

take a companion with you, if your horse is skittish, for it will be necessary to open a great many big gates as you go along. All the farms are under fence in this particular region, and the gates are a necessity.

Though the road to Hatch's Clearing is a long and winding one, you can't miss your way. You turn into it suddenly and unexpectedly twelve miles from Clarksville, and after that there is no need of making inquiries, for there are no cross-roads and no "forks" to embarrass you. There's only one trouble about it. You ascend the mountain by such a gentle grade that when you reach the top you refuse to believe you are on the summit at all. This lack of belief is helped mightily by the fact that the mountain itself is such a big affair.

Presently you will hear a cowbell jingling somewhere in the distance, and ten to one you will meet a ten-year-old boy in the road, his breeches hanging by one suspender and an old wool hat flopping on the back of his head. The boy will conduct you cheerfully if not gayly along the road, and in a little while you will hear the hens cackling in Mrs. Pruett's horse lot. This will give the lad an