Democratic Watchman.

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Troublesome War Times

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Colfelt, D. D.

In Bedford County, situated as it was on the border and previously a rock bound Democratic stronghold, there was considerable sympathy with the Confederate cause and opposition to the draft, owing to miseducation and ignorance of the true construction of the Constitution. The Democratic party was divided into two sections, the Union Democrats being headed by John Cessna, the leader of the bar and in my judgment, the ablest all around man Bedford County has produced, Speaker of the Legislature, Chairman of State Executive Committee, Congressman, and often chosen by Thomas B. Reed to occupy his place in the Speaker's chair. In the presidential contest, preceding the Civil War, he was chosen Delegate to the Democratic convention at Charleston and suffered physical violence, being struck in the face by a fire-eater who took umbrage at Mr. Cessna's bold advocacy of Union sentiments and of a candidate who would personify opposition to secession. The other section was led by B. F. Myers, editor, a man of ability but a violent partisan who exaggerated States Rights into States Sovereignty, boldly advocated the right of States to secede and denominated patriotic soldiers as "Lincoln Hirelings." Many other leading Democrats used equally bitter language in their political harangues confounding the Confederate cause with Jeffersonian Democracy. It was through ignorance they did it and later when better informed by the remorseless logic of events they were no doubt heartily ashamed that they had spoken unadvisedly with their lips. None the less, the spread of such sentiments did its work in the mountains. What wonder that many young men, imbibing the virus and reinforced in some instances by religious sentiment and detestation of all war, opposed and evaded the draft and that a few even ran away from home and joined the Confederate army. Thus it came about that Bedford County required troops to enforce the draft.

Several incidents are associated in memory with this period. Some soldiers and a sergeant went to a cottage occupied by a drafted man who failed to report for duty, Bagley by name. Hearing their approach, the man climbed a ladder to the attic, drawing it after him and closed the trap door. The woman threw open the door of the house, welcomed the platoon with much sang froid and told them to search the house diligently but they would find the bird flown. Meanwhile her man was overhead at the trap door with a beam of wood in hand, ready to make his arrest a deadly struggle. But the woman carried off the situation so bravely that the soldiers were convinced and searched no further.

In another instance, a draft evader named Croyle prepared an ingenious refuge in his home by night, hiding in the mountains by day. A small detachment of troops surrounded the premises while several of their number went upstairs and found a square, boxlike closet covered with cord wood. Hearing a noise within, they cried to their comrades without to come for they had found the culprits' hiding place. They all rushed upstairs and proceeded to fling the cord wood hither and thither. Meanwhile the man in hiding opened the concealed door in the bottom of his compartment, leaped to the floor below and escaped to the wooded hills.

Feeling ran high at that time between the parties and in one instance led to tragical results. A young collegian at a Canadian university, John P. Reed, was home at Bedford on a vacation. The Provost Marshal with an excess of zeal did not hesitate to insult the family as he passed them seated upon their porch, charging them with sympathy for the Southern cause, one of the sons having joined the Confederate army. Several nights later a brother, Schell Reed, was going down street when he was assaulted by the Provost Marshall for whom he was no match, being in the last stages of tuberculosis. As he fell beneath the blows, he called out, and his brother, then but across the street diagonally, visiting his uncle, a banker, heard his cries and rushed to aid his brother. Being an athelete and a scientific boxer, he knocked out the Provost Marshall and seized his brother and shoved him out of the melee to a place of safety. The crowd, now grown to angry proportions, was reinforced by a number of soldiers from their headquarters at the Washington Hotel with their captain, a man about 5 feet, 4 inches in height and in undress, at their head. Meanwhile Sheriff Henderson rushed into the center of the mob and seeing the little captain in an excited state, mistook him for the ringleader of the fracas and laid hands on him. All this time, I, a boy of 15 years, was perched safely on a porch overhanging the scene, to which I had climbed aided by the pillar and was looking at the scrimmage with bulging eyes. It was quite the most ridiculous mixup I ever saw, with the tall soldiers striking over the pygmy captain's head at the herculean Sheriff and the Provost Marshall gesticulating and trying to explain to the officer of the law that he had corraled the wrong man. Finally the tangle was straightened out and the crowd dispersed.

