

that I was nothing but a boy, being seventeen years of age and small at my age. This settlement in Limestone County was formed mostly by people from Christiania, Norway, and drinking and gambling belonged to every rainy day. But, however, the gambling devil never got hold of me and nobody there has got a red cent out of my money. I managed to get away with it another way. I saved then what I could besides my clothing and a few necessary things that I needed, so I had something like two hundred dollars saved up at the time that I got ready to leave there. For convenience sake, I let Johansen have the money and never collected them, thinking they was safe. But at the time I settled up with him, he was not able to pay (whether he wanted to or not I do not know; I have my doubt now) and so just to square things up and call it even, I took a span of horses and pulled out for Bosque County again, where I got rid of my horses for about thirty-five dollars apiece. I have worked in Bosque County ever since and managed to spend my cash as fast as I get it.

Well I forgot to tell that in the Winter of 1895 I tried to educate myself a little bit. Work was hard to obtain and I had a few dollars more than necessary and so I went to the Centenary College at Lampasas to spend the Winter, but I have always been in bad luck when I wanted to learn anything and it stayed with me then. I stayed there about one month. At the end of the month the College burned to the ground one night leaving me and many others on bare ground. I have about seventeen dollars in that ash pile yet and I will have them coming to me forever. I suppose that will be my legacy to someone, I think. Here my story of a real life ends at present; what the future holds for me, who knows?

*Martin R. Rhone*