Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 11, 1910.

## NOVEMBER.

The elfin throng, a million strong, are making pumpkin pie,
And dressing geese and turkeys—phew! they make the feathers fly!
Thanksgiving month's a busy time in Elfinland, that is true,
For lads and lassies all like goodies—such a hungry crew!
It's good the elves are fond of work—they're regular little busters.
And soon, I'm told, they'll all engage in making feather dusters.

—S. Virginia Levis in *St. Nicholas.*

## THE BLACK REACH.

Amery had come up the night before in a driving, blustery rain, and all morning, to his disgust, the weather shifted between fretful showers and watery sunshine.

Impatiently he tramped the long porch of the Mountain House, kicking the black setter from a comfortable doze, waiting for the moody weather to clear. The clouds really did seem thinning over the notch, and there was a possibility,a scant possibility, if the wind veered, that there might be some afternoon fishing.

The big splint-bottomed chair he usually occupied was usurped, and the usurper sat snaring at him. Amery strode through the mud to the barn where Dan, the man of all work, who was supposed to be weather wise, was sharpening an axe. When he returned, the boy smiled amusedly at his churlish impatience.

At noon the clouds parted, and a bar of sunlight sent them scurrying down the sky. Amery hurried into his fishing togs and came to the porch.

"Do you mind if I go with you?" the boy in the chair asked bluntly.

The man mambled gruffly an unintelligible answer.

Down the trail the heady smell of earth after the rain exhilirated him, and he was half sorry for his gruffness—the boy was about the same age. But he set his lips and put the pain of remembered things from him.

A river mist was rising in cloudy spirals, swathing the tree boles in soft blue while the tops burned in golden fire. The thinning clouds over the notch were fulfilling their promise gloriously. In the thickest a choir invisible of birds lifted a chant. He thought he heard the pad of crutches back of him and looked over his shoulder, pretending to examine the fastening of his landing net, but saw nothing. The trail was lined with a tangle of briar. A sprawling blackberry with ruby-vined leaves whipped across his path and almost tripped him; a twig of a low bushy Judas tree caught in the pocket of his fishing coat, ripping a stitch or two, the big drops of water splashed from the tantalizing overhanging wild grape straight down his open shirt collar. Was that a low laugh? Again he looked over his shoulder and frowned in the face of a fat robin that chuckled oilily and flew away. It was uncomfortable, this sensation of being followed when he wished to be let alone.

Strong sunshine shredded the mist, and all at once each rain wet tree and sodden bush sparkled in iridescent colors. Freshness and cleanness were everywhere, and smell of pine. That piney fragrance, pungent, sweet, dizzying to the sense, made it good to live in a rain-washed world.

Amery drew in the long breath of a man just wakened, and pushed through the wet underbrush, rod a-shoulder, to the river. There he fell to fishing, and for a time was at peace with the world and himself. The complexities of the "gentle art" left no room for thoughts that tugged and hurt.

It crossed his mind hazily that he was sorry he had spoken sharply to the lad. He remembered that a pair of crutches had stood by the chair. That was why he had conjured up that illusion on the trail.

But he put the subject from him—these things were quite outside the pale of his life. He had no concern with feeling, emotion of any sort—he had quite done with that. And, after all, it was not without satisfaction that he felt he had achieved the calm of being sufficient unto himself.

With a dexterous swing he cast across the riffle. The trout were rising freely, and, every muscle alert, be enjoyed the fine fight the fish were putting up, for a pound rainbow on the Sacramento is game to the tip of his tail, and the spoil is only to the skillful. That was one of the satisfactions of the sport to him—he felt that he was giving his antagonist a square deal. Still, he kept that uncomfortable feeling of being watched; he was sure he heard an appreciative long drawn exclamation when he netted a two-pounder. But a tricking wind had joined the sun and fluttered the willow leaves until you could make most any sound out of the rustle of them. Voices are always murmuring on the stream, for the spirit of Pan still whispers in the leaves, complains under the young willows and breathes dolorous ghost sighs through the ripples of the river. All this you can hear if you are pure in heart and alone and will listen.

He decided to leave the palisades for later fishing, and swung along the road to the willow pool, where heavy bush, crowding the bank, made deeper shadow of the afternoon water.

