

it, so as was our family custom, we called this place the Shackelford Place. It had some pasture land, some hay land and some crop land. The Salt Marsh drained into the Rattlesnake creek or river which finally emptied into the Arkansas River of Central Kansas. There was a small stream which ran through the pasture and hay land of the Shackelford Place. It drained to the northeast and emptied into the marsh. The Rattlesnake creek was a slow moving stream which meandered through the sand hills. It contained many small fish.

Our family moved from the Riley Place to this farm about March 1, 1909.

Maude and I were yet in Allen county Easter of 1909. We had met at Aunt Mary Hunting's home. Each of us made a lovely white hat trimmed in flowers. We had bought Buckram frames and covered them with silk braid and then attached the flowers. Easter Sunday was another bad windy day, not suitable to wear pretty white hats.

Soon our schools closed and we went to Stafford county to be with our family, now living northeast of Hudson near the Salt Marsh.

TALLEY FAMILY TALES AND LEGENDS

Our grandfather, Patrick Henry Talley came to live with us about Christmas time, 1905; the winter before Manley was born. He went to Missouri to live in the summer of 1907.

From tales he told papa and legends he told us, I have gleaned the following stories:

Patrick Henry Talley was born in Newton County, Georgia, January 17, 1826. His father was Henry Hubbard Talley, born in York District, South Carolina, October 6, 1801. His mother was Mary Lacy Webb, born September 15, 1801. Henry Hubbard and Mary Lacy were married when each was nineteen.

The names of their children were: Jim M., Mary A., Patrick Henry, Herbert Webb, Anne E., Nathaniel Green, George W. Louisa G., and William J.

Jim and Patrick Henry were buddies. Their Grandpa, Henry Talley, and Grandma, Edith Hubbard Talley, lived on a plantation on Big Gum Creek, Newton County, Georgia.

Sometimes Jim and Patrick Henry visited there. They went to play with their Uncle George W., who was born in 1822 and who was near the same age as Jim. Then there were two older uncles William and Nathaniel or Nathan. The youngest girl, their aunt, was Elizabeth. The oldest sister was Lucy McWaters. She and her husband, Francis, lived in the same county. The three other girls were: Sarah Clark, Eliza Hinton and Mariah Farmer (Betty Crumpton).

On his grandfather's (Henry) plantation were oxen and ox carts, horses, saddles, farming tools, joiner's tools, hogs, cattle and sheep. There were also slaves to help with the work. The two negro men were Stephen and Claybourn.

Our grandfather Talley's grandfather Henry Talley was born in Cumberland County, Virginia, in 1760. He was a Revolutionary War soldier. He served one month as a substitute for his Uncle Jeremiah Lindsey.

Then he enlisted for one month as a volunteer under Capt. Elisha White of Col. Stark's regiment. He marched to Williamsburg and then to York. After serving the term of one month, he was discharged at Williamsburg.

Later in the summer of 1780 he enlisted for a term of 18 months. Some of the men he served under were: Col. William Davis, Captain Crawford, Lieut. Qualz.

At his first rendezvous was Chesterfield Court House, Virginia. Then they marched to Guilford Court House, North Carolina, then to Camden, South Carolina, where he was engaged in the battle of Camden. He was twenty years old at that time, he recalled when relating the event fifty-three years later. He was also in Col. Campbell's regiment, Captain Morgan's company. He recalled that Col. Campbell was killed in the battle of Eutaw Springs.

Now Henry Talley was joined to General Green's army at a place called "Troublesome Iron Works," near Guilford Court House; this was a few days after the battle of Guilford; next he was honorably discharged by Ensign Green and Captain Edwards on the 17th day of January, 1782.

Both times he entered service was from Hanover County, Virginia, which was his home at the time.

After his service ended and peace was restored, he lived

in the following places: First he removed about sixteen miles from Richmond, Virginia; then to McLenburg County, North Carolina; next to York District, South Carolina; where he met and married 18 year old Edith Hubbard on December 1, 1795. Hugh White, a Justice of the Peace, performed the ceremony.

There their daughter Lucy was born December 27, 1796, and Betsy Crumpton was born December 24, 1798. Their first son, Henry Hubbard Talley, was born October 6, 1801. No doubt, four of their other children were born there also, as Henry recalled that about the time Newton County, Georgia, land opened up, he moved there in 1820 or 1821. George W. was born in 1822.

SEEKING NEW LAND

In 1820 Henry Talley heard that Georgia land was being opened up to settlers. He decided to go along with other land seekers.

