



At the upper junction of Long Ridge and Hunting Ridge roads, there is a little settlement of houses known to the older inhabitants as the Blacksmith Hill District. It was so named because of a long, low building at the very foot of the incline; a building that was at one time a village blacksmith's shop.

If one has a conversation with George W. Lockwood who lives in the near neighborhood, one may learn how his father, Sylvester Lockwood, was taught his trade at

this old corner building. In those years it was a common sight to see old Dobbin led into the dark enclosure or standing by the anvil with one shaggy hoof held up for shoeing, while men gathered for their daily gossip about the red-hot forge. Doubtless there were others, too, who had run this shop long before Sylvester Lockwood was a boy, for the old structure has every appearance of having been built at an early date.

Almost adjoining this blacksmith shop is another building, two

stories in height which was at one time occupied by E. S. Gifford, who was by trade a wheelwright. Here spokes could be replaced and axles mended, at the same time that the horse was being shod next door. This building is now used as a general store; the kind in which one can perhaps buy a hasty lunch of home-made apple pie such as mother used to make, or other articles according to one's needs.

Even today this neighborhood has a certain quaint New England flavor: and one can not help thinking of a simple past when one

watches George Austin's yoke oxen go down to the nearby b and lower their heads for a d. The writer was informed by a tive that those oxen could dr load of hay as easily as one c could carry a plate of apple pi even get away with a glas cider. Indeed so peaceful is neighborhood, so reminiscent leisurely life when enough plenty, that one is seldom sur ed to see a yoke of these pat plodding creatures awinging the road.

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