

were in great demand in our settlement, for a German was buying such things at a village near our home. He was one of these peripatetic Solomon Isaacs that occasionally travel the country, stirring up in the breasts of the young the ambition to be rich, and procuring the different species of old junk at a valuation that would wreck a healthy conscience, if engaged in the business, in a half a day.

I had the money-making spirit as strongly as all the other little boys, who were at once engaged in rounding up saleable junk. We took all the rubbers we could get, old and new, also all the metals of ploughs, etc., that happened to be broken or that we had to break for the occasion. It was rather curious how apparently good articles depreciated in value. I went into partnership with a friend of mine about my own age and we were to haul our collections to the village. He was to supply the waggon, I to furnish the horse. When we had collected all the goods we could find, he took me to see his pile and I returned the compliment.

We found we had about one wagon-load of bones and rubbers; and my partner bought my rubbers on speculation, to avoid getting our shares mixed.

In the circumstances that surrounded the acquisition of our hoard, the reader will, I trust, perceive that there was wisdom in our waiting, until a day when most of our people were away from home, before we hauled our collection to the junk-dealer. I easily secured a horse, but the animal was one that possessed some peculiarities; he had a very undesirable habit of suddenly turning to the right-about when journeying on the road—especially when "right-about" meant the homeward direction. What impelled him to do this I can not say; he may have had dreams of oats and a hay-filled manger, but he generally executed this homeward retreat when it was least expected or desired of him. I rode him down to my partner's house, as if such a thing as hauling junk had never entered my