In packed wagons, filled with household necessities and his family, his joiners tools and chickens, they went to this new Land of Promise. The hogs and cattle were herded behind the Wagon Trains by slaves. Oxen pulled the wagons. Children rode the fine riding horses.

After locating on the land, the slaves and the older boys were set to work. Some helped build a log house, others cleared land and planted crops.

Henry was from an old plantation in Virginia, then had lived on one in South Carolina, and now was a new Georgia Planter on the make. He is listed in early Georgia histories as an early pioneer settler of Newton County, Georgia. He lived through the early part of the Golden Days of the Deep South.

Francis McWaters married Lucy Talley. In the year of 1855 Francis McWaters said he was then 67 years old. So he probably was born in 1788. He claimed that in 1835 he got possession of a book called, "Fisher's Companion, London Edition, published in 1788. In this book was the record of the marriage of Henry Talley to Edith Hubbard dated December 1, 1795. Mr. McWaters came in possession of the book through Nathan Talley, one of the sons of Henry and Edith Hubbard

Talley. (The entry was in the writing of Bartlett Meacham on the fifth page after the preface of said Fisher's Companion.)

Edith Hubbard Talley was born March 3, 1777, and was yet alive at the age of 78, at which time she applied for a land grant, as the widow of Henry Talley. She received a land grant for land in Missouri, which she sold. In Edith's petition for the land grant she stated that Henry Talley received a pension of sixty dollars per annum under Act dated June 7, 1832. Census of 1860 lists her.

Henry Talley made a Will on April 19, 1831.

He named his children as follows: Henry Hubbard, William, Elizabeth, Eliza Hinton, Nathan, Sarah Clark, Lucy McWaters, George W., Mariah Farmer (Betty Crumpton Farmer).

He named his wife as Edith. Henry Talley died June 4, 1836, when our grandfather, Patrick Henry Talley, was ten years old.

Some time before 1850, Henry Hubbard Talley decided to move farther northwest.

On one of his trips, he and a companion stopped at a camping ground. He had a young dog along for a guard or watch dog. There was on the camp grounds water for cooking and for the team and plenty wood for a camp fire.

While preparing their supper, another man and his companion drove up. He too had a dog. He said to Henry Hubbard, "Let's have a dog fight." "No," answered Henry Hubbard, "My dog is young, I want him to be a watch dog, not a fighter."

The other dog owner fried meat for their supper. He threw a large piece of meat to his dog. Of course, both dogs jumped for it and they began to fight. Henry Hubbard wanted to part them. But, no, the stranger wanted to see the fight.

When Henry Hubbard's dog began to get the better of the stranger's dog, he cried, "Let's part them." Henry Hubbard replied, "No, you don't part them. You brought on the fight by throwing out the meat. Now, let them finish it."

Now, Henry Hubbard, like most Southern men of those times, knew how to fight. He was a left handed man who had never been knocked down farther than to his knees in a fight. And that was the time that his opponent managed to get Henry's

left thumb in his mouth. When Henry Hubbard freed his much chewed thumb, he soon won the fight.

This time when the stranger attacked him, he whipped him fair and square. His companion whipped the other man.

When the men's fights ended they discovered that the Talley dog had killed the stranger's dog. The stranger then picked up his dead dog in his arms, sat down and cried over his loss.

Later Henry Hubbard located in Murray County, Georgia.

When in their Newton County home, Henry Hubbard once owned a race horse. Often when coming home from a race, he would order Jim to feed the horse. Obediently, Jim would do so. If after coming out of the house after eating a hearty meal, he would hear his favorite horse whinny, he would whip Jim for not feeding him.

In a country where there were large families and slaves to be shod, it took lots of shoes. Footwear was made on the plantations. Henry Hubbard knew the shoemaker's trade. Jim and Patrick Henry learned the cobbler's trade, as it was called.

They had a house for the cobblers to work in. There was a bench for each cobbler to sit at. There was a supply of last year's tanned hides. Plantation folks killed their own beeves and had the hides tanned at the tannery or in their own tannery. They had perfectly seasoned maple with a straight grain: A box of tools, divided into compartments which contained many kinds of cobbler's tools arranged neatly.

To make sharp wooden pegs from the maple, Patrick Henry used a saw, a long sharp knife, a thin straight knife and a hammer.

From a thick piece of maple he made inch long and one-eighth inch square pegs with pointed ends. From a thinner piece of maple he made half inch long pegs.

