

that is what spiles her mostly. And Thomas Jefferson thinks he knows more than his father, that is his greatest failin'. But take 'em all through, they are full as good as other folks'es children, and I know it. Thomas Jefferson is dreadful big feelin', he is 17 years old, he wears a stove pipe hat, and is tryin' to raise a moustache, it is now jest about as long as the fuzz on cotten flannel and most as white. They both go to Jonesville to high school, (we hire a room for 'em to Mother Allens, and they board themselves,) but they are to home every Saturday, and then they kinder quarell all day jest as brothers and sisters will. What agravates Thomas J. the worst is to call him "bub," and Tirzah Ann don't call him anything else unless she forgets herself.

He seems to think it is manly to have doubts about religeon. I put him through the catechism, and thought he was sound. But he seems to think it is manly to argue about free moral agency, foreordination, and predestination, and his father is jest fool enough to argue with him. Sez he last Saturday,

"Father, if it was settled beyond question six or seven thousand years ago that I was goin' to be lost what good does it do for me to squirm? and if it was settled that I was goin' to be saved, how be I goin' to help myself?" sez he, "I believe we can't help ourselves, what was meant to happen, will happen."

Before his father had time to speak—Josiah is a slow spoken man, Tirzah Ann spoke up—

"Bub, if it was settled six or seven thousand years ago that I should take your new jockey club and hair oil, and use 'em all myself, why then I shall."

"Tirzah Ann," says he, "if you should touch 'em it was foreordained from creation that you would get dreadfully hurt. But I spoke up then for the first time, says I,

"You see Thomas J. that come to fighting you have moral agency enough—or immoral agency. Now," says I, "I won't hear another word from you, you Thomas J. are a young rool, and you Josiah Allen are a old one, now," says I, "go to the barn, for I want to mop."

Tirzah Ann as I said is dreadful sentimental, I don't know which side she took it from, though I mistrust that Josiah if he had any encouragement would act spoony. I am not the woman to encourage any kind of foolishness. I remember when we was first engaged, he called me "a little angel." I jest looked at him calmly and says I,

"I weigh two hundred and 4 pounds, and he didn't call me so again.

No! sentiment ain't my style, and I abhor all kinds of shame and deceitfulness. Now to the table you don't ketch me makin' excuses. I should feel as mean as pusley if I did. Though once in a while when I have particular company, and my cookin' turns out bad, I kinder turn the conversation on the sufferin's of our forefathers in the Revolution, how they eat their katridge boxes and shoe leather. It don't do us no hurt to remember their sufferin's, and after talkin' about eatin' shoe leather most any kind of cake seems tender.

I spose that life runs along with Josiah and the children and me about as easy as it does with most men and female wiu. men. We have got a farm of 75 acres of land all paid for. A comfortable story and a half yeller house—good barns, and a bran new horse barn, and health. Our door yard is large and shady with apple, and pear, and cherry trees; and Tirzah Ann has got posy beds under the winders that look first rate. And where there haint no posy beds nor shade tress, the grass grows smooth and green, and it is a splendid place to dry clothes. On the north side of the house is our orchard, the trees grow clear up to our kitchen winder, and when the north door is open in the spring of the year, and I stand there ironin', the trees all covered with pink blows it is a splendid sight. But a still pleasanter sight is in the fall of the year to stand in the door and see Josiah and Thomas Jefferson pickin' up barells of the great red and yeller grafts at a dollar a bushel. Beyond the orchard down a little bit of a side hill runs the clear water of the canal. In front of the house toward the south—but divided from it by a good sized door yard and a picket fence, runs the highway, and back of the house, if I do say it that ortn't to, there is as good a garden as there is in these parts. For I set my foot down in the first ont, that I would have garden sass of all kinds, and strawberries, and gooseberrys, and currant, and berry bushes, and glad enough is Josiah now to think that he heard to me. It took a little work of course, but I believe in havin' things good to eat, and so does Josiah. That man has told me more'n a hundred times sense that "of all the sass that ever was made, garden sass was the best sass." To the south of the house is our big meadow—the smell of the clover in the summer is as sweet as anything, our bees get the biggest part of their honey there, the grass looks beautiful wavin' in the sunshine, and Josiah cut from it last summer 4 tons of hay to the acre.