



SUSAN CONGLETON

Susan and her husband George lived here with her mother and their five children. George, a blacksmith, had his buggy shop next door.

She wore a long dress gathered at the tight-fitted waist. It was a soft brown lindsey-woolsey she had woven herself with linen warf and woolen weft. The purple, red and deep yellow stripes in the fabric came from weed and vegetable dyes. A light shawl covered her shoulders to keep off the autumn air.

She stirred the apple butter bubbling in an iron pot over the fire on the ground. It had been cooking all night. The sound of horses and clanging of iron on iron were heard as she worked.

