MEMORIES

BY JOHN F. JORDIN

Being

A Story of Early Times in Daviess County, Missouri,

and

Character Sketches of Some of the Men Who Helped to Develop Its Latent Resources.

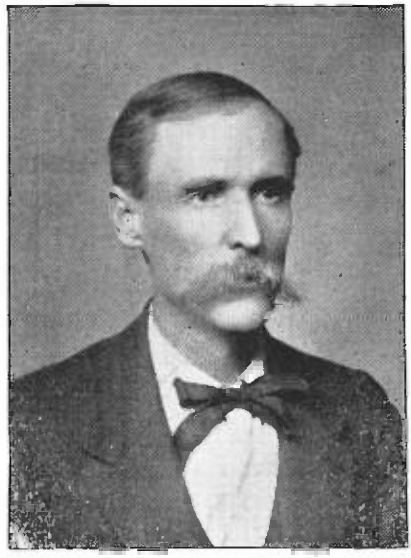
PUBLISHED FROM
THE NORTH MISSOURIAN PRESS
GALLATIN, MISSOURI.

Not for gain or fame have I written, but for the pleasure it has given me to put into words the thoughts that often filled my mind of the old familiar places and the dear remembered faces of the long ago.

If there be any who care to read and share with me the memories of the people and the places that I loved, to them I dedicate this little book.

JOHN F. JORDIN.

October 12, 1904.



INTRODUCTORY.

"'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robes of snow.
No light gleams at the windows, save my own
Which gives it cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms."

Seventy-five years ago the latent resources of Daviess county lay slumbering in her noble forests and her virgin soil. For untold years she had been waiting—waiting for the touch of a magical hand—waiting for man with the golden key of progress and civilization to unlock her wonderful treasure house and distribute her generous bounty to the world. Waited while the trees of the forest grew old and hoary with years, died, and others grew to take their place. Waited while with each succeeding year spread her queenly prairie with her vernal carpet of richest hue, all garlanded with flowers and diamonded with dew. She had been touched by the Red man, but not defaced. Her wealth and beauty were reserved for the sons and daughters of a worthier race. But in 1830 there transpired events which presaged a change. A wonderful change! The march of empire like a slow moving but irresistible force was heard in the distance. Already the vanguard had crossed the Father of Waters and gained a

firm foothold upon its western shores. The dawn of civilization was at hand, the gray ghosts of forgotton ages fled at her approach.

As early as 1826 faithful spies had traversed the Grand River valley and had brought back glowing reports of a country rich in natural resources. Here the forest abounded in game, the streams with fish, the prairies were billowy seas of succulent grass. Altogether the picture presented an ideal scene, where the hardy pioneer could rear his cabin and spend his days surrounded by peace and plenty.

It was early in the spring of 1830 that John Splawn and his son, Mayberry, came from Ray county and built a cabin near where the old Rock Island depot formerly stood. They did not remain here long, but moved across the river and settled on the ridge that bears his name. It is a notable fact that the early settlers reared their cabins in the forest, usually near a bubbling spring. Here by cutting the smaller trees and "deadening" the larger ones they were able to form a "clearing" where, with little effort, they could raise sufficient crops to supply their wants.

The men and women who stood as landmarks to fix the western boundaries of civilization have passed away, but their descendants still live, and as the "witness trees" stand ever ready to testify to the location of the long lost corner stone, so should these living witnesses record their evidence for the benefit of generations yet unborn.

Personally, I knew but few of the pioneers of Daviess county. Many of them came before I was born, were old when I was yet a child, and whatever impression was left upon my mind by contact with them is such as would naturally be made upon the mind of an imaginative boy by the stories of the dangers, toils and privations incident to pioneer life.

A remarkable characteristic of these men was their individuality. In the congested centers of civilization men conform to some approved standard, there is a certain harmony

of thought and unity of action among them; but the isolation of the pioneer afforded him an opportunity to follow the bent of his inclination and grow in whatever direction reason or caprice might dictate. His development was not as symmetrical as that of his more composite brother, but every line of his rugged face bespoke character and proclaimed the individual man.

Constant exposure to the dangers of the wilderness developed his courage. Compelled to act upon his own judgment, he became selfreliant. Often in need of help, he was ever ready to lend assistance to others. Feeling the need of friendship he learned the value of a friend. With life and property beyond the pale of legal protection he saw the necessity for individual honesty. Compelled to trust each other without security, their honor became their bond—a bond so sacred that they stood ready to redeem it even at the sacrifice of life itself. Such were the characteristics, possessed in some degree by the men of whom I propose to write.

MR. AND MRS. PLEASANT BLAKELY.

PLEASANT BLAKELY.

A long time ago away off in the mountains of Kentucky, a baby boy was born, and all the gods smiled when they saw the little child, for it was such a pleasing little fellow, and smiled back at them in such a pleasant way that its parents saw its name reflected in its face and so they gave him the word for a name and he was ever afterwards called Pleasant Blakely. The same year and in the same locality a little girl came to the Girdner family and she was called Nancy. This happened in 1808, nearly a century ago, and Pleasant Blakely and Nancy Girdner grew up together, fell in love in the old fashioned way and in 1831 were married. Three years later, having heard the report of faithful spies that far away towards the setting sun there was "an exceeding good land, a land flowing with milk and honey," they resolved to go and possess a part of it at least, and in 1834 they landed in what is now Daviess county. They were not overburdened with wealth. Their earthly possessions were transported upon the back of an old gray mare and of filthy lucre they possessed one shiny quarter. But the lack of money did not trouble them. They had the courage that comes to those who have good health, cheerful hearts and strong right arms and thus equipped, they were ready for the battle of life. They halted on a beautiful white oak ridge, east of Hurrican branch, and looked about them. The soil was perhaps not of the best quality, but here was wood and water, the two things indis-

pensable to the pioneer. The land could be cleared and as for the rest—well they would risk it Here they built them a cabin—built it themselves and daubed it with mud, covered it with clapboards, held in place by logs, and built a fireplace with a stick chimney, cut ont a couple of logs leaving a square hole for a door, pnr in a puncheon floor. and their little cabin was complete, and not a nail in the whole structure.

In this small and inconvenient cabin they lived while land was being cleared, crops planted, and provision made for the necessities of existence. A patch of corn for bread, a small vegetable garden and wild game from the forest supplied their plentiful, but frugal fare. It was a slow and toilsome undertaking to carve a home out of the wilderness, but pluck and perseverance finally won. A larger field was cleared and fenced, a double log house erected and other signs of prosperity began to appear around their home. Through all the years of toil and privation Pleasant Blakely retained the cheerfulness of his youth. Happy and care-free, with the stature and strength of a man and the innocent heart of a child, he whistled and sang as he worked, and at night he would take down his fiddle and bow and forget the toils of the day in the joy of drawing from its consonant chords something of the music that was in his soul.

The country was filling up and when the new arrivals got over the first worry of getting settled, they began to look about them for some sort of social amusement, and here Aun Nancy, with her utilitarian ideas and commercial instinct, came into prominence. The people wanted to be amused and what better amusement could be had than a good old fashioned dance, and if they wanted to dance, where could a better place be found than their new double log house—and there was Pleasant to fiddle for them, too. So it was, Aunt Nancy allowed it to be understood that their house was at the disposal of the people, together with Pleasant's services as fiddler and a good supper—all for a reasonable consideration. The offer was readily accepted and the people came and

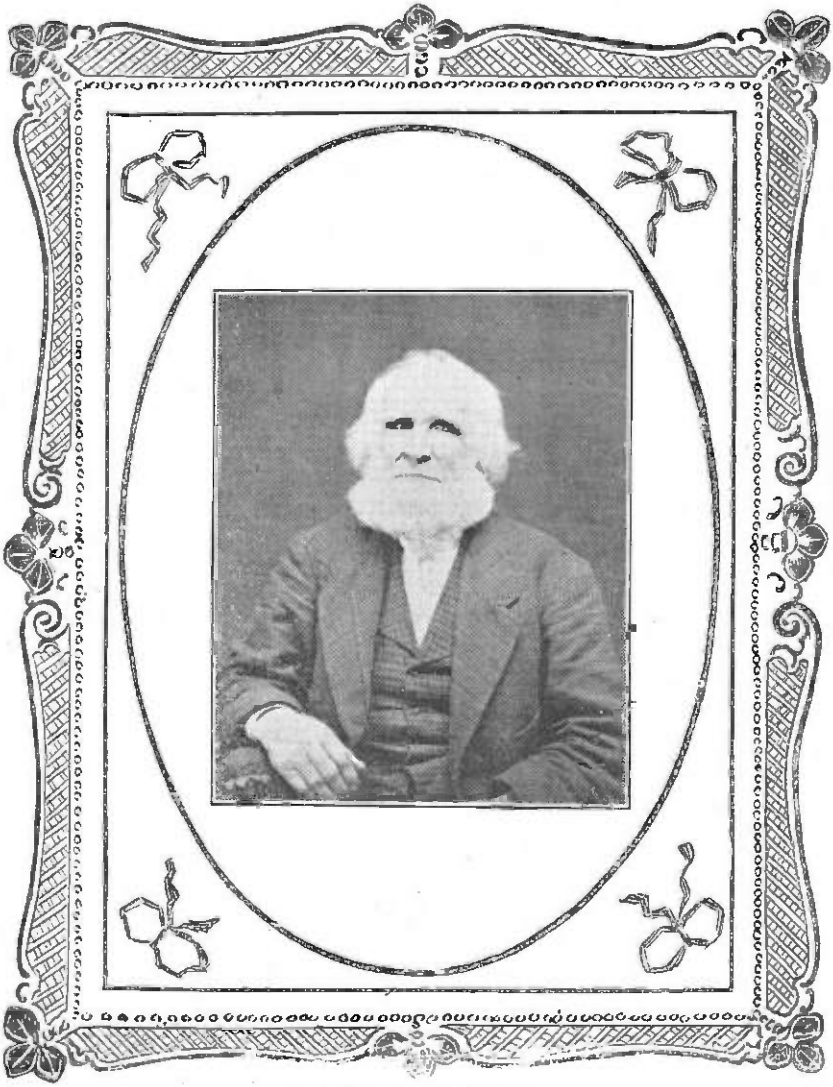
danced and all had such a jolly time that they decided to make the dance at Blakely's a fixed feature in the sweet amenities of their social life. The Christmas dance at Blakely's came to be the social event of the season, and brought together all the young folks for miles around. Here our mothers and fathers danced and their children grew up and took their places, and so for more than a quarter of a century these merry dances were kept up.

It was at these dances that Uncle Pleas was in his glory. The boys would bring a little brown jug and after Uncle Pleas had been introduced to it a few times, he would begin to warm up. He didn't care then whether Nancy made a dollar or a dime, he was going in for a good time and he wanted everybody to help.

Two large rooms would be cleared of furniture and the young fellows would choose their partners for the dance, a "set" forming in each room. While they were thus engaged, Uncle Pleas was tuning his fiddle. When all was ready he would take his station by the middle door where he acted as prompter and orchestra for both rooms. As the night wore on, Uncle Pleas would step out occasionally to see how his friend was getting along and each time he returned his eyes would sparkle a little brighter, he would spit a little oftener and his laugh would have a merrier ring. And how he could laugh. It was the very abandonment of mirth and joy; and as you looked and listened you caught the merry contagion and laughed with him from pure sympathy. Then he would tune his fiddle a little higher and in answer to some youth for "somethin' quick and devilish," he would plunge into a "Horupipe" or "The Devil's Dream," and the wild, wierd strains of that old violin would quicken the sluggish blood and send it bounding through the veins and cause every nerve to tingle with the joy of exhilaration. Fast and furious the dance went on, each dancer trying to outdo the others in fantastic steps, and when at last he sent them sweating and panting to their seats, each felt that he had gotten his money's

worth. But while Uncle Pleas was giving the young folks a good time in the big house, Aunt Nancy was out in the kitchen taking care of the financial end of the function. She, too, gave the young people their money's worth in good substantial food, and she saw to it that she got the money. Someone asked her one night if she wasn't nearly worn out, and her reply was characteristic: "Well," said she, "I am purty tolerable tired, but I believe I could run a mile yit ef there was a dollar at the end of it."

And so these two lived their life, did their work as well as they could, and were kind. They gave the world more smiles than frowns, lifted some clouds and scattered some sunshine and then they died, he April 10th, 1894, and she Nov. 23rd, 1901, leaving William, Charles and Michael, their only surviving children, still living in the same old neighborhood.



DAVID McCUE.

A large percentage of the first settlers in this county came from Virginia and Kentucky. A certain harmony of ideals, a similarity of manners and customs, together with a code of honor to which both heartily subscribed, created a bond of union between them. They set up new altars in the wilderness but retained the worship of the old gods. They poured out upon their altars the incense of hospitality and true friendship, and the fragrant perfumes reminded them of their old homes. Each state made contribution of the best of her sons and daughters, for there was need of a brave and virile race to multiply and replenish the wilderness and subdue it.

Among the arrivals from the Old Dominion in 1844 was

DAVID McCUE

and his family, consisting at that time of his wife and twelve children. The advent of this family added much to the numerical strength of the new community.

David McCue was born near Williamsburg, Greenbrier county, Va., February 18th, 1802. Was married to Martha McNeel, August 23rd, 1827. She was a native of Pocahontas county, Va., and was born Oct. 30th, 1810. The fruits of this union were eighteen children, twelve boys and six girls, fifteen of whom lived to reach their majority.

Following are the names and brief records of this remarkable family of children, perhaps the largest ever reared

in Daviess county

Paul M., born Nov. 16th, 1828; wounded during the seige of Vicksburg during the Civil war, from the effects of which he died Dec. 22nd, 1863.

Isaac M., born April 6th, 1830; living now in Jamesport, Mo.

Franklin, born April 30th, 1831; died Feb. 24th, 1864.

Margaret E., born May 27th, 1832; died when four years old.

Rachel A., born June 29th, 1833; married Alphonso L. Martin and is still living somewhere in Kansas.

David, born Jan. 29th, 1835; died Jan. 28th, 1861.

James W., born June 10th, 1836; lives in Lock Springs, Mo.

John, born August 27th, 1837; lives in Shelby county, Mo.

William P., born November 17th, 1838, died August 4th, 1862.

Charles, born March 2nd, 1840; died several years ago.

Hannah J., born July 15th, 1841; lives in Jackson county, Mo.

George W., born October 8th, 1842; lives near Gilman City, Mo.

Richard M., born February 19th, 1844; lives in Gallatin, Mo

Abram J., born March 22nd, 1846; died in infancy.

Virginia M., born March 22nd, 1846; died in infancy.

Matthew W., born Dec. 8th, 1847; lives in Shelby county, Mo.

Mary E., born May 9th. 1849.

Martha A., born August 11th, 1851.

The two last mentioned have been dead for several years.

Mr McCue's first wife died May 13th, 1854, and after remaining a widower for 5 years, he married the widow of Andrew Leeper of Livingston county in 1859, and had five children by his last wife, four girls and a boy. The girls, Nettie,

Ella, Willie and Cassie are still living, but the boy, Andrew, died several years ago.

In 1886 he removed with his last family to the Chickasaw Nation, but his health failing, he was brought back to this county and cared for by his children until his death, which occurred at the home of his son, Richard M., Sept. 12th, 1892, and his body was laid to rest in the Jordin graveyard by the side of his first wife and most of his children.

It would mean much now for a woman to be the mother of such a brood of lusty youngsters, but it meant more in the early days.

The pioneer mother was a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word. In her was combined the essence of all the tutelary gods. She belonged to no lodge, was not a member of any society, never attended fashionable functions, never gave a card party and never worried because she could not vote. But lacking all these, she yet was not idle. The mother of eighteen children could usually find something to do. In order that her children might be clothed it was necessary to card wool by hand, spin it on a "big wheel," reel it on a count reel, the yarn dyed and made ready for the loom and when woven into cloth, the garments must be cut and made at home. Janes, blue mixed, gray mixed and black for the boys, while for the girls there was linsey and flannels, woven in various designs and in brilliant colors. The mother was tailor and dressmaker. The boys, even the little fellows, wore long pantaloons, a roundabout for the smaller ones and a "wamuss," with occasionally a frock coat for Sunday was the unvarying style of dress. The girls never worried themselves into a fit of nervous prostration while trying to find some particular shade of dress goods, and no dressmaker ever thwarted nature by defacing the God-given symmetry of their bodies.

Then there was the knitting and darning and patching, the cooking and washing and ironing, little faces to wash, little heads to comb and little shoes to tie. There is one with

a cut finger to be bandaged, another with a grass cut under his toe and still another with a stonebruise on his heel, all crying for mother at once. Then on Sunday morning when they made their weekly change of undergarments to have ten or a dozen husky boys all shouting at once "where's my shirt," (that being the only article of underwaits known to the pioneer boy) was enough to run an ordinary woman distracted. And then each night the weary mother would tuck them away in "the trundle beds that each helt three" with a silent prayer to God to keep her little ones safely through the night.

But while the mother of such a family had her worries she was not alone. The father also had a few things to look after. He was commander-in-chief of this little army as well as its ex-officio commissary general. David McCue was peculiarly fitted by nature to take charge of such a family. He had the lungs of Stentor,

"The front of Jove
An eye like Mars to threaten and command,"

and he enforced a not unkind, but rigid discipline, although there might be occasionally one who had to "learn obedience by the things that he suffered" He was a good provider, a loving husband and a kind father, and in return his children loved and honored him above all men. It is indeed a great thing for a man to so live that he will deserve and receive the respect of his children.

While a family of this numerical distinction would be the despair of the woman, who, like the proverbial hen with one chicken, is worrying her life out over one little, spindle shanked, penwiper boy, it would upon the other hand provoke the unbounded "delight" of President Roosevelt, the strenuous champion of large families

THEODORE PENISTON

Was born in Jessamine county, Kentucky, May 6th, 1812. He was a son of Robert P. Peniston, who was one of the first settlers of Daviess county and the founder of the old town of Millport. Theodore was educated in Kentucky and came to this county with his father in 1831. The elder Peniston was a man of untiring energy, intelligent and progressive. There were no mills in the county then and the pioneer pounded his corn in a rude mortar made by hollowing out the end of a log, and in this way obtained meal for his daily bread. Robert Peniston at once set about the erection of a horse mill and soon had one in operation. This mill, rude as it was, proved a boon to the early settlers of the county. I have heard many of them tell of the times when they would go to Peniston's horse mill for grinding, and of the long tedious waiting for their "turn." But they went prepared to stay a week if necessary, for many of the customers came long distances and could not afford to return without their grist. Time was of little value to the pioneer and I fancy that they rather enjoyed camping at this old mill and swapping news with the other customers. This enterprise on the part of Peniston had the effect of attracting others, and soon Daviess county had laid the foundations of her first town—Millport. Josiah Morin and his brother opened a general store, John A. Williams put in a stock of groceries, and Mil-

ford Donaho erected a blacksmith shop. Millport became the business center of a large scope of country, settlers often coming a distance of forty miles to get their grinding done and do their trading. As the Millport merchants had no competition nearer than the Missouri river towns their business flourished. There was but little money in the country at that time. It was the "trade and barter" period of our economic development. Hides and peltries, dried venison, tallow, beeswax, and honey passed readily as the current money of the realm. In return for these the settler received sugar, coffee and tobacco, calico, domestic, bar lead and powder, as well as other necessities of life. As the country became more thickly settled other stores were added. Lomax & Jacobs came from Richmond, Mo., and established a general store. This firm afterwards moved to Trenton and opened the first store in that town. Lomax went to California in 1849, while Jacobs remained in Trenton and was County Clerk of Grundy county from 1841 to 1848. Worthington & Co. was another of the pioneer firms of Millport. They also kept a general store. "General store" was a comprehensive term in the pioneer days. Here everything that the pioneer trade demanded was indiscrimately mingled. Dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, hardware, and a very good article of whiskey at eighteen cents a gallon, could all be found in one of these log cabin stores. But if Millport's career was brilliant it was also brief. In 1837 Gallatin was founded and much of Millport's business was transferred to the new town, and in 1838 the Mormons burned the buildings that remained and all that was left of Millport was the memory of its name and the place where once it stood. The site of this pioneer town was about three miles due east of Gallatin on the farm now owned by Rev. William Merritt.

Theodore Peniston served under General Doniphan during the Mexican war, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced that profession for several years. But practic-

ing law was rather slow work and not very remunerative at that time and Peniston soon tired of inactivity, bought some land and engaged in farming.

February 17th, 1848, Theodore Peniston was married to Miss Susan Williams, daughter of George Williams. The issue of this union was six children whose names follow: Francis Matilda, George W., Anthony, William P,, Mary Ann, and Robert. Of these George died many years ago. Francis married Dr. A. F. McFarland, and being widowed by her husband's death, now lives with her daughter, Mrs. A. A. Schute, in this city. Mary married Henry Hamilton and she and her husband, Anthony and Robert all live near each other, and own fine farms and are well fixed. That this younger generation are whole souled, generous hearted people goes without saying, for the descendants of a Peniston and a Williams could not well be otherwise.

Theodore Peniston was a man of strong individuality, quick to take offense where he thought an offense was intended, but he did not bear malice and was always ready to forgive and forget the moment his enemy would make the amende honorable.

I remember of unthoughtedly offending him once when I was young. Mr. Peniston was a justice of the peace and member of the township board. A bridge was ordered built across Little Muddy and the board let the contract to Nathan Broughton. Broughton was a sort of a jack-of-all-trades, and had rather hazy ideas as to how a bridge ought to be constructed, but he went ahead with the job and in due time the bridge was completed. Broughton had worked along original lines and the bridge like the sweet singer of Israel was "fearfully and wonderfully made."

At this time the young people of that neighborhood organized a literary society which held weekly meetings at old Harmony church. Among the items upon our weekly program was the reading of our society paper, "The Jackson

Astonisher." It so happened that I was occupying the editorial tripod of the Astonisher about the time the bridge was completed and under the caption of "The Eight Wonder of the World" I wrote a very sassy editorial in which I lampooned the township board and everbody even remotely connected with the contract and tried to say funny and unfeeling things about the bridge itself. The editorial pleased the members of the club and John Rhea offered a resolution directing that a copy be sent to the North Missourian, which promptly carried. J. T. Day was running the Missourian then and being a kind hearted man he humored the joke and published the article. The other members of the board probably never knew that the article was written or if they did just considered the source and let it pass. But Uncle Theodore was different, and when I met him not long afterwards he read me a lecture on juvenile impertinence that I never forgot.

Sometimes he would drink to excess. His penchant for strong drink was the vulnerable spot in his armor. Aside from this there was no better man.

In all his intercourse with men he was ever courageous, generous, and kind. In the presence of true womanhood he stood with uncovered head and did full honor to all that was true and noble in womankind. He reverenced conscience as his king, honesty was stamped in every lineament of his rugged face and his heart beat true to the promptings of justice that was ever tempered with tenderest mercy. He had in large degree those distinctive traits that ever mark the gentleman, whether chance or fate has clothed him in tinsel or homespun, or housed him in a castle or a cabin.

MR. AND MRS. ADDISON PRICE.

ADDISON PRICE

One of the best known of the early settlers of the eastern part of the county was Addison Price. A Virginian by birth, having been born in Greenbrier county in 1812. He was by nature and education a genial, whole souled, kindly hearted gentleman. In 1835 he was married to Margaret Brown, who was born in 1813 and was also a native of Greenbrier county. About a year after their marriage these young people came West to grow up with the country, and in 1836 came to Missouri, stopping for a while in Jackson county. In 1837 they settled in Daviess county and continued to live here until 1865, when he moved to Johnson county, where he died about the year 1884.

Like a majority of the early settlers Addison Price and wife were blest with a large family of children. Just an even dozen—five boys and seven girls. Of these Charles W. Price was the eldest, having been born in 1836. He has prospered in life, and surrounded by peace and plenty is spending the evening of life on a fine farm a few miles east of Jamesport, Mo. Samuel, the second son, was born in 1838. He now resides at Cole Grove, California. Virginia Tye born in 1840, lives at Durant, I. T. Hannah Corrall, born 1842, died about the year 1892. Martha Pemberton, born 1844, lives at Pittsville, Mo. George Price, born 1847, lives near Butler, Mo. Sallie Dalton, born 1849, Kansas

City, Mo. Allen Price, born 1851, Broken Arrow, I. T. John Price, born 1853, died about 1886 Louisa Price born 1856, died about the year 1876. Ella F. Price, born 1858, Cole Grove, California. Bell Graham, born 1860, Warrensburg, Mo.

