

THE BELLE OF BOWLING GREEN

he went the lust for land went with him. He had also the strangest instinct concerning its value. In some occult way he divined the fortune of land, just as some fishermen point out to the fleet of boats exactly where the school of herring swim, though no ripple on the water and no shimmer of the fish show to the ordinary eye—or, as I myself have seen, a man step out from his comrades and say 'You may dig here, there is water beneath our feet.' In some such way, your grandfather could pick out the corners of certain streets, and even plots and parcels of unplanted lands, as future desirable locations."

"I do wish, mother, such an instinct was hereditary, and that it had come my road."

"It was a special gift, and perhaps was allied to the second-sight that was not uncommon among his people. I was going to tell you that about 1850 he went to New Orleans. He had property there, and always kept it, my mother thought, because it gave him a plausible excuse for a journey when he could find no other. Well, on this journey he met, in New Orleans, General Sam Houston. The two men loved each other on sight, and your grandfather went back with him to Texas. He was infatuated with the country. He wrote mother the most extravagant love letters, all inspired by the skies, and the prairies, the wonderful sunshine, the intoxicating atmosphere, and the seas of flowers nodding, even at his bridle reins. And my dear mother affected an equal enthusiasm; she told him to enjoy the trip