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THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH

THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH

BEING A DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE OF
THE LIFE OF JOSEPH WATKINS ✓
AND HIS DESCENDANTS

By
SAMUEL HUNT WATKINS

WINONA, MINNESOTA
1917

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PREFACE

When I started to write this history I never dreamed of it being put in book form until I was more than half through writing, when my son, Wilbert, told me my manuscript was to be put in book form, through the courtesy of the J. R. Watkins Medical Company. I was hardly prepared for such a compliment, and I cannot describe my feelings. My son was the prime mover in this part of the program. I regret that I have had so much to say about myself. To look over my narrative it looks more like the biography of Samuel H. Watkins than the Annals of the Tribe of Joseph. If there is anything I hate it is an egotist, so it follows I will have to despise myself.

I have unintentionally omitted to mention the names of many persons that are worthy of notice and failed to record many events that I should have recorded, and I may err in some statements I have made, and if so they are mistakes of the head and not of the heart.

As I am the oldest surviving descendant of the Tribe of Joseph, I can come nearer doing

PREFACE

justice to the annals of the family than any one else. I have done my best to give a correct history and will leave it to my readers to judge how well it has been done. I should never have made the attempt had it not been for the earnest solicitations of my cousins, Julia Watkins Frost, and her daughter, Adelaide Frost. The former is the author of a very interesting book entitled, "Annals of Our Ancestors."

I want to express my sincere gratitude to every one who has aided me in this enterprise, and most especially to James Knox, the linotype operator in the J. R. Watkins Medical Company's printing office, who has been unsparing in his efforts in producing this book. By his scholarly efficiency, and that of his good wife (for she did a great deal of the proof reading in connection with this book), they have accomplished a great feat; they have brought order out of chaos, as any one would agree who could compare the manuscript with the finished product.

With malace toward none and charity to all, I remain yours in hope of heaven.

SAMUEL HUNT WATKINS.

Winona, Minnesota, February 1, 1917.

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INTRODUCTORY

We have in the Watkins descendants two tribes: the Tribe of Joseph and the Tribe of Benjamin, using Bible language. Our cousin, Julia Watkins Frost, has written a book entitled, "Annals of Our Ancestors," which is chock-full of interest for it portrays so graphically the historical facts of the family without a particle of fiction. Of course it treats most extensively of the Tribe of Benjamin. In this book I will treat of the Tribe of Joseph.

THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH

CONCERNING THE TWO TRIBES

MANY centuries ago there lived an Israelite named Jacob who had twelve sons. I will mention two of them, Joseph and Benjamin. Notice Joseph is the older of the two. Stick a pin here. Coming on down through the centuries, there lived in New Jersey, United States of America, one James Watkins, with his wife Rachel, who emigrated to Ohio during the last of the eighteenth century. In the course of time they had three children born unto them: Sarah, Joseph and Benjamin. Notice Joseph is the older of the two boys. Note the similarity of the order in arrangement. Joseph of old was the older, Benjamin the younger. Joseph Watkins, the older, and Benjamin the younger. This led me to use the Bible style. Joseph and Benjamin of old and Joseph and Benjamin Watkins had other similar characteristics of which I will not

now speak. I will give a sketch of the tribe of Joseph, the son of James Watkins as it was given to me traditionally from the time of my earliest recollection, and from memory.

My grandfather, James Watkins, was a blacksmith. His two sons Joseph and Benjamin, at an early age had cataract of the eyes and for a time were entirely blind; also their sister, Sarah, later on was afflicted in the same way. The brothers were partially restored to sight so that they could see to read with highly magnified glasses. We, with good eyes, can hardly realize what a hindrance this was to their progress in getting an education, yet in spite of all, Uncle Benjamin became a fine scholar, and Joseph mastered the common branches sufficiently to give him a good practical education.

My father after he was grown met with an accident to his best eye. He was binding wheat in the harvest field behind a boy who was raking the wheat into bundles and accidentally punched the end of the rake handle into father's eye and put it out for all time. For the balance of his life he was compelled to get along with one bad eye, and, with the aid of glasses, he got along surprisingly well.

Later on I will record a remarkable instance of his receiving his second sight. There never were two brothers with stronger attachment for one another than Joseph and Benjamin, and yet so different in temperament. My father was a born farmer and one might say Uncle Benjamin was a born scholar. I have heard my father tell of when they were boys that Uncle Benjamin would sit on a log and read his history lesson, or whatever it might be that required memorizing, to my father while he was chopping, thereby performing a double duty: strengthening his own memory, also at the same time teaching father. I will state before going farther with my story that they had a half brother, a son of my grandmother by her first husband, Benjamin Utter. The half brother's name was Robert, and the two boys loved and respected him very much; and they always called him Robert—never Bob. I think the two brothers when boys would often address each other as Joe and Ben but seldom after they grew to manhood. It is recorded that Jacob loved Joseph more than all his sons. My grandfather's affection for Joseph seemed to be strongest.

JOSEPH GETTING A START—HIS TRIALS

My father toiled day after day on the farm on which he was born and began to accumulate some property. He owned a house and lot in Cincinnati. If he ever told me what he paid for it, or for how much it rented, I have forgotten. But he came to the conclusion he could do better elsewhere. He decided to bid farewell to the old home. It was a hard struggle to break away from the dear old father and mother and brother. The half brother Robert had long since married and had gone out in the world to do for himself. There was one other person whom father dearly loved and how his heart ached when he had to leave her. For he had wooed and won Susan Bruin, a beautiful daughter of Isaac Bruin, whose farm joined with grandfather's. Soon after the betrothal her health began to fail, and it became evident that she was stricken with that dread disease, consumption. Several of her older sisters had previously died from this disease. Previous to this father had purchased a sawmill on Todd's Fork, a tributary to the

Little Miami river, in Warren county, Ohio. The Bruin parents knew and father knew, and his betrothed knew, that she soon would have to meet the same fate of her sisters. Yet they decided to be married, and, the parents giving consent, they were united in marriage. Father never took her from her parental roof. His sawmill demanded his attention the most of the time. Nevertheless he would drop everything, frequently, and drive thirty miles to see his sick wife. In about a year after they were married the end came and father was alone in the world. He had already cut loose from home ties, telling his parents to deed all their property to their son Benjamin, which they did and Uncle Benjamin was very grateful to father for his kind act. Father traded his Cincinnati property in on 160 acres (I think that was the number of acres), of heavily timbered land, about two miles distant from his sawmill. He certainly must have had a stout heart to face such obstacles, in the wild woods of Warren county, Ohio. He began the laborous task of subduing the forest, and tilling the soil on the farm which was to be his future home for the rest of his life. This land was, at the time he purchased it, literally

covered with fine timber such as hickory, beech, ash, walnut, oak, poplar and gum. There was not a fence or building of any kind on the place. To own a sawmill along with such fine timber was just the thing. Perhaps he had his eye on this tract of fine timber land before he bought his sawmill, although I never heard him say that he did. The work began, cutting the timber, sawing logs and hauling them to the sawmill with four horses hitched to a log wagon, and then sawing the logs into lumber. One would naturally suppose that he had a great crew of men helping him but when I say that he did practically all this work himself, it may be thought that I belong to the Ananias club.

In those days ague (or chills and fever), was a common ailment. Father had the ague when he was in the lumber business. It fastened itself on him in the fall and stuck to him all winter. He would chill every other day. He had the days named—his sick day and his well day. His sick day he would spend in bed, shaking with ague, and which was followed by fever. Next morning—his well day—he was out with his four-horse team, hauling logs, and the weather biting cold. This was the regular routine all winter. He

did not get rid of the chills until spring. I think he lived alone all that long, cold winter and boarded himself. It may have been the following winter that William Utter, son of Robert Utter, came and they batched together, William doing the cooking and the general house work. No doubt they had a good time. Father always thought equally as much of his nephew William as he did of his brother Robert. I have nothing to refer to so I might give the dates of all this history but it is authentic just the same.

There is a large ravine (called the big hollow) running north and south, through the farm, which is wide enough for passage with team and wagon. Father could haul logs the whole length of it without trouble, but to get up on the flat (which is a level stretch of land) with team and wagon, it became necessary to make a road up through a hollow, branching from the big hollow, which, by the way, had a soft bottom. This obstacle was overcome, however, by making a corduroy road by cutting saplings (small trees) the size of a man's leg, and cut without regard to durability of timber, for this was only to be a temporary road. These poles were placed close together, cross-ways across

the hollow. He then had a road which he could drive up and down on with ease.

Then began the task of laying low those giants of the forest whose tops towered away above any other trees—majestic oaks and poplars. Then came the cutting and hauling of those immense logs to the sawmill. Can anyone who has had no experience in this kind of work form any conception of the strenuous life of my father?

Right here I want to say that there are portions of that corduroy road still remaining today, after a lapse of 80 years or more. For nearly a century those poles have been covered with leaves and silt. When my wife and I visited the old home in Ohio thirteen years ago, my brothers told me of the perfect state of preservation of many of these poles. I was a Doubting Thomas—I had to see with my own eyes—therefore I took an ax and, after removing the silt, chopped into those poles and found them sound as a dollar. Again I visited the old home one year ago and found the water-logged logs still there. One may be surprised when I state that portions of the old farm are still covered with trees. The giant oaks and poplars are gone. With

that exception it must appear very much like the primitive forest, for it is perpetual shade—no sunshine.

JOSEPH'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

In arranging the events of father's life, in the order in which they should be placed I may sometimes err. I will record the event of my father's second marriage which occurred on August 25, 1836, to Catherine Pierson, eldest daughter of Squire and Nancy Pierson who lived on a farm adjoining father's farm. As there were no buildings of any kind on his place up to this time, they commenced housekeeping in a house that he owned, near the sawmill. They remained there until he built a frame house on the farm. The new house was a long one-story building, extending east and west with the west gable facing the road. It contained a bed room, living room with fire-place, and clothes press; the kitchen was on the east end of a long porch, on the south side; with meal room on the end next to the kitchen, and there was a small bed room on the other end of the porch. I think the house was all of native lumber—not a stick of pine in it. Everything was from timber cut on the farm. Dimension stuff was oak, the siding was

poplar. The roof was shaved oak shingles. The lime for plastering was burned from limestone found on the farm.

How I wish I could give the exact year that my parents began their life on the farm—for this was their home through life. In this home was born their nine children except one, Nancy, the oldest, who was born in the sawmill home. Using a few lines from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," seems suiting to my parents:

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life
 they go;
 Each morning sees some new task begun, each
 evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done, has earned
 a night's repose."

Theirs was indeed the strenuous life, and yet they enjoyed life more abundantly than the idle rich. Not long after the house was built came the building of the barn, followed by other buildings of which I will make a record of later on.

SOME EARLY DAY CUSTOMS

I will here relate a sketch of the manners and customs of that early day. When the settlers who were religiously inclined, built a new barn they dedicated it with religious services. Those not so inclined would have a dance. Father had preaching when his barn was built. I can remember some of the outward apparel of my parents when they were dressed for church or visiting. Mother with her leghorn bonnet, profusely decorated with flowers, black silk mantle over shoulders and black mitts on her hands. Father, with his tall silk hat, a stock or cravat around his neck which was made of cloth of a fine, black material, with a concealed steel spring to keep it in shape. This neckwear was about two inches wide with a bow in front. A peacock coat made after the same pattern as the dress coats of the present day was worn. Sixty-five years seem a long stretch of the memory, but it is painted in my mind and will never be blotted out. I can see father and mother with their brood of kids, mother carrying the baby in her arms,

father carrying the next oldest on his back, starting on foot to make a visit with some neighbor. Remember, there were no baby buggies or push carts for the common people of that period. Note the contrast between now and then.

Soon after building the house on the farm father sold the sawmill and turned his attention wholly to the farm.

Before leaving the sawmill scenes behind I will record a bit of history that our mother related to us. It was as follows: Before she had any children to keep her company (and father was away so much) she would get very lonesome, so they decided to take a little orphan boy to raise but did not go through the formality of adopting him. She became very much attached to him, but by and by when the boy grew older his grandmother came and ruthlessly took him away from mother. As the little fellow was dragged through the yard he begged of his foster mother to release him from his captor. But mother was powerless and she had to give him up, and that was the last she ever saw or heard of him. Years after when we children would gather around to hear her tell

the story of her orphan boy how very, very sad we felt.

Here I will record the marriage of William Utter and Elvira Rogers, the daughter of Samuel Rogers, a Christian preacher. This occurred before my parents had any children. They received a "bid" to the wedding, and when the time came they dropped their work, each mounted a horse and rode thirty miles to New Antioch, Ohio, to the wedding. Father's early association with William Utter made him seem as near to him as a brother. Uncle B. U. Watkins had the honor of making the match and they were indeed well mated. As time rolled on they, too, raised a large family. The Utter family was always held in high esteem by the tribe of Joseph.

CONCERNING GRANDFATHER— HIS DEATH

My maternal grandfather is the only one of my grandparents that I can remember. He was about five feet two inches tall, very erect, and walked briskly. He had sandy hair, was a very quiet man and was very fond of children. Like all old people he had his favorites. Grandmother died before my recollection; consequently grandfather lived with his children, spending the most of his time with his three daughters, Catherine Watkins, Mary Jane Clevenger and Martha Dunn. He would nearly always come on a Sunday evening for a stay of a week or two with us. And we formed the habit of watching for him, and by and by he would appear in sight, walking with a cane but moving spryly. Then the shout would go up and down the line, "Grandpap is coming; grandpap is coming." His arrival was hailed with great joy. I well remember his last visit at our house. He was not feeling well and on a certain evening we children had company, and were exceedingly boisterous which annoyed him very much. I think it

was on the following day, which was his appointed time to go to Aunt Mary Jane's, mother tried to dissuade him from going, thinking he was not well enough, but he would go. A few days afterward the sad news came that grandfather was dead. How shocked and self-condemned we felt that we had been so thoughtless and rude the last evening he ever spent under our roof. How often in our lives we do things that we cannot undo or ask forgiveness of the injured party until it is too late. The day before the funeral we went to the house of mourning, father taking us into the chamber of death to view the lifeless form of our dear old grandfather. Never in all my life was I so terrified; I did not expect to see him so changed in appearance. To add to the ghastliness of the scene, they had large copper cents on his eyes and a white handkerchief tied under his chin and over his head. On the day of the funeral, fearing that I would be led into the room to take a farewell view of the departed, I was so terrified—I felt that I could not do it—and so I ran out in the orchard and hid, until the mourners were starting on the funeral march to the grave. How well I remember the old one-horse

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hearse driven by the undertaker, Mr. Patterson, who made all the coffins and buried the dead for all that surrounding country. My grandfather was laid to rest in the country grave yard near the Primitive Baptist church of which he was a member.

As my memory carries me back three score years, and I consider the marked contrast between the old and the new method of preparing our departed ones for burial—I thank the Lord for the change. The art of embalming takes from the dead that death pallor, and they appear like one asleep.

A FEW FAMILY DATES

Here I will record the date of birth, marriage and death of our parents, and date of birth of all their children, and the date of the death of three of them:

Joseph Watkins was born October 26, 1805.

Catherine Pierson Watkins was born February 22, 1820.

Joseph Watkins and Catherine Pierson were married August 25, 1836.

Joseph Watkins died May 2, 1882.

Catherine Watkins died March 31, 1905.

The following are the children:

Nancy Watkins was born June 17, 1841; died August 17, 1842.

James Watkins was born November 23, 1842; died December 29, 1864.

Squire Watkins was born July 11, 1844; died March 29, 1845.

Samuel Hunt Watkins was born June 14, 1847.

Eliza Hunt Watkins was born March 11, 1849.

Benjamin Watkins was born March 25, 1851.

Joseph Watkins, Jr., was born May 10, 1853.

Harriet Beecher Stowe Watkins was born January 31, 1858; died April 17, 1879.

Clinton D. Keever Watkins was born September 30, 1861.

BEGINNING THE SWEET POTATO INDUSTRY

When I was a very small boy father began the culture of sweet potatoes. There were two schemes hatched in his brain about the same time. First, the sprouting of large beds of sweet potato plants by fire instead of the old method. Second, the building of a large house with a cellar under it for the purpose of keeping sweet potatoes through the winter. Both schemes were a success in every way. The building of the sweet potato house was such an important event that it stamped itself upon my mind for all time—this is my first recollection. I was then three years old. The building was erected in 1850. In 1849 and 1850 gold was discovered in the state of California which caused a great rush for the land of gold, thousands of men had the gold fever and started over the plains on that long journey. There was a certain three-year-old, white-headed boy who caught the gold fever too. Every morning he would get astraddle of his broom-stick horse and go along by the new building. The carpenter would ask, "Where are you going, Sam?" I

THE SWEET POTATO INDUSTRY 21

would answer, "I am going to California," and the carpenter would laugh. I never got there.

Father was the inventor of the fire hotbed. He applied for a patent but failed to get it, owing to the rascality of his lawyer.

CHARACTER TRAITS OF JOSEPH

I will record some of father's traits of character. He opposed the liquor traffic with all his might. He would not sell corn to be made into whiskey, nor raise barley to be made into beer; not for any consideration.

He was a strong Abolitionist, and when John C. Fremont was nominated for president on the Republican ticket father entered the political arena with all the vigor and strength of his young manhood. He would start out of an evening after supper well supplied with Republican literature to bring some neighbor (who did not know where he was at, politically speaking) into the Republican fold, and he succeeded in making several converts. He did his personal work before election. The morning of election bright and early before any of the rest of us were up he would ride horseback to Deerfield to vote and then off for home—no hanging around the polls for him. The Fremont campaign being the birth of the Republican party made it a very exciting campaign, with the border ruffian's wholesale murdering of

men, women and children all fresh in their minds is it any wonder that so many were frantic? Some lost their reason as did poor, old John Brown.

Taking a review of my father's career in politics do not be misled when I speak of him as a politician, for he was no trickster—he kept hammering away in an honest way, voted for Lincoln both times—saw the slaves freed—then, and not until then, did he reach the end of his goal. From thenceforth politics had no charms for him. When James A. Garfield came from the army and went into the race for Congress father was carried away, as was I, with Garfield's oratory and sound reasoning but when the war was over and the slaves set free, James A. Garfield came out for president, I tried so hard to get father to vote for Garfield, all to no purpose. He would not go near the voting place; he paid but little attention to secular or religious papers. The Bible and the Bible alone was his book. But I am getting too far ahead of my story. I will have to drop back about fifteen years and place events in their regular order.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MOTHER

It is but fitting that I should make mention of my mother. My early childhood recollections of her are that she was always busy or nearly always. She enjoyed attending church and visiting among her friends and relatives, often going on foot to homes not too far distant. I would be delegated as the one to go along to help carry the baby. My memory sweeps a period of more than three score years. I see my mother spinning flax by the fireside of a winter evening. After the spinning of the flax into thread and winding the thread onto large spools it was taken to a woman who followed weaving as a business and wove it into cloth from which most of our clothes were made. Mother never learned to weave but she did all the cutting, fitting and sewing of our coats and pants.

I might tell of the different processes the flax had to go through up to the spinning wheel stage, for I have seen it all—the pulling, breaking and hackling, but it might not be interesting. All the old implements

are gone excepting the old time-honored spinning wheel. Once in awhile I run across one.

Mother was a good talker and enjoyed the companionship of friends—a devoted wife and mother. By and by there came a shadow over her life when she was stricken with deafness—only partial at the beginning but gradually developed into total deafness. While she possessed a cheerful disposition and toiled unceasingly for the comfort of her rapidly growing family—growing rapidly in number, size and strength. Her affliction changed her in many ways. She ceased to go to church. She cared but little for the association of her friends outside of her immediate family. Her home was her little world, and there she almost always could be found.