My earliest recollection is connected with Addison Price. He lived near and was frequently at our house. When I was not more than three years old I can remember of his calling me to him and ordering me to "lay my bald head" on his knee while he thumped it; and when I had obediently complied and had been properly "thumped" I would retire to a safe distance and curiously regard this funny old man. His gray beard that reached below his waist gave to him a venerable and patriarchal appearance. But if the snows of many winters lay white upon his "frosty pow," eternal spring was in his heart. He was an inveterate joker and apparently must have laid awake of nights planning practical jokes upon his neighbors; but it was all done with such freedom from malice that it was seldom if ever that anyone was seriously offended.

The first charivari at which I was ever present was at his house, the occasion being the "infair" upon the wedding of his son, C. W. Price. This was I think in 1862. It was perhaps ten o'clock at night, and in the hospitable home all was moving merrily along with the simple joys and good cheer incident to occasions of this kind when all at once upon the outside

> "There arose so wild a yell,
> As if all the fiends from Heaven that fell
> Had awakened in that narrow dell,
> The piercing battle cry of hell."

Pandemonium and several of its relatives had broken loose. The roar of heavily loaded guns made the windows rattle, cow bells clanged their discordant notes, long drawn out blasts from hunting horns that had once been the crowning glory of some Texas steer, blown by brawny fellows with

lusty lungs all mingling with yells that would have put a Comanche Indian upon his mettle contributed to the horrible din. Boy like I made a dash for the door, but was no sooner outside than I was run over and knocked down and for a few moments I accumulated experience very rapidly. During the progress of the charivari some of the young men on the inside dashed out and seized one of the visitors, and after a terrific struggle succeeded in bringing him into the house. As I remember now the young man captured was Will McNeill. He had a lot of cow bells on a belt that was buckled about his waist and otherwise provided with the means of making his share of the noise. All was intended and accepted in the spirit of good fellowship and was but a common incident of the times.

Mrs Price's given name was Margaret as already stated, but her friends and relatives called her Peggy. Names, like the people, have changed. Mary was Polly, Elizabeth was Liz, Nancy was Nan, in the early days for Maggie and Mollie and Lizzie and Nannie had not yet arrived; nor had Idah, and Cara and Ethyl even sent word that they were coming.

Mrs. Price was as I recollect her rather large but well proportioned, blue eyed, brown haired and a complection which even in her old age was as fresh and ruddy as a young girl. It needed no cosmetic to add to its beautiful blending of pink and white. And what magnificent voices had those old pioneer mothers. When a number of them joined in singing the old hymns they made music that stirred the deepest emotions of the soul. For they entered into the spirit of the song and its words gave expression to their hopes and fears, their love and their longings. Sometimes the song was in itself a prayer; again it was a call to battle, and anon it pealed forth like a pean of victory. Truly they sang with the spirit and the understanding, worshipped in song, "singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

And what splendid nurses they were—veritable angels of

mercy in the sick room. Doctors were scarce and it fell to the mother to look after the infantile ills of her brood, and not only her own children but those of her neighbors as well. There was something of universal motherhood in the hearts of these women, and they shared the knowledge gained by experience freely with each other. After all I sometimes think that our mothers with their "roots and yarbs," their teas and bitters, treated our ailments quite as successfully as the modern M. D. with all his pellets and granules, his tinctures and triturates. But it was little wonder that the pioneer mother objected to allowing the old time physician to treat her little ones, for the doctor of that day believed in heoric measures. He would physic his patients with a copious dose of calomel, then bleed him and put a fly blister on what was left of him, and then if he lived he lived and if he died, that was the end of him. In surgery they knew nothing of anesthetics, antisceptics or sterilized bandages. But fortunately there was little demand for their services along this line. They never dreamed that their brethern of another generation would open up their patients, take out their running gears, regulate them, oil them, and start them to running again with as little ceremony as a jeweler would regulate a Waterbury watch. Of course once in a while the works refuse to go when they are put back, in open defiance of all the rules of the game, but the doctor is safe, as his sheepskin protects him from prosecution for murder.

In 1844 the county court by its order designated "the house of Addison Price" as the polling place for Jackson township at the general state election to be held for two days, the first Monday and Tuesday in August, and named Robert Miller, Jacob Oxford and Jonathan Jordin as judges of election.

THE JORDINS.

The older members of the Jordin family evidently cared little for genealogies or family trees, as I have been unable to find any written record kept by any branch of the family, and am therefore unable to give names and dates as I would like to. Perhaps after all it is just as well to eliminate the family tree and let the individual branch be judged by the fruit it bears. The Jordins never owned a coat of arms; if they had they doubtless would have adopted the motto, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom"

Jonathan and Isaac Jordin settled in this county in 1839. In 1843 Abram and Franklin Jordin came and also settled here. These four were brothers and natives of Pocahontas county, Virginia. Their father, John Jordin, was a native of County Down, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1783. John Jordin attended school in Dublin, and having lost an arm and being thereby incapacitated for manual labor, taught school for awhile after his arrival here, and when he had accumulated a few dollars he bought a stock of goods and converting them into a neat pack shouldered his wealth and trudged away to meet whatever fate or fortune might hold in store for him. He had possibly "kissed the blarney stone" before leaving the Emerald Isle, as he was not only successful in business but also in love, for Miram McNeil, a winsome girl decended from an old Pocahontas county family,

yielded to the sweet persuasion of the Irish lad and became his wife. Then he settled down and became a farmer, and as the years went by nine children came to bless their union —five boys, John, Jonathan, Isaac, Abram and Franklin; four girls, Jennie, Nancy, Martha, and Mary. John, the eldest, married and settled near his old home. The other brothers came to Missouri as stated. Of the girls, Mary died while young, the other girls married and settled in Virginia. Of those in Virginia I know but little beyond their names.

Jonathan, Isaac, and Franklin settled near each other, Jonathan on section 22, Isaac on section 10, and Franklin on section 16.

Franklin Jordin was the youngest of the brothers and was born in Pocahontas county, Va., in 1818. He married in early life, while yet living in Virginia, his first wife being an Edmiston. She lived but a short time after their marriage. in 1850 he was united in marriage with Nancy Jennings Ballinger. To them were born three children, the writer Sept. 8, 1851, and twin girls, Angeline and Martha, May 26, 1854. Of these Martha died in infancy, Angeline married John W. Pinkerton, and lives at Polo, Missouri.

Before my father's death he had bought 240 acres of land and had erected a comfortable log house and other buildings thereon The house was about twenty feet square. The flooring was sawed from walnut logs with a whip saw and the roof was of white oak shingles, riven and shaved by hand, William Conklin doing that part of the work. There were one window and two doors to the house. On one of the doors there was a thumb latch, while the other was fastened with a string latch. For the benefit of the younger generation let me explain that a string latch was made of wood and fastened upon the inside. To it was attached a buckskin string and this string was passed through a small hole bored in the door about six inches above the latch. Anyone wishing to enter had only to pull this string in order to lift the

latch and the door would open. At night the string could be pulled in and the door was secured against outside intrusion. This crude device, like the cabins it protected, has passed away, but in passing it has enriched our language with the suggestive symbol of old fashioned hospitality, "Our latch string always hangs out."

The rafters were made of poles of the required length hewed to a straight edge on one side. The joists were hewed out of cottonwood or some other kind of soft wood. There was a big fireplace at the north side, and the northwest corner was set apart as kitchen and dining room. The south part was occupied by two high beds and trundle beds. The northeast corner was the sitting room. Remember that these divisions were along imaginary lines, as there were no partitions in the house—just one big square room. Later on another cabin was built about ten feet from the big house and connected with it by a broad puncheon, and this was also provided with a fireplace, and became the kitchen and dining room. These buildings stood on the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 16, township 59, range 26. Here my father and mother lived, here their children were born, and here my father died in 1855 and my mother in 1874.

When father left Virginia to come West his father gave him a negro man named Flet. They had grown up together on the old plantation and there was perhaps little in their relations with each other to remind either that the one was master, the other slave. Side by side they toiled in the wilderness, together shared their frugal fare, warmed by the same fire, and were sheltered by the same cabin home. Little or no restraint was placed upon Flet's movements. He went and came at will, and when he one day disappeared his absence occasioned but little concern. But as the days wore on Flet's continued absence prompted father to make some inquiry among his neighbors, and as a result of this investigation he became convinced that Flet had "run away."

Father made no effort to find the negro, and at the end of some six weeks Flet returned. John D. Gillilan, who had stayed the preceding night with father, once told me the story of Flet's return. According to Gillilan's version of the affair it was early in the morning and father was preparing breakfast for the two by the fireplace when the door opened and upon looking around they saw Flet. He presented rather a folorn looking appearance, as if freedom had not agreed with him any too well. Father made no sign of recognition, and the negro came in and as the weather was cold, sidled into his accustomed corner by the fire, casting furtive glances at father as if to read his fate. But the master's face gave no sign of anger or joy, although these passions were doubtless contending in his heart—anger that the boy had run away, joy that he had returned. Breakfast ready Gillilan and father sat down to their meal, and as they did so father remarked to Flet that if he was hungry he had better fry some more batter cakes. While Mr Gillilan remained no questions were asked and no explanation offered concerning Flet's absence. The incident was closed, their former relations resumed, and continued until father's death.

Like most of the early pioneers father found pleasure and recreation in the chase. S. K. Dinsmore used to say that he was "one of the bests shots and the most reckless rider that he ever knew."

In the early days pictures were scarce and we had none of father, but as a child I questioned many who knew him as to his appearance, for the fact that I could not remember him distressed me no little. From information thus gained I take it that he was in person tall, slender, quick and active in his movements. In disposition, quiet and reserved; would talk freely with intimate friends, but in a crowd his attitude was silent and observant. Honest and upright in his dealings, generous hearted and true to his friends. He lived a simple life and faithfully performed the duties that lay next to him.

And so for half the time allotted man he walked the earth, toiled, loved, joyed, sorrowed, and suffered, then "passed to silence and pathetic dust," leaving her who had been his helpmeet to bear alone the burden which it would have been his joy to share.

Then for nineteen years the mother went on, her life centered in her children, living only for them. For them she thought, planned, and toiled. With clear vision she saw her children's defects, and with firmness and kindly patience she pointed out to them the better way. Looking backward to my boyhood days I can realize now how often I must have tried her patience, for I was ever a willful, impatient, headstrong child that loved nothing quite so well as to have my own way. We never realize until we have children of our own the unselfish devotion of parental love. The love that never bargains, that asks nothing, but freely gives all. The love that effaces self, dwells in the land of negation and self denial; that will toil, suffer and endure all things and if need be yield up life itself as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of its affection.

Of the three brothers of my father I knew Isaac Jordin best. He was born in 1806 and settled in this county in 1839. He was united by marriage with Miss Mary Callison, also a native of Virginia. They had three children, Franklin, who married Susan Rhea; Rebecca, who became the wife of Robert Russell, now living at Odessa, Mo., and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Samuel Beard, now widowed and living in Lafayette, county, Mo.

Isaac Jordin took an active interest in all matters pertaining to the public welfare and held some minor positions of public trust in the early days. As a justice of the peace, he performed the first marriage ceremony in Jamesport township, the occasion being the marriage of Richard Hill and Miss Ann Gillilan in 1854. In 1854 he was elected county assessor, which position he held for several years.

He was a staunch member of the Methodist church and his house was the home of any preacher who passed that way. Kind and hospitable, he enjoyed the companionship of his friends, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to have the house full of "company." While strict and prompt in the performance of his religious obligations, he would sometimes on meeting with a friend in town indulge in a social glass. I do not think that he ever indulged to excess, but under the mellowing influence of a glass or two his generous heart would expand until there was room for all his friends, and at such times he had no enemies, or if he had they were forgotten. Following close upon the heels of these periods of spiritual exaltation, during which he loved his neighbors even better than himself, there would be a time of rigid self-examination, humiliation, and self abasement, during which his title to "mansions in the skies" was clouded by agonizing doubts and fears.

As a rule he was sociable and rather talkative, but if something occurred that troubled him he would lapse into a moody silence that would sometimes continue for days. Once during the war his son and son-in-law were required to serve in the home guards, and as they had quite a lot of stock on hand I was helping uncle to look after it during their absence. While thus employed uncle suddenly quit talking and for nearly a week scarcely spoke except to give the most meager directions concerning the work in hand. He did not appear to be out of humor, but there was a troubled look upon his face that forbade inquiry as to its cause. One night in the kitchen I asked Cousin Lizzie why uncle did not talk, and she said, "Oh, father has lost his tongue, but don't worry about it. He will find it in a few day and then he will be all right." And he did. The storm in his soul had passed, and the social atmosphere was clear once more.

In November, 1863, George and Frank McCue and a comrade named Markham left the Confederate army and undertook

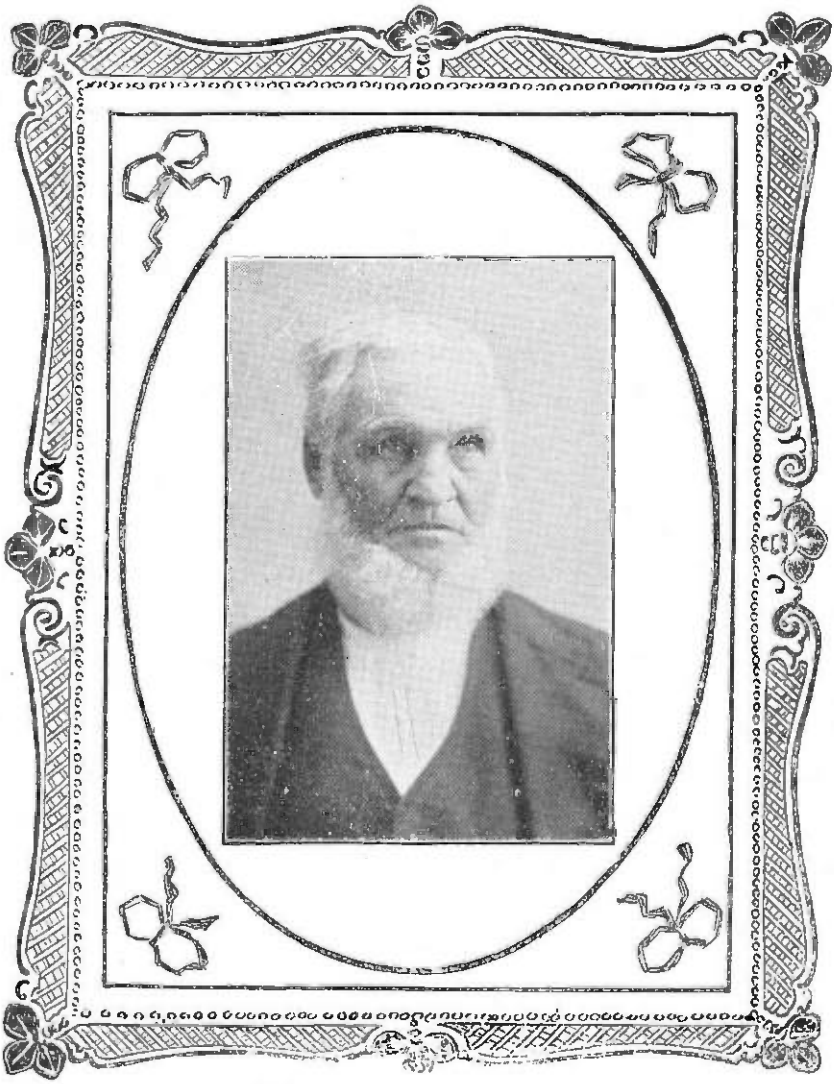
to make their way North in order that Frank, who was suffering from serious wounds, might be properly cared for. As the boys reached the old neighborhood a cold drizzling rain set in, turning into sleet. They went into camp at a place near Uncle Isaac's, known as the "rock house." They had made the trip thus far on horseback, but Frank was now thoroughly exhausted by the suffering and exposure incident to their long and tiresome journey. He had reached the limit of his feeble strength and it looked like he had endured the tortures of his long journey only to lie down and die like an outcast almost in sight of his old home. The weather continued to be inclement and George decided to go to Uncle Isaac and make their condition known. He did so and uncle at once directed them to bring Frank to the house, which they did at once. George and Markham continued their journey, but Frank remained some days resting and recuperating his strength, then one night Tom Bradshaw came with a covered wagon and took Frank on to Iowa, where he was cared for at the home of a friend until some time during the following year, when he died

Uncle was not ignorant of what the probable consequences of this act would be. He knew that in giving food and shelter to Frank McCue that he was violating military law, which forbade the giving of" aid and comfort" to those in rebellion. He knew that to reach ou the hand of mercy and try to save this battered piece of flotsam cast up by the waves from the crimson sea of war, was an offense so grave that he who committed it endangered his liberty, perhaps his life. But knowing all this be it said to his credit he never hesitated for a moment. "Let the consequences be what they may," said he, "it shall never be said that I turned one of my neighbor's children from my doors when he was hungry, sick and without shelter." There was a committee in each township composed of three members whose duty it was to promptly report offenses of this kind. The names of the men composing these

committees are before me as I write, but I have no desire to open old wounds. The matter was however promptly reported to Lieut. Col. S. P. Cox at Gallatin. But Col. Cox possessed that generous nature that always characterizes the truly brave man, and a friendly warning was given and uncle bade farewell to his home and left, never to return.

Of Jonathan and Abram Jordin I know but little beyond what has already been told. Jonathan was born in 1802 and Abram in 1812.

Jonathan was twice married, his first wife being a Callison. By her he had two children, Anthony and John. His last wife was an Edmiston, and by her he had six children, William, James, Isaac, Elizabeth, Rebeeca, and Miram. Of these but two are now living, William at Carpenteria, California, and Isaac in Livingston county, Mo.



JOSEPH W. ROSE, M. D.

A noted naturalist has pointed out the striking resemblance which some men bear to certain birds and animals. Not alone is this true as to physical characteristics, but the comparison holds good as to mental traits. "Eagles we see fly alone," says Prudenhomme, "and they are but sheep who herd together." The weak and cowardly carnivorae hunt in packs, while the lion roams the jungle in lonely majesty and stalks his game alone. Among the pioneers as a class we might find types corresponding to the eagle, the lion, or the bull dog, but the timid types seldom ventured far into the wilderness. The requirements of pioneer life called for men who could stand alone, with the courage to toil and the patience to wait. Such a man was

JOSEPH W. ROSE, M. D.

Dr. Rose was a Pennsylvanian by birth, having been born in Williamsport, March 10th, 1812. He moved with his father to Kentucky in 1824, where he grew to manhood. In 1835 he emigrated to this state, stopping for a while in Marion county, where he attended what was then known as Marion College for awhile. About this time he decided to study medicine. He was not financially able at that time to attend a medical college, but in spite of this drawback, by dint of hard study he managed to acquire a fair medical education, and in 1842 began the practice of medicine in Ralls county, Missouri. In the meantime he had married Mary Kennedy, a daughter of Capt. John Kennedy of Paris, Ky., which

event occurred Aug. 1, 1838. After practicing in Ralls county for a few years he resolved to push on a little farther west, where there would be more room, and in the fall of 1845 he settled in Daviess county. The country was thinly settled and the young doctor found it difficult at times to meet the demands of his growing family. The writer's father had come here from Virginia a short time before this, had preempted a tract of land and built a comfortable log house, where he and "Flet," his negro man, kept bachelor's hall. My father and the young doctor met, liked each other, became friends and it ended in father inviting the doctor to his house to make it his home as long as it suited his convenience. The doctor accepted the invitation and on August 1st, 1846, moved in, and I feel sure that father was as pleased to have them there as they were to find a shelter in the wilderness. The friendship thus begun in the little log cabin on the western banks of Little Muddy waxed stronger as the years went by, and father dying bequeathed to wife and children the priceless legacy of one true friend. And what a friend he was. The night was never too dark, the way too far, nor he too weary for him to come at the call of our distress. His inspiring talks became to me "a fountain of ambition and bright hope." He took me from my squalid surroundings and showed me the way to better things.

"Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate,
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune."

After practicing his profession for several years he moved with his family to Livingston county April 1st, 1857. Here upon a finely improved farm he spent the remainder of his life. In 1866 he laid aside his practice for a time and attended McDowell College in St. Louis and took his degree, thus finally triumphing over all difficulties and achieving the one ambition of his life.

Dr. Rose was a public benefactor—a hero without knowing it. His mission in life was to relieve suffering and do good. He was chief among us, for he was truly the servant of all. Poverty could claim his services as readily as wealth. His patients were scattered for many miles in every direction from his home and when there was much sickness he went on and on for weeks at a time, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep, riding long distances on horseback, sometimes sleeping in the saddle, and thinking more often of his horse than of himself and more careful to see that it was properly fed than in securing something for himself. A natural humorist, he saw the bright side of life, and in his unselfishness made light of his own toils and privations. His very presence in the sick room acted like a tonic, and his cheerful smile and reassuring words inspired hope in the heart of many a despondent sufferer. He was the most tireless rider that I ever saw. I have ridden with him many times, and no matter how long the distance or how weary he might be, I never saw him change his erect position in the saddle. He knew every cow path within a radius of twenty miles from his home and when the country was yet new and the larger part unfenced, he rarely traveled a public highway. He took all the "near cuts." This meant a saving of time to him, and of suffering and sometimes life to his patients. I remember having been sent for him once with instructions not to return until I found him. I did not find him at home and his family could give me none but the most general directions as to finding him. He was somewhere on the east fork of Grand river. For three days I searched the breaks of the river, on up into Poosey, occasionally striking his trail only to lose it again and so the disheartening search went on for two days. The second night it rained and the next morning I stopped at a house to enquire and learned that he had left there about an hour before, "and," my informant added "he is riding a shod horse and you had better just take his trail and follow it." And I did. For two hours I rode rapidly over hills and hollows, along cow paths and lonely wood roads, at last coming

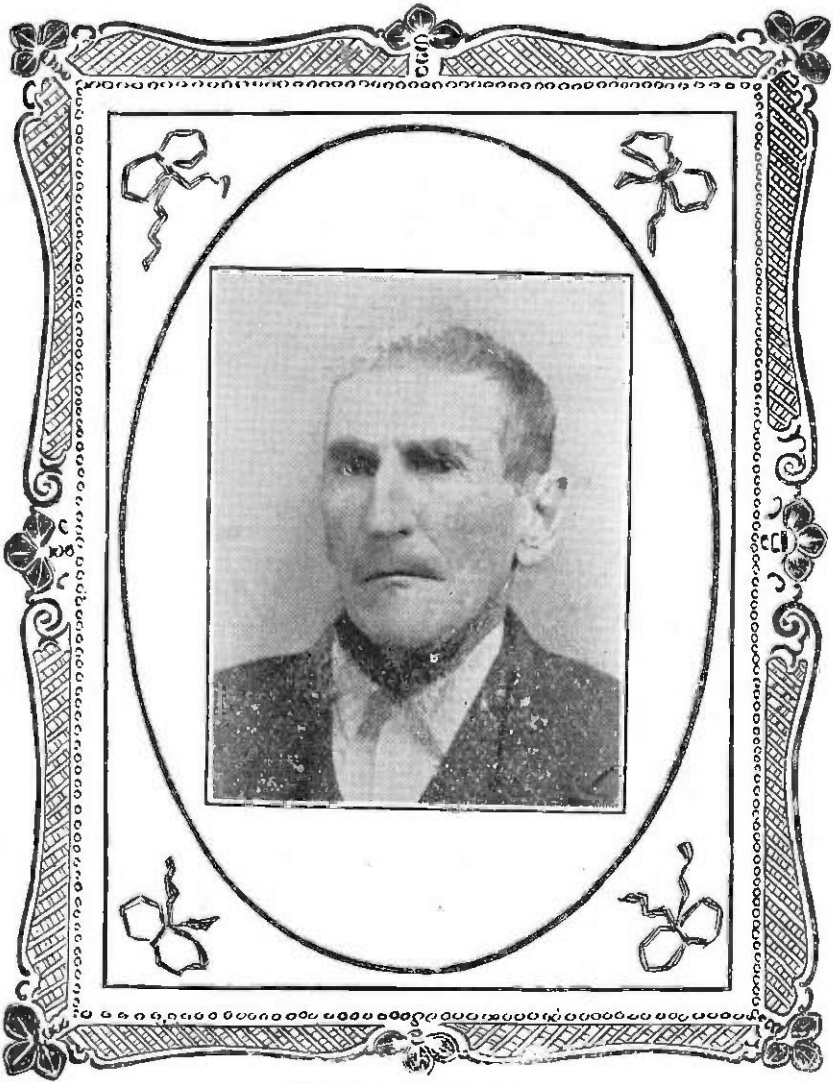
out into a public road. I followed that a short distance when the "shod horse" turned into a lane. I had already explored that lane in my wanderings and knew it was a cul de sac, so I examined the ground carefully and was overjoyed to find that while the "shod horse" had gone in, he had not come out. And so I found him, and all that day I rode with him, visiting his patients and late that night I got home with the doctor, weary but triumphant.

