

stand them long. She married Joe Boggs from Howard County, Missouri. He died in a few years. She was the mother of two boys. One was May who died many years ago, leaving no children and Carr Boggs now living in Fayette, Howard County, Missouri. He has one daughter, Evangeline, Miss McKain's who is living. Mother used to tell us a little story about this Sister Sue. One thing that she loved was popcorn. One warm afternoon as she started to the garden she found two Negro boys tucked away in a secluded spot of the yard. They were eating a fine pan of popcorn while she longed for a bite of it. After while she lingered and then tasted it. She said the best she ever tasted in her life. Finally she asked, "Where did you get the grease to pop corn. It is very fine." One of the boys rolled the whites of his eyes, tucked his head and whispered "out of Mur's old lamp." Needless to say she ate no more but hastened away to a secluded spot and relieved herself of the seasickness which came over her. If this had been my mother, she would have tossed her head and given a good laugh and hastened away to the house to tell the story. But they were two different types the blood sisters. Each one lovable in her way but one fell under life's burdens so young while my mother battled on until she was 86 years of age.

The beautiful parlor room in this brick house was furnished with pioneer furniture through my mother's girlhood, but when Sister Sue grew up the parlor was beautifully furnished. By that time my grandfather had plenty of money. The carpet was what was called a three ply carpet, very expensive and would with care last a lifetime. Twenty-five years after it was bought, my grandmother had it taken from this room and put on her room in her son John's home where she went to live. The parlor chairs and settee were covered with black mohair, which was used during that period. One of the chairs is yet in the Winn family in Waco, Texas. This chair my grandmother took with her when she went to live with her son John and his family. The settee was given to my mother. My mother raised a large family of children and grandchildren and the up and downs that this old sofa must have had, both good and bad, the tales which it might tell of laughter and tears, sorrow and pain would fill a book. Suffice to say it was finally worn away and fell to pieces. There was a marble top table of walnut which stood in the middle of this great parlor. My mother often told me of the grandchildren that died and that were laid out on the marble table. There was no embalming at that period but the cold marble would preserve the body of a child for three or four days then the family would all gather together and the little one would be laid away in the cemetery which joined the yard. In my mother's family she lost a little child two years old. At that time she lived at White Sulphur Springs, at Warsaw below Sedalia. This child died in the winter time with typhoid fever. It was brought over land and kept in this parlor room until all the relatives came to the funeral. It seemed to be in perfect condition after having been dead several days so you see this burying ground should be very dear to this family. There I have five little brothers and sisters. The little tombstones have always been standing in perfect condition and the grass growing beautifully on all the graves, until two years ago I visited there and found that the five little stoens had been taken up and stacked under a tree, two had been taken away. I went to the house and inquired of the woman if she knew anything about the stones. I offered a \$5.00 reward if they would be returned and no question asked. I took the three stones which were left to Salisbury to my mother's grave and had them all set in a row at the foot of her grave.