He waded waist deep into the river scorning rubber boots as being fit only, for a man of age; besides, he liked space for free casting. Here he lost the sense of being watched. Just before sundown he had the limit. and his basket was a weight even to his strong back. There was satisfaction in the hardly won triumph—the satisfaction of the conqueror. But—was it loneliness? The thought struck him, as it always did in the relaxation of a thing finished, that there was no one to care a whit whether his basket sagged heavy with success or was light with failure. He had courted solitude; he had it. But—

Before he knew it, the mountains flung deep shadows that moved slowly up the bank, up the other side over further mountains like ghostly creeping things of night. The wing of a homing hawk slanted darkly across the canon. It was full time to be moving, and he started briskly down the river trail.

"Good sport today? How many?" The boy came toward him. The usual forbidding frown creased Amery's forehead; he turned away. "Would you mind my going up the trail with you? It's kind of nasty over the lumpy ground with these sticks in the dark."

The boy shivered, and Amery, looking at him closer, saw that he was slim and frail—a wasted slip of a lad moving through the dusk.

"That first fellow you landed put up a good fight. Gee, but you can cast!" the boy said admiringly. "I wanted to see how many you'd bring in—they haven't been rising lately—and I had a bet with Dan on you. May I have a look?"

Amery ungraciously opened his basket.

"My! You're a winner!"

Praise of a fisherman's skill is the warming way to the cockles of his heart, and Amery unbent.

"Didn't you find it cold waiting?" he asked curtly.

The boy nodded. "Rather; but I'm used to being alone. I'm out of the game," he said quietly with a queer twist of his mouth. "My people can't get used to this sort of thing—they're mostly going about; they're off to the golf tournament at Del Monte—and I'm up here for a time to pull myself together. I followed you down here. It was sort of a sneak, I know, but this beastly thinking's seven devils to torment you, so I thought—"

"How old are you?" Amery demanded abruptly.

"Eighteen. I had a first rate chance at the 'varsity this year—my freshman year."

Silence settled between the two. Amery slowed his pace and the twist of the boy's mouth set to a grim, dogged line.

"Accident?" Amery asked shortly.

"No," the boy said passionately. "If I'd only been laid out in the game—anywhere when I was doing something!" The words jerked from him. "But it came suddenly, when I was in training—something inside. After the first big practice game it was all up with me." Amery started to speak. "Don't say you're sorry for me! I won't stand for that. That's why I came up here alone. It's something I've got to grin and bear. Sneath fumbled—it will never be any better. How was it up the river? It's slow going for me yet or I'd stalked you up there." He laughed mirthlessly.

It had grown so dark that Amery struck a match to light the trail, then forged ahead.

"Would you mind waiting a bit till I get my wind?" the boy called.

Amery leaned against the big pine. "There was another boy," he said half to himself, "that was to have been on the team—an accident—the boy never played—he was killed." The words were forced and hard. It was the first time he had spoken of him in all these passing years.

The boy came nearer, and resting on one crutch laid his hand on the man's arm.

"Mr. Amery, the boy would rather have it that way than this. Believe me—I know."

Side by side the man and the boy came to the porch, and it was the boy who called out the news of the great catch; it was the boy who fetched the scales and superintended the weighing—and it was the record catch of the season at the Mountain House.

Amery went to his room with a queer whirl in his head. Sympathy he had shut out of his life long ago, when a careless chauffeur had sent the machine off the grade—and in a flash wife and boy had been snatched from him. From that day he looked upon an empty world. It was as if the heart had gone out of the man and he had become a successful working machine. Men respected his integrity, his sagacity, but did not seek his company. When they met him they involuntarily, without knowing why, crossed to the sunny side of the street. In the hardening he had put away all kinship to human kind. He neither pitied nor would be pitied, and even at fifty, with goodly years ahead, his features had taken on the set of sixty. Now this boy—He would not think; his nerves must be untuning by the long tramp of the day; he flung himself on the bed—but not to sleep.

The next morning the boy met him at the foot of the stairs that ended on the porch.

"Which way today?" he asked.

"The Black Reach," Amery snapped—not graciously—unstrapping his fly book and running over the contents.

"I'd like to go. I shan't be in your way, for I have to go by easy stages, I'll meet you at lunch hour." He waved his hand to the man's back disappearing down the trail.