I have often heard the doctor relate an experience that he had during the early years of his practice. It seems that some sort of an epidemic prevailed among the people and the disease, whatever it was, was new to him and he was wholly unable to control it. The mortality among his patients was something fearful. The doctor consulted the few books in his library and racked his brain to try and determine the nature of the disease and to find a remedy. But all to no purpose. His patients kept on dying and finally one day in a fit of despair he resolved to go home and quit the practice. With him to decide was to act. He went home, threw his saddle bags into a corner and announced to his wife that he had quit the practice of medicine and thenceforth would be a farmer. He bought a yoke of cattle and went to plowing People came for him as usual, but to all he resolutely returned the unvarying reply that he had quit the practice of medicine. This state of things continued for several days, but finally one of his particular friends fell sick and sent for him. Yes, he would go to see his friend, not as a doctor, mind you, for he wasn't a doctor any more, but he would go as a neighbor and friend and do what he could. He went and it so happened his friend was pretty sick, and before he knew it the habit of years was asserting itself and he was a doctor again—a ministering angel to the suffering.

Several years before his death he retired from active practice and in the retirement of his beautiful country place, surrounded by a splendid library, he gave himself up to the pleasures of scientific research. Always a student, he kept in touch not only with the most advanced thinkers of his own

profession, but found time to prosecute independent research along other scientific lines as well.

He died Sept. 26th, 1898, at the advanced age of 86 years. It needs no marble shaft to keep his memory green, for in a thousand loving hearts his name is held in grateful remembrance.



WOOD BURGE.

WOOD BURGE.

Born in Patrick county, Virginia, moved to Daviess county in 1857, died Sept. 3rd, 1893.

My request for data to be used in this sketch brought the above meager outlines of the life of one of the most unique and original characters that I ever met. Emerson says that "the most unfortunate thing about a man's birth is that he is born at all." After that it really matters but little as to when and where.

Wood Burge was born and reared in the "Blue Ridge" country, and you could not look at the man without feeling that there was in his nature something of the unyielding firmness of his native hills. There was about the man a certain reserved force that only comes to those who have graduated from the hard school of self denial and who have mastered the art of self control. Out of his own experience and shrewd observation he had formulated the philosophy of life, expressed in quaint epigrams and pithy proverbs which Mackintosh defined as being "One man's wit and all men's wisdom." His vocabulary was interlarded with many provincialisms that sounded strange to Western ears. One day when I was working for him he told me to "carry the horses to water," and when I replied rather impertinently that I would prefer to let the horses carry me, he remarked dryly that I was "too sma't for one boy, but ha'dly sma't enough

or two." Another time when I was helping him do his threshing a discussion arose as to what kind of farm work was the hardest. Uncle Woody listened to the argument for awhile and then summed it all up in a single terse sentence by saying, "All work is hard, if you work hard at it."

When he hired a man to work for him he saw to it that the man earned his pay and the pay was always ready as soon as it was earned. His harness was always in good repair and tools in working order, and there was never any excuse for delay or loss of time. He insisted on having his work done right. There was to be no undue haste, nothing was to be slighted. "Just take a steady gait and keep a goin'" was his usual injunction. Around his farm there was plenty of hard work, good management and economy, and these bore the fruits of thrift and prosperity.

That there was a vagrant thread of weakness mingled with the tough fiber of his nature only proves that he was human. Total abstinence was not a virtue common among the pioneers. In common with a majority of the older generation he drank, occasionally to excess. But these lapses were far apart and among the men of his generation excited no surprise and provoked no comment.

Mr. Burge was a widower when I first knew him and his eldest daughter Nancy managed his household. She never married, but devoted her life to the task of caring for her aged father and her younger brothers and sisters. Immolating self upon the altar of duty, she devoted the best energies of her life to those she loved. If in her youth there came to her rose colored dreams of a happy future, with home, husband, children; of little arms about her neck and little lips lisping the sacred name of "mother," she, with noble resolution, turned steadfastly away from the alluring vision, content to live her life ministering to the happiness of others. Only a woman can do these things. Men are too weak and selfish to ever attempt them.

John and George married, reared families, and prospered. They both own fine farms in the old neighborhood and are model citizens in every sense of the word.

Three daughters, Mary, Martha, and Catherine, married and moved away from the old neighborhood. Three boys, Calvin, Richard, and Columbus, died in early manhood. Calvin enlisted in the Confederate service and died during the war.

When but a child Richard suffered a spinal injury which left him a cripple for life. As a boy I was strongly attracted by this manly little man. He had a bright mind and although he suffered much, he bore it all with uncomplaining patience, was always cheerful and kind. While nature had implanted in his heart a longing to engage in boyish sports, a cruel fate had denied to him the physical power to gratify it. There was something deeply pathetic in the way he would linger about the play ground at school, intense longing to join in our rough sports pictured in his eager face. Sometimes the boys would insist upon Dick joining in a game of ball and when he went to the bat the pitcher was sure to give him "good balls." There was a tacit understanding that Dick's play was not subject to the usual rules of the game. When he would make a strike, some lad would be ready to make the run for him, and so in person and by proxy he was enabled to take some part in our sports. Dick was a general favorite among the crowd of husky boys who attended school at Cottonwood. While as a rule they were usually ready to fight each other upon slight provocation there was scarcely one who would not have fought for Dick.

After acquiring a good common school education Richard taught one term of school, but the confinement did not agree with him and wishing to be independent and make his own way in the world he engaged in raising sweet potato and other plants and built up quite a lucrative trade in this line. He died comparatively young.

Columbus was of a religious turn and after leaving pub lic school entered McGee College where he prepared himself for the ministry. He had a bright mind, a wealth of nervous energy, and had he lived would have made his mark in the world, I was working for his father once soon after he finished his collegiate work and he was working on his trial sermon. I remember one rainy afternoon when in his father's barn Columbus insisted upon trying that sermon upon me just to see how it would work. I was rather weak on theology, but somehow the sermon seemed to be altogether too mild and when Lum finished and asked me how I liked it I told him that I thought that if he would "put a little more hell into it, that it would fetch 'em" Lum laughed heartily over this criticism and explained to me that hell wasn't near as hot as it was painted by the old time preachers. I did not take kindly to the modified form of hell and we argued long and earnestly upon the question. I clung tenaciously to the idea of the old fashioned etereal-bonfire-worm-dieth-not-world-without-end sort of a hell, but Lum said that the true meaning of the Greek and Hebrew words did not carry with them the idea of such a hell. Lum had carried the discussion beyond my depth and as I could not swim in theological seas, I was silenced but not convinced.

A sketch of the old neighborhood where I was born would be incomplete without some mention of

THE HAMBLINS.

I have no data concerning this family. I remember Vincent Hamblin as a quiet, kind and inoffensive old man, a good neighbor, and a man who attended strictly to his own business, and when he passed on, left no enemy behind. He had two sons, Presley and Simeon. If there were any other children I did not know them. Press was inclined to take the world easy and to let every day provide for itself. If the day also provided for him he was happy, if not he was con-

tent to wait for another day. He had a large family of children for whom he made an indifferent support. His one accomplishment was his ability to play the fiddle. During the winter season his services were frequently in demand at dances. Press was usually ready to go upon short notice, and when asked as to his charges his invariable reply was, "A sheep a night, boys." The price of mutton might fluctuate but the fiddler's price was fixed and never varied. A sheep was a sheep to Press; whether it cost one dollar or five made no difference to him.

Simeon died during the present year near the old homestead where he was reared. His father was a mild man and not given to boasting, but he used to declare with pardonable parental pride that "my son Simeon can do two men's work." Simeon Hamblin was a natural mechanic. Some forty years ago he rigged up a turning lathe and made a splendid article of split bottomed hickory chairs. During the war there was a demand for cane mills and he met this demand by manufacturing mills entirely of wood that answered the purpose and really did very good work. When one of these mills was in operation everbody for miles around knew it, for it would screech and groan and make the welkin ring with its diabolical discord.

Vincent Hamblin lived to be very old. During the last few years of his life his mind became so impaired that it was necessary for some one to constantly watch over his movements. One day he eluded the vigilance of the family and wandered away. As soon as his absence was noticed a vigorous search was instituted for him by the family, and failing to find him the neighbors were notified and for days the unavailing and disheartening search went on. Finally when the search was practically abandoned his body was discovered near Jamesport, some three miles from his home. To the finite mind it all seemed so pitiful that this old man should thus die, far from home, kindred, friends, with no minister-

ing hand to soothe the agonies of his final hour. But nature's laws know no change, and its fell decrees fall impartially upon all; and unknowing infancy and imbecile age, as well as the knowing and the strong must obey.

GABRIEL LOUIS BALLINGER

For the main facts in the following sketch of Gabriel L. Ballinger, the writer is indebted to his eldest son, Capt. John Ballinger, who was himself for nearly half a century a citizen of Daviess county and for many years a prominent factor in its affairs.

Gabriel L. Ballinger was born in Knox county, Ky., July 18th, 1800. He was the second son of Col. John Ballinger and his mother was a sister of General William Jennings, who lived near Lancaster, Ky. Col. John Ballinger died at Baton Rouge, La., about the close of the war 1812. He was in command of the American forces at that place and after peace was declared the news traveled so slowly that it did not reach him for some months after the war closed. In the meantime a British vessel undertook to enter the harbor, and disregarding the warnings given, was fired upon by order of Col. Ballinger. For this he was ordered to Washington City to stand trial. He, however, was never tried and died a short time afterwards. Col. Ballinger was a widower at the time of his death and he left surviving him three little boys, Frank, Gabriel L. and Jennings. An old negro body servant took the little fellows under his protection and by some means conveyed them to their grandmother, who lived in Garrard county, Ky. Here they grew to manhood, each receiving a fairly good education. Frank, the eldest, was of a studious turn of mind, took up the study of law, became a successful

lawyer, settled in Lee county, Iowa, where he was elected circuit judge, which position he held for many years. Gabriel and Jennings were men of action, and love of adventure, perhaps as much as a desire for gain, caused them to engage in the business of transporting the products of Central Kentucky to New Orleans by meaus of flat boats. These flat boats, or, as they were more commonly called, "Broad Horns," were about 100 feet in length, 20 feet wide and 6 feet deep. They would carry 1200 barrels of flour or 800 barrels of whiskey.

Gabriel did not follow the river traffic long, but led by his adventurous spirit to seek new fields and travel unknown paths, he organizedia band of traders and started for old Santa Fe. This was in 1825, and so far as the writer is informed this was among the first, if not the initial expedition of this kind that ever traversed what was afterwards known as the Santa Fe Trail. When they passed beyond the borders of Missouri they left civilization behind. They knew the general direction in which they desired to travel and were guided on their course by the compass and the buffalo trails, which usually led from one watering place to another and guided them to safe and shallow crossings of the treacherous streams. Through an unknown country, infected with roving bands of hostile Indians, the little band of sturdy adventurers kept steadily on. They met with obstacles, but their patience and perseverance overcame them. They bore their trials with fortitude and met each new danger with the courag- of men who know tha: while "Cowards die many deaths, the brave mau dies but once." They slept each night as the soldier sleeps upon the field of battle, and reveille awoke them to a renewal of the struggle. Triumphing over all difficulties, they at last reached their destination and trafficked their goods for mules to the number of about 500. These they drove back to the states, reaching St. Louis without any serious misfortune. Here an incident occurred that illustrates the dare devil spirit of these men. The owner of the ferry

thought he saw a chance to make some profit in his business and asked what the traders deemed an exorbitant price for ferrying the mules across the Mississippi. While the dickering was going on, Ballinger was sitting on his mule looking at the river and evidently feeling that they were wasting their time in arguing with the obdurate ferryman, he suddenly turned to his companions with a gesture of impatience and said, "Boys, our mules have swum every stream between here and Santa Fe, and I believe they can swim this one. They will follow wherever I lead and I know that if my mule can swim half way across that river, I can swim the balance of the way." This reckless suggestion was at once acted upon, and the entire herd swam the Mississippi without the loss of a mule.

Upon his return to Kentucky he married Josephine B. Jennings, Jan. 1st, 1826, and soon afterwards moved to Fulton, Callaway county, Mo. In 1830 an Indian outbreak occurred along the northern frontier of the state and Ballinger led a detatchment of cavalry from Callaway county and participated in a number of engagements with the Indians. In one of these fights he had the good fortune to capture Big Neck Jim, a noted Indian chief and a much wanted savage. Returning from this expedition in a badly crippled condition he removed his family back to Kentucky and settled in Williamsburg, where he served as circuit and county clerk for many years. He was an ardent admirer of Henry Clay and took an active part during the presidential campaign, in which Clay and Polk were rival candidates, and stumped Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee for Mr. Clay. In common with Clay and many others of that time, he believed that gradual emancipation offered the wisest, most just and equitable solution of the problem of negro slavery.

In 1841, he united with the Christian church and into this new field of action he brought the same devotion, the same intensity of purpose that had ever marked his action in all his undertakings. He was a man who could do things;

and when a thing needed doing he was not the man to stand around and wait for someone else. If there was no one else to preach, why, he could preach and he did; not once, but many times. His sermons are said to have been argumentative, eloquent and forceful, but above all, he believed in the truth of the good news that he so earnestly proclaimed, and behind his words was the potential force of conviction.

In 1845, Mr. Ballinger moved back to Missouri and settled in this county on what is known as the "Cold Springs" farm in Jackson township. Here with his wonted zeal in promoting the general welfare, he passed several quiet, peaceful and happy years, but once more the fever for adventure seized him, and on May 6th, 1850, he preached in the old log school house, and at the close of his sermon bade his friends farewell and a few days later saw him on his way overland to California. He reached his destination safely, but he had been there but a short time when he was stricken with a violent illness, and in January, 1851, he died at the home of his old time friend, Dr. Lennox. Thus at the early age of 51 years this brave spirit passed the doors that open but one way into the larger life. A short life? Perhaps. It depends on how it is lived; for life is not made up of mere lengths of days, and months, and years, but what we crowd into it, and measured by all that he had loved, joyed, suffered, and wrought, Gabriel L. Ballinger lived a long time.

In the primitive settlement the family was the economic unit. Each family for a time provided for its own necessities and was therefore independent of every other family. But it was a poor sort of independence, purchased as it was at the price of toil, hardships and many privations. Many of these pioneers had come from the older states, where they had enjoyed many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of civilization. The pioneer could be pardoned, therefore, if there were times when amidst his squalid surroundings he looked backward and longed for the "flesh pots of Egypt."

But with the influx of emigration there came artisans, skilled laborers, who were anxious to barter their handiwork for commodities of various kinds. Among the skilled laborers, the blacksmith took high rank in the primitive community, as his services were more often in demand and of greater necessity than those of any other trade. In this class we may rank

SAMUEL K. DINSMORE.

Mr. Dinsmore was born in Greene county, Tennessee, September 9th, 1811. At the age of twenty-one he left home and went to Laurel county, Kentucky, and at the little village of London, in that state, he learned the blacksmith trade, a trade which his father before him had followed. He was married October 25th, 1842, to Miss Martha A. Blakely. Six years later they decided to try their fortunes farther west, and September 28th, 1848, they landed in Daviess county. Mr. Dinsmore at once took a claim and began the erection of

a cabin, and the following spring found them at home to their friends in a braud new home of their own. The spot chosen was ou high rolling land iu a beautiful glade near Cottonwood creek. A short time before her death, which occurred but a few years ago, Mrs. Dinsmore, while visiting at the writer's home, told of her first visit to that new home. It was upon a Saturday afternoon that her husband reported the new house finished and they drove over to see it. They drove across the prairie that stretched away for miles and the tall blue stem grass was stirred by a gentle breeze into undulating billows of an emerald sea and decorated with an endless variety of flowers of variegated hues. Down along the creek the trees were in full leaf and in the shady coverts the birds were singing their songs of joy, for they, too, were building homes and were happy. But yonder in the distance, brightest spot in all the landscape, stands the little cabin that is to be to them a habitation and a home. For them the sun never shown more brightly, nor did the skies ever look so serenely blue as on that Saturday afternoon. And why not? It was the springtime of life as well as of the year.

Here they lived and wrought, reared their family of ten children and prospered.

In appearance, Samnel K. Dinsmore was tall, spare and straight as an Indian. Large boned, sinewy, rather than muscular, he had that wiry strength and power of endurance that made him tireless either on foot or in the saddle. He walked with a long, easy stride, with leg well bent at the knee as is the habit of men when used to uneven surfaces. Square jawed, mouth large, teeth small and even, eyes blue and overhung by bushy eyebrows, hair thick and inclined to bristle. His temper was not angelic and in the heat of passion he was liable to do rash things rather than truly brave ones. There was nothing negative about the man. A thing to him was either right or wrong. There was no room for compromise, no middle ground. If he was your friend you knew it. If your enemy he was not backward about letting

you know that too. He rarely forgot an insult or forgave an injury He had his own code of ethics by which he measured his own acts and those of other men. If a man was honest and truthful and paid his debts promptly, he was good enough. The man who failed to measure up to this standard need not expect any favors from him. I was at his shop one morning when a neighbor drove up and hitching his team came into the shop and bade Dinsmore "good morning." Dinsmore gave him one quick glance and his jaws came together like a steel trap and the sparks flew a little faster from the piece of iron that he was hammering, but he made no response. The man stood around for a while and finally told Dinsmore that he had come to buy some seed corn. Then Dinsmore's wrath burst its channels and he poured out such a torrent of abuse upon that man that it fairly drowned him. There had been some misunderstanding between them and the man had either forgotten or did not choose to remember it, but if he thought to find Dinsmore in the same fix, he soon discovered his error. Just as the man was leaving an old darkey drove up upon the same errand, but said that he had no money and would Mr. Dinsmore be so kind as to credit him. "Yes," said Dinsmore, "you are honest if you are black, and you can get what corn you need and pay for it when you can. Go to the crib and help yourself."

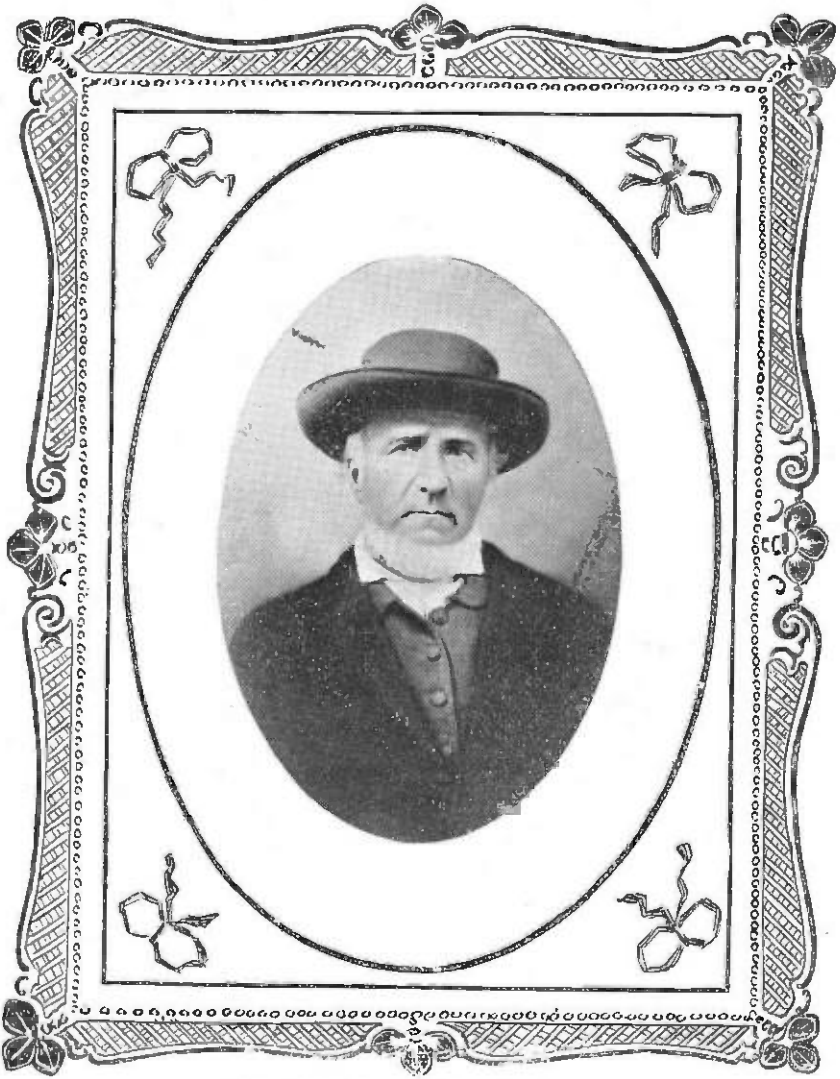
Dinsmore worked hard and allowed himself but few pleasures in life. Hunting and fishing were the only pastimes in which he ever indulged and these only at times when it did not interfere with his work. He kept a pack of hounds and found his chief pleasure in following the chase. Quick tempered and sensitive, easily offended and slow to forgive a real or fancied wrong, he was usually at cross purposes with most of his neighbors. It does not follow from this that Dinsmore was a bad man, for he was not; but unfortunately, he would often do or say things in the heat of passion which he would doubtless soon sincerely regret, but he was stubborn and unyielding and would allow himself to

be misunderstood and disliked rather than make overtures for peace. Sometimes I think that there are men of this type who enjoy being miserable and who, should they find themselves at peace with all the world and nothing to hate, would be decidedly uncomfortable. The following incident illustrates the almost childish petulance of this man at times, and of how one man evened the score with him: The lands of A. L. Martin and Dinsmore joined; they had fallen out and a result of their misunderstanding was a "Devil's Lane" between the premises. A Devil's Lane is one which is too narrow to turn a wagon in or for one wagon to pass another. One day Dinsmore saw Nath Snider enter this lane driving a wagon and not feeling friendly towards Snider, he intercepted him and ordered him to go back. Snider tried to reason the case, said he could not turn around as the lane was too narrow and tried to prevail on Dinsmore to let him pass. But Dinsmore was inexorable and Snider was compelled to lay down the fence on Martin's side of the lane and drive into the field, turn around and go back. That was the first act, but the incident was not closed Snider went home and "nursed his wrath to keep it warm." A few days later, perhaps on a Saturday afternoon, Dinsmore mounted his favorite riding mare, "Kit," and started for Grand River to fish. His favorite resort was a place known then as the "high banks," and in order to reach this point on the river his nearest route led through a narrow lane that crossed Snider's land. When he arrived at this lane Dinsmore, without hesitation, entered it, but when about midway he was suddenly startled by a command to halt. On glancing up he found himself looking into a double barreled shotgun and the man behind the gun was Nath Snider, and when Snider ordered him to "go back," Dinsmore took him at his word and went. Dinsmore was so neatly trapped and the tables so completely turned that I think he rather enjoyed the situation. Besides it was his own medicine and he could not be heard to complain even if it was a trifle bitter.

Dinsmore kept the worst side of his character on exhibition. I have reason to know that he was kind hearted and a man of generous impulses when rightly approached. He was one of the truest friends I ever had. He helped me when I was helpless and befriended me when I was well nigh friendless. He loaned me a yoke of cattle to break the ground and a horse ("Peddler" by name) with which to cultivate the first corn crop that I ever raised. I was but eleven years old at the time and my experiences with that yoke of cattle and old Peddler would furnish material for a separate story.

