

our intention to put in another summer season of pioneer life there. Clearing land was our chief concern, and that season a lot of smoke that had been imprisoned in the forest trees on Clear View Farm for a hundred years or more, mingled with the clouds and sailed away. A very delightful spectacle for a fellow who desired greatly that his farm deal should pan out profitably. We were all happy, for evidently there was good prospects that a prosperous farming business would soon be a going concern there, and such it has turned out to be; though the man who is farming it is handicapped by having but one natural leg, the other was buried one sad night by the light of a lantern.

We were pulling stumps with a lever, the chain broke, the lever flew back and crushed his leg, necessitating amputation. This happened during his first summer there, and our second, it was, you may depend, a very sad experience. Our happiness turned suddenly to overwhelming sorrow. For my part I had got enough of Michigan and proposed that we all get out of it right away. Walter, however, said "No, it's a good farm and I may make a go of it yet."

My wife and I went back to our home in Canada that fall, rented out the old farm for a term of years, and in the spring returned to Michigan to help our unfortunate boy.

In about 1890 Edwin Shriver, of Westminster, Maryland, U. S., started a campaign for rural mail delivery in the United States. In 1891 Postmaster-General John Wanamaker is said to have received an appropriation of a few thousand dollars to start some trial routes, but for some reason there was nothing doing until 1892. As stated in one of my newspaper articles, Mortimer Whitehead, a Granger, went before a committee of Congress and secured an appropriation of sixty thousand dollars, and then rural mail delivery started on its blessed mission in the U.S.

The summer of that year, 1905, was the third one wife and I put in under the Stars and Stripes "just to help the boy," and a little grandchild that came the summer before. In the spring of that year while in the Bentley post office one morning, I noticed tacked up on the wall an advertisement by the U. S. Post Department, calling for tenders for carrying mails on a proposed rural mail route, starting from that town. I was pleased to see that Walter's home was on the designated route. Agents from Bay City, thirty miles distant, and Saginaw, taking orders for mail boxes and daily newspapers got busy in the neighborhood, and it soon came about that where fifteen years before was an almost trackless forest, the rural mail delivery man was daily going his rounds.

He had not, however, been on his job very long before I discovered that our daily paper and other mail coming to our home in such fashion