I speak from experience when it comes to talk about deafness. No living person can be deaf without being dumb. Try as hard as I may to shake off the appearance of dumbness still it sticks closer than a brother. How we deaf people crave a heart to heart talk with some friend and notice him shun you as he would a leper; and see strangers watch you as though you were a lunatic. But

enough of this—I will not dwell on this unpleasant thought.

Notwithstanding mother's deafness and her general health not being good, she toiled onward faithfully and constantly for many years, hoping, praying and trusting in God.

MONEY SHARKS ATTACK PIONEERS

I will have to retrace my steps and begin at a point of my narrative which occurred earlier in the history of our parents. The incident which I will relate will give one an idea of the reverses and hardships of the pioneer days. While they were struggling to make ends meet, there came some parties contesting the title to their land. A lawyer by the name of Mickle seemed to be giving his whole time to hunting flaws to land titles. The issue was this: to compromise with the contestants or let them have the farm. Father had no money, what could he do? He had 30 cords of wood ready to sell and a place for every dollar he would get for it, but now it must go to satisfy those money sharks. He compromised with them by giving them the 30 cords of wood and nearly all the furniture they had in their house.

It seems there was a defect in the title but father knew nothing of it up to this time. Judge Mickle had worked the game so smooth in this case that he felt encouraged to try it again. Therefore he was not long in finding

more contestants for father's land; he also included the land of several of his neighbors. There was a lot of scared men. One would naturally suppose that father would be exempt this time, but this was not so. These land owners found that there was a legal document, somewhere in existence, called a title bond, and if they could locate it and get possession of it the title question would be settled in their favor for all time. Father took it upon himself to commence the search. There lived in Morrowtown a man by the name of John Merandy who was related to the parties that robbed father of his wood and furniture. Father thought that perhaps the much coveted title bond might be among Merandy's papers. Father went to see him, telling him he was in trouble again and told him what he was looking for. Merandy did not know whether he had it or not, but said, "Joseph, you can look my papers over; if you find what you want, take it along." How strange to say, father found the title bond.

When Judge Mickle found he had been out-witted, he came out from Lebanon cursing and swearing. They did not heed him, they were rejoiced to know that their land was secure. They were never molested again.

For a number of years Judge Mickle prospered and spread himself like a green bay tree, but there came a time when disaster followed disaster. He lost his wealth and friends and spent his last days in solitude. Father visited him in his last sickness. I could not understand how father could do this, after that wretched man doing him such a great wrong. I had not been long in the Christian service and was short on a forgiving spirit. After being a follower of Christ for more than 50 years I find I come far short of living up to the standards of my father. He said he wanted Judge Mickle to know that he had forgiven him. No doubt father was thinking of Christ's words on the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Counterfeit money was floating around the country in five and ten dollar bills and it became necessary to keep a record of the bills passing through one's hands and the number of each bill. Father kept a record. Once a man came to him with a five dollar bill which was counterfeit, saying that father had passed it on him, but by referring to his memoranda book he could find no number corresponding to the number on this bill,

which proved that the bill had never passed through his hands, but in spite of the strong protests of mother and brother James (I was too young to mix in) father gave the man good money for his counterfeit bill, thinking it the quickest way to settle the dispute. Better suffer wrong than do wrong was always his motto. The checking system of the present day does away with that annoyance. I wish I could know when the system of checking came into practice, for the many advantages over the old method of transacting business compares favorably with the advantages of the telegraph, the telephone and fast railway trains over the written letter and the old system of passenger traffic by stage coach. I can remember away back in the fifties Walling Worley bought some land of father; he came to pay for it carrying his bag of money and poured it on the table and counted it out. I do not remember the amount but it seemed to be mostly gold and silver, and the bag he carried it in just about as large as a table salt bag.

ABOUT THE NEIGHBORS

Father and mother had a great deal to be thankful for because they had good neighbors who helped them very much in facing the hardships and disappointments of life. I will mention the names of some of them all of whom owned land adjoining father's farm in the early fifties: Aaron Lambert, Walling Worley, Joseph St. John and William Jack. These were staunch, upright men. Using a modern phrase they were men who made good. They were men, not merely animals. For all time there has been a great mass of creatures floating around in this world calling themselves men, but they are mistaken. They wear breeches but are not men—just plain animals. But I am digressing again.

In the later fifties there were some changes made by the removal by death of Joseph St. John and in a few years the St. John farm came into possession of Abraham Brant, who was a man, and a good neighbor. Walling Worley departed this life some time after Joseph St. John's death leaving his widow on the home farm in care of the two

youngest sons, Jack and John, who were worthy men and good neighbors.

Next comes the advent of Alexander McGuffey a rich Cincinnati lawyer and a brother of William McGuffey, the author of McGuffey's school readers. Alexander McGuffey bought a farm adjoining father's farm on the south. He bought it for a summer residence. Now at this time appears on the scene an aristocratic neighbor who was not a neighbor in every sense of the word. While it was impossible to keep the Watkins and McGuffey boys from associating together there was nothing one could call neighborliness existing between the parents of the two families. Mrs. McGuffey would occasionally call at the Watkins home. I do not remember of my parents ever calling at the McGuffey home. Sometimes father would call on business. Here looms up the great bugaboo of caste in society. For an aristocrat to eat with publicans and sinners or with Republicans or Democrats, if they chanced to be of the lower class, was a thing not even to be thought of by Mr. and Mrs. McGuffey. Their boys, however, would defile themselves by eating with us.

When Mr. McGuffey bought his summer

residence there were no buildings on the place except a log house and a log stable. The location was rather picturesque, it being on the bluffs of the Little Miami river. Instead of tearing those old log buildings down he covered them with pine lumber, and built on additions and porches. When the house was complete he had sufficient room for his family which consisted of six children, five servants, and himself and wife. Besides they would entertain company from the city continually. Every morning except Sunday Mr. McGuffey would go to the city to his law office and back at night, going by railroad. He had a foreman to look after the farm, which he planted with fruit trees, almost covering all the tillable land. In a short time he had abundance of fruit. But, nevertheless, the farm yielded no profit but was maintained at a loss. The family came out from the city in May and would return in October. While they sojourned on the farm, mother had a good market near at home for a good portion of her butter and eggs. Mr. McGuffey kept a good many cows and chickens, but the yield of butter and eggs did not supply the demand.

The McGuffey boys were a bad lot, except Charles, the oldest, he was a fine

young man; he was a chum of brother James. It would have been better for the morals of the younger Watkins boys had they not chummed with the younger McGuffey boys. I have written so much about our neighbor McGuffey that I fear the reader will grow weary. I will drop him for awhile but will have occasion to refer to him again later on.

I have heretofore frequently mentioned the names of two of our neighbors, Aaron Lambert and Walling Worley. It is not surprising when neighbors so closely associated as the Worleys, Lamberts and Watkins that in the fullness of time that there should be some inter-marrying. One of Lambert's sons married my cousin. One of Worley's granddaughters married my youngest brother.

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES

I have not heretofore written anything in respect to father's religious characteristics. When young men father and his brother B. U. Watkins united with the Church of Christ. These people claimed to be Christians only but not the only Christians. They had no creed but the Bible. Uncle B. U. Watkins, after becoming a Christian was a faithful preacher of the gospel as long as he lived. Father was not a preacher but a very devout Christian, and was an elder in the church near his home.

I heard father and mother speak of Love H. Jamison preaching for them at one time. Once when they had no preacher, there came a man who wished to be baptised and father baptised him. After a time this organization disbanded from some cause and for a long time father and mother were without a church home.

After I was married we organized a church at Fort Ancient, but failed to accomplish much. The religious environment of the community was not to our liking but we were

unable to change it. Father was constant and enthusiastic in serving the Lord. He read his Bible. I imagine I can hear him now, singing the good old hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," and hear him shouting in the night and repeating the seventh verse from Psalm 24, "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." How often he would quote James 1, 17, warning us against filthiness of speech and habits, and again Matthew 12, 36, "We shall give an account of every idle word we shall speak." What a pure consecrated life father lived. We should take him for a pattern.

Father enjoyed talking with men of intelligence. Dr. Samuel Hunt, for whom I was named, for many years our family doctor, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He and father spent many hours together in profitable conversation.

Father, in appearance, seemed very serious but he enjoyed a joke with a point to it; he could laugh out loud, too, "Ha! Ha!" I have seen men that were never heard to laugh out loud. I have always felt that there was something sadly lacking in such a man or woman.

When I was a boy father could jump up and strike his heels together twice before his feet would strike the ground. He would have the boys trying it—I never could do it.

FATHER AND MOTHER AS WATER CURE DOCTORS

It seems to me as my memory carries me back that we had a very great amount of sickness in our family and for a long time Dr. Hunt was often called. He was an allopath or old school doctor. To illustrate what a warm friendship existed between the doctor's family and ours I was named for him and my sister Eliza for his wife. There came a time when my parents almost dispensed with the services of Doctor Hunt and espoused the "Water Cure System." They purchased the complete books of Doctor Fowler on Hygiene and my parents began the water cure treatment not only in their own family but in their neighbor's families, also, as occasion required.

Father built a shower house in one corner of the yard, about six by six feet and ten feet high. Up close to the roof, he placed a barrel on its side, put a pivot in the center of each head; a hole about one foot square was cut in one side of the barrel. A box was made about two by three feet and six inches deep with small auger holes bored all over the

bottom. A rope was fastened to the barrel near the hole and the rope suspended within reach of the bather. The water was carried up steps from the outside, the patient stripped naked, steps in, pulls the rope, the barrel revolves, the water empties into the box and trickles down through the little holes onto the patient. To take a cold shower bath even in hot weather would give one a shock that one would never forget. The shower house was completed and my parents equipped themselves with syringes of different sizes, mother had a good supply of linen towels and sheets made from flax raised on their own farm. They are now ready for business. Good bye, Doctor Hunt, for awhile. As a natural consequence Doctor Hunt was sorely grieved. He and father could agree on the slavery question and on many other questions, but on the method of treating diseases they had come to the parting of the ways. I recall his telling father one day, "Joseph, you might as well try to clean the inside of a house by throwing water on the outside as to try to cure the sick with an outward application of water." But the water cure fad had to run its course; it did not do any good to fight it.

As I have already said, father and mother were ready for business; ready for calls both day and night and they got plenty of them, too. A neighbor's wife or child is taken suddenly sick, in the night most likely, and "Aunt Kate" is called in great haste. Mother gets her linen bandages and syringes ready while father rushes to the stable for a horse, mother mounts it, and away she goes, likely to be gone for the remainder of the night. One fall we had an epidemic of flux, several cases proving fatal under the treatment of the medical doctors. Father took several cases in his immediate neighborhood and cured every one of them with the water cure treatment. The lame and those afflicted with nervous diseases came flocking in to take the shower bath treatment. If the patient was weak and had but little vitality the water had to be warmed.

Oh, how I did dread the wet sheet pack. Do you know what a wet sheet pack is? I will tell you. A sheet is dipped in water, generally warm water; then wrung out and spread over a bed. The patient, stripped naked, is required to lie down, full length in it, and the wet sheet is wrapped closely around him, arms and all, up close around the

neck. Then enough blankets and comforts are piled on to keep the patient warm; yes, hot. The idea is to sweat him, which requires from 20 to 30 minutes. Then the patient is taken out, sponged off wiped dry and put into a dry bed to sleep, if he choses, and he is very apt so to do. To lie in one position so long without being able to move hand or foot, is not at all agreeable, but this treatment would almost invariably break up a case of fever.

I am confident that my parents saved a good many dollars in doctor bills by this water cure treatment and no doubt saved our lives a good many times. They never charged anything for practicing outside of their family. They had patients who would come and stay with them for weeks at a time. They were very successful, especially in nervous diseases. But as they grew older, partly because the novelty of the thing had worn off, and partly because in their advance years they could not work at it with the vim of younger days, they gradually dropped into the old rut of taking and giving medicines, and in serious cases called Doctor Hunt. But father kept up the practice of dashing a bucket of cold water on himself the first

thing on getting up in the morning, all summer and until pretty late in the fall. I think he did this as long as he lived.

BOYHOOD LIFE ON THE FARM

The farm always had a charm for me. I cannot conceive how boyhood life in the cities can compare at all to the genuine fun and joy of a country boy. I will admit we country boys had to work pretty hard sometimes and wore shabby clothes, but for all that we had our fun, and often converted work into fun.

It would take a long time to tell anywhere near all the tales of the boyhood days of the tribe of Joseph. I don't know how old I was when I started to school. The first school I attended was the last subscription school that was ever taught in our district. I will tell of my first day at school. I knew my letters before I started to school. Our school was called the Mill Grove school—an old log house with slab benches, a desk running the length of the house for the advanced pupils to write on. There were no backs to any of the benches, no steel pens to write with (the teacher made the pens from goose quills). My first teacher was a young lady. I have forgotten her name. She called me to her desk to give me my first lesson in spelling. I

was progressing fairly well until we came to the word ox, o-x. I did not know what it spelled so the teacher pointed to the picture and said, "What is that?" "Why that is a bull," I said and the whole school roared with laughter. I could not understand what they were laughing about. After the teacher got them quieted down she kindly told me that o-x spelled ox. Having never seen an ox up to that time in my life it was not at all surprising that I made a mistake.

There was a spring some distance from the school house from which the boys carried the water for the school. There was a calamus patch near the spring, and we boys would dig the root, dry it and carry it in our pockets to chew—it had a hot but rather a pleasant taste and I suppose that we were unconsciously laying the foundation for the tobacco habit. My brother James and I chewed the root along with the rest of the boys, but we never used tobacco in any form. It did not appeal to us. Once upon a time when I was small I was out in the field with father's hired men, they persuaded me to take a chew of tobacco and to this day do I ever remember of having anything in my mouth that tasted so nasty.

James and I were the only members of our family who ever attended the Mill Grove school. I think I was not further advanced than the first or second reader when our district was divided and we were put in the Jack district, in another log school house with a wide fireplace reaching across the end of the house, and furnished just the same as the Mill Grove school house. This was in the early fifties and the slavery question was being agitated to a great extent. The free negroes of the North became the bone of contention in the schools. The negro haters who were composed principally of Democrats, objected strongly to negro children attending school with the white children. The Abolitionists did not object. Unfortunately there was a negro family living in our district who had lived there for several generations back. The character up for discussion now is the old negro—Lee Edwards, who had grandchildren of school age, and as he owned land and paid school taxes he thought his grandchildren had a right to attend our school, but the negro haters were in the majority and would not permit them to attend. Lee Edwards was an ignorant negro and a drunkard besides. He

would get drunk and come to the school house and abuse the teacher—would threaten to shoot him. Of course we children would be scared out of our wits for the old fellow would always have a gun with him. Perry Hartford was our teacher; he told us not to pay any attention to him, as he thought he was harmless and would not hurt anyone. The teacher did not take sides in the contention at all; he was there to teach whoever came to school. Not many years afterward we moved into a new brick school house. O how proud we were, but Lee Edwards still annoyed us, but we felt more secure for we were out of the woods and had a strong fortification. The name of our school was changed at the building of the new brick structure to White Oak school. I will change my subject for the present, but I will have more to relate later in regard to our school days.

MY FATHER AS A SWEET POTATO RAISER

I have already written of his hot beds and sweet potato house. In his immense hot beds he would sprout 200,000 plants, his home trade was generally good and he shipped plants over the railroads in all directions and being equipped with a house with a large cellar under it heated by fire he was able to market sweet potatoes all winter, making large shipments to Cincinnati. After making several shipments he would go down on the train to collect. I remember once on returning from one of these trips how troubled he looked. He told us while he was getting his railroad ticket in the city some men crowded against him and picked his pockets of \$100. The loss of \$100 was felt more than the loss of \$500 would be now. On another occasion he was to take me with him to the city. We had to get up before daylight for an early train and I was so afraid father would forget to awake me that I slept but little the night previous. I did not have to be wakened—I was up and ready when the time came to start. This was the first ride I ever

had on the cars. I was quite small and as I looked out the window and could see the trees flitting past the window apparently, how strange it all seemed. Arriving in the city there was so many things to attract my attention. I was not long in finding myself a lost boy. Father had stopped to talk to a man on the street and I took a few steps away from him to where there was an auction. I looked around and father was gone. Lost! Lost in a big city. If the reader was ever lost in a big city he knows how I felt. Did I cry? Well, I should say I did and loud enough to attract the attention of some men who gathered about me. I was for rushing off to try to find father but the men told me to stay right there, that my father would soon find he had left me behind and would return for me. They said, "If he don't, we will put you on the train and send you home," and that quieted me. It was not long until here father came out of breath hunting for me. I stuck close to him the rest of the day.

THE SUGAR CAMP

There is where the boys made fun out of work, for really sugar making and coming as it did in February we were compelled to be out day and night in all kinds of weather, sleet, snow and rain being very common. Yet in spite of the hardships and exposure we had to endure we always hailed the approach of the sugar making season with great joy. We built a shack of logs covered with boards. Inside we put straw and blankets and comforts making a very fair place to sleep when we had to boil at night which was very often the case. We punched the pith out of elders for spiles and for a good many years we used crocks for catching the sap, pressing into service every available vessel mother had on the place in the way of crocks and jars. Then we would go to the pottery and buy a hundred or more crocks. Sometimes it would rain and fill our vessels with water, then turn cold and freeze. Then all hands must get out and empty the crocks. There was a great deal of bitter with the sweet connected with the business, but averaging all up it was

enjoyment and not sorrow that filled our hearts in the sugar camp of long ago. The maple trees with the scars from the auger holes bored in them near the ground are all gone. I am quite sure there is not a single tree of the old sugar camp left.

THE HAPPY BOYHOOD DAYS OF WATER WHEELS

We had water wheels of several varieties: the flutter wheel, the over-shot wheel, the under-shot wheel, and the centrifugal wheel. Any boy can make a flutter wheel, but the others that I have mentioned are not so easy to make. At this time in my history the mills were run by water power. Brother James and I were always delighted to go with father to the mill, for there we could see the big over-shot and under-shot mill wheels in operation. There is where we got our ideas for constructing water wheels or rather where James got his ideas, for he was a born millwright. He performed the skilled labor, I the unskilled labor. He made the machinery and I dug the mill race and cut logs for erecting a house over the machinery. James was a natural machinist, and I must tell you that he made his wheels and cog wheels out of wood—everything but the grinder—he bought an iron grinder. I am sure he never spent a dollar for bolts. I must tell you all about our mill. It was not incorporated. We were the owners and

operators, each holding equal shares—the firm name being Watkins & Watkins. We decided to build our mill and equip it with an under-shot wheel, it being easier to construct than an over-shot wheel. While James worked on the machinery I dug the mill race which was to lead the water from the main channel of the creek to the mill, but at the time the creek was dry owing to the long drought of the summer and fall. We toiled on until we had everything in readiness but as yet there was no water to run the mill. We must wait and see the salvation of the Lord who sends rain on the just and the unjust. We had faith that our hopes would be realized. After the fall was pretty well advanced, one night James woke me saying, “Sam! it is raining, let us dress and go to the mill.” We lost no time in dressing and hiked to the mill with a lantern. With joy we found the mill race and the fore-bay full of water. We stepped into the mill, hoisted the head gate, the water began to roar, the wheel began to revolve. This was one of the happiest events of our lives. No more sleep for us that night. There we sat in the basement of that mill until morning watching that wheel turning round and round. James

never used any belts; he did his gearing with cog wheels alone. With the iron grinder we ground wheat and corn. Here is another instance of converting work into fun. When I visited the old home a year ago, with the aid of brother Ben I located the old mill site, but there is not a sign of a land mark; it filled me with sadness. Time obliterates so many things of this world.