As a blacksmith, Dinsmore was not an expert. His work was rough, but strong and honestly done. He could shoe a horse as well as anybody and he could point a plow so that it would run fairly well and he could "upset" an axe and temper the steel somewhat uncertainly and do many other things fairly well. Considering the tools and material with which he had to work, the results were perhaps all that could be reasonably expected.

Mr. Dinsmore died at Eldorado Springs, Ark., Oct. 12th, 1880, in the seventieth year of his age. He left a considerable estate in money and lands as the result of his life's labors.



JENNINGS BALLINGER.

JENNINGS BALLINGER.

Jennings Ballinger was the third and youngest son of Col. John Ballinger. His ancestry has been given in the preceding sketch of his brother, Gabriel L., and it will not be repeated here. The world cares little as to whom or what a man's ancestors were. It asks "what has the man done that he claims our notice." And the world is right. The man who shines only in the reflected light of ancestral virtues has little to commend him to the favorable consideration of his fellow men. Jennings Ballinger made no claim to virtues that he did not possess, asked the world for nothing that he had not justly earned.

Born in Garrard county, Kentucky, February 2nd, 1804, orphaned at an early age and thrown upon his own resources, he developed that sturdy self-reliance that comes to those who fight the battle of life, knowing that there is no one at their back to help them should they fail. Nature was certainly in a generous mood when she endowed Jennings Ballinger. Six feet in height, weighing 225 pounds and not a surplus pound of flesh,—just bone and muscle,—broad shoulders, surmounted by a rather large and well shaped head, he was a picture of physical perfection. His features were rugged rather than handsome, mouth large, nose prominent, eyes blue and as changeful in their expression as the skies of an April day, for they would grow dim with tears at the sight of suffering or blaze with the light of battle at an affront

In early life Ballinger worked in a printing office in Frankfort, Ky. I do not know what degree of proficiency he attained, but he probably learned to distinguish an em quad from a shooting stick, to tell the difference between printer's pie and the boarding house article, and to not mistake an ink roller for the office towel However he reformed while he was yet young and engaged with his brother in the river traffic. He followed the river for many years, guiding the destinies of many a Broad Horn on its long and perilous journey to New Orleans. From the masters of the Broad Horns were graduated many of the best steamboat pilots on the river. The transition was easy and natural, for the man in charge of a flat boat was compelled to know the river with all its treacherous schutes, bars and sawyers as thoroughly as a child knows its primer.

August 20th, 1828, Jennings Ballinger was united in marriage with Angeline Jennings, a daughter of General Wm. Jennings. Nine children were born to them, three of whom are still living. After leaving the river, he was employed for a number of years as superintendent of what was known as Goose Creek salt works, located in Clay county, Ky. One day while thus employed he was making his usual rounds and came to where a wagon from the mountains of East Tennessee was being loaded with salt. Attracted by the unusual size of the sacks, he stopped and asked the man from the hill country how much the sack held and how they managed to get them into a wagon. "The sack holds eight bushels and as for loading them, why, just put 'em in like we do the others." To show that he could do a pretty good job of lifting, Ballinger proffered to help the man load the big sack. Ballinger seized one end of the sack with both hands, while the Tennesseean took the other end with one hand and lifted the enormous weight with apparent ease. Grandfather, in telling this story, would add, "And I just went off and sat down on a log and looked at that man."

In 1845, or about that time, Abner Baker, the dissolute

son of a wealthy planter, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Dr. Daniel Bates. The killing was unprovoked and cowardly, as Bates had always been a friend to the young scapegrace. Baker's father and several of his brothers publicly announced that they would kill any lawyer who should attempt to prosecute the murderer. Silas Woodson, afterwards governor of Missouri, but then a struggling young attorney, was employed and prosecuted Baker so vigorously that he was convicted and sentenced to be hung. The Bakers had a large following and their attitude became so threatening that Gov. Owsley ordered out several companies of state militia to guard the jail and Ballinger was put in command of one of these companies. One day Baker's negro servant started to leave the jail, when grandfather stopped him and a thorough search revealed a note written by Baker and concealed under the negro's arm. Baker had no ink but had pricked his arm with a pin and had used his blood with which to write the note, which gave minute information to his friends as to how and when to make the attempt to rescue him. Baker was strongly guarded until the day set for his execution when he was taken from jail and publicly hanged. Out of this incident grew a feud that has resulted in the loss of many lives and extends even to this day.

In 1850 Jennings Ballinger settled in this county and for many years took an active interest in all that pertained to the common welfare. Generous and unselfish he gave his time and whatever of talent he may have had to the betterment of existing conditions. He might truly have said with Terence; "I am a man, all that concerns my fellow men is my concern."

He cared little for popularity, was too outspoken to have been successful as a politician and so far as I know never ran for office. He was loyal to his friends and to speak ill of one of them in his presence was to have the insinuation promptly resented as though it were a personal affront. He believed in the private settlement of personal grievances and endorsed

the code duello as a speedy and sure way of settling private differences. During a heated political campaign in Kentucky, Judge Lusk, a candidate for congress, in the course of a public address, indulged in some remarks derogatory to the character of the opposing candidate, who was not present. In his absence grandfather publicly challenged the judge in behalf of his absent friend. As the challenged party, the choice of weapons and conditions belonged to the judge, and he in accepting the challenge chose bowie knives, the antagonists to be blindfolded and fight in a darkened room, each holding the corner of a handkerchief The conditions were made so brutal that the judge doubtless thought that no sane man would accept them, but they were, and without unnecessary delay the parties were face to face, armed and blindfolded and waiting for the word. As his antagonist showed no signs of weakening, the judge asked what sort of an apology would be satisfactory. "The apology must be as broad as the offense," came the prompt reply.

"Which means that it must be publicly made," said the judge.

"Exactly, sir."

The judge hesitated a moment, then stepping out upon the balcony of the hotel addressed an ample apology to hundreds of men, who were anxiously awaiting the result of the expected encounter.

After settling in this county, Jennings Ballinger engaged in farming and followed that occupation during the remainder of his life. He was methodical and systematic in all that he did. He was a generous provider for his family and beyond that cared nothing for wealth. In the fields his immense strength and tireless energy made it difficult for ordinary men to keep pace with him when at work; but while he was a hard worker, he yet found time to indulge his passion for books. He had read much of the best literature of his day and as his mind was quick to comprehend and his memory tenacious, he had acquired a vast fund of general information. Among the prose writers, Macaulay, Addison and

Washington Irving were his favorites. In poetry and dramatic composition Shakespeare held first place, while Burns. Moore, Young, Byron and Keats were his familiar friends, In fiction, I think that Smollet must have attracted him, for he often referred to Roderick Random, Perigrine Pickle, Ferdinand Countfathom and other ridiculous names given by Smollet to his characters, and it always seemed like there was to him something irresistibly humorous in the bare mention of these names.

In 1856 his wife died, and shortly after this he sold his farm and moved to Illinois, settling upon a beautiful farm in Hancock county, near the Mississippi river and just below the historic old town of Nauvoo About this time my father died, leaving mother with two little children to care for. In this crisis grandfather generously took us to live with him, and for many years I was the constant companion of this passionate, hot headed, yet kind and generous hearted man.

The title to the farm which grandfather bought had just been perfected by a long and tedious suit in equity, and much ill feeling had been engendered between the litigants, and although grandfather was not a party to the suit, and not even acquainted with them, the defeated party transferred a part of his ill will to him when he went into possession under a deed from the legal owner. Shortly after moving on this farm grandfather was informed that an effort would be made to forcibly evict him by a mob composed of the friends of the unsuccessful claimant. This news aroused all the fighting blood in the old gentleman and he began to make preparations for war. Grandfather was practically a stranger in the neighborhood at that time. Had such a danger menaced him in Kentucky it would have been different; for like Donald Dhee, he might have sounded his pibroch from some lonely crag of his native mountains, and the clan would have

"Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended;
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded."

But here he was alone, save for one friend. But that friend happened to be Randolph Herndon, an old Kentucky acquaintance who lived near by, and who, upon hearing of the threatened attack, came at once to volunteer his services. Evening found the two sitting on the porch, their guns in easy reach, calmly waiting for the mob. About sundown ten or a dozen

lusty fellows were seen coming down the road, and they were making a good deal of noise. Grandfather arose, picked up his gun, and Herndon did the same, but grandfather restrained him with a gesture, saying,

"I think that I can take care of those fellows alone, but if anything should happen to me I want you to stay here and defend the children."

"With my life," was Herndon's laconic and grim reply.

With that grandfather turned and started toward the gate. The baleful light of battle was in his eyes and he walked like a soldier stepping to the time of martial music; the war god was singing in his heart, and the fighting blood of his ancestors was running rough through his veins. The leader of the mob without waiting to come to the gate, started to climb the fence, and had put one leg over when grandfather brought his gun to his shoulder and quietly remarked, "Just put the other leg over and you are a dead man."

The intruder withdrew to his own side of the fence and started to parley.

"Not a word," said the irate old gentleman, "take your crowd and get away from here or somebody will get hurt and that mighty quick." They did not stand upon the order of their going, but went, and no one ever again disputed his right of possession.

But if he possessed that purely physical courage that causes men to do rash things under the influence of excitement, he also possessed that other sort of courage, or fortitude, call it what you will, that can endure and make no sign. Once when bitten by a rabid dog I saw him bare his arm that had been lacerated by the animal's teeth, and when an attendant applied a red hot bar of iron to cauterize the wound he bore the terrible torture for several moments without moving a muscle.

Although he was not a politician in the sense of being an office seeker, he yet took a keen and active interest in public affairs. He had been a Whig, and an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, but when the long drawn out quarrel between the North and South reached its culminating point in the Lincoln-Douglass campaign of 1860, he gave his influence and his vote for Mr. Lincoln. Every sympathy of his nature, every fiber of his heartstrings yearned for the people of the South, but he believed that slavery and secession were wrong and that the life of the nation as well as the general welfare

of the people depended upon the preservation of the union. Many times did he quote with approval that epigrammic utterance of Rufus Choate:

"I join myself to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

A rather amusing incident occurred during the campaign of 1860 in which grandfather unwittingly figured. One evening we had just come from the field and were watering the horses when a stranger drove up in a buggy and asked if he might water his team. He was invited to "drive in" which he did, and while his horses drank he told us that he was the Democratic candidate for congress for that district and was on his way to Nauvoo where he was billed to speak that night. Then he added, "I understand that some old clodhopper in this neighborhood proposes to try to answer me."

"Your information is correct" said the old gentleman, "and unless you have more to say than I think you have, the 'old clodhopper' will not only 'try' but will succeed in answering you."

After supper we drove into town to attend the meeting. I have a confused memory of a vast crowd, a torchlight procession, bands playing and men shouting, and then we were in the hall and grandfather was speaking, and he spoke on and on, and it seemed a long time to the sleepy boy until we were out and on the road home.

He made no profession of religion until late in life, but like old man Jucklin, he believed the Bible "from kiver to kiver," and never referred to it except in a spirit of reverence. Under extreme provocation he would sometimes swear, but this privilege was never extended to others. One day one of the hands was swearing at his team, and grandfather stopped him. "Young man," said he, "I want you to remember that I reserve the right to do all the swearing that is necessary to be done on these premises."

The last years of his life were clouded by a great sorrow, but he bore his burden bravely and alone. And yet, "Though there was a cloud over his spirit, there was none before his face." He greeted his friends as cheerfully as of yore, and hiding his sorrow in his heart, he turned a smiling face to the world. While for the greater part of his life he was not "altogether" he was "almost a Christian," for he "visited the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions, and kept himself unspotted from the world." And so for more than seventy

years this brave and kindly hearted man walked the earth, living a clean, honest and usefnl life. At last grown weary of his burden he longed for rest, and on June 23rd, 1874, he slept, and was buried in the old Jordin graveyard, where his wife and three of his children rest.

JONATHAN OXFORD.

Born in Buncum county, N. C., in the year 1806, where he grew to manhood. In 1813 he moved to Clay county, Kentucky, where he met and married Elizabeth Spurlock. Soon after their marriage they determined to try their fortunes in the West and in 1835 said good-by to their old Kentucky home and started for the frontier to make for themselves and their children a habitation and a home in the wilds of North Missouri.

He settled in what is now Jackson township. He could not have acquired anything more than "squatters' rights" to land in this county at that time, as the lands of Daviess county were not surveyed until 1837 and were not open for entry until 1839. Here he built a comfortable log house after the approved pattern of those days, that is, two square rooms with an "entry" between and a huge fire place at either end. One end was used as a kitchen and dining room, the other was the sitting room, parlor and bedroom. The pioneer learned to economize space in the interior arrangements of his dwelling. A high post bedstead usually concealed a trundled bed, where the little folks could be comfortably stowed away while the big boys could sleep in the loft. The house furnishings were confined to articles of utility. There was no room for luxury in the log cabins of our fathers. The cooking was done in huge ovens and pots by the fire place, and what the bill of fare lacked in variety, it made up for in quantity. The family clothing was essentially a home pro-

duct. The cloth, woven on rudely constructed looms, was of "sheep's wool and dye stuff," the garments cut by ear and sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made.

In such a home—a home above the average in point of homely comfort at the time—Mr. Oxford and his wife reared their family of nine children, six boys and three girls. It was a happy and contented home. Here the stranger could find shelter, the weary could rest and the hungry be fed without money and without price. The Yankee brought us some new ideas and improved methods, but nobody in this county had ever paid for a meal's victuals at a farm house or to have a grave dug until he came.

Surrounded by wife and children, honored and respected by his friends for his many sterling qualities, he had earned the right to spend the evening of his life in the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his labors. But fate ordained it otherwise. The Civil war came on and Mr. Oxford, like many others, was face to face with the conflict between duty to his country and his sympathy for his friends who were nearly all in the Confederate army. Bold and independent by nature, he openly avowed his sympathy for the South without stopping to consider the consequences. He had never been schooled in the art of concealment and he would have been a hypocrite in his own eyes had he not spoken his true sentiments. I remember of his coming to our house one day during the war. He had been suspected of disloyalty and had been arrested and taken to Breckenridge, where, after a short detention, he was paroled and ordered to report again in thirty days. He was in a towering passion over the indignity of his arrest, and gave such free expression to his feelings of indignation that mother cautioned him against such intemperate expressions and counselled patience, forbearance and moderation. The old man was walking the floor; at the door he turned and with face red with suppressed passion he said, "Mrs. Jordin, you are right. I oughtn't to talk so much, but sometimes I git so full that, by gracious, if I couldn't talk I think I would bust."

A few nights afterwards, on the 3rd of April, 1863, a company of armed men rode up to his house at about 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Oxford was aroused and informed that he must go to Breckenridge to answer his parole. Oxford demurred to this, as his parole had about 15 days yet to run, but he was peremptorily ordered to get ready to go at once. Mr. Oxford seemed to have a sort of premonition that he was starting upon his last earthly journey, for he awakened his wife and children and bade them good-bye. Then turning to his captors, he told them he was ready and they rode away into the night. Next morning his lifeless body, riddled with bullets, was found lying by the roadside, near the old Clear Creek church. Thus fell by the hands of violence this sturdy old pioneer and so far as the writer knows the identity of his murderers is still unknown.

Of his nine children, Lockey, the eldest daughter, Jacob and John, the two eldest sons, are dead. Levi and Wm. R. never married and are keeping bachelors' hall near the old homestead. Elizabeth Ellis lives on the old home place, while Isaac J., Henry C. and Nancy Blakely, the remaining children, all live in the old neighborhood.

The first school that I ever attended was taught by the above mentioned, John Oxford, in what was known as the Cottonwood school house. As this school house was the writer's alma mater, and also typical of the seats of learning in the early days, a brief description will probably not be out of place. Built of hewed logs, the interstices chinked and daubed with mortar, lighted by two small windows and thoroughly ventilated through various cracks where the mortar had fallen out from between the logs. The seats were punchеons, held up by pins driven in holes bored with a two inch auger. These seats had no back rests and were so high that none but the larger children could touch the floor with their feet when sitting down. The boys and girls were seated upon opposite sides of the house. A stove, an armfull of switches of various lengths and degrees of toughness and a water bucket and gourd completed the furnishings of the

house. Drinking water was usually obtained at some pool along Cottonwood branch, but sometimes these shallow pools froze to the bottom and then we were forced to go to Dinsmore's well, something like a half mile distant. There was usually a three months' term of school, beginning the first of December. The curriculum of study embraced reading, spelling and arithmetic in the regular course, while such studies as geography and grammar were purely elective. As I remember now, I managed to get as far as "compound numbers" each successive winter until I was eighteen, when I quit school. But I could spell every word in Webster's spelling book, and could read fairly well in the fourth reader, and with these accomplishments I ceased my quest of knowledge in the school room.

I recall but few incidents connected with my first term at school. To get to the school house, I was compelled to cross a stretch of open prairie where the grass was about as tall as my head. We had a large black dog who went with me and acted as bodyguard to protect me from the half wild cattle that ranged the prairies at that time. At one time the teacher whipped a whole bench full of scholars for some breach of discipline. I do not think that all were guilty, but the old time pedagogue took no chances. He would whip the whole school rather than let the guilty one escape. Upon another occasion a lot of us little tow heads, led by "Swatty" Warren, set the prairie on fire and then there was something doing right away. I do not know how far that fire extended before it was brought under control, but remember that about thirty sheep and a mare and colt perished in the flames near the school house.

The pedagogues who wielded the rod and guided the intellectual development of the youth who came to slake their thirst for knowledge at this intellectual fountain would be sadly out of place in the school rooms of to-day. There were Short, Hansard, Howell, Brown and Conklin who succeeded each other through a series of years. Of these, Short, Brown and Conklin were men of intelligence and fairly good

teachers. Hansard was an adventurer who blew in one winter, taught without a certificate, got his winter's board and went away without asking for pay which he knew he could not get. Howell was a cripple and formed a habit of sitting astride a chair with his back to the fire and sleeping as sweetly as a babe in mother's arms. One afternoon Howell was taking his usual nap when I accidentally found a musket cap in my pocket. As I sat idly playing with the cap a happy thought occurred to me. A great awakening in that school house was an end to be desired and there in my hand lay the means for bringing it about. I put the cap on the stove and held my breath, but not for long. There was a deafening explosion and Howell bounded into space, went over his chair and knocked over a bench full of sleeply little girls, who screamed in unison, and for a few minutes pandemonium reigned. Howell got up rubbing his bruises and made a few remarks that were more forcible than elegant, threatened to whip the little girls for crying, tried to find the culprit, failed, and perhaps never knew just what it was that awakened him.

Looking backward through the mists of intervening years there come before my mental vision like dream pictures the dear remembered faces of my schoolmates of the long ago. It seems but yesterday that light-hearted and care-free we played, fought, hunted rabbits and incidentally studied a little in and around the old log school house on the banks of the classic Cottonwood. I am standing again upon the old playground and see them coming, singly or in groups, from every point of the compass. Coming from the south are the Dinsmores, Julia, Alice, Sallie and Lizzie, James, John, William, Addison, Charles, Samuel and Elwood, carrying a dinner basket packed with provender sufficient for a small army. From farther away to the southwest, the Penistons, Fannie and George, Anthony and Robert. Fannie was one of the brightest pupils, and her cheerful and kindly disposition made her a general favorite. I remember that she loaned me the first novel that I ever read. Although I was

compelled to read it at night by fire light, sitting on the hearth to get the benefit of the meager and imperfect light, I think it gave me more genuine thrills than any book that I ever read.

But here come the Sniders, Mart and Tom and Henry—the Warrens, John and Alex—the Martins, John and Mary—from another direction the Birge children, Mary, Martha and Kate, George Richard and Columbus, and the same road the Faulkners, Martha and a sister whose name I have forgotten, and George and King Hiram. The last mentioned was the hero of an amusing incident that completely upset the gravity of the school one afternoon. We were playing around the wood pile when some one discovered a mouse. We chased the mouse for a while, but all at once it disappeared and we were unable to find it. That afternoon while King Hiram was sitting humped up on one of the tall benches at peace with all the world, a boy sitting behind him noticed an unusual looking lump on King's back and as he looked the lump moved. The boy reached over and felt of it, grinned, and whispered the startling intelligence into King's ear that there was "a mouse up his back." King was a nervous little fellow and the announcement almost drove him wild with fright. Uttering a wild yell, he bounded around the room like a rubber ball. The teacher grabbed him and tried to find out what the trouble was, but King was too frightened to talk and kept on yelling. The boy who had made the discovery finally made the teacher understand the situation and the mouse was speedily released and the incident closed.

From the west came the Nichols children, Mary, Martha and Hannah, John and Joseph, all good old fashioned names, names which passing years have shown them worthy to bear. John was a fat, chubby boy and an easy mark for Bill Dinsmore when they were playing "Bull Pen."

It would take too long to name all who at one time and another attended school at this place. There were the Browns, Prices, Hamblins, Johnsons and a host of others, for although the families were few, children were plentiful. The pioneer was a proletaire, if nothing else.

THE KILLING OF WILLIAM CREWS.

It was during a debate in 1866, between Joseph Davis and Charles H. Mansur, who afterwards represented his district in congress, that young William Crews was killed.

The debate was held in a grove near the old Clear Creek church, and continued for several days. The debate was concerning the doctrines of the Universalist church, Mansur affirming and Davis denying. Both were young men at the time, talented and well known in the community, and the debate excited considerable interest and attracted large crowds. One day during this discussion, at the noon hour while the people were eating dinner, Crews was talking to a group of girls and eating his dinner. He was standing with his back to a tree and facing the girls. While thus engaged, a man approached and offered him an apple, which Crews laughingly accepted. This was the signal for which two men who were loaking near, were waiting, and a moment later they approached Crews from the rear with drawn revolvers and both fired at close range. Miss Ann Weldon, one of the young ladies with whom Crews was talking, saw the assassins a moment before they fired, and divining their murderous intention, with a warning cry to Crews, and with remarkable courage and presence of mind, sprang forward and struck the pistol of one of the men and it was discharged harmlessly in the air. The other man, said to have been Broomfield, fired at close range,

and Crews fell dead. I was sitting in a wagon a short distance away when the shooting occurred; and with boyish curiosity pushed my way through the crowd to where the dead man lay. It was indeed a pitiful sight, for Crews was little more than a boy. As I recall his features now I do not think he could have been more than twenty. The boyish face which but a moment before had been wreathed in smiles and mantling with the flush of his warm, young blood, was now congealed by the icy hand of death. The war had just closed, and in the death of this boy we saw one of the last ebulitions of its aftermath of hate. The murderers mounted their horses and rode away unmolested. So far as I know there was no effort made to arrest them. Broomfield was afterwards killed in Gallatin by Solomon Tomblin, against whom Broomfield had made threats. Tomblin tried to keep out of his way, but finally made up his mind that either he or Broomfield had to die, and procuring a double barreled shotgun he went in search of his enemy. While standing in Benton Miller's store on the south side of the square, Tomblin saw Broomfield leave the public square (which was then enclosed by a fence) by the south gate and start across the street directly towards the store from which Tomlin was watching him. The proprietor of the store asked Tomblin to step outside, as he did not wish to have a fight of this kind pulled off in his store. Tomblin is said to have been crying at this time, but he immediately stepped out on the sidewalk in front of the store. Broomfield was about half way across the street whem Tomblin raised his gun, took deliberate aim, and fired both barrels. Broomfield stopped, steadied himself for a moment, and then slowlysank to the ground, and a moment later was dead. Tomblin fled, more perhaps to escape the vengeance of Broomfield's friends, than from fear of arrest.