In broad daylight Amery was ashamed of the emotion of the night, and his looks were of the grimmest. His mouth was stern and straight—harder than flint to strike a smile of human kindness from, they said at the club. To him his fellow men were only so many phantom actors stalking through the play of life in which with him they had been cast. He would not soften now, would not leave a vincible spot. He would go past the Black Reach to Conant's, as far up the river as possible. He could not be bothered with a chattering, lame boy; he would not have the one relaxation that clung to his self-driven life ruined. The three months in the mountains was the only one of the twelve that he lived. Why should the Black Reach be spoiled for him? It was his favorite ground; he liked the place; it was like the man—it fitted into his mood. No one had a right to creep into the black reach of his life.

He went to Conant's, unreasonable anger dogging his steps, and no fish was lured to his fly. Changing his cast, slowly he doubled back upon his steps until the shadows shortened under the pines; then he knew it was noon. Unconsciously he had neared the Reach, which belied its name in the full tide of the sun. Some day, long ago, hoary Shasta must have spilled a burning broth from her cauldron on Crater peak into the Sacramento for cooling. And there it stayed, hardened into fine cool niches and hidden shelves for trout to tuck away in. The steep hills on each side of the river were flooded in sleepy haze of gold. Full-bunched dogwood berries clustered slumberously in heavy masses of red near the water, while flaming maples jostled swarthy manzanita and bunchy cedar clear to the top of the ridge. And the river bubbled and frothed over the black rocks in anything but a doleful mood. Then smoke curled from the alder thicket. Amery started. A tramp must have left a fire lighted; with woodman's instinct he went toward it.

As he parted the bushes the boy looked up.

"I thought it was 'bout time for you to come." He peered into a bubbling coffee pot. "Any fish?"

"No." Amery's tone was short.

"Bad luck! I hadn't counted on that," he said disappointedly.

Amery strode to the river, and after a time came back with six fish, which he laid on the flat rock.

"That's great!" said the boy.

The fish were cleaned, alternated with bacon on a peeled willow switch and held over the coals, where they frizzled and sent out delicious little whiffs that set Amery's appetite on edge.

"I know the coffee's good. I used to cook at camp, and they always liked my coffee—I put plenty in. You see," Bob—the boy's name was Bob— went on cheerfully, "I had to give up doing big things well, so I've taken to doing little things my best." Amery noticed that the thin hand gripped the rock. "Draw up; I've a thimbleberry plate for you. Don't fish out your sandwich. I strapped a basket on my back and brought everything."

Amery looked at the boy.

"You came all this way on your crutches—for what?"

"I'd have come a deal further for this fun." He threw a burnt piece of toast away. "Here's another try." He dodged the shifting smarting smoke that always blows where the cook listeth to stand. "I'm glad I came. It was a stiffish walk, but a fellow might just as well be doing something he wants to even if he's got to pay for it. Don't you think so?"

"That's a matter of ethics," Amery growled.

"I'm sure the other boy would have come." Bob's voice lowered.

Amery winced. He could not get used to the touch on the raw.

"Yes, I think he would," he said slowly. Looking up, he saw how deep the bluish circles lay bedded under the boy's eyes; he noticed the fine lines pain had traced on the smooth face. And in a flash the realization came to him that this boy's was the first unpaid service done for him since the long ago.

"I'm a bit more gone than I thought," Bob gave in as he let himself down on the sand by the rock which served for a table. "But it has paid."

"How did you know I would come back?"

"You said you were going to fish the Black Reach—and I knew you'd do what you said."

Amery grew red under his bronzed skin at the thought of the deliberate tramp to Conant's and he was glad that he had been forced back—he would not like those honest eyes to read his evasion.

"We're both kind of set aside in the game, I guess—Dan told me at the house—and we don't take to the bleachers." He made a wry face.

Amery reached out and shook the thin, white hand. And then half ashamed, for emotion was strange to him, he fell to devouring the hot fish.

"I'll take a couple of winks while you fish out the Black Reach. I'll wait till you come back," the boy said sleepily after the meal was finished.

"Sure." The boyish slang slipped before Amery was aware.

"So long—luck to you," Bob called drowsily. And Amery fared down the stream, his heart beating in tune to the first human note in years. He looked back—the boy was curled, fast asleep, before he rounded the bend.

