

STILLMAN GOTT

back farther than one's grand-parents without being able to trace a relationship to almost every person in the town, and so they lived out their lives as their fathers had before them, and as their children would when they were gone, one great family of industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing people.

There had been people by the name of Day and Locke in the town of Bartlett ever since the time when the Indians first saw white men sailing up the bay in the "great canoes," and consequently the two families had always known each other and were connected by numerous inter-marriages among their forefathers.

The farms of Stephen Day and Josiah Locke lay side by side, extending, as all the farms on the Neck did, from one side of the road down to the shore of the bay, and from the other side back to the spruce woods, and so continuing to the salt pond which was formed by the ever restless waters of old ocean rushing in and out with each incoming and outgoing tide through a narrow opening in the land.

The sons and daughters had gone to school and church together, and one by one had left