The circumstances which led up to the killing of William Crews as before narated, takes us back to the beginning of the Civil war. John Crews, the father of William, was I be-

lieve in the Southern army; at least he was in strong sympathy with the South and was compelled to leave home. William at that time was a lad of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years, of a headstrong and impetuous disposition, and inclined to do and say many things calculated to make trouble for himself and others. The boy needed the restraining influence of his father, but the father was away and the boy was left to follow the bent of his own inclination. His conduct was such as to attract the attention of the military authorities to him and he was arrested and taken to Breckenridge, Mo. Word was sent to his father to come and get his boy or to make some effort to control. I have heard it said that the father got the word and sent a reply from his hiding place that it would probably be as well for the boy to keep him where he was for a while. But there being no serious charges against the boy he was released. Later on during the war he was again arrested and taken to Breckenridge. This time his mother becoming anxious about him induced his brother, George Crews, and Thomas Peery to attempt the rescue of Will. The mother visited her son in prison to make the final arrangements and acquaint William with the plans of his friends. The prisoners were taken out for a walk every day attended by a small guard, and the plan was for George Crews and Peery to secrete themselves near a spring to which the daily walk of the prisoners led and at a preconcerted signal William was to make a dash for liberty and his brother and Peery was to cover his retreat, and hold the guards in check until William could get away. It was a dangerous and foolhardy undertaking at best, but in some way the military authorities came into possession of the plans for rescue and prepared to frustrate them. On the day agreed upon the prisoners were taken for their walk as usual, but the vigilance of the guard gave the prisoners no opportunity to make the intended dash for liberty. As they neared the spring Crews and Peery appeared upon the scene and rode

unsuspectiugly into the ambucade that had been prepared for them by the soldiers, and both men were killed. The boy witnessed the killing of his brother and friend and vowed to avenge their deaths. The war closed and the boy, now almost a man, did not forget, but remained constant to his avowed purpose, and such was his reputation for reckless daring that there was good reason to believe that he would execute his threat at the first opportunity. It was therefore doubtless on account of these threats that he was sought out and murdered by men who had reason to fear him.

Although a large number of men went from this county into the Southern army the county itself was at all times during the war under the control of the Federal government. The only clash between opposing forces that would rise even to the dignity of a skirmish was at or near old Di Ammon.

Jesse Clark whose father was a Presbyterian preacher and one of the pioneers of Livingston county came into this section from Mercer county where he was then living, and having many friends and acquaintances in this and Livingston counties, he organized a small company of volunteers for the Rebel service. Clark represented to his friends here that there were many adherents to the cause of the South in Mercer and Schuyler counties, and that if a company could be formed and invade those counties these men would flock to their standard. The company was formed; that is, a few adventurous spirits were got together and started on this wild goose chase. Among those who went were Dr. F. M. Davis, Frank and Thomas Hicklin, Daniel and John Kessler, Joe Kirk, William Darr, Charles Goben and others whose names I am unable to give. They invaded Mercer, passed through Schuyler, back across Harrison over into Worth and Gentry, but the expected accession to their ranks did not materialize, so the expedition turned and headed for Daviess county and home. The original number augmented by some thirty or forty recruits, nearly all of whom were unarmed, were met

near Di Ammon by a considerable force of Federal troops under command of Capt. Woodrow.

A skirmish at once ensued; about fifteen of the rebels, who had guns, held the union soldiers in check until their unarmed companions could get away. Among those on the firing line were the men before mentioned. It was their first baptism in the fire and smoke of battle, but not a man flinched. A desultory fire was kept up by both parties until nightfall. Charles Goben was the only man hit on the Confederate side, and in the darkness the little band became separated and he was not missed until the next day, when it was found that Goben and Thomas Hicklin had been left behind. Hicklin was unhurt, but his horse had given out and he wandered about in the darkness and became lost. The next day he and Goben were captured by the Federal troops. After his capture Hicklin was questioned about the fight, and as to whether or not he had taken part in it. He admitted at once that he had. He was then asked to give the names of those who were with him. This he politely but firmly declined to do. Threats and persuasion alike failed to move him and he remained steadfast in his refusal to betray his comrades. At last he was given to understand in unmistakeable language, that if he persisted in his refusal to answer, his life would pay the forfeit. His answer to this grim ultimatum was characteristic of the super courage and unfaltering loyalty of the man: "Be not afriad of them that kill the body," said he, "and after that have no more that they can do, but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say to you, Fear him." Thomas Hicklin had been a devout student of the Bible and it was fitting that the final answer that was to decide his fate was given in the words of the Master. He was taken out on the prairiy upon or near the present farm of Robert Johnson in Grand River township, and there a platoon of soldiers were drawn up and Hicklin was placed in position to receive their fire. An attempt was made to blindfold him, but at his request this was not done. And so it was with a courage that never faltered and a firmness that the terrors of death could not shake, this loyal soul calmly met his fate. Truly, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

An incident that runs in lighter vein occurred along towards

the beginning of the war. Will Jordin was recruiting volunteers for Price's army and perhaps a half dozen of them started South. They had not gone far when they were sighted by Capt. Mounts Nichols with a company of militia, who gave chase at once. Jordin and his men kept their lead until Grand river was reached. The river was frozen over and there was some question about the ice being strong enough tobear them and their horses. Jordin being a featherweight and riding a small horse tried the ice first and got across safely. Next came Tom Bradshaw on a mule and the mule skated across in good style. The others, encouraged by scattering fire from their pursuers, who were now within shooting distance, made an attempt to cross, when a powerful horse ridden by Ed McClung broke through the ice and stopped the retreat. Jordin was the only man in the crowd that was armed and seeing that it would be useless to attempt to rescue his companions turned reluctantly away and with Bradshaw continued on their way. The only casualty in this engagement was the wounding of Bradshaw's mule which was shot through the ear. Bradshaw soon tired of soldiering and returned home and afterwards served in the "Mackeral Brigade" as the Home Guards were called, for a sufficient length of time to entitle him to a pension, which he still lives to draw, with more pleasure than he did his gun in the days of "61."

Although the Federal forces were in control of this part of the state, men from the Southern army were almost constantly passing through the country, sometimes risking their lives, or danger of capture and confinement in a mititary prison, in order to visit their homes and have a brief clandestine visit with those near and dear to them. Again some would tire of army life and would make their way North where they were uuknown and thus escape the constant perils and hardships of a soldier's life. There were men who remained at home who were in constant dread of these stragglers from the Southern army lest they should find it convenient to stop long enough to settle some old score or gratify some long meditated revenge. While these fears may have been for the most part groundless, those who entertained them did not "sleep well o' nights." George Snider was one of those who appeared to be constantly haunted by a dread presentment of some awful fate and he annoyed the military authorities no little with baseless rumors of a lurking foe. One day John

Rhea and myself were gathering hazelnuts in a thicket near what was then known as the "Lone Tree," when we saw Snider coming towards us. John had a little old double barreled pistol and it was loaded, and he proposed that we hide and scare Snider, to which I instantly agreed. Crouching in the edge of the thicket we waited until Snider was within about fifty yards when John called, "Halt." Snider looked wildly in every direction, but did not stop. John yelled "Halt" again and Snider put spurs to his horse and started. At this juncture John discharged both barrels of the pistol which was loaded with paper wads and Snider leaning low on his horse drove his spurs into its flanks and whipping wildly with his hat, hit the high places as he went towards Big Muddy bottom. We lingered about the place, gathering nuts and took no notice of passing time until all at once we became aware of the fact that a company of soldiers were bearing down upon us. They had evidently seen us and it was no use to try to hide. I was pretty badly scared and began to wish that we had not been quite so funny. Rhea was some older, and I do not think ever knew what it was to be afraid of anything in his life. I think that he saw that I was frightened, as he told me not to say anything when the soldiers came up and he would do the talking. I readily agreed to this, and when the soldiers came up and inquired if we had seen any men around there John answered promptly that we had not.

"How long have you been here?" inquired a man who appeared to be in command of the squad.

"Pretty much all morning," John replied

"Hear any shooting"

"No sir."

"Did you see Mr. Snider pass here?"

"I believe I did. Someone passed, but I did not pay much attention, but I think it was him,"

"And you saw no Rebels; heard no shooting?"

"No sir."—very positive.

The questioner turned in his saddle and looked at Snider in a puzzled sort of a way and said: "Mr. Snider, there seems to be some mistake. Are you sure this is the place?"

"I can't be mistaken," said Snider excitedly, "It was right here and they fired on me. I tell you the woods is full of Rebels."

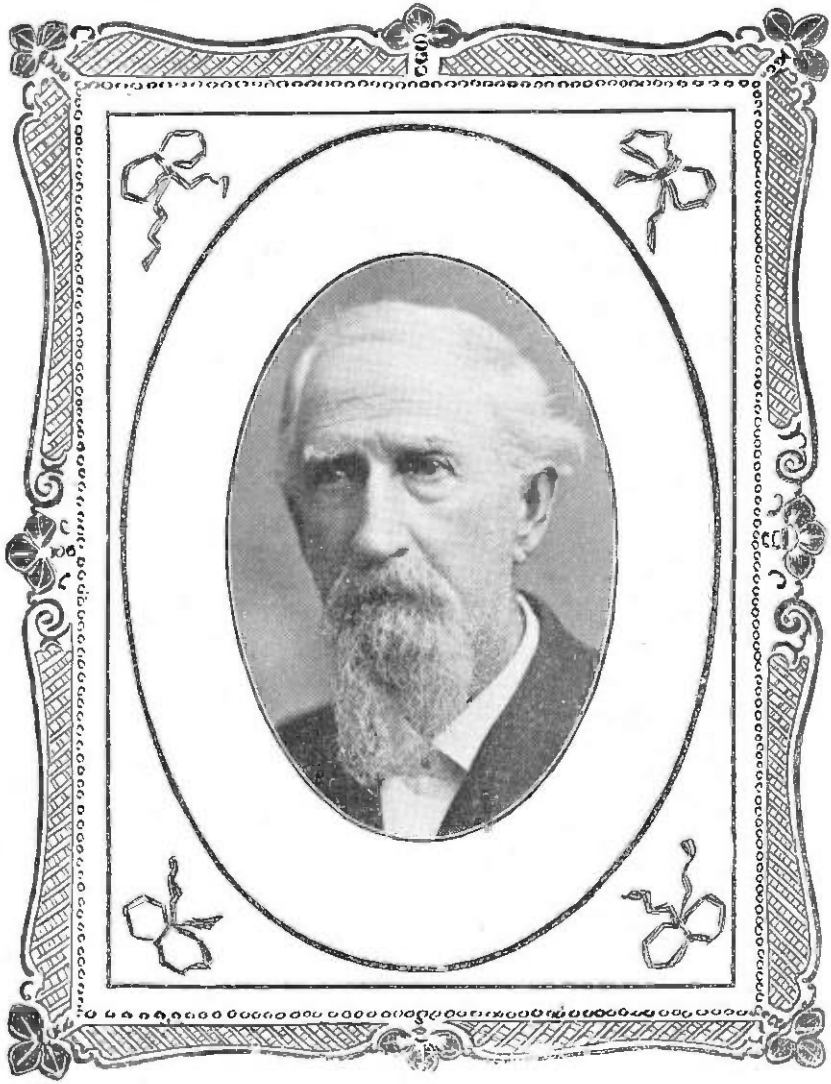
They moved on, went a short distance, examined the

ground for signs of a hostile force, but finding none we soon saw them returning across the prairie to Gallatin.

Well, the war clouds rolled by and for forty years the sunshine of peace and prosperity has been shining upon our beloved country. The old wounds have healed and the Blue and Gray can meet and hold in friendly grasp the hands that made each other's scars. The only man who is not satisfied with the result is the one who, while he was awful mad, was not quite mad enough to go to the front and fight it out.

For nearly a half century the people of the South have been called Rebels, when as a matter of fact the real rebels were those of the North. The South stood for the old order, for slavery because it was engrafted upon our institutions from the beginning, grew and developed with them, was entrenched behind organic law, upheld by courts of last resort, and defended and justified from the pulpit. It stood also for state rights, held that the constitution was a compact, entered into voluntarily by and between sovereign and independent states, with the reserved right to nullify any legislative enactment of the general congress which might be considered subversive of the rights and interests of any sovereign state. The South stood for these two things—human slavery and the "rope of sand" that held together the union of states. Against both of these things the North rebelled. Against slavery because it was inherently wrong, and against the right of secession because it was the weak link which by construction had been deftly welded into the constitutional chain and however strong the chain might be in its other parts, as a whole it could never be stronger than its weakest link. The North rebelled and undertook the gigantic task of correcting these primal errors. With the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln there was virtually a new government set up and in the struggle that ensued the noxious plant of human slavery that had struck its roots to the very heart of the body politic was torn up and cast away to wither and die, and the weak link of secession was eliminated and the constitutional chain made strong in all its parts.

The nation had been sick and nigh unto death with a dangerous malady. The skill of the statesman had failed to bring relief and a final resort was had to the cruel surgery of war. The patient came out of the operation weak and exhausted, but the organic trouble having been removed its recovery was both rapid and complete.



LIEUT. COL. SAMUEL P. COX.

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The subject of this sketch was born in Williamsburg, Whitley county, Kentucky, December 16th, 1828. In September, 1839, he moved with his father, Levi Cox, to this county and settled on what is now known as the Joshua Tye place in the eastern part of the county. Here he spent his youth, assisting his father in farm work, attending school, and whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might.

When the war with Mexico came on the boy was seized with a desire to become a soldier, but as he was but little over 16 years old his father promptly vetoed the proposition. But his ambition was not quenched He waited and grew in stature, and patiently nursed the bud of hope. In 1847 his opportunity came. His uncle, Nathan Cox, had some cattle ready for market and as Fort Leavenworth was the nearest point where fair prices could be obtained he decided to drive to that point. As he would need assistance he asked young Cox how he would like to help make the drive. The boy was anxious to go, but would have to see his father before giving a final answer. The father was consulted, gave his consent, and in due course of time the boy found himself in Fort Leavenworth.

Capt. Rodgers was recruiting a company of volunteers at Leavenworth at the time, and upon his arrival there young Cox naturally gravitated towards this center of attraction. He learned that Capt. Rodgers still needed twelve men and the lad eagerly offered his services, and to his great delight they were accepted As the war with Mexico was practically over

by this time Cox saw no active service in Mexico, but his longing for excitement and adventure was fully gratified during the next two years which were principally spent in the saddle, scouting and chasing Indians, anywhere from Texas to the headwaters of the Missouri river. During his first year's service the command to which he belonged built Fort Kearney. It was here that he first met Kit Carson. Carson was carrying dispatches from Santa Fe to Leavenworth. He had been provided with an escort, as the Indians were very troublesome at the time, but at Trinidad Carson requested the escort to return, saying that he could get along very well alone. Col. Cox describes Carson as a man of medium height, wiry rather than muscular, quick in his movements, his demeanor quiet and reserved; he talked but little, spoke in a low tone, but answered all questions fully and in a very pleasant manner. A man of strong will and great determination, and one who was continually weighing probabilities and ever ready for action.

Besides Kit Carson our subject came in contact with Jim Bridger, the famous scout and Indian fighter, and many other noted plainsmen of the time.

Upon one occasion while stationed at Nebraska City they were ordered out to quell a Sioux uprising and for two months they chased and fought the wily savages, finally driving them far up and beyond the Missouri river at some point which the Colonel thinks must have been near where Yankton, S. Dak., now stands. On this trip provisions ran low, and for a month one biscuit, a rasher of bacon, and a cup of coffee was their daily ration. At last even this meager fare was exhausted, and for three days they rode without food, tightening their belts occasionally to stifle the gnawing pains of hunger. On the evening of the third day they were approaching a body of timber that bordered a stream of water and were crossing a bottom prairie where the tall grass suggested the possibility of a hidden foe lying in ambush. The captain ordered his men to deploy, and gave strict orders that none were to shoot except at an Indian. Moving forward the command had nearly reached the timber when, as Col. Cox tells the story, "A little deer jumped up and came running towards me, and I shot it. Some of the boys dismounted and threw the deer up in front of me and I carried it into camp. I rode up to the captain and threw the deer down. He looked

at it a moment and said: 'Build a fire, boys. I want some of that meat" Six more deer were killed that evening and the famished men feasted upon rare venison without salt. It was getting late in the season and a cold spell accompanied with snow set in, which added to the sufferings of the men upon their return trip.

Col. Cox tells an incident that occurred on one of their scouting expeditions which illustrates the old saying that necessity knows no law. They had reached old Fort Vermillion and found there a few French traders who were decidedly unfriendly. One day Cox came across an old Frenchman's cabin some three miles from the fort and as he rode along noticed a very fine patch of potatoes. He stopped and tried to buy some of the potatoes, but the Frenchman replied in a very insulting manner and refused to sell the coveted tubers. Cox finally offered five dollars in gold for a bushel, but as this offer was refused he was compelled to go on to camp without them. At camp he mentioned the matter to his messmates and that night Cox and two others returned to the patch and the next morning their mess had potatoes for breakfast. The captain belonged to this particular mess and he ate potatoes with a relish and wisely asked no questions. About ten o'clock there was a mad Frenchman in camp demanding to see the captain. He poured out his tale of woe in broken English interlarded with foreign and domestic profanity and when he finally ran down and stopped the captain quietly told him to just point out the man who had stolen his potatoes and he should be punished. The impossibility of doing this started the Frenchman to swearing again, but that was the only satisfaction he ever received for his lost potatoes.

Upon another occasion when out of provisions one of the men killed a badger and they took turns sitting up and kept the pot boiling all night trying to cook the animal to a degree of tenderness that would fit it for food. But the badger defied all their efforts to overcome its toughness and they had to go hungry.

For two years our subject led this life of hardship, subject to cold, hunger, weariness, and often in danger. Here in this school of experience the boy developed into the man, and when his term of service ended he returned once more to

his old home.

July 7th, 1850, he was united by marriage with Mary, daughter of Gabriel L. Ballinger. The fruits of this union were six children, viz., Gabriel W., born July 13th, 1852; Mary C., born April 4th, 1854; Samuel P., born March 15th, 1864; Josie J., born April 10th, 1866; Frank L, born May 8th, 1869; and Bertha B., born Dec. 16th, 1873. Of these all are living except Bertha, who died several years ago.

In the spring of 1851 Col. Cox located in Gallatin and in partnership with George Pogue engaged in merchandising. He followed this business for two years. He then sold out, and in the spring of 1854 started overland for California. The trip consumed about four months. He engaged in dairying at Oraville and Grass Valley for the next two years, and then returned to Missouri.

In 1858 he went back to the old life on the plains, this time as wagon master for the great firm of overland freighters, Russell, Majors & Waddell. A wagon train consisted of twenty-six huge freight wagons each drawn by six yoke of cattle. A train crew consisted of thirty-two men. This included steamster and night herders. When the train went into camp at night the cattle were unyoked and turned loose to graze, the teamsters were relieved and the night herders took charge. The next morning the cattle would be brought in, when each teamster would have to go into the herd, find his cattle, yoke and hitch to his wagon, and the train would pull out. It usually took six months to make the trip from Missouri river points to Salt Lake.

It was while he was in the employ of this firm that Cox made the trip from Salt Lake City to Gallatin alone. The circumstances prompting this long, lonely, and dangerous journey were as follows: Some freight trains belonging to the firm were overdue and Majors, one of the firm, who was in Salt Lake City at the time, came to Cox and requested him to go in search of them. Cox reminded Majors that such a trip was rather hazardous and Majors said that he knew it was, and for that reason had selected Cox as the only man in his employment who would be likely to get through alive. Cox considered the matter briefly. Majors was his friend, had been good to him, and for friendship sake he would make the effort. If he succeeded his friend would appreciate the ser-

vice. If he failed—but he did not expect to fail—he was not that sort of a man. Cox told Majors that he would go. "Take two of the best mules in the corral and start as soon as possible." In two hours Cox was on the road, riding one mule and leading the other, upon which was packed his provision and blankets. He left Salt Lake by way of Emigrant valley, crossed Big mountain and Little mountain, and headed northeast for Fort Bridger. From Fort Bridger on to Green River, thence across a dreary stretch of alkali plains to the North Platte, following the overland wagon road through Wyoming, over South Pass and on to Fort Laramie. Here after resting one day he pushed on to Fort Kearney, thence to Nebraska City, and then by easy stages to his home in Gallatin. He had made the entire distance of over twelve hundred miles in thirty days, and slept in a house one night during the trip.

He met the delayed trains at Sweet Water, delivered his message and came on. These and the soldiers stationed at the forts along his route were the only white men that he saw on that long ride.

One evening as he came over a ridge near where Deer Creek empties into the North Platte he suddenly discovered a large band of Indians. Satisfied that the Indians had seen him and realizing that retreat was out of the question, he rode on leisurely and soon came up with them. He recognized them at once as Sioux, and knowing something of their language he addressed an occasional remark to them as they rode along, but his remarks were either received in silence or responded to in such a surly manner as to convince him that the noble red men were not in a very amiable frame of mind. However as he came up with the chief he was greatly relieved at finding Red Cloud in command. He had befriended Red Cloud on various occasions, giving him provisions and other needful things, and the Chief recognized his benefactor and received him with genuine friendship. They journeyed along together until camping time and Red Cloud invited Cox to eat with him. Cox however made some excuse and going as far from the Indians as he could without exciting their suspicions, he proceeded to make his preparations for the night in the usual way, unpacking and picketing his mules and preparing his supper. After supper he rolled up in his blankets, but not to sleep. He realized that while Red Cloud

was friendly, there were a lot of young bucks with him who had cast longing glances at his mules as they rode along that afternoon, and while he did not apprehend any personal danger he thought that if he remained where he was the chances were good that he would have to continue his journey on foot. As soon as everything was quiet in the Indian camp Cox arose, caught his mules, packed one and saddled the other and before morning had put many miles between the Indians and his mules.

Perhaps some of my readers have made the trip from Omaha to Salt Lake over the Union Pacific railroad and have viewed from the car windows the dreary stretches of alkali plains, sage brush, cactus, and barren mountains over which passed the old North Platte emigrant trail. If so they are in a position to appreciate the amount of patience, courage, and fortitude necessary to make such a trip as I have just described.

Leaving the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell in 1859 Maj. Cox was not engaged in any regular business during the year 1860 But when the Civil war broke out in 1861 he assisted in organizing the Second Battalion of enrolled Missouri Militia. This organization was perfected at Cameron, Missouri, September 18th, 1861, at which time he was elected and commissioned Major. As this battalion was composed of "six months men," their time expired the following March, at which time Maj. Cox assisted in recruiting the First Regiment of Missouri State Militia, under command of Col. James H. B. McFerran, and was commissioned Major of that regiment March 12th, 1862. He was ordered on detail duty, as assistant inspector general to muster in troops for the Northwest Missouri service, and served in this capacity until 1863, when, on account of failing health, he resigned his commission, returned to Gallatin and entered upon the duties of circuit clerk of Daviess county, having been elected to that position during his absence in 1862

Towards the latter part of October, 1864, word was brought to Gallatin that Capt. William Anderson, the noted guerilla chief, had crossed the Missouri river and was coming north under orders from Gen. Price to tear up the track and burn bridges along the Missouri Pacific railroad. Maj. Cox, upon receipt of this information, laid aside the pen for the sword and started toward the seat of war. At Hamilton,

Missouri, he met Maj. McDonald with about two hundred men. Maj. McDonald insisted upon Maj. Cox going to St. Joseph to report the situation and get assistance if possible to meet Anderson. Cox went to St. Joseph, saw Gen. Craig, and laid the matter before him. Craig at once requested Cox to take command of the forces available and go in pursuit of Anderson.

"But I am no longer an officer," said Cox. "I resigned some time ago, and am now a civilian." "Then I will make you an officer," said Craig, and in about two hours Cox was handed a lieutenant-colonel's commission and ordered to take command at once. Returning to Hamilton that night he at once began preparations for a forced march, and before noon the next day was on his way South. His command reached Knoxville the first day and on the next evening were in Richmond, Mo. This was on the 26th of October, 1864. That night he wrote the following note to Col. Pace, who was stationed with his command at Liberty, Mo.

"Richmond, Mo., Oct. 26, 1864."

"Col. Pace, Liberty, Mo."

"I am here with my command. I am going West tomorrow. I must hear from you." "S. P. Cox."

