

After that grandmother used rye flour for a while. It was not so good, but answered for food about as well. Especially did she bake pan-cakes of it. The materials that grandfather used in shoe-making went up to unheard-of prices, but he charged more for his boots. When the Union soldiers were camped a little below McConnellsburg, some of the officers came four miles up the cove to get grandfather to make them some good boots at \$15 a pair.

During this time, on the farm, grandmother spun a great deal. They kept sheep, and when the wool was cut, they took it below town to a carding factory and had it made into long rolls, about the thickness of a finger, and a yard long. Then grandmother would spin it into yarn, and knit stockings, etc, from the yarn, which she colored with logwood dye. One time she made enough of yarn to have some Lindsey-woolsey made up from it. When she had enough yarn, she colored some of it black, and left the rest white. Then she sent it up to an old woman near Shirleysburg to have it woven up. The yarn made a shepherd's plaid sort of cloth, with cotton warp, that wore wonderfully well. The old lady told grandmother she had never woven as good yarn before. There were about thirty yds. of it, and grandmother made the children dresses and blouses of it. I have the old spinning wheel now, and it adorns the upper hall. Whenever I look at it I think of those long ago war times, and all grandmother has told me of them.

During the war, one fall the corn crop was a failure. The farmers fattened their hogs on acorns, then, which were unusually plentiful. One day grandmother and grandfather and his mother and father started up the cove for acorns. Grandmother rode one horse, while the other carried the bags for the nuts. When they reached the oak grove, up along the Ridge, nearly opposite the place where Dan Fore lives now, they halted, tied the horses to a tree, and began to pick acorns. This was no very hard task, as the ground was literally covered with them. Grandmother gathered them into her apron, and filled a big sack. It was a golden autumn afternoon, and the woods were bright with many-colored leaves. Red squirrels ran everywhere and chattered and scolded, while overhead the busy jays and cawing crows kept up a continual noisy calling. The crisp russet leaves on the ground rustled pleasantly, and the scent of woods odors filled the grove. Suddenly, when they had paused to rest, grandfather heard a pheasant drumming up on the ridge. He had an old-fashioned flint-lock gun along with him, which an uncle in Pittsburgh had given him. He and grandpappy slipped up the hill cautiously and ever more cautiously till they saw the big cock strutting and drumming on the big fallen log from whence came the noise. Taking careful aim, grandfather fired and got the bird. They were all pleased for the old folks greatly enjoyed wild game. Another time they got a big fox-squirrel but as the color was new to them, and he was such a big fellow, they did not know what he was till they enquired. However, he made a good meal, just the same. Thus grandfather got a great deal of fine game, for the country was not hunted much in those days.