GROUPING IN THE FAMILIES

I suppose this grouping exists in all families of any size. There were three groups in our family: James, Eliza and myself composed one group; Benjamin and Joseph another, and Harriet and Clinton still another. These groupings came natural and without any planning from anyone. This explains why James and I were boon companions—we were entirely of different temperaments. I will tell of a trait in each of us. He told me everything he knew. I did not tell everything; I was more secretive. He was a great stickler in calling persons and things by their correct names. For instance, some people would persist in calling our name Wadkins. James would never fail to correct them on the spot, he would say, "that is not my name, it is Watkins." I scarcely ever bothered to correct them when they called for Sam Wadkins. I knew who they meant and answered the call and let it go at that. Another example: When he caught anyone telling what was not true he would tell them they were lying, no matter if it was his best

friend. To illustrate, I will relate a case in mind. It was the custom when we were small for mother to give all of us a bath on Saturday afternoons except James and he was big enough to bathe himself. On a certain Saturday afternoon I sauntered out to where James and father were at work and father asked me, "Have you had your bath?" I replied, "Yes." James looked at me and turned to father and said, "Sam is lying." "Hush, hush, Jimmy, what makes you say that? You know Sammy will not lie." Oh those words cut to the heart, which was worse than the whipping I received. I had betrayed my father's confidence. Upon investigation father found that James was right and I had to take a whipping. I crawled under a quilt that mother had in the frame and cried myself to sleep. James had no desire to get me into trouble. He thought too much of me for that. He was prompted to do what he did for my own good.

A FEW BOYHOOD EXPERIENCES

I will tell you about our ox. James and I broke a calf to drive, made a good stout wagon with wheels made from two-inch plank; it had shafts for the ox to work in. The wagon was large enough to hold four pretty good sized boys. We made a yoke and harness for the ox. He soon became very docile and grew rapidly in strength and size. We could drive him up hill, down hill or any where we wished. We had two cousins who visited us quite often and every time they came we would have a runaway for these boys, in spite of our protests, would twist the ox's tail and away he would go and the boys would tumble out on all sides. We drove the ox until he was quite large. By and by ox driving ceased to be a novelty and we turned our ox out with the other cattle.

Guns and dogs were the next thing in order. However, I never did have any use for a gun except once. My brothers were great lovers of dogs and guns. I liked dogs but drew the line on guns. Hunting was one kind of sport that was hard and disagreeable for

me. I will relate an event in my life when I had an occasion to use a gun. Once I had a pet lamb, which grew to be a full grown sheep and strange to say he (he was a male sheep) would never herd with the sheep, but with the cows. My pet developed into a butting sheep, and took especial delight in butting me end over end when I went for the cows. Only those who have been butted by a sheep or goat have any idea what a jolt it gives one. I went one evening for the cows and along came Mr. Buck Sheep, with his head down. I knew too well what that meant. I ran from him with all speed but he soon overtook me and the compact came with great force. The time had arrived when forbearance ceased to be a virtue. I gathered myself up and resolved to kill that sheep then and there. I hurried to the house and asked James to load the gun; I was going to shoot that old butter. I was excited and did not notice that he put in only one or two shot. The gun was soon loaded and I marched out and banged away and Mr. Buck Sheep was hurt so bad we had to kill him to keep him from dying (you know what I mean). The boys made the rhyme, "Sam killed a ram."

It is imposible for me to place events in

their regular order; I drop a stitch frequently and have to go back and pick it up again. My first day in school I have already mentioned. My first attendance at Sunday school was at Shilo, a Methodist church near our home. I had for a companion one of my cousins, George Clevenger. We carried our shoes and went barefoot until almost to the church, then we sat down in a fence corner and put on our shoes. At that early period, the contest was to find who could commit the greatest number of verses from the New Testament and recite them to the teacher. I don't remember how long I attended that Sunday school but I never learned much at Sunday school until I joined Mrs. McGuffey's class. The class was composed of the McGuffey children, and the children of three families of the nearest neighbors, our family being included. The hour was 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Mrs. McGuffey taught us in her home; she had us sing but she did all the reading herself—that is all the reading that was done, Her method of teaching was by oral instruction. She was well posted on the Bible and a fine talker, and what I learned from her stayed with me. She was a Presbyterian, and if there ever was a

Christian in that church she was one. I heard William McGuffey, the author of the school readers, preach one time when he was visiting his brother. He was an Episcopal preacher and this was the first Episcopal service that I ever attended.

There was an event that occurred when I was small that puzzled me very much. Father went to Lebanon, our county seat, one morning expecting to return in the evening but when he got to town they subpoenaed him to serve on the jury. When night came father did not come home but sent his team home with a neighbor. The court had locked father up in the jury room with eleven other men, without his consent, I thought to myself. Talk about this being the land of the free and the home of the brave—I did not believe we had any such thing.

ENLARGING THE HOME

As time wore on and the family grew larger it became necessary for us to have more house room; therefore, father built a large two-story house adjoining the one on the west, extending north and south. We called it the new house for a long time. The greater portion of the lumber in the house was cut from timber on the farm. The frame was oak, also the shingles. The siding was poplar; one oak floor, the balance being pine; the shutters and panel doors all pine. In spite of the fact that father put stoves in every room for winter, the new house was not used as much as the old one. The new house was used mostly for sleeping rooms. At first we did not have any fire place in the new addition. We all thought we would like stoves better. When the weather got cold we would start fires in our stoves and arrange to stay by them, but in a little while the whole family would be gathered around the fire place in the old house. We imagined we were warmer when we could see the fire. Taking it all in all it seemed more homelike when we could

sit and gaze at things that were familiar sights to us ever since we could remember—the old crane with the pot-hook, and the andirons, the mantle piece, the old corner cupboard. Mother cooked a great deal by hanging pots and kettles on the crane in spite of the fact that she had a step-cook stove as far back as I can remember.

Not many years after the new house was completed father met with an accident that came near proving fatal. He and one of his men were cutting a tree down; the tree lodged, swung around and fell in the same direction that father was running, and the top caught him. He laid in a very precarious condition for a long time. One night they thought he was dying and he thought so, too. Some one came up stairs and awoke us children. We dressed and hurried to the bedside of our dear father; several of the neighbors were there and among the rest was John Worley, who was yet unmarried and always had been a great favorite with father above all the young men of the neighborhood, but he had one great failing—he would dance, and father had John promise him that he would dance no more. We had great faith in John Worley, but young as I

was I thought that would be a hard pledge for John to keep for I knew that he liked to dance better than to eat. The doctor came and was fixing to give father a stimulant; I think it was brandy. Father objected very strongly to taking intoxicating liquors and he said to the doctor, "You might as well try to raise the dead as to try to raise me." The doctor insisted and father took the stimulant and recovered. I do not know whether the brandy saved his life or not, but I know it was hard for father to give the brandy credit for it.

You may ask, how about John Worley? Well, John broke his promise but I suppose he thought as father had recovered he would not hold him to his promise. I never asked him what he thought. Not long after that John married and settled down. John and his wife were great friends of the Watkins family. In the fullness of time it so happens that their only daughter is one of my best sister-in-laws.

OUR VISITS TO NEW ANTIOCH, OHIO

Near New Antioch was the home of the Utters and we considered it one of the great events of our lives when we were permitted to visit at the Utter's. I was a great, big over-grown boy when I made my first visit accompanied by brother James. William Utter then lived in a double log house and his parents, Uncle Robert and Aunt Susan, lived in a little one-room log house in one corner of the yard. I enjoyed playing with the Utter boys very much; but the two, Robert and Sam, nearest my age, were away under me in size, and I could not help feeling rather sheepish, playing with such little boys. Uncle Robert and Aunt Susan were such nice old people, and I enjoyed going into their little home to talk with them. I heard Aunt Susan make the remark one day, "It looks funny to see Sam playing with those little boys," and that made me feel more sheepish than ever. But those little boys proved to be such jolly companions that I soon forgot all about our difference in size. It was not long until William Utter built a new house on

another part of the farm and they bade farewell to the log houses. Uncle Robert and Aunt Susan had a room to themselves in the new house.

The Watkins boys of the tribe of Joseph were enormous eaters. Mother was afraid we had tape worms, but if we did they were never discovered. When we went to William Utters' for a visit they would always kill the fatted sheep and we would feast on mutton. I will have more to record further along about the Utters.

ABOUT OUR CLOTHING

There was a woolen factory some distance from our home to which father would take his wool and exchange it for cloth. He would bring bolts of gray goods home to be made into clothing for the boys, and it wore like leather. But making clothes for such a family was a big proposition. When the ready-made clothing, or hand-me-downs, came into use the females of the household rejoiced with exceeding great joy. A certain merchant in our town by the name of Lewis Fairchild dealt in ready-made clothing of a kind that we did not like. At that time great boat-loads of clothing was shipped to Cincinnati, from where I do not know, but often the boats would sink and upon bringing them to the surface they would have a cargo of wet clothing to be disposed of at auction. Lewis Fairchild would go to Cincinnati and buy a big lot of these wet goods, bring them to Morrow, unpack them and dry them in the sun, and then sold them cheap. They were as spotted as Joseph's coat of many colors, and the buttons would break and come

off. It hurt our pride to wear Lewis Fairchild's wet clothing just as much as the wearing of hand-me-downs would hurt the pride of young men of the present day. We boys would read the sign over the store, "Lewis Fairchild's Dry Goods Store," and decided he was deceiving the people, and that it ought to read, "Lewis Fairchild's Wet Goods Store." But before we hardly had time to think, the home-made clothing and the wet clothing were forever banished from sight, and we were confronted with the cruel war which soon brought the navy blue, the blue coats with brass buttons and the soldiers' second hand clothing. It was not a very pleasant thought when one knew that the coat one was wearing was taken from a poor Union soldier who had died on the battlefield, but these coats were snatched up like hot cakes—all the boys wanted to be soldiers and those that could not be wanted to look like soldiers anyway. I call to memory brother Ben coming home from town with a beautiful blue soldier cap setting on top of his head about two sizes too small for him but that was as near a soldier as he ever approached—but I am getting right into the war before I am ready. I have many other events to

relate that occurred before the war and I will drop back a few years.

BABYHOOD OF THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

I will tell of my baby brothers and sister (I had two sisters but the elder was too near my age for me to remember anything of her babyhood). The babyhood of brother Ben is very dim in my memory. In the case of brother Joe it was different; his personality looms up in bold relief. I will mention one of his traits of character. One night mother had a hurry-up call to see a sick neighbor and Master Joe decided he would go along. Father caught him, took him in, paddled him and set him down. Out he ran again and father had his hands full for the next half hour for there was something doing every minute. Joe junior finally gave up and went to sleep. In a few years Joe was big enough to drop sweet potato plants. His hair was white and curly. Some called him "Curly Headed Joe." It did not matter how hot the sun was, he would not wear a hat. Passersby would ask him, "Joe, where is your hat?" He would not reply, for he did not know nor care where his hat was. He was always the wag of the family.

Next in order comes sister Hattie, who was the idol of the whole family. I for one was very fond of babies. Oh, how I did shower them with kisses, and surely Harriet got her share. She was so small and delicate and we did not know how to handle her, so through our carelessness she suffered a good many hard falls. We would haul her in our little home-made wagon, the wheels would wobble, the wagon turn over and hurt her. James and I decided that Hattie was getting more than her share of knocks and bruises, therefore we started out with about \$4 in our pockets in quest of a regular baby carriage. We had a hotbed of our own and managed to sell enough sweet potato plants to have a little spending money. Note, there had never been a baby carriage used in the Watkins home. A new one would cost ten or fifteen dollars which was too much for our pile. A certain woman in our town gave out word that her baby carriage was for sale. We thought perhaps there was a chance to buy a carriage cheap and so we went to the store to talk to her husband (he clerked in a store.). No sir, he would not sell his baby carriage at any price and we walked home with sad hearts. What we wanted was a car-

riage equipped with wheels that had spokes and fellies, so James went to work and made a hub and spokes. He tried to make a felly from bent hickory but failed and poor little Hattie had to ride the rest of her babyhood days in the little old over-turning wagon with wobbly wheels. We made such a dismal failure in securing a modern baby conveyance that we never made the second attempt. Hattie's successor happened to be a pretty stout and rugged boy, who by the way was the last but not the least. We concluded he would have to take it rough and tumble like the rest of us, and he had to while away his babyhood days in the old cradle and the little old wobbly-wheel wagon. Clinton was the last baby of the family and I kept kissing him until he was quite a big boy. I think at one time there were four of us down with typhoid fever and we had a nurse by the name of Sally Meek who put in all her spare time in spanking Clint, which robbed me of my kissing, and I rather believe that was how I was weaned of the habit. I think of the two evils he chose the spanking.

HOW WE MADE A FLAG

I will again refer to our school days at White Oak. We learned but little at this school after Perry Harford left us. I think he taught about six terms in all. He gave me the only two whippings I ever received at school, and I deserved both of them. He far exceeded any teacher that I ever received instructions from. The schools generally seemed to lose interest in school work when the dark war clouds began to roll up in the distance. The Democrat boys would raise their hickory poles, the Republican boys would raise their poplar poles; the Democrat boys would call us Black Abolitionists and Black Republicans. It seemed that we could not avoid fighting sometimes. The Apostle Paul in his letter to the Romans says, "If it be possible as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Well, it did not seem possible to live peaceably with some of our Democratic school mates. The spirit of war was in the air and we were breathing it in. I remember the flag that mother helped us make to put up on our pole. We could not

afford to buy a flag with all the national colors—the red, white and blue. We squeezed the juice out of poke berries and colored strips of muslin and mother sewed them together for us, and we had a striped flag if we did not have all the national colors.

Brother James, when he was yet in his teens made a visit to Uncle B. U. Watkins, near Cincinnati. He was gone a week, the longest period he had ever been away from home. He had a fine visit and while away he met Jane Bruin, the youngest sister of father's first wife. Jane was as pretty as her sister, and boylike, James fell in love with her. They corresponded for awhile, but they never met again. I have been informed that she is still living. When James came home he brought with him a small Bible and an accordian that Cousin Ida Watkins gave him. A French and a Jew's harp were the only musical instruments used in our home up to this time. Naturally the accordian was regarded as a great prize. The Bible, James kept and used as long as he lived. I wish I knew where it is now.

I will here mention the names of several persons that father met in his time and heard speak or preach. He saw General LaFayette

when he visited this country in 1824, at Cincinnati. He heard Alexander Campbell preach a number of times, also Walter Scott. He heard Sam Cary, Tom Corwin and James A. Garfield speak.

Some of the important personages that I have met and heard are James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, Tom Corwin, William J. Bryan, Knowles Shaw and J. H. O. Smith.

FATHER'S WILL.

I will record here the building of a line fence between father and Alexander McGuffey. The fence was commenced in the fall of 1860 and was finished the following spring. It was made of sawed cedar posts and white pine boards. Fifty-six years have elapsed since that fence was completed and the most of the fence is standing yet.

Father had Alexander McGuffey write his will, his bill being fifty dollars. Father never thought of having to pay more than ten dollars. When father protested, A. H. McGuffey replied that he never wrote a will for less than \$50 and often charged \$200 and \$300. He said, "As you are a particular friend I gave you the advantage of my lowest fee." That will was made a good many years before father died and after his death the will could not be found.

BROTHER JAMES A VEGETARIAN

James was sickly all his life, and when he was quite young he became a vegetarian. He was radical; he not only lived a vegetarian life himself but wanted everybody to live as he did, abstaining from eating meat, tea, coffee, cake and pie. He must eat graham bread and food must not be seasoned with salt or pepper. For a time he had all of us children living the vegetarian life, but one by one we all broke our pledge in almost everything. James attended the G. W. Jackson Water Cure establishment in New York at one time. He opposed the use of drugs of every kind.

SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR

In the spring of 1861 the Civil War began and continued four years. Not having been a soldier myself, my attempt to picture to you the horrors of war will be feeble in comparison to what those men who were in the thick of the carnage could picture for you. But some of the scenes of those four sad years will ever be in my memory, as we saw our brave boys in their suits of blue taking leave of their mothers who were bowed down with grief, bidding their loved sons farewell, and which proved to be a final farewell in this world of sorrow and woe for thousands of them.

Abraham Lincoln's first call was for 75,000 volunteers for three months. It did not take long to raise that number of men. The first company of recruits from our town (Morrow) was captained by a lawyer by the name of Wallace. Our boys were taken to Camp Dennison to drill and get ready to go to the front. They left for Camp Dennison in May, I think, and were called Company A, Twelfth Ohio Regiment. When three months

had rolled around Company A had not yet left Camp Dennison for the front. At the expiration of three months came the call from the president for 300,000 men. Here is a line written by some one in response to the call:

“We come! We come! Father Abraham,
300,000 strong.”

Oh, how that thrilled me and it thrills me yet to think about it. This call was for three years or during the war. The most of the three-months men re-inlisted but some of them returned home; some had marriage engagements to fulfill. Before a year had expired we people of the north began to realize that we had no before-breakfast job on our hands. I call to mind that a Southern orator said recently in addressing an audience from the Cameron, Missouri, chautauqua platform. In speaking of the terrible war he said, “You gave us a devil of a licking, did you not? But it took you a long time to do it.” That was the one consoling thought of the Southern people. I must return to my subject.

The war went on and the cost price of everything was soaring. Money became

scarce and Uncle Sam issued "shin-plasters"—25- and 50-cent paper money. Still that did not relieve the scarcity and so merchants issued cardboard money one inch square, on which the following words were printed, "Good for 5 cents," or "Good for 10 cents," and the name of the merchant. When money became more plentiful the people would take their cardboard money to the merchants and they would redeem it by giving half dimes and dimes for them. One cause of the great scarcity in silver and gold was that people would hoard it; they would dig holes in the ground and bury it. I remember of hearing Tom Corwin say in a speech in war times that when these old money hoarders got hold of a dime it could be heard to sing as it went down into their pockets, "Farewell, vain world!"

The Southern Confederacy issued tons of paper money that was worthless. Uncle Sam issued greenbacks, and the Confederate money was called "graybacks." I remember of being in a store in Lebanon, Ohio, once after the war was over and a man came in and purchased a pair of boots offering in payment a five-dollar bill in Confederate script. The merchant looked at it and shook

his head, "no good." The man went off without the boots.

In war times daily papers were in great demand. Everybody was eager to get the news from the front.

Father had a large peach orchard and we were blessed with every kind of fruit that grew in southern Ohio. They dried fruit extensively on dry kilns. I remember very distinctly when our folks first began to can fruit in tin cans. Mother could do a good job but her work looked rather rough. Aunt Mary Jane Clevenger could run the soldering iron as smooth as a tinner. Almost every housewife could can her own fruit by the soldering method. Canning with sealing wax was a later invention. I will tell you of the dry kilns. They were made of stone, cat and clay (a mixture of straw and clay) and had a surface of about twenty-eight square feet. Newspapers were spread over the surface to keep the fruit clean and then the peaches were placed on this surface with the cup up to dry.

In the spring of 1863 Uncle B. U. Watkins sold the old farm on which he and father were born and raised, and emigrated to the state of Minnesota. Early in spring and not

long before they started on their long journey to the northwest, father and I hitched a team to the carriage and drove over very muddy roads to make our last visit to Uncle B. U. Watkins on the old farm. This visit was my first visit also, in my memory. I was in my sixteenth year. I never visited it again until after a lapse of fifty-two years. Uncle B. U. Watkins, father and I walked across the fields, over half a century ago to the old Bruin place. The old father and mother were still living. When I visited the old Watkins home last year I soon located the old Bruin place.