Somehow the birds sang sweeter; at least, he heard their songs—and they sang together. Late flowers bloomed in his path; and he saw them. He saw how red the saxifrage leaves were turning at the river brim, and leaned over to catch their reflection in the dark waters of the Black Reach. Blessed sunshine spread in golden benediction over the gorge; the somberness of the water was only depth of light. And it came to him in the lonely casting over wide pools that the only cure for grief was human interest, and that the open heart was the only way to healing. The boy had said something like that in his queer jumble of philosophy while he cooked the meal. How could one so young have found out? Amery's face darkened; the boy was old to pain—and pain is a hard schoolmaster.

He watched a gray squirrel with upright brush scamper up a pine while his line trailed in the water; then he looked at his watch, fearing he might be late, and was tempted to stop with a beggarly showing in his basket, but restrained the impulse, for habit is slow to break, and a man will fight to the finish against settled inclination. Most times in life, obstinacy bumps the head of good intention.

Bob was awake, basket strapped to his back, waiting for him. Amery put his hand on the basket.

"That isn't fair. This is my load," the boy protested, and Amery let him carry it.

There were days when Amery went back to the old gruffness, many days when he slipped down to the Black Reach alone. The fixed habit of solitude claimed him, and there were times when the sight of the boy was more than he could stand—that forbidding lump rose to his throat. but at the end of the month when he came to leave, the world had grown bigger, and there were more light in it.

Bob stayed on; he was not much missed at home, and it was November before he came down to the city. He wrote regularly to Amery—boyish, scrappy letters, full of the woods, river and trees, and the man slid into the way of expecting the letters, though he did not always answer them. When he sat at his desk over figures, sometimes he was not there—he was casting in the swirling waters of the Black Reach, and sniffing the smoke of the fire at the rock—pine wood is sweet in the burning—while Bob cooked the trout with slices of lean bacon between.

It was the hour after dinner, the hour when shadows lie heavy for a man alone in a cumbered big house where things are clean and correct, with never a touch of the disarray of home. Amery gloomed over a well swept hearth, the coffee on the library table growing cold—there's little comfort in the cheering cup when drunk alone. The evening paper was stupid. Somehow he couldn't throw himself into a mood for the Black Reach tonight. The sordid reality of his life obsessed him; the utter unfriendliness of the world—rather uncongeniality—weighed upon him. No letter had come that week from the boy.

A pebble struck the window pane—another, sharper. He looked about frowning. The door opened and Bob was ushered in. Tossing his cap on a chair, he stood in the middle of the room looking about.

"It's fine and big here," he said, "big enough for a football field. Did I scare you? I saw you jump—the shade was up. That's my signal when I'm coming. Don't pucker up your forehead, Mr. Amery—you've got to be glad to see me, for I'm here, and I'm going to stay as long as you will let me. The man at the door looked scared when I made a rush past him."

Amery pushed a chair forward. He did not speak for a time—that odd choking in the throat would not let him—but the boy did not know that, and stood still, not quite sure of his welcome.

"I'm very glad to see you, Bob," he said stiffly. The man came in to remove the boy's cap.

"Leave it alone, James," Amery said sternly. Somehow, he liked the look of a boy's cap on the chair.

"You've a nice place here." Bob settled into the chair, clasping his hands about his knee. "Books—my How I'll browse if you're going to let me come."

Amery reached in his pocket and handed him a latchkey. "That's yours."

"Why don't you drink your coffee? It'll get cold."

Amery touched a bell. "I will, now that you're here. And, James"—he turned to the man—"wasn't there something sweet for dinner? I didn't notice," he said to Bob. "You'll help me out tonight and the cook will be happy."

"Sure. Dessert is off my bill of fare at home." And they settled comfortably to iced pudding.

"Have you seen the paper tonight?" The boy's voice had a queer little wobbly note. Amery looked up from his second cup of coffee.

"Yes—nothing in it."

"Nothing?" Scorn was in the interrogation. "Why—why the *big* game was today! Five times running we've lost—five times they've licked us. This time our team won. Didn't you know? Today's been hell. You don't mind, do you? I knew you wouldn't go—and I couldn't though they fixed it for me, and the fellows sent over a bunch to beg me. But, I tell you, it knocks spots out of a fellow when he expects to be *in* the show and he is put off on the bleachers. But we won—and I wasn't there?"

Amery took up the paper—Bob held one corner of the outspread page—and together they read, studying the score, criticizing the sporting editor's comments on each play. Bob explained the fine points, for it had been a long time since the man had followed the game.

