

corn, wheat, potatoes, and fodder, and that, too, when there were no locks on the doors, and only boards nailed across the lower windows.

But Mr. Yarbrough gave me a good dinner, as well as a good part of the information I had come in search of, and it would have become me ill to inquire too closely into his motives for abandoning the Moreland dwelling to the elements. After dinner, I walked about the place with Uncle Primus, visiting first the rock-spring, that I remembered well, and the old family burying-ground in the orchard. Here all the marbles were old and weather-beaten, and I had much trouble in making out some of the names and dates. I knew that Linton Moreland had returned home after the war, with some military reputation, which he tried in vain to turn to account in business matters. Farming was such a precarious affair directly after the war that he gave it up in disgust, and moved to Savannah, where he took charge of the general agency of an insurance company. Lacking all business training, and wanting the instinct of economy in all things, great or small, it was no surprise to his friends when he gave up