

that I never fully understood. In those days they were somewhat lax in the registering of deeds; however, there was no alternative for my father but to leave. It was a terrible blow to him after all the years of toil and self-denial in trying to make a home for himself and the family. He was disheartened and broken in spirit and I don't think he was ever the same man after.

"He was compelled to set out immediately to purchase another farm. He heard of this one we are on at present, and after looking it over decided to locate there, and he saw to it that the deed was legally registered. He had learned a sad lesson and determined to profit by it. He remained a few days building a log shanty before we would move up. When he returned we prepared to move our few household goods. Those were busy days for my parents, as we children were too small to be of much assistance. My father had a large two-wheeled cart and it was in this rather clumsy vehicle we moved our household possessions, drawn by two oxen.

"We made two or three trips before everything was removed. On one of these trips I went up to my new home for the first time. Two of my sisters accompanied my father and me, and on the journey up we skirted the swamps to the north of Brooksdale. The road at that time lay across the front of Symon's farm, over that high elevation known as 'the hogback.'

"While making that trip I discovered to my intense delight a box of sweetened oatmeal cakes stowed away by my mother in a little box in one corner of the cart. I wasn't long in extracting one from its hiding-place, and to escape the vigilant eyes of my sisters and the stern rebuke of my father I leaned out over the side of the cart to eat it at my

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