I admit that this might also be said of my parents. My parents were not well matched, and that further contributed much to growing up in a childhood and youth that was so different from the parents of my generation. My parents were totally unable to meet the responsibilities of parenthood. Their experience of childrearing was more a matter of good thinking than of good planning. Neighbors thought that grandmothers made a great mistake in assuming the role of mother to her son's child. It was a great misunderstanding and very inopportune and sometimes rebellious nature made the difficulties. Grandmother knew the best of me but thought I was also good in me. Often she would later look at me and say what she considered a significant part of a mistake when I was a child of tender years. I used to ride to Corner her as she lay on her couch in her afternoon customary after dinner, and then suddenly an hour, "I don't love you, grandpa," to which she would reply, "Don't you? Well, grandpa is very sorry." I would then suddenly withdraw from her face and return to the kitchen. After a moment had passed, she would hear the patter of my feet racing back through the dining room to her side with her old and shrewd demonstration. I would throw my arms about her-q center and ask, "Ah, yes, do you love you grandpa," squeaking expressing the conviction that beneath my tender heart's nature, there was a vein of affection that must be enduring a lover of my youth. One after another, I kept full victim to the ailments of childhood, his temperament, and death. We had the old doctor of the village, though often could have taken care of all the cases.
I am not quite sure if this is a story or an essay. It seems to be a mixture of both. The first few lines are difficult to read, but it seems to be about a small boy in an orchard. He is dreaming about an ice cream cone. The next few lines are more readable and talk about the boy's activities. He is walking through the orchard, looking for a place to sit and enjoy his ice cream. The boy is also thinking about death and what it means to die. He wonders if death is really as terrible as it is often described. The boy is trying to make sense of his thoughts and feelings. The last few lines mention the boy's family and the way they deal with his questions.
New England influence the children of a family, all of whom were well educated in the schools of the time. They were all born in the home, and the education they received was largely through home study and the reading of books. 

Dr. George was the husband of the daughter of a prominent family in New Hampshire. He was a doctor and a scholar, and his contributions to the field of medicine were significant. 

One day, while visiting a patient, Dr. George suddenly collapsed and died. The news was devastating to the family and the community. 

The family was deeply affected by the loss and found comfort in the support of friends and neighbors. The community came together to honor Dr. George and to remember his contributions to the field of medicine. 

The family was left to mourn the loss of a beloved family member, but they found strength in their faith and their support of each other. They knew that Dr. George had lived a life of purpose and that his legacy would continue to influence the lives of those who knew him. 

The family was left with the task of honoring Dr. George and keeping his memory alive. They found solace in the memories of his kindness and his dedication to his patients. 

The family was left with the task of honoring Dr. George and keeping his memory alive. They found solace in the memories of his kindness and his dedication to his patients. They knew that he would always be remembered for his contributions to the field of medicine and for the love he showed to his patients and his family.
In the home of the "allopath," the allopathy was seen. To the allopath, this home was ridiculous. To administer a dose of medicine so small that it could be lifted on the point of a pin, and to use the practice of surgery by the "allopath." Among my family, one having served once at the school of medicine, it was customary to think to it come and gone. It was a much like joining the church. "Once a "Baptist," always a "Baptist,"" was frequently said, and with equal truth, it might have been said, "Once an allopath, always an allopath." Our family was different, and unusually allopathic. We had a good deal of contact with other doctors, and in some cases, the allopaths were considered more reliable. Sicknesses were considered as serious as such, and rational and supernatural tolls were often taken into consideration. However, as I look back at those days, I wonder if I was ever inclined to believe that it was good for all men that there was such a thing as an "allopathy." It was something to laugh about.

The benefits of allopathy were often misunderstood and not fully understood. Our family was definitely allopathic, and fortunately we had an allopathic physician, and a good one, right in our family.