Soon after Uncle B. U. Watkins got comfortably settled on his Minnesota farm the Indians began to make trouble for them. I will not attempt to describe the horrors of the Indian war, but refer you to the "Annals of Our Ancestors," written by Julia Watkins Frost. We fully expected that he and all his family would be massacred by the Indians and we were greatly troubled. Father was placing peaches to dry on the dry kiln one day and without his glasses when he cast his only eye on a newspaper on the dry kiln, and began to read something about the Indian war in Minnesota. He had received his second sight. He came to the house relating

the wonderful phenomena, but it was of short duration—only about a day. I will return to the scenes of the war. The greatest number of soldiers I ever saw at one time was when Burnside's corps passed through Morrow, Ohio, by rail. I think there were 20,000 soldiers. The trains were blocked and the soldier trains could not move for about ten hours. It so happened that father brought a wagonload of sweet potatoes to town that morning. James and I were with him, and he expected to ship the sweet potatoes to Cincinnati that morning but it was impossible for us to get to the car with our load of potatoes as there were soldiers and soldier trains everywhere. Father, James and I were wearing gray sweaters and the soldiers got to calling us graybacks. By and by the freight agent told us the only thing we could do was to try to unload the potatoes in the freight room, as they were in sacks. We knew it was a risky undertaking for if the soldiers were so disposed they would take the whole load. Father backed the wagon up to unload, the freight room doors on each side were open and a soldier train was standing alongside. Then came the soldiers saying, "Old grayback we will help you unload those

sacks," and in a few minutes there was a soldier for every sack. We saw by the action of the leader that he intended to carry his sack through the freight room into the soldier car and dump it, and we knew what he did they would all do, as the leader was heading toward the soldier train. James ran along by his side and said, "Right in here, right in here," and the soldier turned and dumped his sack in the freight room and the rest did the same. James, by his presence of mind saved the load of potatoes which were worth probably forty or fifty dollars

When a soldier train was approaching a town the soldiers would yell and in a moment's time every store and saloon in town would be closed. Burnside's division was mostly eastern men and as they had seen about three years of hard service they were very tired of soldiering but there was no way of getting out of it except by offering up their lives or being crippled for life. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves when the proper time came. God in his providence over-rules all things right. The Abolition party cried loud and long, "Free the niggers, free the niggers." The conflict came and they were more persistent than ever crying

“Away with slavery, stamp it out,” but Abe Lincoln said not yet, but the time came and it was God’s own time. The emancipation of the slaves cost many thousands of noble lives on both sides for the slavery question was the cause of the Civil War.

The slave-holding states in their eagerness to extend slavery freed their own slaves. The Abolitionists were extremest and the most good they accomplished was in agitating the anti-slavery question. I think our temperance extremests are in the same class at the present day.

John Morgan’s raid in Ohio was in 1863, I think. The rumor was out that Morgan was going to attack Cincinnati and everybody within thirty or forty miles of Cincinnati was greatly excited. They tied old clothing to the horses’ feet and put them in their cellars—the rags were to muffle the sound of their feet when stomping. The 100-day men were called out to help defend Cincinnati. They boarded a train on a morning bound for the city. In about an hour after the train pulled out the news came that John Morgan had taken possession of Loveland, a small town about fifteen miles from Cincinnati. He had torn up the railroad track and had taken our

home guard as prisoners. We were panic stricken; the Rebel army had never before crossed over the line into the state of Ohio. Of course the residents of Loveland skedaddled for the hills. When our boys arrived in the town Morgan was occupying a very fine home, sitting reared back with his feet as high as his head, smoking, on the front porch. When night came our home guard boys came home. John Morgan had captured them, but he was on a hurried march and could not handle prisoners, and therefore he turned our boys loose and let them go home. I guess the climate did not agree with Morgan very well in Ohio, anyway he did not tarry long, but hurried back over the Ohio river into Kentucky after stealing a good many horses.

THE SORGHUM INDUSTRY

Until the beginning of the war father bought New Orleans molasses by the barrel, but when the war began New Orleans molasses and New Orleans sugar were away out of sight in price. About this time sorghum came to the rescue but we had to use it in the form of molasses as we could not make sugar of it. For awhile father abandoned the sweet potato business and went into sorghum raising and manufacturing pretty extensively—partly to please the boys. We thought we needed a change. I remember the first patch of sorghum we raised. We cut it and stripped the blades off and had to haul it several miles to a wooden cane mill which pressed the juice out of it. Then we hauled it home and cooked it in an iron kettle until, when we had the finished product it was as black as tar, but we thought it was great stuff. The next year we were well equipped for the business with an iron mill and cooking pans. Father to a large extent left the work and management to the boys; James was the foreman. Father sent James and I to Cincinnati to buy fixtures

for our sorghum factory. We went to the city in the morning and found the main office of the firm we were getting our supplies from without any trouble, but there was something we had to get from the foundry. They gave us street car tickets and told us where we would have to transfer but all was confusion to our minds. We knew nothing of the city, and never rode on the street cars before. We got on board a street car and we rode and we rode, clear to the end of the line and back again; we rode until we used up all our ticket and then some of our own precious money. Finally we got off and walked and walked and at last found the foundry and got what we wanted, but it was so near train time we had to hurry to make it. We were two tired boys that night. We were jumping out of the frying pan into the fire when we changed from the sweet potato business to the sorghum business; the sorghum business was the hardest and dirtiest work by far, but there was big money in it as long as the war was on. We got to be experts at the business and generally made a very fine grade of sorghum, but the quality depended largely on the kind of soil the cane was raised on.

I must relate here one of the saddest

accidents that ever occurred in our family. Little sister Hattie at the age of five was so puny and so small for her age. One day she was sitting by the side of brother Ben, who was feeding the cane into the sorghum mill. She was feeding also, child like. Ben left his post, just for a minute, to drive some cattle away and unthoughtfully left her at the mill. The first thing we knew the poor child's right hand was being crushed between the rollers of the mill. The team was stopped as soon as possible, but her right hand was crushed so badly it had to be amputated. The accident occurred in the evening and by the time three doctors arrived it was night and they had to perform the operation by lamp light. As my memory carries me back over the lapse of half a century to that awful night, it makes me shudder to think of it. There we were huddled together in one room; father, mother, sister and brothers and the doctors in an adjoining room, working with all their might to save the life of that dear child. She was so delicate we could hardly dare hope that she could possibly live through the operation. But, strange to say, she lived and the doctors said she stood the painful dressing of her arm with more grit than a

great many grown people. Not long after this she began to grow and was soon very rugged. She could jump on a horse and hold the bridle reins with that stump of an arm and ride bareback on the gallop. She had no fear of a horse and could handle one much better than most girls.

DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES

We had a terrible siege of typhoid fever in the summer and fall of 1864. In August brother Ben took it and came near dying from it. Just as he was able to be up mother and sister Eliza took the fever at the same time, and later on brother Joe and I were working in the field together and we came down with the fever the same day—four of us sick at the same time. Mother and sister came near dying. Our parents had lost their grip on the water cure system. Doctor Couden, who was an allopath, treated all of us. Although father and mother had become weak in the water cure faith, such was not the case with James. He held to it like a leach; he opposed medicine with all the vigor he had in him, and yet to keep peace in the family he gave the medicine the doctor left by giving one-half the dose in everything (the doctor never found it out). James attended to giving the medicine and had the oversight of the sorghum factory. We all recovered under his nursing.

James and I started to school at Morrow at the beginning of the winter term. Perry Harford, our former teacher at White Oak, was the principal of the school, and his wife was also a teacher in the Morrow school. Up to this time my education had been awfully neglected. James, never being very able for farm work, got more schooling than I. He was fairly well advanced and had attended several terms of school at Morrow. Previous to this I had mastered long division and had advanced no further. I have no recollection of having any hunger for an education. I had become so interested in farm work, I could not see how I could leave it for school, and I might as well own it: I had arrived at the point that I was ashamed to go to school and was ashamed not to go to school. I realized that I would have to begin at the bottom, away down with the little boys and girls, and I was grown. The contemplation made me sick at heart. But it was decreed that I should start to school and stay there until I learned something. There was one comforting feature about the school proposition: I thought brother James would be my right hand man. If I could have looked into the near future and could have seen how

soon my hopes and bright prospects would be blighted I would have shrunk from the task before me. We both had our school work well in hand, when holidays and a week's vacation came. Just at this time James took the typhoid fever in its worst form and before the new year was ushered in James had gone to his eternal home. We were bowed down with grief—why should he be taken—the eldest, the brightest and best of all the brothers and sisters. The Lord knew best; not our will but His be done. Next to our dear mother, my grief was keenest of any of the family if such a thing could be. The one to whom I had always looked to for guidance and support had gone from me. What could I do? What would I do? I must not give up my school work, it would not have been the wish of my dear departed brother nor it would not be the wish of my parents, and so I decided to fight it out on the school line if it took all my life. I am sure I have burned my share of midnight oil; I was forced to, I must keep up with those little chaps. I recited a part of my lessons to Perry Harford and a part of them to his wife—she was also an excellent teacher.

I will for the present drop the school work

part of my narrative and tell something of our horses.

Kit was a black mare who had a good many good traits and a few bad ones. She would always pull her share of a load and more too, but she would run away every chance she would get. When one was on her back a rattle of paper or one's head striking a limb of a tree, would be cause to attempt to throw the rider off. Father was riding her one day over a road that led through a strip of timber and his hat struck a limb; she threw him off, his foot caught in the stirrup and she dragged him down a long hill, and a man came along and caught her and saved father's life. All of Kit's colts were high spirited like her. One of her colts was a beautiful black mare which was so wild that we were all afraid of her and father sold her. She went away into the army for an officer's horse. Old Jin was a notorious balker, and she transferred this bad trait to all of her colts except one. Her last colt was a beautiful bay and grew to be sixteen hands high. Tib was her name. Father gave her to me when she was a colt. I broke her to the saddle; she was the first horse I ever owned. I rode horseback quite often and I had a very cheap

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saddle but wanted a better one. The kind of saddle I wanted cost twenty dollars, but I did not have the twenty dollars. I chopped five cords of wood and sold it at four dollars per cord and bought my saddle. I recall how I blistered my hands. I had been in school and my hands were tender. I was pretty sore all over after chopping that much wood.

A MELON THIEF WORSTED

There is one incident I wish to relate that occurred a year or two before James died. The war was still in progress but a good many of the soldier boys were returning home. They had done so much foraging in the army that it was hard for them to refrain from it when they got home. At one time I had a very fine patch of melons and it was necessary to guard it at night, and I would have my guards out on picket duty soon after dark. One evening I came from the field after plowing rather late. My younger brothers had finished supper and were starting with their guns to the melon patch. After I had finished my supper I went out to relieve the guards but before I got over the fence I saw two fellows stooping over tapping on melons. I took them for my guards, supposing they were hunting for a ripe melon. I climbed the fence and as soon as I jumped down they started on a run, then I knew they were thieves. I took after them yelling like an Indian. My guards at the other end of the patch caught on and began to shoot and yell.

Hearing the commotion father and James came out. Father and James were strongly opposed to hurting anybody and father objected to taking back stolen property. The thieves had hidden in the weeds and James helped us find some of the thieves (we could not find all of them). Father and James proceeded to lecture them, nevertheless father insisted they should take all the stolen melons with them, but I could not look at the matter from the same viewpoint. Jake Snider, a middle aged man and a widower, had a sack full of watermelons by his side. James said to him, "Jake, I would not have thought that of you." John Beatty was sitting with the largest melon I had in the patch between his legs—I knew exactly where he got it. I took the large melon from Beatty saying, "I will take care of this melon" and walked off with it, but father let Jake Snider shoulder that sack of melons and walk away with it. In war times it was the custom to make big displays at political meetings. They would couple a wagon out to a great length and hitch from twelve to sixteen white horses to it, had seats placed lengthwise in the wagon and then about thirty young women and men would ride to the political

rally. Now the man (if one could call him a man) Jake Snider, at this critical time was hunting his second wife and was in a crowd at one of those rallies a few days afterward in company with a lady much younger than himself. It so happened that every fellow who had been in the melon stealing crowd was on the wagon and as they had all heard what James had said to Jake Snider, they kept repeating all day long, "Jake I would not have thought that of you." Snider was the worst beaten man you ever saw. James and I had the satisfaction of being eye witnesses to the whole scene and everybody was witness to the fact that he did not get that girl for a wife, nor any other girl who was on that wagon. He found getting a wife under the circumstances was not such an easy proposition as carrying off a sack of melons. I think Snider would have preferred a load of shot the night he raided my melon patch to what he had to pass through on that rally day. Taking it all in all, the Watkins boys were pretty well satisfied with the just punishment Jake Snider received.

THE END OF THE WAR

I have previously written in regard to there being so much sickness in our family when we were young. Father thought there must be some cause for it that could be remedied. He had a lead pipe in the well at the house and he took it out and put in wood instead. He had men bore the wooden stocks with long augars; they would go to the timber and get a tall straight hickory about ten inches in diameter and bore a hole through the length of the log. The log was put in the well for a pump stock. The water would be highly colored and tasted very bad for awhile but it soon got good, yet I do not remember that we had any better health. As time rolled on and we had such a siege of typhoid (there were six of us that had it and James died from it), that our parents decided the old house which we occupied the most of the time, was unsanitary and so they had it torn down and the cellar filled up. The cellar was very damp and they made a new cellar and built a new house on the same site. The same mantle piece that was in the old house

was put in the new addition. We had a much better house, whether it was more healthful or not, I am unable to say.

In the spring of 1865 peace was declared and the cruel war was over. The nation lifted up its heart in praise and thanksgiving to God for thus removing this curse from our land. How our hearts thrilled with rejoicing and thankfulness to see the stars and stripes waving over land and sea, over the homes of the brave and the land of the free, but how soon our rejoicing was turned into mourning, when on April 14, 1865, the news flashed over the wires from north to south, from east to west, that Abraham Lincoln, the president of the United States had been assassinated. The flags that so proudly waved a few short hours ago, now were draped in mourning. I never shall forget how my heart rankled with hatred for the Southern confederacy. The panorama of war had passed by, and I with a great many others of the Northern states, had been taking a very one-sided view of it. Before the war I had read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and other literature that gave such blood-curdling descriptions of the brutality of the slave holders to their slaves, and how they tarred

and feathered Northern men who chanced in the southland, and then when the war came on, the inhuman treatment our soldiers received at the hands of the Southern confederacy in rebel prisons, confirmed me in the belief that the southern people were hardly human. Time and environment bring about great changes in all of us. I will drop this subject for awhile and take it up again by and by.

MY FIRST SCHOOL

In the spring of 1865 sister Eliza and I visited our Utter cousins at New Antioch, Ohio. While there we were baptised by W. D. Moore, who was preaching for the Christian church at New Antioch. He was a strong and forceful preacher and preached the old Jerusalem gospel in its purity. Brothers Benjamin and Joseph, accompanied brother James to New Antioch about a year previous to this, when the former two were baptised.

Sister Eliza attended school near New Antioch. Minta Utter was her teacher. I think that was in 1866.

I will again take up the narrative of my school work in Morrow. The distance from home to Morrow was a mile and a half. I rode my mare, Tib, to school and back every morning and night. I took no recreation, neither at recess nor noon, but studied all the time. The lack of exercise began to effect my health. I had a cough for a long time and my parents feared that I had consumption. I sold my mare for \$150, which was considered a good price and walked to and

from school, which gave me the needed exercise, and my health improved.

My achievements at school were only ordinary, what I accomplished is hardly worthy of comment, but what knowledge I did acquire I got by hard digging and by hanging on with bull dog tenacity. My progress was very slow. I took a course in bookkeeping and fancied I would like that calling. I went to Cincinnati to seek a position as bookkeeper. I called at A. H. McGuffey's law office to see if he could aid me in getting a position. He did not approve of my venture. He thought I had made a mistake in coming to the city to look for employment, but as I had come he was willing to do all he could for me, as he held my father in high esteem. He advised me not to be too particular where I got a job, it might be with a coal dealer with very low wages. He cautioned me to be careful where I roomed and boarded and gave me the numbers of some good places. I think I went to one of them for my dinner. It was a good boarding house all right, but the price was away out of my reach. I walked the whole day and could find no one who needed a bookkeeper and I decided they did not need me in the city at all.

I gave up the search in disgust and returned home.

I thought I would try country school teaching; the country was the place for me anyway. In the spring of 1869 I struck out for Cameron, Missouri, where C. E. Packard and wife lived. A few days after my arrival I struck out across the country in a southeasterly direction to hunt a school. The first place I stopped to make inquiry happened to be T. P. Jones' place. I had never seen or heard of them before, but I soon found that T. P. Jones was from Ohio and was a nephew of Harrison Jones, a Christian preacher. Why, I had heard that wonderful man speak. It was a great pleasure to meet someone who was related to someone that I knew in Ohio. After talking awhile I went on my journey. When I came to Shoal creek there was no bridge and I wanted to cross, but, lucky for me, a man came along in a wagon who took me across into the Pleasant Grove school district. I soon found that they wanted a teacher. Poor old Missouri had but one director for each school at that time. I found the one director of the Pleasant Grove school in the person of Mr. Dudley. Mr. Dudley did not feel like taking responsibility

for hiring a teacher, although he had a right to do so. He walked me over to Uncle Billy Williams' place to let them pass judgment on me. The old lady did most of the talking; she told me the last teacher they had spent too much of his time sparking the girls. I noticed she had a house full of girls, but all with one exception seemed to be past school age—Mattie was young, pretty and smart. Why, of course I was the one qualified young man of that whole surrounding country to teach that school for I had never been guilty of sparking the girls anywhere and I would surely not be tempted to do such a thing in the school room. I got the school and Mrs. Williams could never truthfully charge me up with the sin of sparking the girls in the school room.

I came in contact with some excellent people in that particular neighborhood. There is one family in particular that I wish to speak of—the Harper family. John Harper and his wife were exceptionally fine people. They lived so near the school house and I became pretty well acquainted with them. They owned eighty acres of pretty rough land on the south bluffs of Shoal creek. At the time I was teaching that school John Harper

was shaking with the ague and I felt sorry for him. I felt his future prospects were very poor, owing to the condition of his health and rough farm he had to make his living from. I will relate a tragic event that occurred one year after. A young man who was teaching the same school, on a Saturday started to Cameron with a team and wagon. Mrs. Harper with three little children got in the wagon to go across Shoal creek to old father Harper's where their oldest child had been visiting. When they got to the creek Mrs. Harper exclaimed, "Oh the creek is too high to cross," and begged the teacher not to drive in, but he was eager to get to Cameron and he thought he could make it. When he got into the creek the wagon bed floated off and the three children, the teacher and the team were drowned, and Mrs. Harper barely escaped with her life. They had to search several days before they found all the bodies. Can you think of anything much sadder?

INCIDENTS AT THE UTTER HOME

I will return again to Ohio history. It seems I can't get through writing about New Antioch, Ohio, and the Utter most parts of the earth. I just want to remark here that I never heard William Utter or Elvira, his wife, speak a cross word to any of their children at any time. It seems to me if any such thing ever did occur I might have heard it as I was in their home so much. But he had his own peculiar way of reproof for wrong doing that did more good than a scolding. I will give an instance:

Robert Jr. and I were great chums but we were bad boys sometimes and Robert's father was mighty apt to catch us in our meanness. One time on a certain Wednesday night, we two boys acted a lie which, as you know, is just as bad as telling a lie. There was a place called Polecat about three miles distant. The Methodists were having one of their old time revivals over there, where they shouted, jumped up and down, jerked and swooned. Neither of us was interested in the meeting, but there was a pretty little girl

over there that Robert was interested in, and I wanted to go along to see if Robert was telling me the truth about her beauty. We hitched a horse to the buggy and conveyed the idea that we were going to Antioch to prayer meeting, but instead we turned in an opposite direction. It was dark and they could not see which way we went. It snowed a little in the evening before we started. William was not long in tracking us in the snow. He said nothing until the next day at noon; he said he had heard there were some disorderly boys at the Polecat meeting the previous night, giving an exact description of Robert and me. If ever two boys looked down our noses, we did. The facts of the case were there were some disorderly boys at the meeting, but we were not included; we behaved ourselves, but we had no business to be there. He never said another word about it, but that taught me a lesson I never forgot.

