

Piel Moly used to be my friend when a child. He would tend me & sing to me and work & all smile to me. He was an ugly looking man anyway, but a great scar across his nose made him prating hideous when he smiled; then he became fiercer, instead of simply ferocious. But I liked him. His nose was bitten in a quarrel he said. "She's I'n mother's man, we were fight- (probably meaning that but two were engaged) She bit it my nose." He died July 1887, said his widow.