Next, the person who was to have new shoes or boots had his or her feet measured.

When Herbert Webb, called Webb, needed boots he stood on a piece of paper while Patrick Henry drew a line around his foot with his big pencil. Next he measured each foot in every direction, and wrote down the figures.

While Webb went out to help with other work, Jim and

Patrick Henry whittled out two wooden lasts, just the shape of Webb's feet.

Each fitted one upside down over a tall peg on the bench; the last would come apart in halves.

The soles were cut from the thick middle of the cow hide. Inner soles were cut from the thinner leather near the hide's edge. Uppers were cut from the softest leather.

Next the thread was waxed. A length of thread was pulled across a wad of black cobbler's wax in the left palm, and Patrick Henry rolled his right palm down the front of his leather cobbler's apron. Then he pulled and rolled it again till the thread was black and stiff with wax.

Next he laid a stiff hog-bristle against each end of the thread, and waxed and rolled, till the bristles were waxed fast to the thread.

Now, he was ready to sew. He next laid the upper pieces of one boot together and clamped them in a vice. With his awl he punched a hole through the two pieces. He ran the bristles through the hole—one from each side and pulled the thread tight. He punched another hole, pulled the two bristles through it, pulled till the waxed thread sank into the leather. There! he had one stitch made. He repeated this till the seam was finished. Stitch by stitch he repeated till the uppers were finished.

The soles had been soaked in water over night. In the morning he set a last on his peg, with the sole up. First he laid the inner sole over it, next he drew the upper part over the inner sole; Next he laid the heavy sole on top of the inner sole.

Now the boot was up side down on the last. Then he bored holes with his awl, all around the edge of the sole. Into each hole he drove one of the half inch pegs. He fashioned a heel of thick leather. He pegged it in place with the inch long pegs. Now! one boot was done. The damp soles were dried overnight. In the morning, Patrick Henry took out the last and with a rasp he rubbed off the inside ends of the pegs.

In the meantime, Jim was doing the other boot in like manner.

When Patrick Henry was 23, he and Jim decided to become traveling cobblers or journeymen.

They traveled somewhere in the South, at least in Alabama and Arkansas. They went from town to town, and likely stopped at many plantations where shoe making was needed.

In Arkansas Patrick Henry met Peter Teeter and wife, Elizabeth, both from North Carolina. Peter was a chair maker and a wheel wright. The Teeter's sons were: George, Paul, Archibald and Martin. Martin A. Teeter and wife had six children in the census taken in 1850.

Soon Patrick Henry was attracted to Susannah Elvina Teeter, eldest daughter of Martin and Sarah Teeter. After a courtship they were married October 16, 1851.

From all the knowledge Patrick Henry had of his father and brothers, the death of his mother, his father's second marriage and of his half-brothers and sisters, we think he went to their home on Sand Mountain, Alabama, sometime between 1850 and 1851.

We do not know when Jim went back, or if he married, for sure. But we have evidence that he was wounded by a minie ball on Missionary Ridge in the Civil War. The wound was neglected and gangrene set in.

The children of Henry Hubbard Talley and Mary Lacy Webb Talley that were at home in 1850 were: Herbert Webb, Anne E., Nathaniel Green, Louisa G. and William J. and perhaps George W.

Then in 1855 Patrick Henry's mother Mary Lacy Webb Talley died and was buried in Dalton, Georgia. Sometime after her death Henry Hubbard Talley moved to Jackson County, Alabama. He located on Sand Mountain near Soudin Creek.

He next married a Widow Johnson whose name was Chalsey or (Charsley) Southerland Johnson.

The children of this marriage were: Sarah Lucinda, Jefferson Davis, Alexander S. (called Alec), Hubbard P., Robert Lee, Helen Cummings and Dock David Janes. The two daughters, Sarah Lucinda and Helen Cummins married and lived and died in Jackson County, Alabama.

The five sons of this second marriage moved to or near

Omaha, Texas. Grandpa P. H. Talley corresponded with those brothers.

Dock David Janes was only seven years old when his father (Henry Hubbard) died in 1876.

I, Minnie, correspond with his youngest daughter, Allie Talley-Smith. She writes that all five of these brothers are buried in a nearby cemetery at Omaha, Texas.

When Papa (A. C. Talley) was a boy, he had little opportunity to go to school. His health wasn't too good, times were hard (following the Civil War), and then when he did go to school he ran so hard playing "Wolf Over the River," that he fell with a heart attack. Thus throughout his life he had bad heart spells.