Early the next week the young student, John P. Reed, was proceeding homeward on one side of the street while the Provost Marshal was coming on the other side. At sight of the youth who had bested him, his anger boiled over and running to the middle of the street, he seized a stone and hurled it at his enemy and struck him in the side, bringing him to his knees. The youth, fearing another and finishing blow, drew his revolver and fired, killing his opponent. Altogether it was a deplorable and quite unnecessary tragedy bringing undeserved sorrow upon an estimable father and the several families. The trial was a Cause Celebre in the annals of the Bedford court house. Mr. John Cessna and the District Attorney on one side and David Paul Brown, the greatest criminal lawyer in the annals of Philadelphia, (with his equally famous snuffbox) on the other. The jury acquitted the defendant on the grounds of self defense, a verdict which met with the approval of the community.

At this period the agitation in favor of total abstinence was much in vogue and Father Matthews, John B. Gough, William E. Dodge and Theodore Cuyler were prominent advocates. Among others, I recall vividly a young man by the name of Uniac, of Boston, who, after gaining considerable fame on the platform in the Middle West, appeared in the Court House at Bedford and lectured on the subject. He was not only a very attractive speaker but of remarkable intellectual brilliance. To this day I recall his wonderful flight of eloquence. I registered the conviction at the time that this young man would rise high in the temperance crusade and go far. But to my surprise after a brief period of coruscation he disappeared totally. Five years later when a theological student, I was seated in the gallery of the Second Presbyterian Church, Princeton, listening to John B. Gough lecturing on the power of habit and elucidating the truth that no man with an ingrained drink or dope habit can possibly break his chains without the aid of religion and he related an incident which electrified me. He said in substance that during the Civil War he was lecturing one night to an audience of soldiers in Alexandria and at the close invited any who were so disposed to come up and sign the pledge. Among others, a young officer of most engaging personality, a Free-Thinker and an unbeliever in religion, as he was afterwards informed, came forward and signed the pledge. Mr. Gough was told also that he was a brilliant speaker and often chosen to make sword presentations and other speeches. As he signed, Mr. Gough asked "Young Man, will you keep this pledge?" He said, "I will keep it." Thrice the question was repeated and the answer given. "Young man, without the help of God, I fear you will not be able to keep it." He answered vehemently, "I will keep it by the strength of my own will!" Afterwards, said Mr. Gough, he became a temperance orator of no mean distinction for several years. Later I met him in Philadelphia one night and he begged me to go with him to his hotel and stand by him till he had conquered the Demon Thirst that was crying out from every cell of his brain and pore of his body. He bolstered him the livelong night until the paroxysm passed and the next morning as they parted to go their several ways, Uniac said, "Mr. Gough, if I fall I shall not survive it. I will not sink into the mire again." Some months later, Mr. Gough concluded, "I received a telegram saying, 'Uniac is dead.' He had taken his life.

To this illustration of the impotence of the human will I can add another germain to this period of my life. One of the greatest terrors of my school days was encountering on my way home in the evenings, a man by the name of Samuel Amick, a mountaineer, reeling homeward, muttering curses and who, in common parlance, had not drawn a sober breath in 60 years. He lived in a cabin on a mountain tract he owned. Later a vein of iron ore was discovered on his property, the royalty for mining which netted him about $25 a day. This sudden access of prosperity brought about a radical change in his habits. He resolved not to drink a drop for a year and by sheer force of will kept his resolution. At the end of the year he vowed he would abstain another year, and keeping his vow seemed to disprove the contention of Mr. Gough that no man can break a habit such as drink which has grooved his throat, blended with his brain cells and blood corpuscles, save by the help of God. But some years later when I was spending a vacation at the Arandale Hotel, on taking a hack ride, I asked the driver, "What has become of Samuel Amick?" He answered, "Last Sunday he was found dead in his bed, a bottle of whiskey by his side!"

At the risk of garrulity upon this subject, I must add a more cheerful proof of Mr. Gough's conviction. A Mr. Middleton, of Bedford, an old time hackman had long been addicted to intemperance when in a revival in the Methodist Church he "experienced Religion" and became a devoted member of the Church. I can bear witness that he, an unlettered man, could make the most eloquent and moving prayer I ever heard, surpassing any minister, either of Cathedral or plain meeting house. He took the abstinence pledge and was steadfast as the everlasting hills to the end of life. His religion proved his unfailing bulwark.