Col. Cox then conferred with Maj. Grimes, who was in Richmond with a small detachment. Grimes counseled delay, pointed out that their men were raw militia while Anderson's men were experienced fighters, and to meet Anderson under such circumstances was to invite defeat. Cox told Grimes that if he felt that way about the matter that he would better remain in Richmond, but that he intended to go forward the next morning. The following morning, October 27, found Cox's command on the road leading West from Richmond in the direction of Old Albany. They had not gone far when they were met by a woman on horseback. Her horse was in a lather of sweat and had evidently been ridden long and hard. She rode directly up to Col. Cox and began to tell in an excited manner that she had passed Anderson's camp, told where it was located, the approximate number of his men, and other information. Col. Cox at once suspected a ruse and called up Lieut. Baker and asked him if he knew the woman. Baker replied that he did, and that any information given by her could be relied on Col. Cox then invited the woman to ride along with him for a short distance

and from her learned much that he wanted to know. The command moved forward until within about a half mile of the place where Anderson was camped, when he halted his men and made preparations for the attack. The road they were traveling led along an open timbered bottom. Col. Cox dismounted his men with the exception of a small squad which he ordered to go forward under command of Lieut. Baker and bring on the attack. Cox in the meanwhile had ordered his men to deploy upon each side of the road and this arrangement had scarcely been completed when the sharp firing began up the bottom which told them that Baker had flushed the quarry and the fight was on.

As soon as the firing began Baker retreated and was soon seen coming down the road full tilt, with Anderson and his men in close pursuit, Anderson about fifty yards in advance of his men, his bridle rein in his teeth and a pistol in each hand. It was a wild charge. On they came, every fellow for himself, riding like centaurs and yelling like demons, they all the while kept up an incessant fire from their revolvers. It was a situation to try the nerves of veterans, but the thin line of raw recruits scattered among the trees on each side of the road never wavered They waited quietly until Anderson's men were well within range and opened fire. Anderson probably realized at the last moment that he had fallen into a trap, but if he did, with the reckless daring that characterized the man, he did not hesitate for a moment to take the desperate chance of cutting his way out. It looked at one time as though he would succeed, for he had reached a point about forty feet distant from where Col. Cox was standing beside the road when he suddenly threw up his hands and fell backwards from his horse. A pistol ball had struck him just above the ear, killing him instantly.

It will probably never be known as to who killed Anderson. The feat has been accredited to several men, but Col. Cox when asked about this, said: "I don't know who killed him. Several of us were shooting at him, but it is impossible to tell who hit him."

The statement that Anderson had several human scalps in his possession when he was killed has been so often denied by his friends and affirmed by others that I have taken some pains to get the truth of the matter. Col. Cox says that he remembers distinctly of cutting two scalps from the head

stall of Anderson's bridle. That one of these scalps was dark hair and the other light. Adolph Vogel, who lives near Coffeyburg in this county, and a man of unquestioned veracity, was questioned by the writer concerning this statement, and said that he was a bugler iu Col. Cox's command, that he was the first man to reach Anderson after he was shot; that he was ordered to take charge of Anderons's effects and keep them safely, which he did; that as he now recollects there were several human scalps tied to Anderson's bridle—does not remember how many, but knows there were some; that he took charge of Anderson's effects, and as he now recollects there was some $600 in money, six pistols, a small silk flag with the words, "Presented to Capt Anderson by his friend, F. N. R." upon it. There was also two dispatches from Gen. Price and the letter written by Col. Cox to Col. Pace the day before in his pocket. Anderson's command had robbed the mail and having secured Cox's letter was doubtless on the lookout for him when he arrived.

The fight lasted about ten minutes, for when Anderson's men saw their leader fall they retreated. Col. Cox had six men wounded in this engagement. James Milligan, who was a member of Capt. N. B. Brown's company, died the following day at Richmond. Clel Miller, one of Anderson's men, was wounded, and captured.

This put an end to Anderson's career, and his band ceased to terrorize the people of the north part of the state.

Col Cox was warmly congratulated by Gen. Craig, and also by Gen. Rosecrans upon his success in ridding the country of this band of guerillas. These letters were treasured by Col. Cox, but unfortunately were destroyed by fire along with many other valued mementos of the war, when his house burned not long ago.

And so for sixty-five years this brave, generons, kindly hearted man has gone in and out among the people of this county. It is useless to tell them of his virtues. They know him. They have honored him with their confidence and respect, and have found him worthy. They have trusted in his honesty and integrity, and have always found him true. He has lived a clean, honest, useful life, and when the summons comes for him to cross the frontier into that unknown country it will find him ready.

SOME ODD CHARACTERS.

Not long ago a noted instructor in manual training, while discussing the question of the kind of material which should be furnished pupils in cabinet making, declared that "a pile of old rails" was the best thing that he had ever tried. The triumph of the worker's art is enhanced by the difficulties overcome. When, therefore, by his labor and his skill, he has succeeded in transforming the rough and unsightly material into an article of use and beauty, the worker is filled with the joy that comes to those who can do things and do them well.

A rough block of marble lay by the roadside, and the crowds passing saw only the rough stone. But one day a sculptor came and his artist's eye saw an angel in the rock, and he took the stone away Long and patiently he toiled, chipping away the stone, but his reward was great, for when his task was done the angel stood revealed Many came to share in the joy of his triumph and they praised the work of his hands, for they did not understand. But the sculptor said, "That angel form had long been mirrored in my soul; had it not been so, my hands could never have acquired the skill to find it in the stone."

Men are born into this world sometimes with a longing to make beautiful things and if the desire is strong enough they will find a way to gratify their longing. Nathaniel Curtis belonged to this class. He was an old man when I was

but a small boy, but we became great friends. I know little or nothing of Curtis' history. I think that he was a Kentuckian by birth, as he often referred to events that had occurred in that state. By trade he was a chair maker and he owned a set of tools and a turning lathe. These, together with a few household goods, a horse and wagon, comprised his earthly possessions. He went into the woods for his material which cost him nothing but the work of obtaining it. A hickory tree would furnish enough material to keep him employed for a long time. He would select a large straight grained hickory tree, fell it and chop it into desired lengths, split it into pieces of suitable dimensions for his work and haul it home. With a hand axe he would then prepare each piece for the lathe, where it would be finished. He made good chairs and bottomed them with hickory bark. Curtis was a quaint little old man, full of wise saws and witty sayings. He believed in witches and had an inexhaustible fund of the most wonderful witch stories that ever entranced the mind of an imaginative boy. I used to follow him about and haunt his shop in order to hear him talk. He liked an appreciative listener and I have sat with him of nights listening to ghost stories and of witches that he had personally known until I would be afraid to go home alone. He told me once of a woman (one of his relatives, I think) who was a witch and he said she could stir boiling soap with her naked hand and suffer no harm. He had also seen real ghosts and could give the time and place of each particular instance, that his statements were not doubted by me at that time. Once he told me how to become a wizard. The formula was long and difficult to remember and I do not think that I ever quite mastered it. Altogether it was a grewsome ceremony, full of cabalistic words, strange oaths and horrible incantations, warranted to raise the devil, and when his satanic majesty appeared, he would confer the coveted power upon the candidate. Curtis knew how to prepare charms, tell fortunes and had all the mystical love of the esoteric philosopher of the backwoods.

ZACHARIAH WEST

was another quaint character. I do not think that he ever owned a home but he managed to rear a large family of boys and one girl. West was a good hand at ordinary farm work, was not lazy but lacked the power to plan employment for himself. Set to perform a task he would work faithfully until the task was completed, but was unable to go beyond that and begin a new piece of work upon his own initiative. He rarely ever received money for his work, a sack of corn or a side of bacon satisfied his demand for wages. During the war West quit talking suddenly, and for several years did not speak a word to anyone. Whether he was unable to talk or had quit for fear he might inadvertently say something that would endanger his life was never known. After several years of silence he began to talk again, but his organs of speech had been so long unused, that he never afterwards spoke distinctly.

West had a son called Gudg, and a story passed current for many years of how West undertook upon a certain occasion to show off Gudg's manners to a neighbor. Gudg, so the story ran, was at the woodpile chopping wood when the old man decided upon the test. "Now listen," said the old man to his neighbor. Then, "Oh, Gudg!" "Sir," came promptly from the boy. "Hear that," said the proud father, "most mannerly boy you ever seed in your life. "Now listen; Oh Gudg." Again the answering "sir" from the boy, to the increasing delight of his father. The old man was elated and he called the third time, but Gudg's patience was gone and instead of the respectful "sir," there came back such a fearful torrent of invective mingled with profanity that the neighbor was horrified, but the proud father never turned a hair. He just smiled and when the boy ceased he merely said, "There, spunk and manners too, by gad.

This same Gudg enlisted in Price's army, and upon one occasion while doing picket duty with strict orders to let no one pass who did not have the countersign, General Price and

staff came dashing along and were promptly halted by Gudg and told to advance and give the word. It so happened that none of the party knew the countersign and the General rode forward and announced that fact, adding that he was General Sterling Price and ordered the strenuous sentry to stand aside and let them pass. But Gudg did not move nor relax his warlike attitude. Gudg stuttered when excited, and his reply was characteristic: "It d-don't make a d-damd b-b-bit of d-d difference if y-you are g-gineral Jesus C-c-christ you c-c-can't pass here without the p-p-password," and the General and his staff sat there in a pouring rain until a messenger could be dispatched to headquarters. When at last the cavalcade resumed their way the General raised his hat to Gudg and complimented his fidelity to duty.

JEFFERSON KELLY

lived on a little spot of cleared ground known as "Kelly's Deadening." He was a sort of jack-of-all-trades, but well digging was his principal business. Kelly, like West, led a shiftless existence and eked out a living for himself and family by doing all sorts of odd jobs for his neighbors. At house raisings, hog killings, and in harvest time Kelly was always in demand and made a full hand. It was, however, during "protracted meetings" that Kelly was at his best, for as an old brother put it, "Jeff was able in prav." During a revival Kelly was the very embodiment of religious enthusiasm and always occupied a prominent place in the "amen corner" where he established a sort of community of respectability between himself and the pillars of the church for the time being. But Jeff never tried to extend the recognition granted here, beyond the doors of the church. He knew his limitations, and recognized the difference between religious tolerance and social recognition. It was the custom during the war to hold prayer meetings at private residences and a man's welcome more often depended upon his political faith rather than his religious convictions. Here the gray haired father

invoked the Divine protection of his boy who was battling at the front and for the ultimate triumph of the cause which he believed to be just. While Kelly had neither boy nor political convictions he always rose to the spirit of the occasion and if prayer could have saved the day and turned the tide of battle, the Southern Confederacy would have won hands down. At one of these meetings held at Uncle Isaac Jordin's Kelly was called on to lead in prayer. He opened up all right and got through with preliminary matters in his usual felicitious manner, but somehow when he came to discuss political issues he seemed to lose his grip. Isaac Oxford and I were small boys at the time, and were devoutly kneeling in a dark corner of the room. It occurred to us that Jeff needed encouragement, and we began to supplement his feeble petitions with hearty "amens," "do, Lord," and "God grant it." Kelly did not know the source of the endorsement which he was receiving but it revived him at once, and he fairly outdid himself, much to the delight of two small boys. But the sequel for one of us at least was not so amusing. Mother was present, recognized my voice, and gave me one of the worst whippings that I ever received. That settled the matter so far as I was concerned. I never encouraged Kelly after that. He might have got stuck in the middle of a prayer and stayed there for all I cared.

RELIGION IN THE EARLY DAYS.

"There is in the nature of man," says Dr. Walker, "or in the circumstances in which he is conditioned, something which leads him to recognize and worship a superior being. What that something is, is not important in our present inquiry; whether it be a constitutional instinct inwrought by the Maker; whether it be a deduction of universal reason, inferring a first cause from the things that are made; or the effects of tradition, descending from the first worshippers; whether any or all of these, the fact is the same—man is a religious being; he will worship." And the pioneer was no exception to the rule. Rejoicing in his independence, he yet felt his helplessness and dependence should some unexpected calamity overtake him. He was much alone and solitude is said to be "the mother of great thoughts," and it was by an easy and natural transition that the thoughts inspired by the vast solitudes of the forest and the prairie should lead through nature up to natures's God.

The "circuit rider" followed close upon the heels of the early settlers, and was always a welcome guest in the log cabins of our fathers. He was usually a man of little learning, but unbounded zeal; a man with an easy conscience and a good digestion. He traveled from one settlement to another on horseback carrying a pair of huge saddle bags which contained a few articles of clothing, a bible, and tracts upon

various religious subjects, thus combining the offices of preacher and colporteur. He was moved by an honest desire to be useful and helpful to his fellowman, and although he asked for nothing beyond the means of subsistence he gave freely of all that he possessed. It mattered little whether he was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, preach a funeral, assist at a log rolling or "take up a corner" at a house raising, he waited for no second invitation, but just sailed in and did his level best. He knew his people and kept in touch with them. But he never lost caste by assisting in heavy work. Always he was "the preacher" and was respected and venerated as a man set apart for God's work. If he assisted at a house raising or any kind of work on which a number of men were engaged, he generally made it a condition precedent that if he helped them work through the day they were to come at night to some cabin in the neighborhood and hear him preach. And thus did the circuit rider "Become all things to all men, that by all means he might save some."

Hymn books were scarce and the preacher usually "lined" the hymns; that is, he would read a couple of lines and the congregation would sing these, and so on, with alternate reading and singing, the song would proceed to the end. The preacher employed a peculiar intonation, and occasionally one would be found who was remarkably effective in this style of reading. Sometimes in gentle supplication, again in mournful cadence, then rising like a pean of victory, he would read into the lines the intense emotions and longings of his own soul. To this sort of reading, men and women with strong, untrained, but not unmusical voices would respond ' with the spirit and the understanding." And thus did our fathers and mothers worship God in song.

The circuit rider was indeed a "rough ashlar" compared with the polished pastor, but in the matters of unselfish devotion to the cause of his Master, untiring zeal in the pursuit of his labors, and in the absolute sincerity of his convictions he would in nowise suffer by comparison with his more eru-

dite brother of to-day. He believed in a personal God and a peripatetic devil that was liable at any moment to make a square meal off some unsuspecting sinner. There was nothing negative about his preaching. The existence of heaven and hell, the certainty that those who accepted God's terms of salvation would be saved and that those who rejected them would be eternally damned were postulates predicated upon the word of God and he therefore spent no time in speculating upon the fact. Hades had not been invented then and the pioneer preacher depicted in lurid language a literal hell "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," that those wolves who masqueraded in sheep's clothing in this world would find themselves wearing hot jackets in the next. The primitive preacher often became personal in his sermons, and would single out some old sinner and turn upon him the batteries of his denunciation with such certain aim that it was impossible for his victim to dodge the hot shot and pass them on to his neighbor.

Among the old heroes who first came to the Grand River country to spread the good news the names of a few have come down to us, but of the men themselves we know but little. Among the first preachers were Abraham Millice and Robert Morgan. Then there were the Ashbys, Thomas and Benjamin. Benjamin was a quiet, taciturn man, while Thomas was the soul of good cheer. He had the love of God in his heart and showed it in the best way possible by loving his fellowmen. As a shepherd looking for lost sheep he never stood upon ceremony. If men would not come to him he would go to them. Wherever there was an unsaved soul there was work for him to do and he never shirked. It is said that he would find his way into a grocery, as the saloon was then called, and make himself so agreeable that when the hour for preaching arrived, he had only to say, "Come, boys, it's time to go to church," and the crowd would follow him almost to a man. William Redmond was another of these pioneer preachers, and had the distinction of having had

more children named after him than any man who was ever in this part of the state. William Robinson also belonged to this period, as did George Flint, Cooper, French and others whose names I have forgotten or possibly never even heard.

So far as my information extends the first camp meetings in the Grand River country were held at a camp ground on the Kessler farm in Livingston county. Just when these meetings began I am unable to say, but I learn from Judge Joshua F. Hicklin that when his father came to this part of the state in 1839 camp meetings had been held annually for several years at the place above referred to. The "campers" had built log cabins so as to enclose three sides of a square piece of ground of about an acre or more in extent. The south side of this square was left open and pass ways were left between the cabins at the corners In the open space in this square a sort of arbor covered with brush was constructed and seats were provided by laying logs at suitable distances apart and across these hewed puncheons. A "gum spring" near by furnished an abundance of water. Here in that early day came Wm. Martin, Andrew Ligitt, James Leeper, Wm. Dryden, Richard Chenoweth, Dr. Samuel Venable and his brother William, Washington Anderson, Schivers, R. W. Reeves, and their families, neighbors, and the stranger within their gates. It is said that Reeves had attended these meetings for years, but all efforts to bring him into the fold had failed, but in 1843, the year in which William Miller, the founder of the sect known as Millerites, had prophesied the end of the world, Reeves concluded to take no chances on being caught in the final catastrophe of a burning world without religious protection and joined the church. Miller died December 20, 1849, without seeing his prophecy fulfilled, but Reeves remained steadfast until the time of his departure.

These were held at this place until as late as 1854. They were usually held in the month of August, and it was a period of physical relaxation and spiritual upbuilding to our

fathers and mothers, and afforded them an opportunity to enjoy the social amenities of life for a brief season. Here the people would come bringing with them bedding, cooking utensils, and provisions, and make themselves reasonably comfortable during their stay.

It was at this camp ground or one similar to it that Dr. Caples first met Bishop Marvin, who was then a young man. In his account of this meeting Caples says: "It was a gloomy morning and a drizzling rain was falling, but the people insisted upon having services at the regular hour. In this dilemma I suddenly recalled the fact that a young man had been introduced to me the evening before as a preaching brother, and I at once sent for him and told him that I would expect him to conduct the morning services. He offered no objections and at the appointed time I had the satisfaction of seeing the young man mount the rostrum in that dripping arbor while I viewed the scene from the inside of a dry and comfortable cabin near by. Marvin gave out a hymn which the people sang with considerable spirit, offered up a short prayer and soon was preaching I could hear him fairly well from where I sat, but soon I was seized with a desire to get nearer and presently I found myself standing out there in the rain oblivious to physical discomfort, completely charmed by the matchless eloquence of this unknown youth."

In 1855 the place for holding camp meetings was changed and a new camping ground was located a short distance northwest of Jamesport, and near a never failing spring in James Callison's pasture. Here the necessary arrangements were made for the accommodations of the people. No cabins were built at this place, the close proximity of the town making it unnecessary. There were perhaps a few tents and the usual arbor in which to hold services, but no permanent improvements. But two or three annual meetings were ever held at the new location and the last meeting closed on the 10th of September, 1857, closed with a free-for-all fight. The trouble originated in this way: Someone had erected a tent not far

from the camp ground and furnished it with a barrel of whiskey. It was probably some such an arrangement as this that prompted Defoe to declare that:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer
The Devil always builds a chapel there."

The devil's chapel was well patronized and soon one of the goats wandered over among the lambs where he was promptly arrested by the faithful shepherds, and impounded. The prisoner's friends at once organized a party, and started to rescue him. In doing this they showed lack of good judgment, for they found that these quiet citizens were bad men to stir up. They stood close to nature's primal law of self preservation and had not progressed sufficiently far in the divine philosophy of the new covenant to be able to "turn the other cheek." The old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—the law of retaliation and revenge which two thousand years of Christ has failed to abrogate—appealed strongly to these virile men. They placed a liberal interpretation upon the injunction to "Live peaceably with all men so far as it lieth in you," and it did not lie in them to have their rights invaded and themselves insulted without resenting it. From all accounts it was a bloody fight and the disturbers were driven from the grounds in defeat and disaster. While a number on each side received serious and painful injuries, luckily no one was killed. A number of indictments were found against different men engaged in this disgraceful affair but the war coming on soon after I find no record of any of them ever having been brought to trial. In an idle hour I hunted up some of these old indictments and with idle curiosity read them over. The names contained therein would sound familiar to many of my readers, but it is not my purpose to mention them here. Most of them have passed away and I have no desire to speak disrespectfully of the dead or to wound the feelings of the living,

Thus passes into history the camp meetings of our fathers, and this notable phase of the religious life of our ancestors becomes but a pleasant reminiscence.

RELIGION IN THE EARLY DAYS.

(CONTINUED.)

During this period the population had increased rapidly and the people were better fixed financially and they were able to erect a few church buildings in different parts of the county. And so it was that the old itinerant preacher who believed that he was called of God to preach the good news, and who, whether mistaken in the source of his call or not, answered promptly without stopping to inquire what the salary would be, was superseded by the regular pastor at a stipulated price.

A few of the old veterans accepted the new order, and took regular work, but many of them still wanted to "go" where the harvest was golden and the reapers few and garner sheaves for the Master.

Among the first church houses erected in the eastern part of the county were the Clear Creek church, Harmony, and just west of Jamesport, the old Ketron chapel.

The Clear Creek church still stands in a fairly well preserved condition. Most of the old time leaders of the congregation that assembled there have passed away. There were Nathaniel Davis, Hiram Poe, William Eads, Gabriel L. Ballinger, who, like the Old Guard, "died, but never surrendered" their faith. Phillip B. Smith, who stood shoulder to shoulder with these men in the battle for righteousness, still

lives, and so far as I know is the only surviving member of that little band of true hearted men who held this congregation together for so many years.

This congregation of Disciples had been in existence long before the war and dated back to the early settlement of the county. Elder George Flint preached for them along in the forties, and later Dr. Jourdan of Chillicothe, Mo., John H. Ballinger, David T. Wright, Joseph Davis, and others whose names I cannot recall preached for them. Elder Wright edited a religious monthly called the "Christian Pioneer," which he published for several years at Chillicothe, Mo. This publication was established in 1860 and was at that time the only one under the control of the Christian church west of the Mississippi river. It was ably edited and numbered among its contributors many of the ablest men in that church. Among these there were Jacob Creath, Benjamin Lockheart, J. M. Henry, Calvin Reasoner, B. H. Smith, J. W. McGarvey, and besides, many laymen of prominence.

In 1865 Jacob Creath declared that he had been preaching for 48 years and had received less money and more abuse than any man in the Reformation. "I have not," said he, "received to exceed $600 during the past four years." But he never stopped to ask the price when there was work to be done.

In looking over a bound volume of the Pioneer I find many things to recall the past, and mark the changes that have taken place in the last forty years. Under date of March 19, 1865, John A. Brown of Daviess county writes an interesting letter to the Pioneer. In it he speaks of attending a meeting at St. Joseph, Mo , and says: "I happened to be there two nights during that meeting and saw them immerse in the meeting house and was favorably impressed at the time with the propriety of that arrangement." He then proceeds to make a strong argument in favor of placing a baptistry in each church house, "where all could be accommo-

dated at all times without let or hindrance." While there was no very pronounced opposition to the introduction of the baptistry, there were yet a great many people, who, perhaps as a matter of sentiment rather than of faith, preferred to be immersed in the waters of some running stream. I know that this was my own feelings in the matter, for when I united with the church under the teaching of Elder Wright I insisted upon going to Clear Creek to be baptized. There was no baptistry in the old Clear Creek church and the ice was some two feet thick. Elder Wright was at that time old and rather feeble and Benjamin Matchett, then a young preacher, offered his services. We went to the place where a hole of convenient size had been cut in the ice, were lowered into this watery grave and there he baptized me. Although it was a bitter cold day and we had to ride some distince to a farm house to change our clothing, I suffered no ill effects therefrom.

A host of reminiscences connected with the old church at Clear Creek crowd upon me, but I must push on up to Old Harmony, for these awaiting me are Rev. John W. French, Alfred Cooper, Wm. Houston, the Ragan Brothers, Amos Coen, and many other preachers of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, together with with a host of my old time friends, and neighbors waiting to be told about.

Among all the preachers that I ever listened to at this place I think now that Wm. Houston impressed me most. Houston was rather under medium size, slender and wiry; sharp featured with deep set coal black eyes which under excitement glowed like coals of fire. He was an eloquent and impassioned speaker and carried his audience with him at will. There were no thirty minute sermons then. When the preacher got thoroughly wound up and started he just went on as far as the road was cut out. I remember of listening to Houston preach one night from the words: "Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have devoured his strength, and

he knoweth it not: Yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not." He must have spoken for at least two hours. It was one of the most terrific arraignments of the world, the flesh and the devil that I ever listened to. Leaning far over the pulpit his thin visage flushed with emotion, his piercing black eyes glittered like gleaming daggers of the mind, his long bony index finger fixing his hearers, while from his lips there fell a torrent of scorn and condemnation for the faults, follies and foibles of the world, that he appeared more like the incarnation of Apollyon than a messenger of peace. Nor was his preaching ineffective. I saw one night twenty-one new converts, who had come into the fold under his preaching, stand up to testify as to what the Lord had done for them. It was an indescribable scene and one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. Some were talking, some crying, others laughing, some shouting and singing, while the contagion communicated itself to the audience and from all parts of the house came the noise of shouting, exhortation and song. Mothers, fathers, children, neighbors and friends mingling their voices in prayer and praise and gloryfying God. For perhaps two hours I stood near the center of the building, leaning against a pillar, strangely interested in this weird scene. While I felt no inclination to take part in it, I never for a moment doubted the absolute honesty and sincerity of those who did.