"That was my job—fullback." Bob pointed to the page. "And Sneath got it; he's a good kid, a little light, but fast and a good stayer. Sneath fumbled the ball, and Jones— he belongs to the other team —got it, and when they tackled him passing to Hungerford, who went over our line for a touchdown. Oh, why did Sneath drop it?" Bob's eyes were bright. The man insensibly fell in with his excitement. They read each play over again, making diagrams, playing the game on paper until the library clock chimed many strokes.

"I'd no idea it was so late!" Bob exclaimed. "That ass of a doctor puts me to bed at ten. I'll have to be off. It's good of you to put up with me. I've been in a blue funk all day. They don't understand at home—when they give me everything I want. It takes two who are up against it to understand, sir. I'll sure have to be off."

"I'll go with you." Amery rose.

"No, please don't; I want to keep my independence—as long as I can. Thank you—good night." And the boy was gone.

The next night Amery listened for the pebble to strike the glass. It was later than on the night before, but it came and the latch clicked. The boy slowly thumped in with a smile, his teeth clenched to keep back pain.

"Well?" Amery asked.

"The fellows painted the town. I heard them serpentine down the street—they came over to the city, you know. I heard the yell, the one that makes the blood pound in your head and makes you want to yell like thunder for your college. And you're proud of it—so proud you'd like to shriek it out to the world—*you* know! I wish I could have seen Sneath. I wish —" The boy flung his arms on the table and buried his head in the crook of his elbow.

Amery watched, but said nothing, pacing up and down the room. The boy's shoulders shook, but there was never a sound. The man laid his hand on the bent head.

"Partner," he said—and it was *how* he said it that made the boy look up with dry, desperate eyes—"partner, don't. Fight it out, boy—fight it out; tackle it hard. You've watched your night in the Garden—it shall not be alone again."

"Thank Heaven it won't be long!" The boy spoke through tightened lips. "I've been round to the doctor's today and made him tell me. It can't last much longer—and I'm glad of it. I think the family would rather have it—that way than this. And my grit is petering out. I can't buck it much longer." The boy was white to the lips.

Amery smiled strangely.

"You're not going, boy. You've got to stay—I need you. You can't go, Bob—you shan't go. Tonight I see great possibilities—you've made me see them. Neither of us has any right to think of self—when there's so much to be done. Our sorrows are such a drop in the ocean —such an infinitesimal drop in the misery of the world. And if it hurts us, think of the hurt of the world. We've no right to slip away from our responsibilities. We've fumbled—both of us, but the game's not lost—thank God we've a chance to buck the line again!"

Bob groped blindly for Amery's hand. The uplift in the man's face he could not understand, but he felt that he was in the presence of a great light, and was willing to follow where it led.

"Isn't it queer," he said, "why we're put here? I've been pretty bitter, thinking why I didn't go when I was knocked out. The pain is bad—I'm nothing but a drag to anybody. Nobody needs me—Sneath took my place—there was no gap, at home there'll be no gap when I'm gone. You see, your boy was privileged—he was let go quick, not left half a man as I am. I cursed and prayed to go before the game. If I couldn't be in it, I didn't want to be here. You see, Mr. Amery, if I'd been crippled in the big game I wouldn't have minded—there'd be something to live for—I'd have stood for something." His voice broke. "You say I've done you good—made you see a lot of things I can't see. I don't understand it, but what you say goes. You say you *need* me? Maybe that's why I was left. And a man's a kid to cry if he can be of any use. I don't mind half as much now, if I can be a 'sub' for you in the bigger game—and you'll teach me the rules. The doctor said I was going fast because I didn't have the heart in me—you've put the heart in me." He looked into Amery's eyes. "I'll try to buck the line squarely. But—Sneath was a duffer. Why didn't he hang onto the ball?"—By Mary Glascock, in *Smart Set.*

## THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Last tribute of earth to the year's vesper glow;
A kiss of the summer flung out to the snow.
God's herald of winter; yet coming to bring
To the hearts of the faithful a promise of spring.

