springhill coal had only been in existence for about sixty five years.