The old Ketron chapel stood about a mile west of Jamesport. It was long ago abandoned as a house of worship, but is still standing and has for many years been used as a barn. Here in its palmy days came some men of remarkable power. Its old walls have echoed to the matchless eloquence of such men as John D. Vineil and Bishop Marvin, while many lesser lights have labored here.

I recall an incident that occurred here during the Civil war which illustrates the petty annoyances to which the people were at times subjected by irresponsible, roving companies

of militia. A meeting was in progress and a company of these tin soldiers happening to pass that way thought it would be rare sport to stop and hold a flag over the door so that the people would have to pass under it as they came out of church. When services were over the people began to file out. When they saw the flag and realized the purpose to which "old glory" was being degraded they were naturally indignant. But while there were flushed faces and eyes blazing with anger and indignation there was no word of protest and nearly all had passed out when it came the turn of a spirited young woman to pass under the flag. As she came in reach of it she siezed the flag and tore it in two. For this she was arrested and held prisoner for a short time, but this experience did not have the effect of increasing her regard for the men who disgraced the uniforms they wore and the flag they bore that day.

So far these memories have dealt mainly with biographical sketches of the early pioneers. Before going further it may not be amiss to take a brief glance at the daily life of the early settler. While his life was one that called for much of toil, hardships and privations, he still had his pleasures, his pastimes and amusements. Nor was the social side of life entirely neglected. For the enlightenment of the younger generation and in order that they may have a better understanding of the men and women of the early days, we will go

"Back where the latch-string's a-hangin from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation,"

and see

* * * * * * "The whole kit and bilin;
A drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday through,
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-laws', and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to do."

No, the pioneers did not make fashionable calls. They did their visiting in the earnest, wholehearted way that they did everything else. And what a hearty welcome was accorded the visitors—the more the merrier, and how genuinely glad the people were to see each other. How well they could adapt themselves to the limited space in the little cabins and nobody feel crowded in the least. If it was winter time they gathered about the big fireplace and while they warmed, the

cooking went on and savory smells of "hog and hominy" filled the room and whetted the edge of appetite. Great corn "pones" or corn dodger came crisp and brown from the oven, and the big dish was piled high with fried pork or bacon and there was coffee for the big folks and sweet milk for the little fellows and occasionally some preserves that had been kept for company. And when the mother announced that supper was ready, then "pap" would say, "Bring your cheers and set up," and the table would be surrounded and everybody invited to help themselves. And what ingenuity it took to find beds for all, and how they laughed over it and made light of difficulties until a way was found to make everybody comfortable for the night. Then the men would go outside while the women and children went to bed and then come in and go to their appointed places.

After breakfast we will leave the women folks to talk over their affairs and tell each other of the spinning, coloring and weaving, of the garments made and knitting done, and of the luck they had in making soap, and go out and "knock 'round" the place for awhile. We see a large yard surrounded by a low rail fence and a path leading to the "stile blocks" in front of the house. These stile blocks were sections sawed from some large tree and were of different lengths, forming a sort of rude stair steps. These blocks were chiefly used by the women in mounting and dismounting from their horses. The wood pile was usually located just outside the yard fence, where the chips accumulated from year to year. In the rear of the cabin an ash hopper and a large iron kettle hung on a pole that rested in two stout forks driven firmly in the ground. Here the soap making was done. A short distance away stood the smoke house built of round logs and covered with clapboards. The top log usually extended several feet beyond the end of the building and on this deer skins hung to dry. Coon and other skins were stretched and nailed up along the sides of the building. There was usually a small log stable used for horses only, as cattle and sheep found

shelter among the friendly breaks of some nearby branch or creek. The cattle were small, wild and inclined to be vicious. Hogs were of the Razorback variety. I am unable to give their pedigree. It was probably lost in antiquity or some other place unknown to the writer. But the Razorback never seemed to feel the need of a pedigree. He was the most independent hog in the world. They never waited for an invitation to enter a cornfield. If the fence was too high to climb, they could turn on their side and go through a four inch crack without trouble. Nothing made the Razorback happier than to get into a cornfield on a rainy day and have a boy and half dozen dogs chase him. He might lose an ear, sometimes both ears, but the loss of his ears was not sufficient to bring about his regeneration and cause him to reform. He was a living example of total depravity, never good until he was dead and nothing extra then. It may be that if his genealogy could be traced far enough, it would be found that some of the swine into which the devil entered escaped drowning and the Razorback was a lineal descendant of the survivors and inherited the traits of his ancestors, devil and all.

The horses of the early settler were better bred than either his hogs or cattle. The original stock had been brought mainly from Kentucky, the land of fair women and fast horses. As oxen were generally used for the heavy work of the farm, horses were reserved almost exclusively for riding purposes. And for this they were especially adapted, being sure footed, active and possessed of great powers of endurance. In many a mad race to the land office at Plattsburg, Mo., the ownership of a coveted claim was often decided in favor of the man with the best horse.

Each herd of cattle that roamed the range was under the leadership of some old monarch of the prairies who had vindicated his right to rule in many a hard fought battle with some weaker aspirant for that honor. In those early days the law of "natural selection," and the "survival of the fit-

test," prevailed. When the virile powers of some old time leader of a herd began to wane, he was speedily supplanted by a younger and more vigorous animal. These duels were terrible in their intensity of purpose, and the unyielding courage of the combatants. We shall never forget one of these duels which we witnessed when a boy. Riding across the prairies one evening, our attention was attracted by the bellowing of a young bull who was sounding his challenge of defiance. Knowing that it would soon be answered, we stopped to watch the result. Presently we saw another bull leave the herd that was grazing quietly not far away and approach the younger champion. No Knight of the Round Table ever bore himself with a lordlier mien, or walked the earth with a more martial tread. When within twenty feet of each other they stopped, and as they stood bellowing defi ance, each looked the very incarnation of insatiate vengeance and intensified hate. But the time for action had come. Warily they approached each other, sparring with the skill of trained gladiators for an opening. Round and round they went, gradually contracting the intervening space between them. Neither seemed in a hurry to begin. Both seemed to realize that it was to be a duel to the death. At last there was a momentary halt, and then came a mad rush, and they closed with a shock like a thunder bolt. There was no advantage, each had caught the other fairly on the horns. They seemed to be momentarily stunned by the terrific onslaught, but they quickly recovered and then came the terrible trial of strength, skill and activity. Their hoofs sank deep into the yielding sward, their mighty muscles contracted into great chords, while sinews and tendons seemed ready to snap un der the terrible strain. Again and again did the young bull break his hold and strike for a vital spot, but as often did his skillful and vigilant antagonist receive him upon his sturdy horns. Now the old bull is rushing the fight, his antagonist slips—is almost down—the old bull will win; but no—the su perior activity of the younger animal now comes into play and

quickly recovering he springs aside and darts squarely at the old bull's side, catching him in the flank, inflicts a terrible wound; maddened with pain and growing weak from the loss of blood, the old bull begins to fight wildly, and again and again is he wounded until at last his tottering limbs refuse to respond to the call of his courageous will and he falls. The victory is won, and the victor walks proudly away to join the herd that has passed out of sight over the ridge, and claim his kingly rights. The sun goes down and the stars shine out, while far out on the lonely, silent prairie the old monarch lies dead upon the field of battle.

Hunting was the chief pastime of the early settlers. And it was not altogether for pleasure that they followed the chase or stalked their game in the silent woods, for wild game formed no inconsiderable part of their daily fare. But it is a poor sort of hunter that follows the trail from necessity or for the simple love of killing. The true hunter loves to follow the untrodden ways of vast solitudes, with eyes alert to the color, form and texture of leaf and shrub and flower, the ever changing lights and shadows of the landscape and all the bright visions of nature's pulsing life. With ear attuned to catch the import of every variant sound, his soul drinks in the message bourn on the wings of whispering winds, the music of the babbling brooks and the wild bird singing to its nesting mate its song of joy. And his soul is filled with joy and exaltation when beholding nature in her wilder moods. Sometimes from the friendly shelter of some overhanging rock he watches the wild sweep of the storm, listens to the thunder, peal on peal reverberating from cliff to cliff, and sees the century old oak shivered by the lightning's forked shaft. For him the woods are God's great story book. Here he finds:

"Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good
In everything"

And out of the vast silence there comes a voice and

"Come wander with me," it said,
Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And so by degrees the hunter becomes half poet, half naturalist, a mystic and a dreamer unfitted for the more practical things of life.

But the necessities of the pioneer were too pressing to allow him to go to extremes in this direction. His equipments consisted of a long barreled flintlock rifle, provided with a receptacle in the breech to hold his "patching;" a leathern shot pouch and powder horn. In the home the rifle was always placed in a convenient place, usually over the door. I have wondered how this almost universal custom of placing the rifle over the door originated and can only account for it upon the hypothesis that it marked the survival of some primal custom of the days when a man's house was his castle and he its sworn defender. Then in case of sudden attack, his first thought would be to bar the door, the next to secure his gun, and so they were placed near each other that these defensive acts might be as near as possible simultaneous.

Game of all kinds was plentiful, but the pioneer did not waste ammunition on the smaller sort while deer and wild turkeys were to be had. If quail or prairie chickens were wanted, they could be easily trapped and as for squirrels—well, it took as much powder and lead to kill a squirrel as it did to kill a deer. There were also "varmints" of great variety. The timber wolves, gray, gaunt, savage brutes that usually hunted alone and the prairie wolf, a smaller and more timid variety that always hunted in packs. The gray fox, raccoons, oppossum, mink, skunk, ground hog and other varieties of fur bearing animals, whose skins passed current as a medium of exchange, abounded along the streams.

The early settlers were famous for dogs and children. A stranger approaching a frontier cabin would halt at a respect

ful distance and hollow "Hello." The answer to this friendly hail was then made by the outer guard of dogs in every immaginable key from the sharp staccato of the savage cur to the mournful bass of the old lead hound. The door of the cabin would then be cautiously opened by a woman with a child in her arms and six more hanging to her skirts, who sharply questioned the stranger at the gate, and if the answers returned proved him to be worthy he was invited to "Light and look at your saddle," the dogs were called off and the stranger permitted to enter in peace. In addition to their duties as outside guardians of the cabin home, these dogs rendered useful service in the chase of deer, hunting wolves and fur bearing animals.

Three methods were employed in hunting deer: By stalking the game, driving with hounds, and shooting by fire light at a deer lick. When either sport or novelty was desired, one or the other of the last two methods was employed, but where the hunter wanted meat, he would go alone or perhaps with a dog that could be relied upon to follow close and keep quiet no matter what happened. If there was a good tracking snow it did not take the hunter long to find deer signs. It was then simply a question of matching reason against instinct and manscraft against animal cunning. If the trail led straight away with long even steps the hunter knew that the deer was traveling leisurely and unless disturbed would not go very far. But when the trail began to zig zag it was a pretty sure indication that the deer was tired of browsing and was looking for a place to lie down. Now the hunter needed all his knowledge of woodcraft. He stops and makes a careful survey of the country ahead and on each side of trail. If nothing is discovered he moves on silently as a shadow, stooping to avoid low hanging limbs and careful not to step upon dry twigs, pausing at short intervals to look and listen. Every sense, especially those of sight and hearing, is keenly alert. The tension is almost painful in its intensity. Suddenly he stops and his gaze is riveted

upon an objective point some distance away. For some moments he stands motionless as a statue, hardly seeming to breath, then apparently satisfied with his observation, with a swift silent motion he brings his rifle into position, takes a quick, steady aim and a sharp report awakens the echoes of the forest and yonder, seventy-five yards away, a deer bounds into the air, makes a few convulsive leaps and falls dead. The novice would have passed it by unobserved. Perhaps there was only a slight movement of the animal's head, the flicking of an ear, but however slight the motion, it was sufficient to catch the trained eye of the experienced hunter.

Hunting wild turkeys afforded hardly less sport and required, if anything, more skill on the part of the hunter than was required in hunting deer. Extremely shy and watchful and choosing for its haunts places where a dense undergrowth favored its concealment, it was most difficult of approach. The chances were even that the turkey would see before it was seen, and then a warning note would be sounded and the flock would either fly, scattering in every direction, or would disappear as silently as so many shadows. It depended on the time of year as to the method employed in hunting turkeys. Along in the late summer or early autumn the half grown turkeys could be flushed by a dog and while the dog attracted their attention while they were perched in the trees out of his reach they could be picked off almost as easily as tame fowls. Later in the season, after the leaves had fallen on a night when the moon was high enough, it was good sport to go into the woods and shoot them from the roost. When this kind of sport was desired, it was best to go into the woods about sundown and locate the turkeys by listening for them as they flew up to roost. As a rule the turkeys would choose as their roosting place the tallest trees along a creek and in order to reach them they would start to fly from some neighboring bluff, and of a still evening their noisy flight could be heard for a long distance. To the inexperienced, it was a matter of no little surprise to find how small a

turkey appeared at night when perched in the top of a tall tree. The hunter must know what he is looking for if he expects to see them. In this kind of shooting the hunter gets in a position where the turkey is between him and the moon and the moonlight glinting upon the gun barrel enables him to aim with almost as much accuracy as he could in the day time. The learner usually riddled a good many squirrel nests and knocked the bark off of numerous knots before he learned to distinguish these objects from the game that was sought. But the method that required the most skill and afforded the best sport was the one employed in the early spring during the mating season. There would come a time along in March when there would yet be a tang of winter in the wind, but the warmth of the sun's rays had melted the snow and the water trickling down the hillsides in little muddy streams had caused the branches and creeks to rise, and overhead the sky showed blue between drifting clouds that were mirrored in wind shivered pools; and long lines of geese and ducks and brant harrowed north; and from out on the prairies came the booming note of the prairie chicken as he wooed his mate to the trysting place; and from far away in the depths of the forest came the raucous sound of the wild turkey's gobble, then was the season ripe for this rare sport If you are a hunter, then it is that the fever gets into your veins and you just have to go. So the next morning about the time that the light of the morning star begins to pale before the coming of the gray dawn you shoulder your rifle and are away. You follow an old wood road until it ends abruptly on the summit of a high bluff, then down the bluff by a narrow trail, across the creek on a foot log, then on and up a long white oak ridge that slopes gently to the creek bottom, on to where there is open timber and there in a tree top that blew off last summer when the leaves were on, you find a place of concealment and are ready for a time of waiting that will sorely try your patience. The denizens of the woods begin to awake. A crow calls noisily to its mate from

a near-by tree. A woodpecker is tearing bits of bark and decayed wood from a dead snag while industriously hunting for his breakfast. A squirrel comes lopeing along, spies you, scents danger and scurries away to his den tree and disappears in a hole only to reappear a moment later, but so slowly and cautiously that his head seems to grow out of that hole. But just then you are awakened to the fact that there is something else astir in which you are more interested, for off to the south a turkey gobbler is making the welkin ring. You thrust your hand into your shot pouch and fish out a turkey bone and cautiously imitate the call of the gobbler's mate. A short silence and another gobble tells you that the turkey is slowly approaching in answer to your call. He is perhaps not over two hundred yards away. Now all your skill with the turkey bone is required. A single false note and the bird would flit like a shadow. You call again softly, barely loud enough for him to hear and this time he answers promptly and you can hear the rustle of his wings as he struts through the dry leaves. You are now able to determine about the point where the turkey will appear and you get into position so that when the time comes you can fire without moving, taking the precaution to cock your rifle lest the click of the hammer should alarm him. Now you can see him approaching, now stopping to gobble, now running forward, extending wings downward until they finally become so rigid that they seem to act as breaks and stop him, but always he is coming toward you. He is too close now to risk a call. One hundred, seventy-five, only fifty yards and in plain view. And right here, if you are a novice, you get so nervous that you couldn't hit the side of a barn, but if you have been there before you take careful aim, fire and the turkey is yours.

PASTIMES.

As I have already said, the pioneer boy managed to extract considerable pleasure from life. He had his times of relaxation and indulged in the recreations and amusements peculiar to his time.

In the winter time dances were frequently held at some neighbor's house, and a general invitation was extended to all who might wish to participate. Sometimes these dances were preceded by a corn shucking, a log rolling, or a house raising. On occasions of this kind there was a tacit understanding that only the boys and men who took part in the labors of the day were entitled to participate in the pleasures of the night. And this rule was rarely infringed, for the pioneer boy had his code of honor and he was too proud to intrude where he had not earned a welcome.

At these gatherings the men came early and worked with a vim. There was always more or less generous rivalry in their attempts to out do each other in feats of strength, endurance, and skill in performing the work in hand. At house raisings the huge logs had to be carried to the proper place and then raised by sliding them up long "skids" to the top of the building where they were received by the men who "took up the corners" by chopping a notch in the under side of the log and fitting to the "saddle" on the log below. Two

men of about equal strength would pair at the hand spikes with which the logs were carried and when it came to a heavy lift, woe to the man who failed to "keep up his end of the hand spike."

As a rule the laziest man in the community was the first on the ground on occasions of this kind, and did more work and made himself more useful than any two other men present. I have such a man in mind to whom a house raising was a joy and a hallelujah. He always expected (and was seldom disappointed) to find a jug of whiskey on the ground and he at once made its acquaintance and constituted himself its guardian ad litem for the day. He never allowed any whiskey to be wasted. If a man wanted a drink he would accompany him to the jug—just to see that none of the precious liquid was wasted. Nor would he allow anyone else to get drunk. Sooner than have such a thing happen he would willingly have drunk every drop of that liquor himself.

Not many log cabins were built by the younger generation. I witnessed their passing and in their place came the box house of the prairies. As I remember now Aaron Wells built the first box house in our neighborhood. I was present when he began this building and saw the corner boards put in place and the plate nailed to the top of them. There was not a studding in the building and the denizens of the solid old log cabins shook their heads as they contemplated this frail structure and confidently predicted that it would "blow over" with the first strong wind. That was at least thirty five years ago and that house is still standing. There were but few of this kind of buildings erected and the box house period was brief. To these succeeded the substantial frame structures of to day which are not only more artistic in design, but also more comfortable and durable.

The dance that usually followed a corn husking furnished fun enough to fully pay for all the work that had been done.

The workers usually quit about four o'clock in the afternoon, went home, did up their chores, changed their clothing, and then went after their girls. The young men did not have buggies then, but their horses as a rule would "carry double" and if the young lady had no horse of her own, why she could ride behind her escort. The pioneer girl did not stand on ceremony and when it was a question of getting to a dance she did not quibble about methods.

The familiar figures of the old fashioned cotillion were generally used. The round dances were little known and never found much favor with these people. The round dance was entirely too tame for these rollicking youngsters, where the best dancer was the one who could make the most noise with his feet. The young man who was properly attired wore tight fitting calfskin boots with very high heels and red tops; and in order that the beauty of the red tops might not be concealed his breeches were thrust into his boots. Sometimes a young man would further ornament his feet with a pair of bell spurs which also added greatly to their effectiveness in making a noise while dancing. And there was usually more or less whiskey and when the bottle was passed to the girls they did not always refuse.

Sometimes two lusty rivals for the affections of some coy maiden in a fit of jealous rage would retire to the seclusion of the back yard and proceed to settle the question of priority of the claimants' rights. And they also fought upon other pretexts, for, like Dumas D'Artagnan, they "never missed a chance for a fight." I remember being at a dance at John Brown's one night and a young doctor who was present by some reason failed to respond when his number was called and the next number was called, the set filled, and the dance went on. The next round, however, the doctor was on deck demanding the right to dance. The floor manager (I think his name was Newton) informed the doctor that he would

have to wait until his number was reached again in the regular order. To this the young Aesculapius vigorously objected, the argument waxed hot, and finally the doctor called Newton a liar. That always meant war, and the word had hardly left the doctor's mouth when Newton's pistol popped. I think it was Clay Oxford who knocked this pistol up, and the ball went into the ceiling, doing no harm. But a little disturbance like that did not interfere with the dance. It is quite probable that none of us had ever heard of Byron, but we were in the mood to encore the sentiment:

"On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined,
No sleep 'till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

To the "unco guid or rigidly righteous" among us who looked upon a fiddle as the instrument of the devil to lure weak and unsuspecting souls into the depths of the bottomless pit, dancing was uncompromisingly denounced. But the children of these good people wanted to be amused, so they organized "play parties" where "Weevilly Wheat" and "Old Sister Phoebe," together with a lot of other plays that were only modified dancing with an occasional kiss thrown in as a sort of sauce to their otherwise unpalatable amusement, took the place of the objectionable dance.

Dancing, then as now, had its ardent friends and bitter enemies. The church hurled its anathemas against it, parental authority was invoked to assist in stamping out the evil, but for all that the young folks danced on. I remember of hearing an old preacher pour out the vials of his wrath upon the giddy youths who were dancing along the "Primrose way to the eternal burning," and he declared these offenders would finally be damned and doomed to "dance 'Juba' in their bare feet upon the red hot cinders of the bottomless pit throughout the endless ages of eternity."

Good fiddlers were scarce and always in demand. Nearly every boy wanted to be a fiddler, but fiddlers like poets are born, not made. I suppose that when the desire to do some particular thing is strong enough in us that we will find a way. I remember that Ike Oxford wanted to be a fiddler, but he had no fiddle As he was but a boy and had no money with which to buy the coveted instrument he concluded to make one. An ax and a barlow knife were all the tools at his command, and armed with these he went to the woods for his material. With infinite patience and no little skill he finally fashioned an instrument upon which he learned to play. Its tones perhaps could not vie in sweetness with those of a Cremona or a Stradivarius, but it satisfied the cravings of this boy's soul hunger for the "concord of sweet sounds."

Of all the old time fiddlers I think that Abe Blakely pleased my fancy best. Abe was a Kentuckian and his musical reportoire consisted of plantation melodies, gigs and hornpipes. He could play the "Arkansas Traveler" and interlard it with the conversation between the "Traveler" and the Arkansas fiddler, which never failed to provoke generous applause from his hearers. He could cut all sorts of antics with his fiddle, sometimes holding the fiddle behind him, at other times with the bow between his knees and the fiddle in both hands, he played and laughed and sang the old plantation songs. I knew him well and I never heard him say a harsh or unkind word of any man. He spent his last night on earth playing for a dance The moralist may hold up his hands in holy horror at this, but who knows but what this gentle, kindly soul in that "mortal hour" swapped his battered old fiddle for a golden harp and is now making celestial music in the paradise of God.

There was wooing and wedding then as now, and the young couple who began their wedded life without a rousing charivari would have felt slighted indeed. But there was seldom

cause for complaint along this line, for it required but little effort to get up a charivari party. When a wedding occurred no matter what pains were taken to keep it quiet, it would leak out, for the whispering winds seemed to bear the message far and wide, and then as if by common consent the clans would gather in force, armed with guns, cowbells, hunting horns, and tin pans—anything in fact that was calculated to add to the volume of discordant din which they proposed to raise about the ears of the newly wedded pair. Scouts were sent out by the charivari party to keep watch upon the movements of their intended victims, and these faithful spies would report from time to time so that the location of the wedding party was generally known before the party started. When the time for action arrived the motley crew would ride away into the night, moving swiftly and silently as shadows until they were near their destination. They would then dismount, tie their horses, and hold a consultation. Someone who was well acquainted with the locality was chosen to lead, then slowly and with the greatest caution the final approach was begun. This was a trying time to the younger members of the crew. The suppressed excitement, the enforced restraint was so trying upon the nerves that sometimes you felt like you wanted somebody to kick you real hard just to relieve the tension. Finally the yard fence was scaled without discovery, then came the final line up, a few whispered orders, a wild rush and the house was surrounded and pandemonium broke loose. Old muskets and shot guns "volleyed and thundered," cow bells "jangled out of tune," horns blared and tin pans rattled furiously, mingled with yells that would have made an Indian brave turn green with envy, all combined to awaken the newly wedded pair to the fact that they had not been forgotten, and that the matter of their charivari was being attended to with a conscientious regard for the proprieties of the occasion. After the novice got into action and had

fired his gun or rattled his tin pan and yelled a few times he lost all nervousness and got down to business like a veteran.