Another event was the wedding of Minta Utter and C. E. Packard. Sister Eliza and I were invited guests. I drove through in the carriage and arrived two or three days before the wedding. I took them a box of peaches. One afternoon D. N. Utter, Robert

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and myself drove with my team and carriage to Antioch to meet C. E. Packard. We met him all right and we started on our return trip, but when we got opposite Uncle Richard Vandervort's, D. N. and Robert must stop and chat with the girls awhile. We drove in and hitched the team. It soon became evident to me that D. N. and Robert had a monopoly on all the girls (there was enough to go round and then some) but that did not alter the case a bit. C. E. Packard, having had a previous acquaintance with Uncle Richard and his good wife, was having a very interesting talk with them and I was left out of the game. By and by it came my bed time and I was sleepy. I spoke to the boys several times about going. D. N., becoming irritated, spoke rather petulantly, "Sam, if you want to go home, why go." I took him at his word and as the conveyance was mine I felt free to take it, and I never stopped until I got to my destination. I unhitched my team and had to take them down the road a short distance to water, when I met the three pedestrians trudging along through the dust. They had walked three miles. D. N. said to me, "You think you are smart don't you?" I hated it on account of C. E. Packard for at

that time he was a stranger to me. As for the other two I thought I had served them right and Robert thought so too; he thought it was a great joke.

When we were starting home after the wedding William put two little pigs in the empty peach box for me to take home. The bride and groom were starting on their wedding tour in the east and were to stop over one night at father's and I was to meet them at Morrow with the carriage. After I had gone some distance towards home, the question came to my mind: what was I going to do with my pigs? When I reached the station I concluded it would be contrary to all rules of propriety to haul pigs in the same carriage with the bride and groom, but when I arrived at Morrow I was fortunate in getting a neighbor to take the pigs off my hands, and who delivered them at father's place. When the train arrived I was prepared to transfer the bride and groom to father's without any hindrance.

The next morning we bid the bridal party farewell, and then I was ready to turn my attention to the pigs. I gave one to mother and kept the other until it grew to be a 400 pound hog, and I sold it for \$40. This was

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the first hog I ever owned and I think it was one of the first lot of hogs ever sold on foot from father's farm. Before this the hogs were all slaughtered and dressed on the farm and then hauled to market. The annual hog killing time was a great event. Father never could make himself useful on these occasions; he would stand around with his hands in his pockets. At any other kind of dirty work he could take a full hand.

MY EXPERIENCES TEACHING SCHOOL AND MY MARRIAGE

I did not finish my experience in school teaching in Missouri. When I left Ohio I knew very well that I could not pass a teachers' examination there. I was ashamed to own that I was looking for a soft snap. I thought I would find it in Missouri and I was not disappointed. I found it, for at that time almost any kind of a fool could pass an examination, and I passed all right, of course. The Pleasant Grove district was composed of mighty fine people. We had a mixed population—they were from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the old native Missourians. The latter were touchy on war matters. The war had ended four years previous to this and when I first came I felt as free to express my views politically as I would back in Ohio, but I found it would not do. The freeing of their slaves was too fresh in their minds. I boarded with James Sloan, a half-brother and brother-in-law of Andrew Adams; they married sisters. Sloans lived in a log house

on the Johnson farm. The roof leaked so bad I was rained on in bed sometimes. The Sloans were splendid people; they treated me fine and fed me well.

I had no money to pay my board bill and would not have any until I got my school warrant. Mrs. Sloan expected me to pay my board bill at the end of each month and I expected to be able to do so. At the end of the first month I went to Mirable for my warrant. A man by the name of Hulbert was the school treasurer and I was very much disappointed when he told me he could not cash my warrant—there was not money in the treasury, but he thought there would be soon. Mrs. Sloan was disappointed as much as I was when I went back and told her I had no money for her. I taugt for another month and went back and still no money in the treasury. The situation was getting serious. I owed two months' board bill and my boots were full of holes. I needed a new pair of boots very much. I was surely up against it. I would not send home for money. No sir. I could have gotten it all right but the idea of a young fellow getting stranded so soon and have to send home for money—I could not think of such a thing. Therefore

I told C. E. Packard what a fix I was in and he kindly helped me out on the boot question. He told me to go to a shoemaker in Cameron by the name of Milton Helwig, and tell him that he (C. E. Packard) would stand good for a pair of boots for me. I soon had my feet covered, but when I would get my board bill paid I could not tell. Mrs. Sloan did not turn me out but kept on feeding me just the same as ever. I taugth my three month's term out and still the same old story—no money in the treasury, but the old man offered to cash my warrant by shaving it pretty heavy, which I agreed to right on the spot. I paid my board bill and had a little left. I always doubted Hulbert's honesty—I thought it possible he worked that scheme to skin me. One thing sure, I would teach no more school in Caldwell county.

After my school closed I hired to C. E. Packard to work on his dairy farm until fall. I went to Maysville and got a certificate but never tried to get a school, but from sudden impulse returned home to Ohio.

I will state here that not long after my arrival in the vicinity of Cameron I met the girl who was to be my future wife. Ellen Harne, with her father, mother, sister and

two brothers arrived in Cameron about the same time I did. They were included in a colony of fifty persons from Boon's Borrough, Maryland. Our acquaintance ripened into love, at least I could call it by no other name than love on my part; but as for her, I was not so sure how she felt about it for quite awhile. To make a long story short I will just say we entered into a marriage contract, to be consummated at some future time, when I had made provisions for a home and for a wife. With this thought in my mind I returned to Ohio. I had no thought of making teaching my life work and yet I liked the work, and felt it would be a stepping stone to something better and by following this avocation for awhile it would supply me with sufficient means to enable me to get a cage for my bird. Soon after returning to Ohio, I again started to school at Morrow. The principal's name was John Kinney—a good teacher but a very passionate man. It was not long until I began teaching in the old Buckeye state, where the wages were better. Therefore I stayed with the Ohio schools for five years. I had nothing when I began to teach and not very much when I quit, taking a financial view of the matter, but I had a

wife and two children, for after I had been teaching in Ohio about two years I returned to Missouri and married Ellen Harne. We returned to Ohio, thinking the old Buckeye state would suit us better than Missouri. I was 23 years old when we were married and my wife nearly a year younger.

My first school in Ohio was at Comargo near Mainville. I boarded with Tom Swigirt. Tom and his wife were splendid people and from the time I first knew them, they were life-long friends of mine. They have been dead a long time.

All my teaching in Ohio was done in four schools, three of which were near enough so I could board at home. I think I taught six consecutive terms at Washington. The first morning I found on reaching the school house that one of my patrons was there ahead of me. He was an entire stranger to me but he felt duty-bound to tell me what a hard school it was. It proved, however, to be the best school I ever taught. There were a few bad pupils but those who had the worst reputation, I had no trouble with at all. It was the most successful school I ever taught, also the largest.

I taught two terms in my home school.

Here I got into a hornets' nest during the winter term. (Note this is the White Ook school.) The directors were Albert Brant, Joseph Newport and Charles Gilmore. I required all the pupils that were sufficiently advanced to write compositions on Friday afternoon. Every thing would have gone along as smooth as grease if Horace, the son of Charles Gilmore, had not bucked, and when Horace bucked his father bucked and all the Gilmores bucked, and there were a great number of them. Mitchel Jack, although his children did not buck, from time immemorial always felt it his bounden duty to step in and take sides whenever there was trouble in the school, and he was invariably on the wrong side. Charles Gilmore with his son Horace, came to the school house, and in a very authoritative manner, demanded that I should excuse Horace from writing the compositions and hear him recite his other lessons, which I had refused to do. He threatened me with a law suit, but finally decided to let the township board settle the matter. The other directors stood by me. The Gilmores all took their children out of school and before the appointed time for the township board meeting Charles Gilmore

resigned from the school board. They filled the vacancy by putting in Henry Stibbs who was solid for me. Uncle Mitch Jack came to my house early one morning and said to me, "I understand that you have orders to knock down and drag out all the pupils who refuse to comply with your rules; now I want you to understand if you attempt anything like that, there will be some man power there." I told him I had not received any such orders and to rest easy about the case. The township board was not long in deciding the case in my favor. The president of the board, Jot Coddington, up to that time a stranger to me, talked very calmly and kindly to the Gilmores and advised them to drop the matter and send their children back to school with the instructions to obey orders, but Robert, the eldest of the tribe exploded; he made use of language that smelled very strong of the lower regions. None of the Gilmore children came back to school. I finished the winter term and quit. The directors wanted me to teach the spring term but I declined. They wanted me at Bridgeport school and I went there. The participants in the White Oak rumpus have been dropping off, one by one; all have gone the way of all the earth except

Albert Brant and myself. I refer to our generation. The Gilmore children are nearly all living. They were well-meaning people; they aimed to do what was right. Perhaps I should not have recorded this incident, in fact, I hesitated to do it, for it is distasteful to me to make a hero of myself. I related the incident to my son and he said, "Put it in the annals."

After teaching at Bridgeport three or four terms, I bid the school room farewell for ever, and back to the soil I went. I never could get weaned from the farm and farm life; I take to it like a duck takes to water.

I must tell of the house I built in Ohio, or rather the house we built, for father and my brothers helped build it, but the house was for me and mine. The house was built on father's land. He bought a sixty-acre farm, with a log house and a large barn on it when I was quite small. This land adjoined the old homestead on the west. Uncle John Dunn had this farm rented and practically did all the farming on both places in the way of raising wheat and corn, for the culture of sweet potatoes was father's specialty. After about ten years Uncle John Dunn left the farm, for the Watkins' boys of the tribe of

Joseph, had grown to the size and age so that father had a strong enough force to do all the cropping and so the old log house stood deserted for a long time and was finally torn down, but there stood the big barn and near where the house once stood was one of the best wells in the vicinity—never failing and the water always so cold. I chose this location on which to build regardless of the sterility of the soil.

We were married May 23, 1871, near Cameron, Missouri, at the home of my wife's parents. The place is now known as the Ellwood farm and the house still stands in which we were married. We were married by R. C. Barrow, who was then pastor of the Christian church at Cameron. Those present at the wedding outside of the family were C. E. Packard and wife, cousin Lou Utter and Abraham Stucker and wife. We left on a late train the same night we were married. Soon after our arrival in Ohio, I began making preparations for building a house on the same spot on which the old log house stood. We hauled poplar logs to the mill to be sawed into siding. This was the first step, for the siding had to be thoroughly seasoned before it was put on. Then I hitched old Lize (an old balky

mare belonging to father) to a scraper and put brother Clint on old Lize and commenced work on my cellar. Father still had an inexhaustible supply of building material on his farm. Plenty of limestone to burn into lime and plenty of timber to saw into lumber. He had erected so many buildings for himself that when it came to building my house, it was right in his line. The excavation for the cellar was in time, completed, which brought us up to September first. I was pushing the work with all my might to get my house done before winter; in fact all were pushing, but while we were in the midst of hauling rock for the cellar wall I was unexpectedly called to take a school. As I would be needing a good deal of cash by the time the house would be completed, I accepted the school, thereby throwing so much more additional work on father. Unavoidably the work progressed more slowly. When we were ready for masons and carpenters we could not find any, and winter was close at hand. Finally I succeeded in getting an old paralytic mason by the name of John Hughes to put in the cellar wall. I never could understand how he did it, but after a long time he finished the job, and the only thing I could get in the

shape of a carpenter was an old drunkard by the name of Jim Goodpastor. I would pay him his wages every Saturday night and he would go to the saloon and spend it all for rum before he got home, and then his wife would come begging of me not to pay him his wages, but pay her. I managed to do so part of the time. I got rid of him as soon as I could and turned the job over to two jack-leg carpenters, Mr. McFadden and brother Ben. The house was not completed, until the following May or June. You can see how far off I was from my first calculations. We finally commenced housekeeping in our new house.

MARRIAGES OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I was the oldest and the first married. Next came brother Joe, who was married to Susan Ford, June 7, 1873. Brother Joe had learned the wagon-maker trade, also the undertaking business and followed these trades for awhile after he was married, but in the course of time he drifted back to the soil, just as I did.

Brother Ben was the next to take a wife. He married Ada Price, December 9, 1874. He attended school at Oberlin, Ohio, before he was married, and studied telegraphy. He afterwards held the position as telegraph operator at Morrow for several years after he was married. When I moved to Missouri, he was in the railroad business in southern Kentucky. I think the last railroad position was in Zanesville, Ohio, when he became too deaf to hold his place. After father's death the property was divided, and he fell heir to the part of the old homestead which had the improvements and so it was a case of back to the soil with him. Nevertheless, farming was always distasteful to him.

Brother Clint never left the farm. However, he ceased from farming for a few years to engage in the medicine business. He married Althe Worley, a playmate from childhood; all the rest of the family choosing companions who were strangers up to a short time before their marriage. Clinton was married September 7, 1881.

Sister Eliza was married the next day after Clinton to W. C. Parker, a Christian preacher. To be a preacher's wife is generally looked upon as a synonym of suffering and deprivation above the average, but when there is added to it total blindness, it makes it ten fold harder. She certainly had a hard time. She has been a widow for a number of years and lives with her only living child—a son.

My sisters Eliza and Hattie were always faithful and kind to my wife and children, every ready to help nurse our children in their infancy. We seldom ever went any place without having one of my sisters with us.

Sister Hattie, in spite of losing her right hand in early life, was very ambitious and was studying hard to fit herself for a teacher. At the age of 23 she took the typhoid fever

and died from it. The anguish of heart that father experienced in this bereavement was severe indeed. Hattie nearly always had accompanied him in his drives to Morrow and Lebanon. Her fondness for out door life made her ever alert for a drive or a horseback ride, and father grew into the habit of thinking that Hattie must be with him. She could drive for him if necessary and help him in so many ways.

Susan, brother Joseph's wife, died from consumption when their only child, a boy, was three years old. Sister Eliza came to the rescue and helped him take care of his motherless boy. About three years after this brother Joseph married Mary Johnston, being about two months previous to the marriage of Clinton and sister Eliza. Soon after I moved to Missouri, and sister Eliza to Kentucky, and from that day to this there has never been a complete reunion of surviving family.

WE MOVE TO MISSOURI

After toiling, year after year, working early and late, my wife and I became disheartened. As to hard work, we both had been thoroughly trained to it from early childhood, but on this farm, for nine long years, when we came to strike a balance and look for any visible results, financially, we found none. We concluded we owed it to our selves and our children, to make a change, to seek for something better. My wife's people were prospering in Missouri and we naturally came to the conclusion that we had made a mistake in not settling in Missouri in the first place; therefore we decided to cut loose from Ohio and right about face for Missouri. This plan did not suit father at all. He never could understand why I could not make money on that farm and I could not understand myself, but I laid it to the sterile soil. I will have to admit that management is more than half the battle. I have made several visits back to Ohio and have kept my eye on that sterile farm and its owner, who is the same man I sold it to and who still lives

on it. He has raised four children and from the time he came in possession of that farm up to the present, his family has dressed better and lived better than we ever dared to, and that old farm is as productive now as when I left it thirty-five years ago, but I am giving myself away—I had better say no more about the old farm. It fills me with sadness when I recall how it grieved father to part with us. He felt that it was a final separation on this earth, which it proved to be. He took us to an early train. The parting scene will never be erased from my memory as father stood with tears in his eyes. Wilbert, then a little fellow five years old, stood looking up wonderingly into the face of his grandfather, too young to realize the seriousness of the occasion. Father died the following May. I bought a farm of 80 acres soon after coming to Missouri and was not situated financially nor in any other way to go to my father in his last sickness.

Returning to the point in my narrative where we were making preparations to move to Missouri. It was a feeling of great sadness to part from mother, father, sisters and brothers, and a host of good neighbors. When I told my wife I had sold the farm, she wept,

notwithstanding she knew that this meant our immediate removal to Missouri, where she would again be reunited in close association with her mother, sister and brothers. Her father died while we lived in Ohio. One sad feature of this life is to be deprived of the close association of those nearest of kin. While I was deprived of this privilege in changing my location, I was blessed in being brought in close association with my dear old uncle, B. U. Watkins, who had moved from Minnesota to Cameron, Missouri, and with other kin folk I had at Cameron (I refer to C. E. Packard's family) made up in a large measure for the isolation from those nearest of kin.

After father's death, mother arranged to quit the old home and live with us awhile, but she soon became dissatisfied and homesick. On account of her deafness it was hard for her to get acquainted with people, and so she returned to Ohio to her old home and remained there until her death. Brother Ben and his wife took care of her in her old age and treated her very kindly. Some years ago they passed a law in Ohio enfranchising women at school elections. In the year 1898 mother voted at the school election. There

was a contest in the White Oak school as to who would be their teacher. By electing certain men for their school board Smith Watkins (her grandson) would be their teacher; the other party was for Frank Anderson for teacher. Every man and woman, old enough to vote in the district turned out. And Frank Anderson won by six votes.

I bought a farm seven miles east of Cameron and three miles south of Kidder, Caldwell county, Missouri. We landed in Cameron late in November, 1881. I spent more than a month looking for a farm. One day a real estate man by the name of Kittridge of Cameron took me and a German, Albert Kress by name, to look at farms. Josiah Harne, my brother-in-law, was also in the crowd and his mission was to help me. Kittridge took us east of Cameron. I did not like anything that he showed me and the German said to me, "Oh, you are too hard to please, you will have to learn to take it rough and tumble like the rest of us." By and by we came to a farm that Kittridge had picked for Albert Kress and HE was not suited. Kittridge took us all to the Kidder hotel and gave us our dinner and then took

us back to Cameron. It looked like a wild goose chase. I kept on looking for awhile but could not find any place that suited me as well as the farm that Kittridge showed me and so I bought it. Several weeks afterwards I met my German friend on the street. I asked him if he had bought a farm yet. "Yes," said he, "I bought the farm that Kittridge showed me that day." He asked me, "Have you bought a farm yet?" "Yes, I bought the farm that Kittridge showed me." For once the real estate man was in luck. I purchased my farm in January and got possession soon after, by buying a tenant off whose lease did not expire until March first. The winter was very mild, which made it lucky for us, for the house was in bad shape, and we would have suffered had it been as cold as it usually is in Missouri. I bought a team, new wagon, new harness and a new left-hand plow. My neighbors wondered why I bought a left-hand plow, but I knew my business: I was going to plow with a single line like I did in Ohio. The Missouri horses knew nothing about a single line, but I was not long in breaking them to it. My farm was a half mile long with no partition fences. How different from Ohio, for I could now

plow a half mile without turning and without breaking a furrow, and the soil was light and loose. I was through plowing heavy clay soil that would break in clods as big as a wash tub.

I planned to put in forty acres to corn, and I think I plowed the whole forty acres before the first of March. What a fine start that was. I put my oats in early, and had the biggest crop I ever raised. My corn went in early and I had the biggest crop of corn I ever raised. I gathered that forty acres of corn all by myself, excepting I had a man to help me a half day. After I had all the corn gathered my brother-in-laws, William and Josiah Harne came with their corn sheller and we shelled the crop of corn by horse power. I sold 1000 bushels of corn to Captain Berry at 37 cents per bushel and hauled it all on sleds to Cameron, as we had plenty of snow that winter.