What is it?

"What kind of store is that fellow over at Toad Rock running?" asked a motorist.

"Well, he has Ford parts for sale," replied the attendant in the filling station at Ten Degrees, "buys butter, eggs, and poultry, deals in real estate, paints houses, marries folks in his capacity as justice of peace, runs the postoffice, sells stamps, hams, molasses, etc., and takes boarders upstairs. I reckon you'd call it a drug store."

——Orders for hand made rugs for Christmas gifts are now being solicited by Norman Kirk. Very reasonably priced, these rugs can be gotten in any size and in almost any color and being so attractive a more acceptable gift could not be found among home furnishings. Telephone 925-R-12

David's Great Lament, "Tell It Not in Gath"

In spite of its tragic origin, this is probably one of the commonest catchphrases in the world. If a golfer, for instance, were to foozle his drive or miss an easy putt, he might say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't tell the other fellows!" If an actor, temporarily out of a job, were to be discovered by an old friend busking on the beach, he would say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't breathe it in Maiden Lane!"

The saying is Biblical in its origin, the first to utter it being David in his lament on the death of Saul and Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa. Saul had been jealous of David for years, although Jonathan, his son and heir, was David's most devoted friend. David, being a fugitive, had settled with a handful of faithful followers at Ziklag, a small town in the country of the Philistines.

It was here that the news was brought to him that Saul had fallen upon his own sword, after being wounded by the Philistines, and that Jonathan was dead also. He broke out into one of the finest requiems ever uttered:

How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askalon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines
rejoice. . . .

Askalon was a seaport of the Philistines, and Gath was an inland city of some importance in the same corner of Palestine.—London Tit-Bits.

Pulitzer Would Have Had Royal Birds Shot

Fitzroy Gardner, in his book, "More Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian," tells this story about Joseph Pulitzer: "On one occasion, having to stay one night in London, and fearing that his rest would be disturbed by street traffic, he instructed his London representative to obtain at any cost the use of some private house where no traffic could be heard. One of the mansions in Kensington palace gardens was rented for a week for the purpose of a night's occupation. Pulitzer was quite satisfied with the arrangement until, in the early hours of the morning, he was awakened by the piercing shrieks, not many yards away, of peacocks from Kensington palace. He rang for his valet, gave him a revolver—Pulitzer generally had one—and told him to go out and shoot the birds. The valet, not daring to disobey his master, did some desultory firing; the neighborhood was alarmed; police rushed to the spot, and Pulitzer was seriously inconvenienced by the enforced temporary absence of his servant."

Left-Handed Cigars

It is not always because a cigar is badly made that the wrapper curls up and works off. It is often because a right-handed man is smoking a left-handed cigar. A left-handed cigar is one rolled by the maker's left hand, for all cigar makers must be ambidextrous.

A leaf of tobacco for the wrapper is cut on the bias and is rolled from left to right on the filler. The other piece, for reasons of economy, is then used, and must be rolled the opposite way by the workman's other hand.

The smoker, if he holds one of these left-handed cigars in his right hand, is sure to rub the wrapper the wrong way and loosen it. But the cigar is not a bad one—it is a left-handed one.

Ants Fight to Death

Extermination of red-meat ants, one of the most common pests in Australia, frequently is effected by starting a war between these ants and warlike soldier ants. The war between the two varieties of ants is started by placing a large uncooked bone near the nest occupied by the red ants, and when they begin feeding, the bone is removed gradually nearer the nest of soldier ants, a writer in the Sydney Bulletin tells us. When the two tribes meet while attempting to obtain food from the same bone, open warfare follows, during which casualties become exceedingly heavy on both sides. Usually the battle ends in the complete extermination of one of the armies.

Varieties of Bread

Generally speaking, the difference between whole-wheat bread and graham bread is that there is less coarse bran in the so-called whole-wheat bread than in graham bread. True graham bread is made from graham flour. Dr. Alexander Graham was the first to advocate milling the entire wheat, adding nothing and subtracting nothing. In some mills the whole-wheat flour is a product of the whole wheat put through a process to take out the coarsest bran. Bakeries' graham bread is made from a mixture of pure graham flour and white flour, proportions varying—sometimes being half and half.

