

a new dress, for my mother, after turning and mending her own, made them over for me. During her lifetime very little was wasted in our humble dwelling, for she taught me that those things which were not useful to us might serve a good turn to many a sufferer. I remember we had a large bag to catch the odds and ends which were useless. These, in due time, we exchanged for new stoneware. This bag hung in the garret, and happy was I to bestow into its capacious mouth a handful of scraps, that I might find an opportunity of taking a general survey of the old garret. Oh, that garret of my childish remembrance! The cobwebs, bespeaking a long repose, had gathered around many an article that had been stowed away, I daresay, since my grandmother's day. There was an old spinning-wheel that I took great delight in turning, and listening to the drowsy, humming noise it made; a pair of brass andirons that were covered with a coat of dark green; then there were boxes, old stoves, Dutch ovens, and a cradle—the very cradle in which I was rocked, ay, and the cradle in which my mother was rocked before me; and there were branches of dried herbs hung upon the beams—herbs which, by long keeping, had lost their savour. In one corner was a huge pile of boots and shoes. I