The next year everything went wrong. I planted my corn in seasonable time but planted bad seed and had to plant all over again. When the second planting got large enough to work, it commenced raining and kept me out of the field until the cockle burrs took it. My losing out on a crop the second

year in Missouri, was a great misfortune to me and it took me a long time to recover from it.

I must relate an amusing incident in which our boy Wilbert figured. When he was six years old, our nearest neighbor, Hamlet, had been attending court at Kingston. He came to our place one morning and I asked him how a certain trial was decided. He said they had a hung jury. Wilbert was horrified and he ran into the house and cried out, "Oh, ma, they hung the jury." The language of Missouri was somewhat different from that of Ohio and he had not heard the expression, "hung jury," before and he misunderstood the meaning.

Here is another incident of Wilbert's boyhood life. When he was ten years old his uncle Josiah Harne gave him a gun. It was given to him on Thanksgiving morning, and of course he had to go hunting all by himself. His mother was very much afraid he would shoot himself, and told Mrs. Hamlet of her fear, and she promised to be on the alert for a call for help. Wilbert had not been gone very long and was not far away when he shot a rabbit. He called to us saying he had killed a rabbit. Mrs. Hamlet heard him

but did not understand what he said. She answered, "Yes, I am coming." And she came running with her bottle of arnica. Wilbert still has his gun, but never hunts any more.

A few years after we settled in Missouri, we had a dear babe born to us, we called her Edith. She was a lovely child but she only stayed with us two and one-half years, and then passed on to her home in heaven. Two of the saddest scenes I ever witnessed was when I sat beside the couch of our darling babe and watched, with anguish of soul, the departure from this world of our dear one. Again twenty-five years later, I stood by the death bed of my dear wife and saw her vanish from us. No grief can be so great as losing a life companion. I have often thought of what my devoted wife said to me, when we stood weeping over the lifeless form of our dear baby. My grief was so intense, my wife always had better control of herself and she said, "Don't grieve so, you will soon be with our loved one." I thought she had well said, for I had very poor health and I had been sick so long, I had begun to despair of ever recovering. But now after a lapse of more than twenty-seven years, by the side of

little Edith's grave, is the grave of my dear wife, and I am still waiting for my summons. Truly God's ways are past finding out. Oh, the sad memories of the past; I am thinking of the dear ones who have gone on before. How strange that our dear, old mother, who never was stout, lived to the advanced age of 85 years. My brother James, sister Hattie, father and mother all died in the same room at the old home. My wife's mother died in her 85th year. William and Josiah Harne and my wife all died within eighteen months. All the family of that generation have passed on.

A CONSIDERATION OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION

I dropped my civil war narrative with the assassination of Lincoln. There are some things I wish to mention before going farther in line with reviewing the subject. The people of the North were taking a one sided view of the conditions of things in the South. The Southern people were brought up to place no higher estimation of their slaves than the Northern people did of their horses and cattle and they thought no more of buying and selling negroes than we do in the traffic in horses and cattle. But their view of the matter did not make it right. They were controlled by environment. My wife was born and raised in Maryland, and she verified the heart-rending stories I had learned from the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin. She had seen children sold from their parents and she told of one pitiful instance of a little negro girl who was sold. The man who bought her had to make several trips before he got her for she would run and hide when she saw him coming, but one day she ran and climbed a tree and concealed herself in the foliage but

they found her and her screaming was terrible.

While some slave holders treated their slaves with great brutality, others treated their slaves with great kindness. I have talked with ex-slave holders who told me that those who treated their slaves kindly got more work out of them than those who treated them brutally.

While the rebels treated the union soldiers with great cruelty in the rebel prisons, I have talked with ex-rebels who said they were mistreated in the Northern prisons. I know of instances where the federal soldiers were guilty of the most inhuman murders, right in the state of Missouri. I will relate one instance. In war times there was a Christian preacher by the name of Paine who lived in Clinton county, Missouri. He was a good man but a rebel sympathizer; he had been brought up in the slave holding environment. The union soldiers shot and killed him while he was on his knees praying, and left him lay for his daughter to find the next day. Lou Paine, the daughter, was a very talented woman and prominent in the Christian church. She wrote a book, and I wish every

one could read the pathetic story of her father's tragical death.

For twenty years of my life I was brought into daily contact with Missourians and I regard them a true type of the southern people at large, and let me tell you, I have a host of warm friends who were confederate soldiers and as far as honesty and sincerity are concerned the Southern people are not one whit behind the Northern people. But you may ask, why write of it? The war is over, it is useless to write about it, you may say. This is the lesson I have learned from what I have been relating: Not to be too hasty in passing judgment on any problem that comes up for our consideration, but try to view it from all sides.

A CHRISTIAN MINISTER

Here I must tell you of some great preachers that I have had the pleasure of knowing early in my life as a Christian. Knowles Shaw ranks first of all the preachers I ever heard. As a spellbinder he was one in every sense of the word. Never have I witnessed such enthusiasm. In every word and action his face was all aglow with his subject. He stirred my soul and thrilled me as no other preacher ever did. He was not only a power in the pulpit but was always reaching out for the salvation of souls. If I chanced to meet him on the street and I would introduce him to a friend the first question from Knowles Shaw to the friend would be, "Are you a Christian?" He was the greatest evangelist in the Church of Christ in the sixties. How strange it seemed that his life should be snuffed out so tragically in the noontide of his usefulness. He was on his way somewhere to hold a meeting; he was traveling on a train and was sitting beside another preacher and just had uttered the following words, "What a grand

thing it is to rally souls around the cross of Christ." Just then the train crashed through a bridge and down a steep embankment, and Knowles Shaw was instantly killed. When I hear the song he composed, "Bringing in the Sheaves," I think of him. He could sing it with a spirit and an understanding and how grand and sublime it was to hear him sing! Oh, those happy days back in Lebanon, Ohio, where Knowles Shaw was preaching in the year 1867 or 1868. I have had the privilege of hearing a number of other grand and good men. Some of their names are: James H. Carvin, J. H. O. Smith, F. G. Tyrrell, A. R. Liverett.

William Utter induced me to subscribe for the "Christian Standard" when I was about twenty-two years old, and I have read it regularly ever since. After reading it for nearly half a century I pronounce it the safest and soundest publication of the Church of Christ.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

As Christmas is near at hand I will relate a Christmas story. Away back in the seventies, while we were living in our Ohio home and our children were both small, my story begins on a certain afternoon just preceding Christmas, it was a very cold day—zero weather and snow enough to make good sleighing. My brother Clint came riding into my place on a horse and he hitched his horse and came in. We were sitting by the fire talking, when we saw two men pass in a one horse sleigh. They were strangers to us. The road was a public highway but not used much by strangers, therefore the travelers attracted our attention. Clint had planned to go from my place to brother Joe's and not long after we saw the sleigh pass Clint started on his way, which took him in the same direction as the sleigh was going. He came riding back in a short time saying he found a man lying in the snow on the road. We knew the man would soon freeze if not taken care of and so we both hurried to him. The fellow had struggled to his feet but was

staggering drunk. He was dressed well but was so drunk he did not know anything, and we led him to my house. My wife fixed a cot for him near the stove and we put him on it, and he was soon sound asleep. Clint started again on his journey and further on he found where the sleigh had turned over, but had been put right side up again. There was a blanket lying in the road; Clint picked it up and also found a five dollar bill near it. He put the bill in his pocket and started on; soon he came up to the other man, sitting in the sleigh astraddle of a stump, so drunk he did not know anything, except he did not seem quite so helpless. Clint thought he would let him get off the stump the best way he could, and went on his way. When he came back the man had gone out of sight—he had managed to get off the stump somehow. Clint stopped in on his way back (the drunken man was still fast asleep) and told us what he had found. When bed time came, we roused the man and put him to bed with a boy we had living with us. The boy told us, in the morning, the man waked him in the night and wanted to know where he was. He was so bewildered he did not have any recollection of how he came to be lodging in

the house of a stranger. Next morning was Christmas and we were up early. When the stranger who fell by the wayside crawled out he looked very much ashamed of himself, and he told his story. He and his pal started in a sleigh from their homes in the southern part of Warren county, Ohio, to Lebanon, the county seat to pay their taxes. Several of their neighbors sent money along for the same purpose. When they got as far along as our town of Morrow they went into a saloon and took a drink of whiskey and that was the last of his recollections until he awoke in the night at my house. I told him my brother had found some money and asked him if he had lost any. He counted his money and said he had lost none. He seemed to have his pockets full of money; if they had fallen among thieves they would have been robbed of every dollar they had. After giving him his breakfast and then giving him a temperance lecture, and stuffing some temperance literature in his pockets, he started on his way on foot to Lebanon, a distance of seven miles, to pay his taxes. He did not know what had become of his pal until he got home. It seemed that after going a few miles beyond where he had spilled his

partner out, the horse having more sense than the driver, turned around and headed for home. Of course, the man had been so crazy drunk he could not tell where he left his pal. The man who fell by the wayside continued his journey to Lebanon and paid his taxes. When he arrived home he found his pal was short five dollars and a blanket, and in a few days they came back to gather up what they had lost, and we turned the money and the blanket over to them. I met the man we took in, at a sale several years afterwards.

My brother Clint told me that some years after this incident happened of our saving the man from freezing to death, he (Clint) was approaching a railroad crossing in a covered conveyance, and did not see an approaching train. Strange as it may seem, the same man we probably saved from freezing to death, probably saved his life, for he saw the danger and gave warning just in time.

OUR MISSOURI NEIGHBORS

I dropped a stitch in the beginning of our career on our Missouri farm. (When I use the word our, I mean my wife, my children and myself.) We achieved no great things on our Missouri farm. I feel that whatever of success did come to me, I owe to my managing and keen wife and industrious children. My son since he was big enough to handle a hoe, never had to be driven to work, but was always ready to do his part and more too. I can say of my daughter she was ever a faithful helper to her mother, except when in school. The last two years of our farm life she was in school, fitting herself for a teacher. Not long after she began teaching and followed that profession for ten years. My son and I raised sweet potatoes and peddled them at the coal mines near Hamilton, Missouri. Although I never raised sweet potatoes very extensively it was hard for me to abandon the business entirely. It seems there is a streak of the love of peddling, coursing through the blood of all the Watkins. It may lie dormant for a

generation or two and then again it is liable to break out in unexpected places.

I must not omit to write a few lines in regard to some of our nearest neighbors while on our Missouri farm. James and Thomas Hamlet were our first and nearest neighbors. Albert Thiel moved into the neighborhood about the same time we did; then followed the Johnsons and Abraham Ford—I can say for all of them: they were neighbors good and true. And I must not forget Abner Beebe and his good wife. These men and their good wives I shall ever hold in fond remembrance. Mr. and Mrs. Beebe, Grandfather and Grandmother Johnson and Mrs. Charles Johnson a number of years ago passed on to their home beyond the grave and more recently May Hamlet (a near and dear friend of my daughter from childhood). Her untimely death was followed a year later by her father and mother who were buried the same day; and still later Abraham Ford and his wife. I hold all these departed friends in loving remembrance. I can truthfully say that they were all friends of mine, tried and true till death did us part. How we appreciate friends who never fail us!

TWENTY YEARS WITH THE WATKINS MEDICAL COMPANY

I will have to record one of the greatest mistakes of my life: that was when I left the farm and went into partnership with C. E. Packard in the dairy business. It was lack of judgment with both of us, for we thought we would be greatly benefitted by the co-partnership, but as it turned out it was a loss to both of us. My taking an agency with the J. R. Watkins Medical Company was not exactly of my choosing when I quit the dairy business. I was out of employment and was driven to the medicine business through necessity. I plodded along several years before I began to make anything. My wife took in boarders to keep the wolf from the door. I remember of starting out one Monday morning with my wagon and with but ten cents in my pocket. That was all I had. I had too much pride to ask my wife for any money and so I went trusting in the Lord that I might be able to sell enough goods to pay expenses. I came out all right that week even if I did have a blue Monday. I had a good many blue Mondays but I never did get

swamped and by and by I got the business on a paying basis by pegging away everlastingly and the first thing I knew I was in love with my business. Do not understand me that I had smooth sailing ever after, for such was not the case. I had bitter with the sweet all the way through. One of the essentials of success is to be in love with your business.

I worked twenty years for the J. R. Watkins Medical Company as a wagon medicine man and I have mingled with all kinds of people and have had all kinds of experiences. I have become acquainted with many people whom I value as faithful and trustworthy friends. I have a better opinion of the world at large than I had twenty-five years ago.

THE CAREER OF WILBERT

While I was in the dairy business my son was my right hand man all the way through. He was not out of his teens and yet he did a man's work. When it came to milking, he could milk two cows while I milked one. I quit the dairy business thoroughly disgusted with the business. My son still hung on and worked in the Packard dairy during school vacations. After he finished the business course in school, he and Will Packard went to the Pacific coast. Wilbert got employment on a large dairy ranch and soon was promoted to foreman. He was on the western coast for two years and during the time of his absence my wife and I were very anxious on his account. When the evening shadows would approach, we would ask ourselves the question, "Where is our boy tonight?" and pray to our heavenly Father to watch over him.

Cameron was our home for more than twenty years. We lived in the extreme east end of town and tramps coming on the railroad from the east would make our house

their first stopping place. One cold winter day, while our boy was in the west a boy tramp about eighteen years old came to our door and asked for something to eat. He looked so cold and was very thinly dressed—no overcoat and no vest, and as dirty as the regulation tramp. We took him in and gave him his dinner. He told us his story: his mother was dead and his father was in the west; he had been living with a brother somewhere in the east, and he was trying to get to his father by beating his way on the freight trains. He feared the town marshals, and had a great horror for the lockup. My wife had him wash and clean up. She gave him a clean shirt and one of Wilbert's vests and some other clothing. "Now," she said, "nobody will know you are a tramp; you need not fear the lock-up." He thanked us for our kindness to him, and he went on his way looking much better and I dare say feeling much better. And we felt good, too, in that we had shown kindness to a poor, wandering boy and hoped and prayed that the cold and thoughtless world would deal kindly with our boy.

Just before Christmas in the year 1897, Wilbert returned from the west. In January

of the same year, he and I, in company with two other men, took a trip to southern Missouri in quest of government land. The Ozark country did not appeal to us at all. We went across into Oklahoma, and we liked that a little better, but I for one was not very favorably impressed with Oklahoma either. But Wilbert decided he would try Oklahoma. He found an opening to take up the photography business with a partner, and was working at that business in Indian Territory, when J. R. Watkins informed me that he had a place in his laboratory for Wilbert, which he accepted as soon as he could dispose of his picture business. The fact of his being with this company for seventeen years, speaks for itself, therefore I will not detail his career further.

OPTIMISM AND A FEW EXPERIENCES

It is very hard for me to be an optimist, and yet I want to be; but my besetting sin, all my life has been to drift with the pessimists. Looking on the bright side of everything is a virtue that all ought to covet. How prone we are to brood and worry over things that cannot be helped. I will give an example of myself. For years I have been bestowing sympathy upon myself on account of my defective hearing, but when I am confronted with the fact that there are so many who are afflicted so much worse than I am, how foolish in me to waste sympathy on myself; I ought rather to feel sorry for those who have to talk to me. I must not expect my friends to interpret to me, everything that is said, in an assembly of people. There are so many things that I do so crave to hear but I shall be cut off from that privilege as long as I live, and it does no good to worry over it. I met an old man on the street in Cameron one day. His health had not been very good for a long time. I asked him how he was feeling and he replied, "Oh, I have

quit complaining; I find that it does no good." How true that remark; it made an impression on my mind.

I experienced some thrilling events in my twenty years itinerancy on the road as a wagon medicine man. I remember a very narrow escape I had a long time ago. I was traveling one hot day and about noon I came to a bridge that did not look safe, yet I could see a fresh buggy track over it. The water had undermined the approach to the bridge and someone had placed some two-inch planks lengthways over the opening. By a good deal of urging I succeeded in getting my team to start across. As soon as the horses got on the planks, the planks began to spring which scared the horses and they jumped for the main bridge and landed all right, but when the wagon came to the planks the wheels on one side of the wagon instead of following the planks went between them which turned the wagon over and pitched me out. In some way the wagon caught on the bridge instead of tumbling down to the bottom of the creek a distance of about ten feet and pulling the team after it. There was a house not far away and I called for help. The tugs were drawn so tight that I could not unhook them.

Calvin Moore heard my call and came running to me. I told him to cut the tugs, but he said no; he could save the team and the harness also. He managed to unbuckle the belly bands and hame straps. We then led the team free from the harness and wagon, but the wagon still hung on the bridge. We fastened ropes to it in order to ease it down into the creek. It was on a Monday and my wagon was loaded to its fullest capacity, consequently the weight was too great to let the wagon down without breaking something. One wheel was broken but only one bottle in all the load. It was no easy job to get the wagon out of the creek but near sundown we had it out of the creek and a long pole put under the axle with one end to drag on the ground. In this shape I hauled the wagon fifteen miles to a repair shop. I was thankful that the accident was no worse.

How many times I got fast in the snow and mud I would not attempt to tell. I recall of getting fast twice in one day and four times in one week in the mud and in each case I had to have help to get out. Once I came near drowning myself and team by driving into a swollen stream that I did not think at all dangerous. I drove in and the first thing

I knew my horses were swimming and the wagon was floating down stream past the fording place; the swift current turned the wagon on its side and dumped my medicine case into the creek and I guess I was dumped into the creek also. My case contained my canvassing books with \$1200 worth of accounts. I was in the wagon and out of the wagon and on the horses' backs; in fact I was like a hen on a hot griddle—I was not long in one place. The horses in their floundering around swung their heads upstream, which put the wagon right side up again. The current swept the horses against a steep bank where there could have been no possible chance for them to get out, even if they had been loose from the wagon. A house was not far away and I called for help but there was no one at home except a woman and a little boy. The boy ran to the nearest neighbor. The man, Jack Knave, had just arrived from town and came in great haste to my rescue. When he arrived I had in some way gotten out on the bank and was holding the horses heads up out of the water. When Knave came I said cut the harness, but he got the harness off without much cutting and saved the team from drowning. The wagon had to remain

in the creek all night and the doors and drawers were swelled so tight they could not be opened with ease, and such a mess of wet goods as I did have. Lewis Fairchild's wet goods store was no comparison. All bottled goods had to be cleaned and new labels put on them. Everything else was a total loss, but the worst of all my sample case containing my canvassing book with \$1200 worth of accounts was in the creek somewhere. I spent two days searching for it and failed to find it. Here is some of the bitter that I mentioned earlier in my narrative. Two months later a sawmill man living two miles down the creek found my case in a pile of driftwood. I supposed that after laying in the water so long the writing would be illegible but I was surprised to find the writing could be read but somewhat blurred. This was the worst experience I ever passed through, while I was on the road and yet it might have been worse than it was.