Only a Life Interest

A Quaker was looking at one of the great pictures which Turner refused to sell. "Mr. Turner," said he, "my nephew tells me that thou valuest that picture very highly." "Well," said Turner, "it is true that I have been offered a very large sum, 1,500 guineas, for it, which I have refused." "Then," said the Quaker, "I should call that picture my dead stock. It just costs 75 guineas a year to keep that picture on thy wall." "I have never looked at it in that light," confessed Turner; "but I have only a life interest in it."

Georgians Proud of Record of Augusta

Augusta, one of Georgia's health resort cities, founded nearly 200 years ago by James Oglethorpe, the philanthropist, was named by him for the then princess of Wales. While the city is known in the North and East chiefly as a health resort and for its splendid golf links, Georgians cherish its historical associations. It was from Charleston, S. C., to Hamburg, across the river from Augusta, that the first American-built locomotive, the "Best Friend," was operated 96 years ago, and in Augusta lived William Longstreet, who received a steamboat patent from his state in 1788, but was not able to operate his invention successfully until 20 years later, a year after Fulton's Clermont was navigating the Hudson. Augusta and Savannah each claims it was on a farm in its environs that Eli Whitney devised and set up the first cotton gin. Fifteen miles from Augusta is Silver Bluff, where Hernando de Soto camped in 1540, and Spanish chroniclers relate that it was with difficulty he induced his followers to leave the "pleasantest place" on American shores.—Ralph A. Graves, in the National Geographic Magazine.

Gay Colors Put Away in Nature's Storeroom

One of the densest jungles on earth today lies along the Motago river in Guatemala. Should nature, by the process of the coal age, transform that jungle into a coal seam, it would be only a few inches thick. What a forest of tree life it must have been to produce the seams of coal which we mine today. One of the thickest on record is 66 feet. While nature was storing away the sun heat captured by the prehistoric jungles, nature also put away the color of that tropic world. Within the last 50 years chemists have discovered vats of every imaginable color concealed in gummy black coal tar. Modern styles for women's clothing quickly took possession of these color "miners," so our avenues are brilliant with the hues of luxuriant herbage which we may imagine beautified our earth, millions and millions of years ago.—National Geographic Society Magazine.

Success Fired Poe

Edgar Allan Poe was in dire need of money when in 1833 he read in the Saturday Visitor of Baltimore the announcement of a prize contest, in which $100 was offered for the best story, and $50 for the best poem. He wrote a series of six tales to be called "Tales of the Folio Club," for the prose entry and for the poetry contest he wrote "The Coliseum." With high hopes he left his contributions at the office of the Saturday Visitor, relates the Washington Post. He was on hand the following Saturday before the first papers were off the press, and when he obtained a copy he found spread before him his own story—the prize winner, "The MSS. Found in a Bottle," together with an article of praise and encouragement from the judges. This success proved an inspiration to Poe and brought many successful stories and poems from his pen.

Primitive Bookkeeping

The old Acadians, or Cajuns, of southwestern Louisiana were a primitive people. Their customs, if quaint, were often ingenious. In those early days the sole intruders from the outside world were the commercial travelers. They saw some curious things.

One of them, making the round of the prairie in his buggy, stopped at a boutique, or small Cajun store. The proprietor could neither read nor write. Nevertheless, he had a card index system of credit of his own. This he kept upon pieces of plank, putting down first the mark peculiar to each debtor. Afterward he added a picture of each article that was bought and charged. An admirable system.—Adventure Magazine.

Plaster of Paris

Plaster of paris is derived from a mineral called gypsum. Burned first to dry off the superfluous water, this gypsum yields a fine chalky powder which, when moistened again into a paste, and pressed into a mold, hardens into a perfect replica of its model, so making an ideal material for cheap statues and the like.

Gypsum is found in many parts of the world, but as a large part of Paris happens to be built over whole beds of it, that city was the first to discover this particular way of using it. Hence models and statuettes so fashioned were spoken of as being made of plaster of paris.

Old Babylonian City

Haran as a city of note is often mentioned in Babylonian inscriptions, and had many historical connections, though the excavator has not gone far with his investigation of its ruins yet. Nabodins, the last Assyrian king of Babylon, for instance, speaks of being inspired by his god to rebuild the temple Ehulhul (or House of Joy), which the Scythians had destroyed when taking Haran, and describes in a glowing inscription how he had rebuilt and adorned the city.

