and fever, and, on entering the front portico, said: "Father, 'Spot' never went so rough as she did today in all her life." These were the last intelligible words this dutiful, loving child ever uttered, and he died in a few days, leaving a sorrowing father to grieve for his early and sudden death, a devoted aunt and second mother to weep the bitterest tears, for he had occupied a place in "her" heart after her two little darling children, of her old age, her pride and joy, Willie and Alice, were, within two weeks of each other, taken from this mother's embrace. Words are inadequate to express the virtues of these model children.

"Two lovelier blossoms ne'er were found
On this fair earth's more favored ground."

Willie was but ten years old, and was named for Dr. William Wesley Bordley, uncle of Dr. James Bordley, of Centreville, and was a beautiful dark-eyed boy, with perfectly chiselled mouth, and the idol of his mother. Just before death, his cheek flushed and his lovely bright eyes sparkled, and I thought "my little charge will recover" I had nursed him for two whole weeks, and I did not want to give him up, but oh, I could not keep him. I sang to him the words he had listened to so often during his sickness: "Mother loves him, father loves him, 'everybody' loves little Willie," and he went to sleep never to awake again.

"Dear Willie, slept sweetly
And breathed out his prayer,
While we felt that the Lord
And his angels were there."

Alice, the younger of these two lovely children, lived to be eight years of age, and was never known to deviate from the truth, although so young, and passed away just a week after her sickness seized her. The little prayer she had said to her mother every night, with clasped hands, was on her "dying" lips:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

This was a day of mourning at "Peace and Plenty." The oldest daughter and youngest son were dying in the adjoining apartments, at the same time, and my uncle was literally broken down, his spirits crushed. It seemed more than his stoical heart could stand, this double grief, and he never rallied after this