I will relate another thrilling experience. Once upon a time when I was working too far away to drive in on Saturday night. I arranged to leave my outfit at the livery stable and go home on the train as was my custom in such cases. The instance I narrate

now was in July (I have forgotten the year). We had remarkably heavy rains and high water. On Saturday early in the afternoon, I drove into the livery stable and left my outfit, and at five o'clock I went to the depot at DeKalb, Missouri, and asked for a ticket to Cameron. The agent shook his head, saying, "I cannot sell you a ticket to Cameron." "Why not?" "The trains cannot cross the Platte river," he said. This was the Rock Island road, and so I said I would go to St. Joe and take the Burlington, but the agent said that the Burlington was in the same fix and could not cross the Platte river. I had been reading all week of the floods in every direction but the thought had never entered my head that I would be cut off from home with the floods. I wired my wife and told her I was water bound and had to stay in that little old town Sunday with poor hotel accommodations, with warm cistern water to drink, and me with dirty linen and nothing in the stores that I could use. I could not go another week without a change of clothing, therefore on Monday morning I concluded I would try to get home by the way of Kansas City, but how to get to Kansas City was the question; the Missouri river was overflowing

all the railroads from St. Joe to Kansas City. From DeKalb I went to Rushville, from there to Atchison, Kansas. Several places the water was up to the car steps, and from Atchinson to Leavenworth we traveled for miles with water up to the car steps, and then we were obliged to circle away out in Kansas away from the river and arrived in Kansas City at 7 p. m. and then we had to travel through water again. They would uncouple the engine from the train and feel their way along and then come back for the train again. There were but few passengers on board the train and we arrived in Cameron at midnight. It was indeed a perilous journey. I was like the apostle Paul—I was in perils in many ways; I was in perils by snow, in perils by mud, in perils by water and in perils by cross dogs. I was bitten by no less than a half dozen vicious dogs in my twenty years of itinerancy but I was never robbed, nor ever suspicioned any one of having any notion of attempting any such thing.

QUARANTINED FOR SMALL POX

I have previously mentioned the fact of Wilbert and I taking a trip to south Missouri and Oklahoma. In the last named state, while we were there, they had a good many cases of small pox, according to rumors. We did not know but what we had been exposed to it. Soon after our arrival home from that trip one of our party took sick. Wilbert went to see him and found him feeling pretty bad. He told me it might be that Ed Corbet was taking the small pox, but mum was the word and we would say nothing, not even to our own folks. Everybody would get excited and the first thing we knew they would have us quarantined, but Ed only had a cold and was soon well. About a month later, one day while my wife was at a neighbor's at a sewing party, here came the health officer and quarantined us. I had just the day previous came in off the road and my mother-in-law, Wilbert and myself were at home. They claimed I had been exposed to small pox near Maysville a few days previous. I knew nothing about it, but according to the report

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I had taken dinner at a place where a young man had small pox. The folks did not know what was the matter with him until after I left. I did not see the man and did not know he was sick. We were quarantined from a different source from what we first expected. The news soon reached the sewing party, and the women were all panic stricken except my wife; she was the least excited of any of them. She came home in the evening, perfectly calm. The doctor came and vaccinated all of us. It did not take with any of us except Wilbert. Our daughter was away teaching. She could not come home, the weather and roads were at their worst. We paid a doctor five dollars to drive seven miles where she was teaching to vaccinate her. The health officer told us if we took the small pox everything about the house would be so infected that it would be necessary to burn all the bedding. My wife did not propose to lose all her bedding in any such way and so she packed everything that we could get along without in boxes and we carried them to the barn. I never took the small pox but they had rumors going that I had it and was very sick, which kept our daughter worried all the time. Owing to the condition of the

weather and roads all the time we were under quarantine, I would have been compelled to have stayed at home anyway, but the idea of being held at home by restraint is not pleasant and is very inconvenient. I did not start out on the road until April and then people were afraid of me, but later on small pox got to be quite fashionable and people got over being so scary about it.

In the earlier part of my narrative I had a good deal to relate about Ohio doctors but have not said much about Missouri doctors. Everybody has their favorite doctor, and I have mine. Twenty-seven years ago it became necessary for me to undergo a surgical operation. The doctors Franklin, father and son, performed the operation. It was a very simple operation, but there is danger in all operations, let them be ever so simple. The first operation was not a success and had to be repeated. I went to Cameron for the second operation and in riding home in a wagon I took cold and came near dying. The doctors were very attentive but one night I grew worse, and neighbor Hamlet rode horseback to Cameron, a distance of seven miles, for one of the doctors. The roads were rough and frozen. When he got there

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it was just daylight. Dr. Franklin, Jr., had been out all night and had just gone to bed. The old lady said, "Jim can't go," and turning to the old doctor said, "You shan't go, it is too cold and the roads are too rough." He said "I will go," and he hitched to his buggy and came. It was a long time before I was fully recovered. I lived on a highway that was extensively traveled. Dr. Jim, as we called the young doctor would often pass and would sometimes stop to see how I was getting along, but I would fancy he wanted to collect his bill. I would dun myself every time he called. He would say, "Don't worry about that doctor bill, pay it when you get ready." It seemed a long time before I was ready to pay it, for money matters were awfully close with me. When I settled they only charged me three dollars a trip, the same as the doctors from Kidder, a town less than half the distance. The old doctor has been dead for a good many years and Dr. Jim is still my doctor, and why should he not be?

MARRIAGE OF MY CHILDREN

My children married near the same time, only a few months intervening. They say history repeats itself. It seems it has on the the score of matrimony in the Watkins family of the tribe of Joseph. My brothers and sister, in the final roundup, were married about the same time. My children did likewise. It looked as though they wanted to have a cleaning up job of it and have it done with. Perhaps that is as good a way as any. They are married and prospering. I have but one grandchild, a bright little girl of six. The tribe of Benjamin can show five generations, while the tribe of Joseph can show only three.

MY RELIGION—INCIDENTS RELATING AND DEDUCTIONS

Hitherto I have said but little on the subject of religion in my writing. In church matters I have been a knocker on a good many questions and realize the fact that I am not very popular with some well meaning people, but I think that people generally, have more respect for a man who has the courage of his convictions to express to the world at large, in a clear and unmistakable way just what he conceives to be right. A man may think he is right in his convictions and try to prove it this way: because he feels right he is right. A man never fails to feel right when he does right, but we know it is possible for us to do wrong and feel that we are doing right. Paul thought he was doing right when he was persecuting the Christians. Did that make it right? No, a thousand times no. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—I Thessalonians, fifth chapter, twenty-first verse. If you can prove by the Bible that infant baptism is for the remission of sins, practice it; if you can not, do not practice it. If you can prove that

sprinkling or pouring is Christian baptism, practice it; if you cannot, do not practice it. Do not take any man's word for such vital things. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are which testify of me."

I believe in the divinity of Christ.

I believe in the miracles of Christ.

I believe in the virgin birth of Christ.

Those men who deny the divinity of Christ, and deny the miracles of Christ, and deny the virgin birth of Christ, have no part nor lot in the church of Christ. How I wish they would go where they belong—to the Unitarians. The old Jerusalem Gospel is the same yesterday, today and forever. There cannot be any additions or subtractions, if the old, old story is authentic, why not teach it and preach it and practice it in its simplicity and purity and not be forever reaching out for new methods of conducting evangelistic meetings. With the claptrap union meetings with card signing, etc. I want to place myself on record as being absolutely opposed to the present day innovations. I want to make a note of a practice of our modern evangelists of continuing a meeting for a whole week before extending an

invitation. The Gospel invitation should be open at all times, protracted meeting or no protracted meeting. We read of no deferred invitations or deferred baptisms in Apostolic times. If we adhere to the practice of the apostles we are on safe ground. When we begin to follow machinations of uninspired men, we will soon find ourselves like a ship on the waves of the sea, without chart or compass. Mortal man is so apt to lose his bearings. I have an incident in mind which illustrates this point. Years ago when I was living on my Missouri farm, one dark stormy night I took a lantern to go to the pasture for a mare and a young mule which I wanted in shelter. I found them in the farthest end of the pasture. I put the bridle on the mare and started in the right direction and would have soon been home, but my lantern went out. I said to myself, "Oh, well it don't matter, I can find my way out if it is dark." I knew every nook and corner of that field. I walked and walked and was not getting anywhere; and finally it dawned on me that I was lost and was walking in a circle. The field was fenced on all sides with barb wire. I stopped and waited for a flash of lightning, and saw I was near the fence. I made a bee

line for it, leading the mare. I found on getting to the fence the only safe way was for me to keep close to the fence and to be sure I was keeping close to it I must grab hold of the wire about every minute for it was so dark I could not see my hand before me except when there came a flash of lightning. I kept on until I got near the gate; I was getting tired of tearing my hands on those sharp barbs, and I said to myself, I will quit this and make a bee line for the gate, independent of the barb wire fence. The first thing I knew I was walking away from the gate. I retraced my steps and kept hold of the barb wire. After being gone about an hour I got to the house; my wife was becoming very uneasy about me. When we begin to assert ourselves—feel independent of help, then is the time we want to take hold of the Book of Books, even if it hurts, for it is not always popular to stand firm for Bible methods of doing things. We ought to avoid being imitators, to get into the habit of doing thus and so, because somebody that we like pretty well does thus and so.

How many of us stop to ask the question, "Is it right in sight of the Lord?" Did you ever hear any one say we are tired of hearing

you always harping on first principles and baptism by immersion only; your old foggy notions are not up-to-date; we want to hear something new. I have heard such talk. Methinks such folks have itching ears. I have heard of a lawyer, who made it a rule to find out what his client wanted to do and then advise him to do that very thing. It looks to me like a good many preachers are working on the same principle; they find out what kind of a dose their parishioners want, then dish it out to them just as they want it. Paul says in I Corinthians, second chapter, second verse: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Do we want anything newer than the Book of Books? Everything must be measured by that book. I am rejoiced to know that we have a mighty army of preachers who are preaching the Gospel with no uncertain sound. You are not puzzled to know what they stand for; but I am grieved to say that we have another army of preachers of much larger proportions than some are aware of, who preach the Gospel with a very uncertain sound which pleases the people with itching ears. It is a plain case that the destructive critics are filling

pulpits in the church of Christ and they are preaching for the loaves and fishes.

We are continually reading reports from some great union meeting, held by one of our great evangelists, that so many sign cards for the Christian church, so many for the Methodists, so many for the Baptists and so on, and the writer of the report, (who is generally pastor of the church), in almost every case is very careful to state that the evangelist preached the whole Gospel. Now I do not like to believe these pastors intend to willfully misrepresent matters nor do I like to believe that they are ignorant of the meaning of the phrase, "The whole Gospel." It must be that these people who are craving for something new have found a new definition for the whole Gospel. I know I am not alone; there is a great host of brethren who will bear me out in the assertion that the whole Gospel is not preached at the above mentioned union meetings. Is it not time that we should hold these pastors to account for the wording of their reports. If our evangelists insist on proselyting for the denominations, there is nothing to hinder them, but in the name of all that is good and true, give us a true report. When I speak of

the denominations I do it without any bitterness, but with the most kindly feeling. When I refer to the denominations you know to whom I refer—all those who claim to be Christians, but insist on wearing handles to the name Christian. I want to say that I do not mean this for a slur; I write this in all kindness; I cannot afford to hurt anybody's feelings; I have too many good friends in the different denominations. I want to ask in all candor, are you not adding to the Book, when you desire to be known as a Methodist Christian, Baptist Christian, Presbyterian Christian, Episcopal Christian. The handles are too numerous to mention. Oh, you may say, there is nothing in a name. Why not? Let me give you an example: John Jones marries Jane Smith. After the marriage Jane gives John to understand that she is going to wear her maiden name. She says to John, "Of course I am married to you and by law my name now really is Jane Jones, but I want everybody to call me Jane Smith." What would John think? Why he would think of getting a divorce, would he not? If you are married to Christ, you need no other name than Christian. Dear friends, is there nothing in a name? If by one mighty sweep

of the hand I could wipe out all these human names from the face of the earth more than half of the battle would be fought in the direction of Christian unity. Our theological differences could soon be adjusted if we could abolish the party names and could all be gathered under one banner of Christians only. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."—Ephesians, fourth chapter, fifth and sixth verses. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts, fourth chapter, twelfth verse. We ought, in our everyday walk, as followers of Christ, strive for advancement in spirituality. We should strike a balance to find whether we are going forward or backward. We should be particular to do the little things of this life which make for happiness and betterment of those who surround us. Every loving thought, every honest endeavor, every kindly act will help fill out the grand total when our accounts are closed. May it not be said of us, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Have faith in yourself. If we want people to believe in us we must believe in ourselves;

if we are conscious that people believe in us it spurs us on to renewed activity in the world's great drama of life. As my memory wings its way back to the long ago when I was a boy I recall how I would plan surprises to please my mother when she would be away for a day. How hard I would work in the garden to do something that would be a delight and a surprise to her by making new walks or spading new beds. Why did I do it? Because I knew she believed in me; that was sufficient reward for me. I have previously related three narrow escapes I had while on the road, and of my coming out unharmed in every instance. I attribute it all to God's providence.

It comes in order here to relate a terrible accident that happened to my daughter and her family recently in Missouri. On the thirteenth day of October, 1916, my son-in-law started in his automobile from his home near Cameron, Missouri to Excelsior Springs, accompanied by his wife, little daughter, Frank Chenoweth and his wife. After going about twenty-five miles they were struck on a railroad crossing by a train and thrown in every direction. It seems the men lit on their feet. Mrs. Chenoweth was

thrown quite a distance. When the men recovered sufficiently from their shock to see anything, they saw little Francis standing between the wrecked automobile and the train with blood running from her mouth, crying, "Mama, mama," and her mama nowhere in sight. They stopped the train after running about three hundred yards and the train crew was out looking under the train and everywhere for my daughter. It seemed to her that it was about ten minutes after the train stopped before they found her. She gave a loud scream, and then they rushed forward and found her on the pilot of the engine, with her clothes nearly all torn off. She had a scalp wound and was badly bruised but no bones were broken. Little Francis had a tooth knocked loose, which caused the blood from her mouth. Mrs. Chenoweth was pretty badly bruised but not seriously hurt. The automobile was a complete wreck. The train gave no signal and the occupants of the automobile did not see the train until it struck them. They were taken home and my daughter was under the care of a nurse for six weeks. Nothing but God's providence saved them. I left them about a week prior to this to visit with my Minnesota children.

When I had everything ready to start to town to take an evening train I had forebodings of evil; I had never left home with such great reluctance. I felt it would be a great privilege if I could remain one more hour with my folks. When I received the news of the accident I thought of my forebodings of evil, but the Lord in his mercy spared their lives; but who knows but what yet I may be deprived of the privilege of ever meeting them again in this world. It is evident that an unseen hand directs our course through life. We do things and look back and wonder why we did so and so. I wanted to visit my son and his wife, but why should I want to spend the winter in the rigorous Minnesota climate? I can't answer the question. The winter is drawing on towards the middle, and I must say, thus far I never spent this season of the year with as much comfort; nevertheless, we have had some severe cold weather, but I am exposed to it very little and never had better health in my life.

We are living in a progressive age, fast locomotion, fast thinking, fast action; there seems to be a growing disposition with the rank and file of mankind to leave the sordid things of this life behind and to reach

forward and upward to the supreme things of life. The desire to get to the top of the ladder is a commendable spirit, so long as we do not push others down in our efforts to climb higher. Our motto should be, "Onward and upward," and never fear responsibility attached to a trusted position. I have known men to turn down an offer for promotion, fearing to shoulder the responsibility of the position. This is a great mistake, for if a man feels he is not fit for the place, it is up to him to make himself fit for the position. A man who drifts along on the current of life without any responsibility is a mere machine. Too many of us are drifters and prefer to let someone else do our thinking for us, and are afraid to exercise our own mental powers. In the present day, mad rush for pleasure, wealth, and power, it is very difficult, sometimes, to draw the line between what is right and what is wrong. A good rule to work by, is to strive to make the deeds of every day of our lives be above reproach, and when the last day comes, we will be ready, our lamps will be burning.

Prosperity begets selfishness. It is human nature. If we have never felt the sting of poverty and suffering we are too apt

to forget the needy and afflicted. When I use the word "apt" I do not mean this is the rule without exception, for there are hundreds of thousands of benevolent people who were born wealthy and have always had an abundance of this world's goods, who are sharing their wealth with the needy. I want to relate some of the good deeds of a certain rich man who was neither born in poverty or wealth, but between the two. In order to give you a glimpse of the sadness, sorrows, and the joys of this man's life I shall have to wing myself back over a space of forty-five years. You doubtless remember in a previous part of my narrative of recording the sad fact that a friend of mine, being bereft of his children in a few moments of time by drowning in Shoal creek. Now I will continue the story of my friend. A few years after the death of his three children followed the tragic death of his mother who had been making her home with him. She was carrying a lighted lamp down stairs and fell with it and was burned to death. This certain rich man is no other than my old friend and brother, John Harper, whom I first met at Pleasant Grove, Caldwell county, Missouri, forty-six years ago. I have given you a

glimpse of two sad pictures in his life. Now, let us look at some of the bright and shining pictures of this man's life. By his untiring efforts he had the pleasure of seeing a Church of Christ organized at Pleasant Grove. He was also one of the leaders in organizing a church at Cameron, Missouri. I cannot give the date of John Harper's removal from Caldwell county to DeKalb county, as it occurred during my absence from Missouri, which covered a period of twelve years. When he, with a few of his relatives and friends settled in DeKalb county they were away off from any church. He had the joy of being the main spoke in the wheel in building the Church of Christ at Orchard near his home. In the fullness of time I drifted back to Missouri and I heard reports from different people, telling of the wonderful prosperity of John Harper; of his many herds of cattle, and instead of eighty acres of rough land in Caldwell county, he owned a thousand acres of fine blue grass land in DeKalb county. In the course of time I entered into the medicine business and when I came into the Harper neighborhood, of course the natural thing for me to do was to hunt up my old friend of long ago, but when I beheld his fine, big house and

the splendor of his surroundings, I felt rather timid about renewing acquaintanceship. I thought possibly they might have forgotten me, also it might be their prosperity had affected their heads and they would be so stuck up they would not care to renew their friendship. But they remembered me, and I found him and his wife to be the same open hearted people they were when in their humble home. He has but one living child (a daughter). When she married he built her a fine house near his own. One day a cyclone came roaming through the air and swept that house away and tore it all to pieces. I happened along a few days after and asked him if he intended to rebuild. He replied, "No, no, we were getting too selfish; hereafter we shall all live together," and they have continued to do so to this day. A few years ago he had the misfortune of losing his wife, like myself.

Another incident in which the rich man figured, I will relate. One day my wagon tongue broke about five miles from the Harper place. I knew of a repair shop near it, and I drove there to get my tongue fixed, but found on arriving that the man had quit the business. I drove to Harper's to stay over

night. He told me, when he came from his work that he would help me patch my tongue in the morning. When morning came he got his tools and went to work very deliberately on my repair work. His men (about half a dozen) were already hitched to a wagon, and waiting on him for he had to go with them a distance of several miles to work. I said to him, "You can't afford to keep those men waiting." He laughed and said, "I will fix you up before I go." What would ninety-nine men out of a hundred have done in this case? They would have showed me the tools and material and told me to fix it myself, but that was not his way of doing. I mention this incident to illustrate his carefulness not to neglect the little deeds of kindness. I might go on and record many great and notable deeds of this man, but I have recorded enough to give you a clear idea of his noble character. This sketch goes to show that we have rich men who are doing much good in the world and doing it all to the honor and glory of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I am just in receipt of a letter from my only living sister who is two years my junior, in which she requests me not to forget to write down in my annals the account of our

meetings in the woods when we were children. I will quote her words: "Do not forget the sermons you used to preach to us out in our beautiful woods, having for your pulpit a stump, and the limbs were the pews for your congregation. George Clevenger was the choir; he made such a loud noise we did not think the rest of us could be heard though we were all doing our best. I well remember a portion of your sermon. I think you impressed it in all your sermons, but especially whenever I was present in the congregation. It was this, 'I never want my sister to marry a man that chews tobacco or drinks whiskey.'" I cannot remember stressing on the two vices she speaks of, but it is possible I did for that doctrine was handed down to me by a tobacco and whiskey hating father and mother. I can recall one point that I used to emphasize very emphatically in those meetings of long ago. I will quote it, "You must be good; if you are not, when you die, your soul will burn in brimstone fire for ever and ever." Cousin George Clevenger could pray and sing to beat all of us. Although he was never noted for his piety, he could pray loud and long, and could do it well. We always called on brother

Clevenger to open and close the meetings with prayer. And now as I grow old still that brimstone fire doctrine sticks to me in spite of the fact that some of our talented preachers are trying hard to do away with the brimstone fire theory and dissipate the fear of the wicked for everlasting torment. Something like this is the manner in which they head their subject:

“There is no Hell.”