—Clifford Howard in *Lippincott's*

## "The Country Community."

The three things that kept alive country spirit in the old days were country store, country school and the country church. All three of them have come to hard times. Many of the country stores are closed. I drove through Clarion county not long ago and saw the front of a famous country store all boarded up. The old storekeeper had died. Two men in succession had tried to keep the store and failed. The real reason is that the times had changed. Only a genius can run a country store successfully today. Yet the store was the business and social center of the men. Today the men of the rural community in Pennsylvania have no place to meet unless some enterprising party provides a pool-room and they go there at the peril of their reputation.

Such subjects of rural life as these will be discussed at the Huntingdon Conservation Congress. December 5th and 6th. This meeting is to be held in a church because the country church has suffered with the country stores. They have not gone out of business because they have deeper roots than the stores; but they are struggling merely for survival. Only a genius can run a country church in Pennsylvania today with success. The old-fashioned methods were all good but they need help from modern spirit.

The abundant hospitality of the Presbyterian church at Huntingdon, Rev. Richard P. Daubenspeck, D. D., minister, is to assemble the Presbyterian ministers of seven counties to consider these questions; with them will come an official of each church. The Granges of this section will also assemble to hear their master, William T Creasy. From every town a delegation of citizens is also expected.

The Conservation Congress will deliberate with a view to acting. The purpose of this meeting is practical and looks further than mere agitation. The decision of the congress as to the wisest measures to be taken for restoring the country community will have weight with all the protestant churches in Pennsylvania.

With the churches the schools are interested. For the country school has also fallen behind in educational progress. It was once the leader; but all educators agree that it needs reconstruction. The country school is today attempting to do nothing more than to keep its doors open and to provide teachers for all the children of the community. The great enterprises and the great needs of modern times have no place in the rural school. The country school does not minister to the working farmer. It is the belief of the leading ministers that little can be done for the country church until the country school is reconstructed.

There will be room in the Huntingdon Conservation Congress for people of all denominations and for men and women as well as officers and ministers, school teachers and granges. All are welcome and everybody will have a voice who has something to say in the discussion; though the conclusions are to be voted upon by delegates alone.—By *Warren H. Wilson, Ph. D.*

## The Adulteration of Food in France.

The adulteration of food in France is said to result in a profit of one hundred million dollars per year. Bread, which may be called the national food of France, has long been adulterated largely with talc, a substance which is not only indigestible, but is exceedingly irritating to the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane because of the sharp crystal fragments which it contains. Flour is often mixed with alum or with potassium carbonate to increase the amount of water absorbed, with zinc sulphate to keep the bread fresh,with copper sulphate and ammonium carbonate, to diminish the quantity of yeast required and to improve the appearance of bread made with spoiled flour.

Denatured alcohol, costing one-eighth the price of pure alcohol, is used for the manufacture of the liqueurs and *aperitifs,* which are so largely consumed in France. Alcohol, denatured hy the addition of methyl alcohol, is mixed with an equal volume of water and exposed for a few days to the sun, air and rain, which have the effect of precipitating the methyl alcohol so completely that its flavor remains barely perceptible.

The mixture is then brought to the desired alcoholic strength by the addition of strong spirits, flavored to.suit the taste of the consumer and sharpened by the addition of a pint of nitric acid to each barrel.

There are times in every life when the vital forces seem to ebb. Energy gives place to languor. Ambition dies. The current of the blood crawls sluggishly through the veins. It is a condition commonly described by saying, "I feel played out." For such a condition there is no medicine which will work so speedy a cure as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol. It is not a mere stimulating tonic. It contains no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It does not drug the nerves into insensibility. What it does is to supply Nature with the materials out of which she builds nerve and muscle, bone and flesh. A gain in sound flesh is one of the first results of the use of "Discovery."

A Temperance Mndicine.

There is one feature of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in which it differs from nearly all other medicines put up for women's use. *It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.* It is in the strictest sense a temperance medicine, "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders for women. It gives weak and nervous women strength of body and nerve. It cures the drains, inflammation, ulceration, and bearing-down pains which ruin the health of women. It practically does away with the pains of motherhood, It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

## A SONG.

Because I build my nest so high,
  Must I dispair
If a fierce wind with bitter cry
Passes the lower branches by,
  And mine makes bare?

Becasse I hung it in my pride
  So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
  It scattered lies?

I shall but build, and build my best,
  Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new made nest,
High as of old, and see it rest
  As near the sun.

—Dollie Radford.

