The grandfather of our heroine was probably

the greatest Spencer of them all.

Under his ownership the factory was rebuilt of brick and stone. He developed the town both socially and industrially until New Bethel bade fair to become one of the leading cities in the state. He developed the water power by building a great dam above the factory and forming a lake nearly ten miles long. He also developed an artillery wheel which has probably rolled along every important road in the civilized world.

Indeed he was so engaged in these enterprises that he didn't marry until he was well past forty-five. Then one spring, going to Charlestown to buy his season's supply of pine, he came back with a bride from one of the oldest, one of the most famous families in all America.

There were three children to this marriage—

one son and two daughters.

I will tell you about the daughters in my first chapter—two delightful old maids who later had a baby between them—but first I must tell you about the seventh and last Josiah.

In his youth he was wild.

This may have been partly due to that irreducible minimum of Original Sin which (they say) is in all of us—and partly due to his cousin Stanley.