He was apprenticed to a tinsmith. It was thought each boy should learn a trade. He was to work for this man, learn the trade, and receive his room and board. The man's son was so mean to him that he soon left there.

Subsequently he went to Mr. Wentworth's military academy at Lexington, Missouri. There he was to do the janitor work for his board and schooling. He just got well settled in this new situation, which he liked very much, when he received a letter from his father. He liked Mr. Wentworth, the boys in the school, the conveniences, the food and the books and the instructions. The gist of his father's letter was: "Come home, I need you to do the cooking and the house work."

Papa's sister "Mag," Mary Magdalene, had married Anthony Rogers. Mag had been their cook before this. P. H. Talley had married Sarah Jane Gasperson, the widowed aunt of Anthony Rogers. Somehow she became dissatisfied and left Grandpa. Hence his desire for his son, Cam, to come home.

Reluctantly Cam set out on the long walk home. Not having any money he stopped at a house where in exchange for a good meal he chopped wood for a kindly widow.

Now, his opportunity for more education was gone. Although, later for a short time he did go to Red Bird school. He estimated that his actual attendance in school was not more than twelve months.

Some neighbor boys were much worse off than the Talley boys. They had but one pair of shoes. The one that did the

chores wore the shoes. They took turns doing the chores. They each had a one piece garment that reached below the knees. Mae Kennedy McCord spoke of boys thus dressed as "Shirt Tail Boys."

At his father's home, Cam settled down to cooking, dish washing and house keeping.

His brother Elijah was a woodsman and carpenter. He owned a log house and farm near Sullivan, Franklin County, Missouri.

Papa's brother, Robert G. Talley, was a blacksmith and wagon maker in California, Missouri.

Grandpa, P. H. Talley, his youngest son, William Saylor Talley, and "Cam" were doing very well, when here came Sarah Jane Talley back to see P. H. Talley. She cried and said that she couldn't live without P. H. So he told her that she could come back.

Sarah Jane had several children. They didn't do much work. When Cam came in from the field, she would say, "Cam get a bucket of water," or "Cam go to the orchard for some apples." Cam do this and Cam do that. P. H. whipped one of his wife's boys for some misdemeanor. Sarah Jane grabbed a switch and began to whip Cam, who had not committed an offense.

Cam thought that Sarah Jane's children should do the chores if he did the field work. So he told his father, "I'm going to find work away from home." His father didn't want him to leave, but finally said, after seeing that he was determined to go, "Well don't never look to me for anything more."

Cam had heard there was some work on some Prairie. He started on foot in that direction. When night came he hadn't arrived. He stopped at a place and asked to stay all night. The man told him, "No." So Cam lay down in a straw stack in a nearby field. After napping a little, he awoke. On seeing a light, he decided to ask for shelter, there. When he called, "Hello"—out came a pack of dogs. The man of the house came to the door. When Cam asked to stay all night, the man recognized him as the young fellow that had been there earlier. He said, "Get out of here and stay out, or I'll set the dogs on you."

William Saylor was the last of P. H. Talley's children at home. He had a similar experience with the step-mother. He told me about it in 1948.

Uncle Will said he not only did the field work, but that he had to go out into the woods to hunt the cows and bring them home and then do the milking. The injustice of the step-brothers failure to do their part displeased him, too. He told his father of his plan to go to Illinois to work. His father walked with him to a Creek crossing to say farewell. Then Patrick Henry broke down and cried. He said, "I never thought that I would let a woman come between me and my baby."

CONCLUDING COMMENTS

Years afterward when Sarah Jane was gone, P. H. Talley went to live with his son, William, and family in Illinois.

Grandpa, P. H. Talley, recalled that when William was small he found him eating salt out of the salt barrel. He asked, "How much salt did you eat?" William replied, "I ate two cups full and that will do me." His father was really worried. I suppose that little William had no idea how much he had eaten.

Patrick Henry Talley had little formal schooling. Yet with an undaunted spirit, he learned to write a beautiful hand, his spelling was good; he kept a store; he was a U. S. postmaster, a miller, a minister of the Gospel and a farmer. Besides being a shoe and bootmaker in his youth, he became a wheelwright and an excellent woodsman.