That is a soothing thought, is it not? All of you who have itching ears for something new, listen to what Dr. Knowall has to say on the subject; it may interest you; it don't interest me.

Right here I will make a few comments on popular amusements. There is not an inanimate thing on the face of the earth that I loath more than I do a pack of cards. Card playing is without one single redeeming feature. Of the two evils, dancing and card playing, dancing has it on card playing. There are degrading features about dancing, but it is a science that has some uplifting features about it. You may say card playing is a science also. I will admit it, but its every tendency is downward, down to the lowest depths of degradation. In every dot and spot

on a card I can see the devil's imps. You may think I am hitting pretty hard. If I strike anything I want to strike with all the force I have in me. One hard blow is more effective than a dozen weak ones—I found that out when I used to split rails; one all powerful swing of the maul when it came in contact with the wedge there was something doing. I venture the assertion, when a gambler has gone as low as he can go—has reached the bottom—he can turn and trace his first step in his downward course to his first lessons in card playing, and that often in his own parental home.

The pursuit of pleasure and the greed of money are carrying so many down the stream of time, without one thought of the welfare of others or their own future welfare. "What doth it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Or, what shall he give in exchange for his soul?

The following is a quotation from Abraham Lincoln: "You can fool part of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all the people all the time." It is useless for us to try to deceive people all the time; we may do it for awhile but in time our

actions and our words will reflect our characters in their true light. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."—Galatians, sixth chapter, third verse. It is easier to deceive ourselves than to deceive others. In addition we forget ourselves and neglect to show kindness and respect for every one, high and low, especially the aged, afflicted and the down-and-outer. If it is only a smile, a grasp of the hand, a word fitly spoken.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

These lines are from a beautiful song we learned in our happy childhood days in Mrs. McGuffey's Sunday school class.

"What kind of a church would this church be if every member were just like me?" We have often seen this placard hanging on the wall of the church. Who will undertake to

answer this? I will ask a question: Who would want everybody to be just like himself? It is impossible for us to all see alike; we can't look at a question from the same point of view. We must not jump at the conclusion, that if everybody can't see alike, that gives us license to see, think and do as we please. I have just as good right to my opinion as you have to yours—how many times have we heard that? It is perfectly true, but your right to your opinion does not prove you are right in your deductions. Let me say, it is up to all of us to prove our work, on the vital issues that have to do with the welfare of mankind either morally, politically or spiritually. To all these issues there is one right view, and other views are wrong. For a man to think he is right because he feels right is a mistaken conclusion. Prove your position as you go along and you cannot go wrong; prove it as you would prove a problem in arithmetic, when by multiplying your divisor by your quotient you have the figures that tally with you dividend, then you know you are right. You have not gone by your feelings; you have demonstrated the fact, and there is not a person living who can dispute it. It behooves us to be ever on the

alert to use the try square on these questions.

There is no one so good but what there is room for them to be better; there is no one so bad but what there is hope for their reformation. Let me make a chart for every responsible individual life on the face of the earth; none perfect, no not one. None so degraded but what they can be lifted up. Everyone of us have our good streaks and bad streaks, and on this chart we will place the good and bad streaks, white and black, each day of our lives. It is possible for us to attain to such a degree of perfection that the black streaks will become less and less and more narrow so that they can hardly be distinguishable. Just in proportion as the black streaks grow less and less, the white streaks become a broader and brighter shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Proverbs, fourth chapter, eighteenth verse. But remember one thing is certain, we are either going forward or backward, which is it with us? Are the white streaks growing broader and brighter on the chart, or is it the black streaks that are becoming broader and showing the deepest die of blackness?

Telling one another our faults. We all

have our faults and are perfectly willing to own them, but we do not like for others to tell us of our faults; they are treading on dangerous ground when they attempt it, especially if they show a disposition to specialize the faults. If they are right shrewd and speak of faults in a general way, it is possible it could be done without giving any offence, but we should be careful not to arouse the spirit of animosity. I once knew two women who had agreed to tell each other their faults and not get angry; it was decided who was to make the first inning and what did that woman do but throw a bomb in the camp the first thing, which exploded instantly. She said, "You dress too fine for your pocketbook." She expressed it in seven words but that was enough; the game was called off; there was nothing doing any further. It was such a great big truth that it made the woman angry. The two women had been the very best of friends and I think continued to be, but ever after this occurrence they religiously avoided telling each other their faults. They were both good women but were human, like everybody else. They have both passed on to the great beyond. The scriptural way, and the best

way, is to try to cast the beam from our own eye so that we can see clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye.—Matthew, seventh chapter, fifth verse. If we keep working diligently at that big beam in our own eye, we have not much time for hunting motes in our brother's eye.

It is possible for us to love our brother to such a degree that we will overlook the mote in his eye. We have often heard the saying, "Love is blind." Everybody acknowledges this to be the truth. So often we read of a criminal, serving a life sentence in the state prison, and every friend he ever had has deserted him, except his old mother. She makes her regular visits to the prison to see her son; her love for him blinds her to the awful crime that he has committed. The bank robber who was killed in Minneapolis, Minnesota, recently is still fresh in the minds of many, and furnishes us an example of the mother love. I will relate the story for the benefit of those who may not have heard it. Sometime during the summer of 1916, a young man walked into a bank in Minneapolis, held up the officials and walked out with quite a sum of money. The bank officials decided they would not be caught napping again, and

they employed a policeman for a permanent watch, who was concealed but was stationed where he could see everyone who came into the bank. In the fall following, the same robber made another visit to the bank, and while he was in the act of holding up the officials the man on picket duty shot and killed the robber. It happened that the man on picket duty and the mother of the robber met face to face soon after the tragedy. The mother exclaimed, "Oh, why did you not give my son a chance for his life?" How absurd the question, but the picket's heart went out in sympathy for the poor, broken hearted mother. He told her he was acting in the discharge of his duty. What a sad scene that must have been. It is past our understanding how that mother could think that her boy was killed unjustly. The only way we can solve the problem is by that predominating mother love that exists in every mother's heart who has any humanity in her at all. That young man, though he did not hesitate to take the life of his fellowman in order to get money to aid him in his downward course, and notwithstanding his viciousness, had a spark of kindness in him; he owned a big automobile and was often seen taking the

children of his neighborhood joy riding, and his mother and sisters are respectable people.

A LETTER TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER

I will inscribe a letter to my only grandchild, who is now in her seventh year, and I am in my seventieth year, hoping she may read it and heed it when she is old enough to comprehend its meaning.

It is my great desire that you may grow into a good and useful woman, and you are not too young to commence laying the foundation on which to build a grand and good character. There is no one who likes to see children have a good time any more than I do, so long as it is joyous and innocent fun. In school and everywhere choose associates who are good and pure. Be kind and thoughtful for everyone, young and old, but be very careful that your intimate friends are of the right sort. We see in the schools, pupils who are witty and bright, and it is the most natural thing in the world for us when we are young to find ourselves imitating them. It is all right to imitate the good traits but leave out the bad ones. We notice very often the pupils who make the highest grades in school will not grade up

to some of the less efficient pupils for usefulness and good citizenship after they have grown to men and women. When I was young I attended a graded school in Morrow, Ohio. I will tell you of some of my schoolmates. There was a fine looking boy by the name of Scott Hopkins; he had a smile for everyone and everybody liked him; he was well advanced in his studies and was a fine penman. I soon found myself trying to imitate his penmanship. He was exceedingly kind to me, and for awhile I thought he was the only boy in school fit for a chum, but in time I found him to be the most dangerous boy in school. He did not quarrel and fight, that was out of his line. He had such enticing ways that it was hard to resist him. He was reading bad books and was storing his mind with the most vile thoughts, and he tempted me to the verge of stumbling to follow his footsteps but when I called to mind the careful training of my parents and the danger signals my oldest brother had pointed out to me, I knew that such a course would lead me to ruin. With a mighty effort I rejected the blandishments of my dangerous companion by turning a deaf ear to his insidious efforts to corrupt me. Scott kept

adding to his bad habits, one after another, and finally he got to drinking intoxicating liquors, and went down to his grave before he was thirty years old. I have in my mind another boy who was far in advance of any one else in his studies. Soon after he finished school he left home and went to destruction. His father was a tanner, and the tanning business was very dirty work. There was a very bad odor about the plant at all times. Although his father was making money at the business, it did not suit Ennis at all; his ambition was for something better than tanning hides and of course he had the educational qualifications for a successful career had he steered clear of bad habits. He had but one brother, a very ordinary boy with an ordinary education, and who stayed with his father and worked at tanning. When his father died the business was his and he made a good and useful citizen.

I have named two wrecks. Now I will name two boys who compared very favorably with the first two in scholarship, and perhaps with no higher ideals in the beginning than the first two. Frank Leever was a good, but not exceedingly brilliant boy, but had the making of a good man; he became a

Methodist preacher. Albert Anderson attended strictly to his books and for many years has been practicing law in Lebanon, Ohio.

I want to impress on your mind the importance of selecting good and pure associates. You are not in danger of being led astray by those who have nothing in them that attracts you in any way, but the danger is with those who have winning ways that lead to destruction. Shun them as you would a leper. Set your ideals high and work up to them; even if you never reach your goal you are the better for having tried. A person with low ideals, or no ideals at all, is nothing better than a mere machine. I will give you two examples, one with high ideals and one with low ideals. About the time I began to teach, there came a young man in our neighborhood to teach school; he did not know much at that time but he was a very fine talker. His ideal was to become president of the United States. He repeated this assertion again and again to his pupils, "If I thought I would never get to be president of the United States, I would shoot myself." He wanted to instill an ambitious spirit in his pupils, and he was right in this; however, we used to laugh

about Joe O'Neal's high ideal. He became a good teacher and from the school room he stepped into a law office, and made such rapid advancement that it really looked for awhile like he was going to reach his goal. He is getting old now and is in poor health. It is not likely he will ever reach his goal, but he is better for having tried. Now for an example of the man with a low ideal. A boy in south Missouri became disgusted with the humdrum life in the Ozark country. His father was a trapper and hunter. He told his father one day that he wished to leave home, and asked him: "What chanct has a young fella got to make anything of hissself in this here place?" His father was thunderstruck, he exclaimed, "Why look at me son, look at me; when I fust come from Kentucky to this country I didn't have nothin', no not nothin', look at me now son, I have got nine dogs." What do you think of his ideals?

I have said a good deal about a mother's love in my narrative and I want to impress this fact upon your mind so forcibly that you will never forget it: Your mother is your best friend on earth; she would go through fire or water to protect you. By the time you are old enough to understand the full

meaning of this letter you will be large enough to take a good deal of the burden from your mother's shoulders. I have not the least doubt but what your father and mother will equip you with everything in their power that will make for your happiness and welfare, and it is for you to give to your parents and to the world the best that is within you and you will be paid back in the best. Never, never neglect your work or your mother for your music, books, or anything else. I must tell you a story. Once upon a time a certain poor woman was left a widow with four children, two boys and two girls. It was her ambition to give the boys a college education and to send the girls to boarding school. She toiled unceasingly with that end in view, depriving herself of many of the comforts of life. She accomplished her purpose; the children finished school and were on the high road to success and fame but, for shame, they neglected their faithful mother. They thought anything was good enough for mother to wear; she never went any place anyway. The poor mother had no clothes fit to wear any place. They had never even thought to give her any praise for what she had done for them. After a time the

poor mother lay dying, the children gathered around her couch. At the last moment one of the sons came to himself and realized what their mother had been to them. He gathered her in his arms, and said, "You have been a good mother to us." The dying mother looked up with a faint smile, "You never said so before, John," and the light went out of her eyes. She was gone. What a rebuke! The last words of the mother should ring in their ears as long as they live. If some of the flowers they piled on her casket had been given her while she was living, how much happiness it would have given. After death they did her no good. When your mother or any one does you a kindness let them know that you appreciate it; tell them, do not wait until it is too late and then say, "I forgot." Some may say such things are of but little importance, but really they are of great importance. In after years when you have seen something of life, if you should have a desire to peruse this letter you will find your grandfather was about right on all the topics upon which he has written.

In conclusion I will say that whatsoever you sow that shall you also reap, and everything produces of its kind. Some people

say young folks have to sow their wild oats;
this is a false and debasing idea.

This letter was written by Samuel H. Watkins to his granddaughter, Francis Watson. What he has written he hopes will be engraved on her memory as long as she lives, and above all things else live the Christ life. This letter is to be recorded in the Annals of the Tribe of Joseph.

A RETROSPECTION

How many of us stop to consider what a wonderful era of the world we are living in at the present time. When I think of the progress that has been made in the last forty years it is amazing. Forty years ago threshing machines were run by horse power. Then came the steam engine that did the threshing but had to be pulled from place to place with horses. I will relate an incident that occurred at this stage of progress. I think the time was 1874. One Sunday I brought the preacher home with me for dinner. His name was William A. Trowbridge and his home was in Butler county, Ohio. He told me that over in his county they had steam engines that would travel on the road independent of horses. Henry Stibbs, my nearest neighbor, had followed threshing for a business as far back as I could remember, and at this time had one of those engines that they pulled around with horses. After I received this news I could not wait until Monday morning—I had to go Sunday evening to tell Henry Stibbs of the wonderful

traction engine. He heard me through and then laughed heartily and asked me if I was green enough to believe a steam engine could run on a road without a track to run on. He said such a thing was an impossibility. I believed it could be done for I knew that the preacher was a truthful man. It turned out the other fellow was the green one (for not believing it) for in the fullness of time Henry Stibbs owned and operated a traction engine.

Yesterday I was reading of a similar case that happened a long time previous to this, when they were experimenting with the steam engine. An eminent scientist published a pamphlet which proved, as he thought, conclusively that a steam engine could never be used successfully on an ocean voyage, for they could not carry coal enough with them to take them across. I do not know whether he ever had an opportunity to cross on a steamer or not, but one thing is certain and that is, that there was no more logic in his reasoning than there was in that of my neighbor, Henry Stibbs.

Following the line of progress comes the electrical power, electrical cars, wireless telegraphy, air ships, telephones and automobiles. Twenty-five years ago when

one would speak prophetically of horseless carriages it sounded like idle talk. How many of us expected to live to see the horseless carriage glide along the road?

IN CONCLUSION

There are so many important events transpiring every day that I am at a loss to know when to quit. However there are two more items that I wish to write down.

First, President Wilson's speech before the Senate. I was so charmed with it I had to give it the second reading. Yet the ideals of the speech are not practical, for so long as men are at war with one another, the nations will be at war with one another, though we should not cease to preach and practice peace individually, from the president down.

Then there is the return of the soldiers from the Mexican border. The soldiers of Company C were mustered out at Fort Snelling, St. Paul, Minnesota, and returned to their homes at Winona, Minnesota, arriving at 7:30 in the evening, January 24, 1917. It is estimated there were ten thousand people at the depot to welcome the returning soldiers, and the weather conditions were very unfavorable with deep snow and the thermometer away below zero. It was a demonstration never to be forgotten, and

was extremely picturesque with the soldiers marching through the snow in the middle of the streets, great banks and pyramids of snow on the sides of the walks and the people packed like sardines on the pavement, men women, children and babies. One very remarkable thing: all those boys returned, with one exception, and he remained in the southland to engage in business there.

GENEALOGY OF THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH

This book would not be complete without a full genealogy of the Tribe of Joseph, so therefore after a diligent consultation of the family records, and by correspondence, I have compiled the following list down to the present time, and to and including, the fourth generation. To the best of my knowledge this list is absolutely correct. In the earlier part of this book (page 18) I recorded the birth, marriage and death of our parents and the deaths of four of our brothers and two of our sisters. In the following list is shown the lines of genealogy for myself, sister Eliza, brother Benjamin, brother Joseph and brother Clinton.

GENEALOGY OF THE TRIBE 201

SAMUEL HUNT WATKINS, born June 14, 1847; married May 23, 1871, to Mary Ellen Harne, who was born September 14, 1848, and died March 22, 1914.

CHILDREN:

Edith Ellen Watkins, born October 26, 1886; died April 26, 1889.

Wilbert Winton Watkins, born November 25, 1875; married July 2, 1904, to Antoinette Francis Stark, who was born March 29, 1878.

Henrietta Katherine Watkins, born March 27, 1873; married October 25, 1904 to Clinton Everette Watson, who was born November 30, 1872.

CHILD:

Mary Francis Watson, born November 6, 1910.

ELIZA HUNT WATKINS, born March 11, 1849; married September 8, 1881, to William Campbell Parker, who died November 21, 1904.

CHILDREN:

Clarence W. P. Parker, born August 17, 1883; married July 21, 1915, to Harriet Lillian Coates.

CHILD:

Actia Jane Campbell Parker, born July 29, 1916.

Joseph Templeton Parker, born September 22, 1888; died June 15, 1890.

BENJAMIN WATKINS, born March 25, 1851; married December 9, 1874, to Ada Price, who was born November 22, 1849.

JOSEPH WATKINS, (the fifth son of Joseph Watkins, Sr.) was born May 10, 1853; married to Susan J. Ford, who was born July 4, 1854, and died October 9, 1879.

CHILD:

Smith Watkins, born October 24, 1875; married October 16, 1907, to Callie E. Stock, who was born October 3, 1879.

CHILD:

Joseph J. Watkins, born October 12, 1908.

The second wife of Joseph Watkins was Mary E. Johnson, who was born November 5, 1858. They were married July 7, 1881.

CHILDREN, SECOND MARRIAGE:

Christopher J. Watkins, born October 18, 1882.

Benjamin J. Watkins, born August 9, 1884; died September 22, 1886.

William W. Watkins, born August 29, 1887.

Eulalia B. Watkins, born July 26, 1893.

Alfred G. Watkins, born May 24, 1896.

GENEALOGY OF THE TRIBE 203

CLINTON D. K. WATKINS, born September 30, 1861; married September 7, 1881, to Althe Worley, who was born July 21, 1860.

CHILDREN:

Fairy Elma Watkins, born July 3, 1882; married September 27, 1902, to Charles S. Baker.

CHILDREN:

Lorena C. Baker, born September 30, 1903.

Myron Charles Baker, born August 29, 1914.

Arthur John Watkins, born May 22, 1885; married September 12, 1906, to Harriet Minerva Ramsey.

Janie Marie Watkins, born January 25, 1887; married March 10, 1908, to Hal Clement Brant.

CHILDREN:

Harold Donally Brant, born December 31, 1908.

Hal Maynard Brant, born December 7, 1909; died October 29, 1912.

Stanley Joseph Watkins, born March 1, 1892; married June 8, 1911 to Mary Christina Connor.

CHILD:

Nyale Connor Watkins, born October 16, 1915.

Blanche Irine Watkins, born December 4, 1888; married June 24, 1914, to John Ford Sanford.

CHILD:

Claire Watkins Sanford, born November 22, 1916.

Adarine Augusta Watkins, born November 17, 1894.

Catheryne Maurine Watkins, born April 13, 1898.

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