

acres. The cabin, my father and brothers built. It was the cabin in which I was born. She kept up these relations. Very often I was taken along after I was old enough, and on one of these occasions I remember my mother went over to do some special work for this family of Wilsons, and I was with her.

I went out into what they called their play house in the yard where they did their studying. They had pencils, slates, magazines and books. I picked up one of the books . . . and one of the girls said to me - "You can't read that - put that down. I will show you some pictures over here," and when she said to me "You can't read that - put that down" it just did something to my pride and to my heart that made me feel that some day I would read just as she was reading. I did put it down, and followed her lead and looked at the picture book that she had. But I went away from there determined to learn how to read and that some day I would master for myself just what they were getting and it was that aim that I followed.

One day we were out in the field picking cotton and the mission teacher came from Maysville, five miles away, and told mother