Patrick Henry Talley was fair minded, strict, honest and industrious. (Uncle Will Talley once remarked of his father: "He tried to be both father and mother to us, after mother died. If he didn't always do what was right for us, it wasn't because he didn't try.") He lies in a lonely grave in a cemetery called Lone Star or Cothurn, near Mountain Grove, Missouri. His youngest son, William S. Talley, came to attend his last rites for his beloved father who slept his last earthly sleep the night of September 16th, 1910. He was found dead in his bed the morning of September 17th. He had reached the age of eighty-four years eight months. There had been a circus

in town September 16th and Grandpa walked to town to view the parade. So he was spared a long lingering illness, at the end of a long useful life.

Looking down the years, his son, A. C. Talley, "Cam," slept his last sleep on April 15th, 1940. He and his beloved Levenia lie beside their first son, Wentworth, and near his brother, E. N. Talley, and wife, Martha Missouri Talley, and Levenia's brother, Charles S. Jackson, in Oak Grove Cemetery near Fort Scott, Kansas. Levenia Talley, our mother's, demise occurred February 19, 1954.

PART X
THE SHACKELFORD PLACE

Chapter I
LIVING NEAR THE MARSH

The place Papa rented was just south of the Parish Ranch. He put out and tended a corn crop. On the pasture, he had the Marion Draper herd of stock cattle which Papa cared for on the share basis. And the field of prairie grass was cut for hay.

When we could, we went to Bethel to church which was about 12 miles away. We drove through the sand hills to get there. The Bethel church house was in the neighborhood of the Riley Place.

A congregation met in a school house across the marsh east of us. I went with my parents there once.

Once Papa borrowed Neighbor Helmer's spring wagon. The horses ran away and broke the tongue, as our family was returning from church at Bethel.

Maude was hired to teach Zenner school near Bethel. (Our brothers and sisters had attended there the early part of 1909.) I was hired to teach German Valley which was more than three miles west of our home. I was to board at home and pay enough so Papa could afford to buy a used buggy for me to use. I drove white Flory hitched to this buggy.

Fred went to apply for a school. He was driving a team that would run away. On his return home, he came through a part of the Parish ranch. He opened the gate, drove through and closed it. As he was about to get into the buggy away the team ran.

At our lane the team continued to run after they turned in. Several of us were in the yard and ran to safety. On the run-aways came and stopped only when the buggy tongue hit the barn.

I ran to the road, but I didn't see Fred. He had angled through the cornfield. He was dazed and ill through that night, for he had been knocked down.

Later Fred was hired to teach the Hahn school which was northeast of us in the Marsh country.

are 205, if the five bones of the sacrum and the four bones of the Coccyx are counted.

On long winter evenings, papa would get the big Family Bible and show us the wonderful pictures. He would tell us some of the stories. There were the stories about Adam and Eve, the first man and woman; Abraham, the father of Isaac and the grandfather of Jacob. There was the story of Joseph and his beautiful coat. Also of Joseph's brethren selling him to the Ishmaelites, who in turn sold him as a slave into Egypt. And of how God prospered him in this strange land and later he was chosen of Pharaoh to be ruler in Egypt. There was the oldest man, Methusaleh, who lived 969 years. Samson was the strongest man that ever lived. He pulled a building down on his enemies and himself. Noah built the ark as God had told him and saved himself and his family from the Great Flood. Then there was Jesus, who died on the cross as a sacrifice for mankind's sin—if we obeyed him. The man Job, though greatly afflicted with sores, patiently enduring his suffering and kept his faith in God.

Chapter II

THE FUSON PLACE

What Papa remembered of the Civil War.

Our father was born in Pope county, Arkansas, near a post office called Glass. He was not quite two when the Civil War broke out, for he was born June 28, 1859.

On the swelling tide of memory, his eyes would sparkle as he recalled those faraway stirring times.

He remembered their old homestead which was not too far from Dardanelles, Arkansas. He pictured to us his father's old grist mill and the giant water-wheel which turned it. The water flowed swiftly down the mill-race which turned the big wheel merrily on and on. The mill ground their wheat into flour and the corn into meal.

Then there was the funny fence which he called "stake and rider."

Furthermore, he recalled the fear that he felt when he was left alone with his baby brother Will, while the folks fought a forest fire. He recalled that the blaze spread at a gallop over the forested hills, and that tongues of flame leaped from tree to tree and the roar was as loud as thunder. Acrid smoke made the sky dull and brooding. The two little boys, so alone, clung to the old rail fence as if it were a protector. He remembered trying to comfort his wailing brother.