Attributes of Wealth

Wealth is not the real prize of life; it is only a trophy, a symbol, and may carry with it no satisfaction; indeed, it does not carry with it genuine, lasting satisfaction unless won and employed fairly, honestly, honorably.—Grit.

Great Writers Often in Financial Straits

When Oliver Goldsmith was threatened with arrest for nonpayment of rent, Samuel Johnson hastened to him and asked if he had any manuscript upon which he might realize some money. Goldsmith produced his "Vicar of Wakefield," and Johnston, who, upon glancing through it, saw its merits, tucked it under his arm and hurried to Francis Newberry, that famous old bookseller. Newberry was rather indifferent about its worth, but paid Johnson the equivalent of $300 for it

To Goldsmith, the sum was the price of liberty, as well as shelter and food, and he welcomed it as one would a small fortune. Newberry kept the manuscript for two years, until Goldsmith's "Traveler" having appeared and proved successful, he thought he might risk its publication. It was published March, 1766, and in a month was in its second edition.

Goldsmith, however, was not the only author who suffered from impecuniosity. Dickens, Johnson, Thackeray, Addison and Speed were at various times so pressed for money that they did not know from where their next dollar was coming.—Market for Exchange.

Kanakas Left Record of Engineering Skill

In bygone days the natives of New Caledonia displayed an astonishing knowledge of engineering.

Because the valleys where they lived were too narrow to support a growing population, they carved the sides of the hills into great terraces. These were carefully graded so that mountain streams could be made to flow smoothly along each terrace and down to the next in zigzags, each half a mile or so long, says a writer in Adventure Magazine. If there was no spring on the hillside, they brought water from neighboring slopes along viaducts made of hollowed-out tree-trunks. They gauged levels with a nicety modern engineers might envy.

Few of these terraced hillsides are cultivated today. The white man has changed all that.

The native population is decreasing, the survivors are apathetic and indolent; they work on plantations or cattle ranches, and on Sundays they get drunk when they are not attending church.

Depicts Desert Tragedy

A grim little memento of a tragedy of the desert has been given to the University of Pennsylvania by Prof. John W. Harshberger of the botany department. It consists of the dried and mummified body of a horned toad, entangled among the curved spines of a small cactus. The skin of the luckless little animal was not punctured in any place, but its hind legs were fettered by the fish-hook-shaped thorns, and it had apparently died a slow death of hunger and thirst. The cactus appears to be much tougher than its animal victim, for though it had been torn from its roots for several weeks it showed no signs of distress, and Professor Harshberger stated that such plants are able to live without a drop of water for several years, lying on a laboratory shelf.

And Don't Come Back

There is a rule at Monte Carlo that if a player beggars himself at the gaming tables the establishment will reimburse him sufficiently to insure his return to his home place. But he may never play there again until the loan is paid.

In the "Roaring Forties" in this city is a restaurant which has a rule somewhat similar. The place is noted for its steaks and chops and its proprietor swears by them. Such, indeed, is his pride that no patron who is served and complains about the quality of the food is permitted to pay for it. The check for his repast is destroyed before his face. Then he is courteously asked never to darken the door of the establishment again.—New York World.

Family of Statesmen

Ohio once had a representative in congress who was the son of a President and the father of a President. He was John Scott Harrison, born at Terre Haute, Ind., at the time when his father, Gen. William Henry Harrison, was governor of Indiana. His son was Benjamin Harrison. John Scott Harrison served only two terms in congress, then retired to the ancestral farm near North Bend, Ohio, where he devoted the rest of his life to agriculture, art and literature. He was first elected in 1852 to the Thirty-second congress. His second term was in the Thirty-fourth congress. He died at North Bend, May 26, 1878.

Travel for Travel's Sake

For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more early; to come down off this featherbed civilization, and find the globe granite under foot and strewn with cutting flints. Alas, as we get up in life, and are more preoccupied with our affairs, even a holiday is a thing that must be worked for. To hold a pack upon packsaddle against a gale out of the freezing North is no high industry, but it is one that serves to occupy and compose the mind. And when the present is so exacting who can annoy himself about the future?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

It is good to be unselfish and generous, but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.—George Eliot.

