

CATHARINE BREITHAAPT.

HER FAMILY and TIMES.

N the main street of Berlin, just east of what is now Scott Street corner, there stood until some twenty years ago a handsome one-and-a-half storey white frame house with sundry additions. Along the front of the house extended a trellised veranda, and the space between this and the street was filled in with a cobblestone walk and a narrow border of flower beds and perennially blooming lilacs. An enclosed lawn with fine trees, and with a grape arbor against the house, filled in the angle between main house and easterly extension. Beyond this was a spacious yard with driveway from street gate to a barn at the rear, and another one-and-one-half storey building directly on the street, the former workshop of the proprietor. Along the street line was an immaculate white picket fence. A well-cultivated vegetable garden outlined with thick rows of currant bushes adjoined the rear of the house. Beyond, down the hill, stretched an orchard to another garden enclosure and a little meadow with diminutive, but never dry, watercourse spanned by a little bridge, the whole bounded by the rear street.

Eight substantial brick houses, roomily spaced, now occupy the former orchard and meadow; the barnyard