One day the family had gathered around the dinner table; they were shocked when a group of cavalry dashed up to the door.

The leader said, "Come go with us." Calmly papa's father went to the door and invited the Captain to go to the garden. While they talked his father gave him some vegetables. Evidently, his father had given the Captain a good reason for not "joining" at that time. As he rode away the Captain said, "Be ready to go next time."

They kept hogs, so meat was plentiful. They hid it in caves in near-by cliffs; for if the Rebels or the Union soldiers did not come and take the meat, the Bushwackers would.

Papa's older brother Elijah often unhitched the horses and raced away to the hills, when he heard the soldiers coming. In spite of all his precautions, they stole the favorite old horse—the one with a star in his forehead.

Papa recalled how they grieved when their father was thrown in prison. That was the time when he went to the County Seat to testify of the loyalty of a neighbor. The Judge said, "Who are you, to testify of this man's loyalty?" The family was overcome with joy when the father returned. Soon he had them laughing about the prisoners singing, "The Miller's White Dog." It went like this: "The Miller's white dog lay on the mill floor, and Bingo was his name." One man would sing B, another I, another N, another G, and all would sing O Bingo was his name."

Although papa's father had been reared in Georgia and had traversed several southern states as a journeyman shoe and boot maker, he was loyal to the Union.

He became discouraged over the depredations of the two armies and the Bushwackers. When the United States govern-

ment offered free transportation to all loyal citizens, he decided to forsake his homestead and his mill and go North.

They hustled around, packed their necessary belongings preparatory to taking passage on the Government Boat.

The children were filled with a sense of strange adventure as well as a sense of sadness. To leave their only home that they could remember, and such familiar things as beds, tables and chairs was a puzzle and a real trial. Then there was the clock—my father grieved most about leaving it.

While boarding the boat at Dardanelles there seemed to be a thrill of excitement in the air. Suddenly whistles blew, bells rang, men shouted, women wept for joy. News had arrived that General Robert E. Lee had surrendered.

My father wondered why they did not get off the boat and go back home. But no, they stayed on the boat, and went down the Arkansas River to the Mississippi River. Then steamed up the Mississippi to where the Missouri River joined it. Then up the Missouri to Washington, Missouri.

This was in Franklin County. Papa's father procured a tent for his family to live in. Then with his axe, P. H. Talley, papa's father, went into the woods to carve out another home and make a living for his wife and six children. On the way up on the boat, Sarah Ellen, their baby caught the measles and died September 26, 1865, after the family had settled in Missouri. Since she was born in 1864, she probably was a little more than one year old. Papa's mother, Susannah Elvina Teeter-Talley took the nursing measles, then had dropsy. She died four years later after much suffering. She was buried in New Haven.

That left Elijah about seventeen, Robert about 12, Mary Magdalene about 14, papa nine and William six or seven. Aunt Mag and papa did the housework. Elijah used oxen and worked in the woods and helped out.

Chapter III

HOME LIFE

Bessie was our big baby and Jessie was our little baby. Sometimes I sat in the rocker and rocked and sang one or the

other to sleep. Since I didn't know any songs, I sang tunes of my own making. At that time I had three favorites which I sang: sometimes the baby didn't want to go to sleep, so I would sing the whole poem and then repeat it.

One poem began like this:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star:
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

It had three stanzas.

I liked “Baby Bye,” too. It began thus:

“Baby bye, here's a fly,
Let us watch him, you and I.
There he goes on his toes
Tickling baby's nose.”

Baby bye had five stanzas. Sometimes I sang it several times before Bessie fell asleep.

The Lulla-Bye Land, was another favorite, which I had memorized easily. The Lulla-Bye Land began:

“Oh a wonderful land is the lulla-bye land,
Where little wee folks are found
For they only coo when they talk to you,
And laugh with a lisping sound.
Their hair is sunny, their eyes are blue
And soft as a summer sky.
Their breath is soft as a wind aloft
When a spirit goes floating by.”

This poem had six stanzas and I loved every one of them.

Besides the nursery rhymes that mamma taught us, she had trite sayings and she also told us of her folks and her ancestors and her old home in Missouri.

If we asked questions that mamma didn't think proper to answer, she would say, “Lay off to catch meddlers.” Also she used that expression if we wanted to see what was in the sewing machine drawer. We were not to open these drawers for any reason, that is, until we got large enough to use the machine.

In the spring of 1895 during strawberry time, mamma ate some. They made her very sick with hives. Papa got Ellen