

It Came To Me In The Night

People who take their vacations in Northern New England come home with something besides a fine tan. If they have kept their ears open they are almost sure to bring back priceless bits of philosophy. Here is one that came to me in the foothills of the Green Mountains. We found much of our entertainment there in long and leisurely gossip with travelling salesmen. They came with garden stuff they had raised, things which they had made with their own hands, always full of the fresh joy of production. They would sit long on the steps telling us all about it.

One day there came an old man his arms full of small wooden articles. His eyes twinkled, there were humorous lines all over his face as one after another he spread his wares on the steps - bowls, mortars, rolling pins, potato machers - all those useful and beautiful wooden things that were the pride of the kitchen in the good old days. Finally he came to his last exhibit.

"Saving the best until the last," he said. "You can never guess what it is." Nor could we.

"I have showed that to hundreds of people, everyone

bought it at last but nobody knew what it was at first."

It was a long round stick, square heads at each end and a small block which could be moved up and down.

"It always does its work," he said, "can't be broken." What it was for we could not think.

"Do you know what keeps people healthy?" he said. "Get all the air you kin, nobody gets air enough especially at night. Now, this is to give you air at night."

Then with the look of an artist with a dream on his face he leaned back and said, "Yes, sir, that is a great idea, a great idea. I worried a lot because people didn't get enough air at night and this idea came to me in the night just like that. *snapping his finger* I call that an inspiration."

I always go back to that talk on the porch with the old Vermont peddler when I am trying to think a thing out and remember his happy, "It came to me in the night."

It came to me in the night.

The peddler who comes to your door is selling
the auction ~~of~~ of stone, selling out the
up 'the most the farm the plug pulled -
laminated' in the center, pulled up new space.
A current & latched road I stopped at
one running & easy & fast & it came as
old & young man & young people
possible - all the numbers numbers in
the passed down running up & across
none down - numbers of deepness & canap.

His hands were full of wooden articles
little sticks - made in myself - a craft man
who loved his work - then & after another he
expressed other merits & then was the
second & the more he talked - the deeper we
we were involved - not to be resisted.

Finally came his piece of resistance -
two kinds something which was presented
it is for - his bold conduct & probably
now a person could tell what it - not
everybody caught when I told - the more
- tested & tried it - up & down a side
a long stick with a head at each end - a
small block running up & down in the stone

Will see. I know you would not; you -
 don't & when I told em they always buy 3
 a gallon - that's to put a number of
 full length of each - half - gallon - an inch
 better than water - can't be told - -

It was all so simple -

Nobody ever guesses - especially boys when
 we tell of experience. We bought -

and did of
 yes sir - that's my actual number -
 came to me in the first - don't say
 thing yet any time comes to me in the
 next - sold for's nobody can guess.