## Brass and Copper.

Genuine old Colonial brass and copper utensils were rarely of Russsian or Oriental make. Most of them were of English or American manufacture, with occasional Dutch and French pieces.

These are not very rare, and according to *Country Life in America,* are seldom to be found in the shops. The brass and copper utensils offered as Colonial are mostly Russian, and half of those are modern reproductions.

The best of these old utensils came from England, much of them from Birmingham. But few of these English pieces bear any stamp. From Holland and Brittany came brass and copper milk cans and a few other pieces.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the old brass and copper was of American make. Among the early settlers there were a number of braziers and some of the oldest brass utensils that have come down to us were doubtless their work. They worked locally and suited their styles to the needs of their customers, so that nothing like a classification or analysis is possible.

During the early part of the eighteenth century English braziers came in considerable numbers to new England and plied their trade there, introducing many of the English forms, so that it is often impossible to tell whether a piece is of English or American make, except that the American pieces are a little heavier.

At the same time there were English and Dutch braziers working in New York and Pennsylvania. A famous New England brazier was Jonathan Jackson, who died in 1736. He made brass handbasins, pots, skillets, kettles, plates, saucers, spoons and warming pans, as well as knockers, candlesticks and andirons.

Copper was perhaps less commonly used than brass, but some of the most interesting pieces were of that metal. There were measures, jugs, tankards, mugs, small pitchers and sugar bowls of copper, platters, saucers, bowls and kettles. Sheet brass was imported from Wales and elsewhere and hammered into pots and open kettles. Copper chafing dishes were popular about 1750, and kettles standing on tripods over charcoal furnaces. Sometimes the furnaces were brass or iron.

Brass was even more expensive than copper and good pieces are rare. There were ladles, teakettles, jugs, sugar bowls and small pitchers of brass. Brass skillets were made sometimes with iron tripods for standing in the coals. Plain pail shaped kettles were common, chiefly without feet.

The chief charm in collecting old brass and copper lies in the beauty of the metal itself and the fact that many of the pieces lend themselves readily to decorative purposes in the home. Almost any shapely piece of old brass, and particularly old copper with its rich color, makes a beautiful ornament.

Open kettles and pots serve admirably as jardinieres and the smaller jugs as vases for cut flowers, while ladles, skimmers, warming pans, platters and other flat pieces need only to be hung on the wall to serve as their own justification. If the copper is highly burnished it looks its best in a subdued light.

Many collectors prefer not to polish their old brass and copper, but to allow it to retain the softened tints that age has given, with here and there a suggestion of green, red and gold—the results of oxidization. Sometimes, of course, an old piece is so black and dirty as to need some treatment to bring out its beauty.

Soap and water should be used first and then an application of oil and rottenstone to take off any incrusted dirt. Then putz pomade may be used to give as high a polish and as new a look as is desired. Most amateurs need to be cautioned against too vigorous a cleaning, however. Finally the palm of the hand and much patience will serve best to bring out the lustre without wearing away the colors.

Genuine old brass and copper utensils command a fair price, but no more than they are worth as decorative ornaments in the home. The Russian pieces in the shops are cheap in comparison. A Russian coffee pot may be worth $5, while an old English or American piece of similar shape and size would be worth $12. Copper jugs and measures are worth $6 or $8, teakettles from $10 to $15, pots and skillets $10 to $12, warming pans from $12 to $20. Brass is worth less than copper; a small brass jug may sometimes be picked up for $3 or $4, and a kettle for $5.

## Duster Bag.

For the house there is the duster bag, the clothes pin bag and the following is practical; art ticking is a good, strong material, and pretty. You take a piece of goods whatever size you wish, and sew it up around the edges. Then cut a round hole in the side near the top; bind the hole with braid, sew a piece of braid on the upper corners so the bag can be tied around the waist. If you do not wish to carry it thus, omit the braid at the corners, and substitute two wire hooks, which are to be slipped over the clothes line and slid along at will.

——"What I believe in," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown. "I has hyuhed dat some folks kin lif a chicken off de roos' so gentle an' tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed ska'sely none."

——"An amateur performer is one who sings or plays because he loves music," explained Mrs. Cumrox.

"That didn't sound like love to me," replied her husband. "It sounded more like hatred or revenge."

Give your children a laxative medicine which will not re-act on the system or leave iujurious after effects. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for children. They do not produce the pill habit.