—On the coats in the new winter collections one sees an enormous quantity of silver foxes, shaven lamb and breitschwantz. In hats felt has never been so triumphant. Hats of engraved felt are at present one of the big millinery successes of the season.

Each modiste is able to have his own designs engraved on hats, and in this way each house has its exclusive models. Some of the designs are geometrical, some flowered, some snake-like, and in many instances they are reproductions of ancient patterns.

Some of the most effective have been copied from old Florentine and Venetian designs. The black tendency has never been stronger, and after blacks, grays are in vogue, all the reds also and netural colors and pale beiges and a few blues and all of the fur shades.

Lucien Lelong is showing a collection specially designed for Palm Beach which is naturally attracting an interested crowd. M. Lelong says that so many smart women go to the fashionable Florida resorts that the naming of garments for wear there deserves special attention.

The models are only carried out in very light materials, such as crepe de chine, linen, tub-silk, shantung, printed silk and georgette. The dominating shades are white ivory and yellow, and another that can best be defined as "between the two."

There are slightly beaded chiffon and crepe de chine coats trimmed with white fox. At Drecoll's the new models have skirts one inch longer. This does not foreshadow any drastic lengthening of the skirts, however. The present length is apt to undergo a slight change one way or another, but there will be no further variation.

I, for one, am thoroughly consistent. I think we are going to wear our skirts short as those of little girls, we ought to complement them in the same way as does this younger generation. And I look forward hopefully to the time when they hand me my bloomers made of the dress material.

Meanwhile, however, we go right on wearing 'em short. To be sure, some radical spirits in Paris have advocated an inch or two of extra length, but from all indications the strain on the kneecap is not to be lifted in the immediate future.

—Just as natural as a cannibal—that is how one may describe some of these new waistlines. Whereas many of the designers pose this line at its accustomed place right at the top of the hips, others have joined enthusiastically the "back to nature" movement among waist.

It is interesting to note that when the natural waistline does occur it is usually in the society of a slightly bloused corsage and a fitted hipline. Altogether, these three details give us a new impression of the autumn silhouette. It's really more change than we are accustomed to.

—No longer is it considered correct to cause dinner guests to dodge and peer from side to side at their fellow guests across a huge bouquet of flowers. The correct table decoration is gracefully low and arranged in a flat bowl surrounded with candlesticks, tall if the effect of height is desired, but never obstructing the view. The proper bowl has a wide rolled edge and it has four matching candlesticks all decorated in a lovely cut design. It has been made to assist in this new and artistic table arrangement. It is a handsome ornament even when not used to hold flowers and, as the set comes in rose, green and amber, one may find a tint to correspond with any color scheme. The set complete will make a welcome, but not costly wedding gift, as it is priced at $5.50.

—You may be particular about your frocks and keep them covered and hung in even rows in your closet, but how do you keep your hats? Are they crowded into a hat box on the closet shelf where they loose that chic bend and turn of brim that gives them distinction. The hats in a shop are generally kept on slender stands, where the brim is not bent nor the crown crushed. If you like to follow the example of the shop you will find the professional looking stands about twelve inches high all enameled and hand-decorated and selling at $1 each, will be the very thing you need. They will make pretty gifts, too.

Hats are high of crown and wide of brim. Most of the crowns are softened by a draped or tucked variation. The brims droop more than in the old fashioned sailor.

—Smart costumes for the younger girl exploit the vogue of navy blue brightened with touches of red. Almost invariably the hat repeats this combination of colors.

—The days have gone when apples were an everyday adjunct of the household and as much a matter of course as potatoes. The higher price they now command makes their lavish use less possible, but they are still our standby in the fruit line. It is well this is so, as they are especially wholesome. Well-made apple sauce should always be kept on hand. Small or imperfect fruit can be used to advantage. Pare and core the apples and cut into small pieces. Pour boiling water over the cut apples, using only enough to keep the sauce from burning at first, as the apples soon make their own juice. Cook quickly, stirring from time to time. When smooth add sugar, the juice of a lemon and half its peel cut into thin shreds. Never make apple sauce in metal and never stir with a metal spoon. It darkens easily by contact with metal. An enameled ware saucepan and an enameled ware or wooden spoon will obivate that difficulty.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.