

LETTERS TO HIS SON

corn into fat so fast, and the stouter he got the hetter his disposition grew. I reckon I was attached to him myself, in a sort of a sneaking way, hut I was mighty fond of hog meat, too, and we needed Tohy in the kitchen. So I sent around and had him butchered.

When I got home to dinner next day, I noticed that your Ma looked mighty solemn as she set the roast of pork down in front of me, hut I strayed off, thinking of something else, as I carved, and my wits were off wool gathering sure enough when I said:

“Will you have a piece of Toby, my dear?”

Well sir, she just looked at me for a moment, and then she burst out crying and ran away from the table. But when I went after her and asked her what was the matter, she stopped crying and was mad in a minute all the way through. Called me a heartless, cruel cannihal. That seemed to relieve her so that she got over her mad