In the first lull there was usually a call for the bride and groom. If they gratified the curiosity of the serenaders then all was well and the party dispersed. If they went further, as they sometimes did, and invited the intruders into the house—that was better and ended in a feeling of good fellowship all around. Upon the other hand if the bridal party resented the intrusion (a thing that rarely happened) and refused to appear, then began a siege that was simply a question of endurance, and in these contests the besiegers were usnally victorious, sometimes going so far as to force an entrance into the house and compelling the bride and groom to appear.

In these rough and tumble orgies there was always a chance that someone would get hurt, but I do not recall that anyone was ever seriously injured. I have a very distinct recollection of the night we charivaried John Kincaid. I was armed with an old fashioned dinner horn about four feet long and was making an earnest and energetic attempt to make my part of the noise. The services had not been in progress very long when John's father appeared at the door and although we could not hear what he said, it was evident from his manner that he was not in a very angelic frame of mind. The old man was a blacksmith, strong as a horse, and had quite a reputation as a fighter. He was not a handsome man even when in a good humor, but when his features were distorted by anger he had a mug on him that would stop a clock. As I came around the house I caught sight of the old gentleman, saw that he was mad and in order to encourage him, while he was looking the other way, I stuck that old dinner horn up to his ear and blew a blast that nearly knocked him off the steps. This attempt succeeded so well that I tried it again. In this I exercised bad judgment, for as I approached for the second attempt the old man landed a kick

on the end of the horn that sent me reeling backwards, and I carried my mouth in a sling for weeks afterwards.

Perhaps the reader is beginning to think we were a pretty rough lot. But if you will remember I admitted at the out set that we were only about half civilized. A mamma's darling with the ambrosial locks would have felt as sadly out of place among us as "Joe Folk" would to find himself consorting with a lot of boodlers.

PASTIMES.

[CONTINUED]

But as time passed we did not stand still. Our opportunities for mental culture were very limited. Always fighting with a broken sword, we still had the courage to strike for higher things. Books were scarce and difficult to obtain When I was but a small boy my grandfather gave me four books, a history of the United States, and copies of Young's Night Thoughts, Burns and Shakespeare. When I was grown I had read no other books, but I had read these a great deal. At first in reading Shakespeare my immature mind could grasp little more than the thread of the story, but as I went back to it from time to time as I grew older I began to dive deeper and bring up richer treasures from unfathomed depths of this great "intellectual ocean, whose mighty waves touched all the shores of thought."

Some of the boys, more fortunate than I, were sent away to school, and these returning showed us the way to better things. A literary society was organized at old Harmony church and here we met once a week to debate some question and engage in other literary exercises.

One of the most effective debaters belonging to our club was John Rhea. He had attended the common schools some and had attended one or two terms at McGee college Tall,

straight, with black eyes and hair, endowed with an imperious will that could not brook opposition, he was a fearless and fluent speaker. He always dressed well—much better than his associates, and as he was not over fond of work some of the boys would occasionally want to know how he could get such good clothes, and to questions of this kind he would reply that it was "a poor community that couldn't afford one gentleman." Another point in Rhea's philosophy of life was that any fool could make a living by hard work, but that it took a smart man to live without it. Rhea died many years ago while comparatively a young man.

James B. Drummond, "Little Jim," or "Thumb," as the boys called him, was the Cicero of our club. Always quick to detect the weak point in his adversary's argument and ever ready to take advantage of it, he would go after his antagonist like a bald hornet after a house fly, and he always had his stinger out. If a neat job of skinning was to be done by common consent the assignment went to Jim. Jim and I were boon companions in our boyhood days. The fact that our fathers were dead and our mothers widows, "fond of no second love," but with unselfish devotion, living and toiling for their children, created a bond of union betwen us. We would often swap work and the days thus spent were happy ones, for while we worked some, we also found time for other things. Once we hung a dog for killing sheep, but the act was not done hastily, but after a fair and impartial trial in which Jim appeared as prosecuting attorney and I acted as judge. The forms of justice may not have been fully observed, for the dog might have "stood upon his constitutional rights and demanded trial by a jury of his peers" The evidence was purely circumstantial, but strong and convincing, in fact almost tantamount to the dog having been "caught with the goods." We adjourned court to the scene of the murder in order that the corpus delicti might be fully estab-

lished. The dog manifested considerable nervousness when confronted with the body of his victim, a fact duly noted by the court. The prosecutor then pointed out the further facts that the dog was still "red with the life blood of his innocent victim and had wool between his teeth." That settled it. Without unnecessary delay the dog was found guilty. The summing up of the evidence was short and in rendering judgment the court directed the dog be taken to the nearest leaning tree and there hanged by the neck with hickory bark until he was dead. The court then adjourned to the woods where the execution was carried out without anger and without pity.

On another occasion we were playing in the barn lot where there were a lot of sheep when Jim told me of the fun he had been having with the sheep by driving them into the barn, then laying his coat across the door sill, run the sheep out and see them jump that coat. He wanted to show me and I was willing to be shown. The sheep were soon in the barn and Jim started to lay his coat across the door when all at once a happy thought struck him, and he announced that instead of using his coat that he would lie down across the doorway as that would frighten the sheep more and make them jump higher. He then laid down upon his face and I started the sheep, but at the last moment Jim realized that he could not lie on his face and see the sheep jump, so just as the first sheep reached the door Jim flopped over on his back and as the sheep jumped it struck the top of the door, which was rather low, with such force that it fell almost straight down, landing on Jim's stomach with all of its feet. Before Jim could recover from his surprise another and another sheep had repeated the performance and now they were pouring out in a woolly torrent. Jim yelled like an Indian, tried to get up, tried to shoo the sheep back, but true to sheep nature they kept coming. Finally extricating himself from the

wriggling mass of mutton, Jim was pretty badly battered and when he saw me laughing it made him mad as a wet hen. But Jim never stayed mad very long at a time and we were soon looking for new adventures.

Jim learned the blacksmith's trade, married and settled in Carlow where he still lives and where by working at his trade, merchandising and trading, he has become well fixed and is the same genial, whole-souled Jim that he was in the long ago.

But if Jim was the Cicero, Marve Scroggins was the Demosthenes of our club. Scroggins was married and much older than the other members, but as he was dividing time between falling from grace and trying to be a preacher at this time he joined the club in order to cultivate his oratory. He had cultivated the preacher's voice by calling hogs and driving oxen until his stentorian tones were a sort of cross between a fog horn and a calliope. If Scroggins was short on ideas he was always long on words, and although the "thread of his verbosity was stronger than the staple of his argument" his long sentences had the ponderous roll of Homeric hexameter that made up in sound for what it lacked in sense. He was a sort of "oratorical hurdy gurdy" and it was just beautiful the way the boys used to sail in and puncture this "bag of sweetened wind" and cause him to collapse.

During a protracted meeting Marve would work with the utmost zeal and he exhibited the utmost concern for the spiritual welfare of his "neighbors and his neighbors children." His intentions were possibly good, but his insistance was at times annoying One day some of the boys found a nest of yellow jackets in the woods near the church and it was suggested that Marve be introduced to them. In order to carry out the suggestion some of the boys went to Marve at the noon hour and professed great concern about ther spiritual prospects and asked as a special favor that Marve retire

with them to the seclusion of the woods for a season of secret prayer. Marve was delighted with the request and announced his readiness to go. When the penitents reached the yellow jacket's nest the boys thought it was just the place for their purpose. Marve thought they might find a more secluded spot, but the boys insisted and Marve yielded the point and was soon putting up a fervent petition in their behalf. With closed eyes and uplifted hands Marve was warming to his work when one of the boys stirred the nest and the yellow jackets swarmed out in force to repel the attack. The boys retired so quietly from the zone of danger that the first intimation that Marve had that anything was wrong was when the yellow jackets began to prod him. Perhaps he had visions of another Pentecostal shower and tongues of fire that were hitting him in spots, but at any rate he suddenly adjourned the meeting and began to fight yellow jackets and say things that are not found in the Sunday school books.

Columbus Burge was perhaps the best educated boy among us. He had attended college, had plenty of native ability and was a good student. He had a good command of language and was a close and logical reasoner.

Joe Snider, while not possessing the gift of gab to a marked degree, was yet a ready writer and contributed many spicy articles to the "Jackson Astonisher," our society paper.

George Peniston was another member of our club. He always spoke slowly and with great deliberation. One night we were discussing the old yet ever new question of women's rights, and when it came to George's turn he opened by saying: "Gentlemen, there is a difference between men and women"—then paused, and with greater emphasis, continued: "I say gentlemen that the Almighty made men and women different." Here he paused again. This was an opening for the opposition that could not be overlooked and someone uttered a fervent "Thank God for the difference."

At this another member of the opposition was on his feet instantly. He arose to a point of order, interruptions of this kind were indecorous and in bad taste. The speaker had simply stated an axiomatical proposition and moved that he be permitted to proceed with his argument. The foregoing is given as a sample of the running fire of question and comment which each speaker had to endure at the hands of that club.

Another member was Dr. Girdner. The Doctor was perhaps forty years old at this time, a widower, and anxious to contract a second matrimonial alliance. A number of handsome young ladies attended the meetings of our club, and to one of these the Doctor was paying his devoirs. The old rooster likes to cackle among pullets and the Doctor was regular in his attendance and usually on the program, as it gave him an opportunity to air his superior knowledge and shine by contrast with a lot of rustic youths.

One night while arguring some question the Doctor dwelt at considerable length upon the youth, inexperience and general lack of knowledge on the part of his opponents and argued from this their utter inability to grapple with the question under discussion. It fell to my lot to reply to the Doctor. I was an indifferent speaker, as the few things that I knew had a way of vanishing whenever I was on my feet and particularly anxious to use them. But for once I was eager to get the floor. I felt that the boys owed the Doctor a few things and were expecting me to make payment in kind. I prefaced by admitting our youth, plead guilty to lack of experience and while admitting the further fact that our stock of general information was limited, that it was made up entirely of staple articles. While denying that youth was necessarily the badge of ignorance, that we had before us a living exemplification of the fact that age was not always a synonym for sense. That while youth some-

times assumed the prerogatives of age that this spectacle was not so deplorable as that of decrepit age trying to ape the follies of youth. Argued from this that it was far better to be a youth in his non-age than an old man in his dotage. Pirated freely from Pitts' reply to Walpole, parodied parts of The Deserted Village and sat down feeling pretty well satisfied with my performance My self complacency was rudely jarred however when the next speaker began by saying that as I had confined myself to a personal attack upon his honorable colleague there was nothing in all that I had said that called for a reply, and leaving us to settle our personal differences in such manner as might suit us best he would proceed with the argument of the question.

Jerry Lile was a good natured giant who used to attend our meetings, but I do not recall that he ever attempted to speak but once. The boys insisted that Jerry try his hand, and while he protested that he "Just couldn't make a speech," in the end he yielded, for he was too good natured to refuse. And Jerry tried, but Jerry couldn't get any sand on the rails and the wheels of memory began to slip and he slid back into silence. Then it seemed to strike him very forcibly that there was something very humorous in the bare thought of his trying to make a speech and he began to laugh. Now Jerry's laugh was a sort of cross between the bellow of a bull and the neigh of a horse and when he began to laugh all other business had to be suspended. But if Jerry could not make a speech he could swing a six pound ax like it was a toy and could make more railroad ties in a day than any man I ever saw. I know, for I worked with him at one time and he could make two ties to my one and do it easy.

Louis Kincaid was another one of the boys that used to gather at Old Harmony. Louis was a bullet headed, square jawed boy with the courage and tenacity of a bull dog, and a restless energy that never tired. He could stand rough jok-

ing as long as a joke was intended but when you used rough epithets to him it was always best to "smile," as he might mistake your meaning.

Once Louis had a pair of mules that he thought a great deal of and when they were stolen he did not wait to notify the officials but started in pursuit alone. He followed the thieves across Northwest Missouri, and over into Kansas, sometimes losing the trail, then finding it again, but always with the persistence of a pursuing nemesis hung to their trail like a bloodhound and finally coming up with them took the mules away from the thieves and returned in triumph with his property.

And so I might go on indefinitely telling of these sturdy sons of the pioneers who were trained in the lists of the prairies and the tourney of the woods, but lest I tire the patience of the reader I will pass on.

PASTIMES.

[CONTINUED]

The Fourth of July was celebrated in the backwoods in due and ancient form "with bonfires and illuminations with a few side attractions thrown in for good count." It took a real old fashioned country boy to thoroughly enjoy an occasion of this kind. Not that his patriotism was increased by listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence or the florid utterances of the orator of the day, for to neither of these did he pay the slightest attention. But he would loaf around on the outskirts of the crowd, munch gingerbread and drink red lemonade, throw at a nigger's head stuck through a sheet, chase the greased pig, ride, or attempt to ride the bucking mule, throw rings for a cane that he seldom got, and which would have been useless to him if he had; worked the wheel of fortune for cigars that he could not smoke, make vain attempts to climb the greased pole, get lots of fun out of the sack race, swing his best girl, and then in the evening they would find a secluded spot where free from prying eyes they could hold each other's hands and watch the fireworks, and indulge in an exchange of those silly nothings and whispered confidences that would start a little bird to singing in their hearts, and it would sing of love, and the joyous tenderness of that sweet refrain "I love you" would echo through the corridors of their hearts and lighten the toil of many a weary day. And the next morning he would get up

with a dark brown taste in his mouth that would require a month of corn bread and buttermilk diet to thoroughly eradicate.

Along in the autumn when the Indian summer days had come and the forest was radiant in its robings of crimson and gold; when the leaves were drifting down with every passing breeze; when the grasshoppers froze by night and thawed in the mellow sunshine of the afternoons along the old rail fence; when the barefoot boy skipped gingerly over the frosty ground in the early morning, and warmed his rusty feet where some friendly cow had taken her nightly rest; when the hills looked gray and distant in the dull haze of the somber days;

"When the frost was on the pumpkin and the
fodder in the shock;"

the stone bruise healed, and the boy could wear his winter boots; then it was that the boys would begin to lay plans for a coon hunt.

Saturday night was usually chosen, as this would give them all day Sunday in which to recuperate from the effects of a long tramp through the woods that sometimes covered miles of territory. About sundown the hounds would be called together by blowing the horn and they would instantly gather, yelping, whining and howling in every imaginable key. The hunting horn of the early days was made by sawing off the point of a steer's horn and hollowing out a mouth piece. Some of these horns were not only large and very long, but beautifully curved so that when scraped thin and polished they were very handsome, and a practiced hand could blow a blast on one of these that could be heard for miles.

After their first ebullition of joy at the prospect of a hunt, the hounds would trail along quietly until the hunting grounds were reached. Here we would slacken our pace, and give the dogs time to cover the ground. One of the young

dogs opens on a trail and we halt and listen a moment. But the old dogs do not join and we move on. The younger members of the crowd are getting impatient, but some of the older ones remark that "It is a little early yet." Presently an old lead hound opens, just a single note, and to the trained ear there is something of doubt and uncertainty mingled with an element of hope in that single note. It is a cold trail, and the old dogs work slowly while the young ones dash here and there vainly trying to pick up the trail. Slowly but surely the older dogs work it out, and as the trail gets warmer their baying becomes more frequent. It is getting warm now, even the young dogs begin to join in occasionally and soon the whole pack is running in full cry and a crowd of lusty boys bringing up the rear, scrambling through the underbrush, leaping fallen trees, running flush with the hounds and yelling like demons. The chase is leading towards the creek and as the pack reaches the stream the chase is checked. As we come up we see the young dogs running around in a helpless sort of way. The trail has ended at the water's edge, but the old dogs lose little time. They are searching the banks of the stream and soon one of them "speaks" and the pack knows that the trail has been found and now they are off like the wind. There is no uncertainty now. Confidence is the dominant note in all that babel of sound. It is a hot trail and they are sending that coon home in a hurry. But now the chase has stopped suddenly. There is a momentary silence and then comes one long drawn note which is instantly succeeded by a very pandemonium of barks and howls. It tells the story as plainly as if the message had been spoken by human voice, that the coon is "treed." In crossing the creek and the swiftness with which the last run was made by the dogs, the boys have become scattered and left behind, but now there is a wild dash toward the yelping pack and it is every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. If

it is a clear starlight night and there are not many leaves on the tree it is possible to see the coon, but as a rule the coon would select not only the largest tree in the woods, but one that afforded the means of concealment as well. Of course if the coon could be seen it would be an easy matter to shoot it, but that would be a poor sort of sport. The thing was to get the coon and dogs together and witness the battle royal that would ensue. This could only be done by chopping the tree down. A fire would be built on each side and at a convenient distance from the tree and the work of felling the tree would then begin. As fast as one tired another chopper would take his place and the tree was soon ready to fall. Out in the direction in which the tree would probably fall and beyond the line of danger some of the crowd would be stationed to hold the dogs. When all was ready, a few vigorous strokes of the ax and the old monarch of the forest would begin to topple and then come down with a crash that would awaken the sleeping echoes. As the tree struck the ground the dogs were loosed and immediately surrounded it. It sometimes happened that the coon would jump before the tree struck the ground and if he escaped uninjured, would make off through the woods and reach another tree, but as a rule the coon would be found by the dogs somewhere among the limbs of the tree and then the battle would begin. I never could get much enjoyment out of this part of the program. None of the boys followed the dogs more eagerly or enjoyed it more, but when it came to killing the coon, somehow I always sympathized with the coon. The combatants were so unequally matched that the coon was doomed to make a hopeless fight, and the fact that he always fought bravely to the last and died game, enlisted every sympathy of my boyish heart. Only once do I remember of seeing a coon get away from the dogs. It was a clear moonlight night and the coon was surprised by the dogs while he was fishing for crawfish

along the banks of a lake. The coon took to the water and the dogs after him. The fight that ensued was one of the most exciting that I ever witnessed. A dog would seize the coon and the coon would whirl on his antagonist and have his head under water so quick that the dog would be forced to release his hold and swim for his life. One dog after another bravely went to the assault only to be vanquished by the valiant coon. Finally the combatants were far out in the lake and the dogs weary and discouraged returned to the shore, while the victorious coon swam to the opposite shore and disappeared in the darkness. He had made such a game fight that we let him go unmolested for that night at least.

From one to half a dozen coons were the usual results of a hunt. The younger members of the crowd had the somewhat doubtful honor of carrying the peltries and the ax, carrying wood for the fire and in other ways making themselves useful. Sometimes the hunt would be prolonged into the "wee sma" hours of the morning and the violent exercise would produce a ravenous appetite. At such times it was an easy matter to skin a coon and roast choice bits over the glowing embers, and these eaten without salt would appease the pangs of hunger and we would then rake together a pile of leaves and lie down by the fire, drop into a dreamless sleep from which we would be aroused all too soon to continue our tramp

The last coon hunt that I took part in along Grand river bottom was nearly thirty years ago. Levi Murry and I started one evening about dusk from his place, accompanied by four hounds, all veterans of the chase, and rode off toward the river. As we neared the river south of Carlow, we heard a pack of hounds running in full cry upon the opposite side of the stream. The pack was probably a mile away and we drew rein and sat on our horses listening for some time. Finally Murry remarked, "I think that I know that pack; they

are all young dogs and the trail is leading to the river. If the coon crosses they will stop on the other side. We will just go on a little nearer the river and wait. If the coon crosses, and the other dogs do not follow, we will put our dogs in, and being fresh they will tree that coon in ten minutes."

Murry's prognosis proved correct and the plan worked to perfection. The coon crossed, the other dogs stopped, our dogs were turned loose, and inside the limit set by Murry, that coon was up a tree. But what a tree. It was very dark, but when I reached the tree and began to feel around it to determine its size, it was so large that I was opposed to cutting it; but Murry insisted, saying that it would be too bad to disappoint the dogs, that the tree leaned and being a cotton wood would chop easy, and so on, until I yielded the point, and we began the task. Murry was left handed and did his stunt first. I think that he probably got through the bark on the side toward which the tree leaned when he came to me puffing like a tortoise, for he was very fleshy and not used to work of this kind, and said that he thought that most of the chopping could be done from my side of the tree. I began and for at least two hours I worked like a Trojan. The tree was over four feet in diameter and the ax handle would not reach across the stump. At last I had the satisfaction of hearing it crack and begin to quiver and the ax sank deeper into the yielding wood. Murry who had been industriously holding the dogs for at least an hour, now moved out of range of flying limbs and with a few more strokes the old giant started and with a deafening crash it came to the ground.

Murry turned the dogs loose and they made the circuit of the fallen tree, but no sign of the coon. I then took a fire brand and making my way among the debris of broken limbs finally found the coon stone dead—killed by a flying limb as the tree was falling.

And so for a time we lived, toiled, suffered and joyed, and then passed on. But in passing we witnessed many wonderful changes. We saw the old blue sterm waving in its summer sea of glory, and we saw it vanish and the blue grass take its place. And we saw the prairies broken by huge clumsy plows, drawn by from four to six yoke of cattle; and again we saw it broken with a riding plow drawn by a single span of horses.

Following in the footsteps of our fathers we cut our grain with a cradle, but we have lived to see the reaper, and that in turn replaced by the self binder.

We saw the flail and used it threshing grain, and I have ridden a horse and led another around and around trampling out the grain that was afterwards gathered up and winnowed by hand; and I saw the horse power thresher come upon the scene only to be replaced a little later by an improved machine run by a traction engine.

To raise a crop of corn we plowed the ground, marked it off both ways with a single shovel, dropped it by hand and covered it with a hoe. Afterwards it was cultivated with bull tongue single shovel and diamond plows, going twice or three times in a row. All this has been changed, the labor lessened and the work expedited by the use of improved machinery.

We have seen the razorback hog grudgingly give place to his more aristocratic brothers with less nose and more ham than his predecessor. We have seen the lumbering mail coach bearing its meager freight of stale news replaced by the swift rural free delivery wagons whose faithful drivers whether amidst summer's heat or winter's snow makes his daily round, for in "All seasons;

"True to the charge he comes
With frozen locks and belted gown,
The herald of a noify world

News from all nations lumbering at his back," and delivers the metropolitan dailies at distant farm house before the ink is dry.

But why undertake the task of recounting the myriad miracles of this great industrial age? That the changes wrought in our environment has resulted in manifold blessings goes without saying, and yet there are times when the old timer may be pardoned his unspoken longings for the freedom of other days. If Aristotle was right in his contention that the soul of the free man was larger than that of the slave, then the pioneer had a big soul, for no man ever enjoyed a larger degree of freedom or prized it more. If then the restraints of civilization and the demands of the artificial life prove irksome at times to those who once knew the larger freedom, make allowances for them to pass on. Time is thinning their ranks and the old familiar places know them no more. Their hunting grounds have been turned into cornfields, and orchards bloom where once the forest grew. The log cabins of our fathers have disappeared and the woodland path that led down to the spring is obliterated. Only the eternal hills remain the same. The groves where once we worshipped have been cut down and the old altars destroyed. We meet friends of our youth, and as we look upon their faces scarred by the wrinkles of care, and locks silvering for the harvest of eternity, the conviction is forced upon us that we, too, have changed and are growing old. Over all, the iconoclastic hand of time has written "change"

But after all, it is better so. Better that these changes should come, for

> "I hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

And the coming generations will mount by the steps our

hands have carved, and where our strength fails and our labors cease, they will begin with their new strength and with unabated vigor climb to heights that we could never have attained. From our schools ,colleges and universities they will come armed and equipped for the battle. Trained in the curriculum of required studies, in the laboratories, the shops and upon athletic fields, they come, clean minded, clear eyed and strong limbed; alert, resourceful and with the courage that is born of conscious power they will grapple with the stupendous problems of the future and solve them.

Then let us be of good cheer. Let us go forward with confidence to meet the future for

"God is in his heaven and all is well" and we can hold out our hands to the coming generations and say with Whittier:

"Hail to the coming singers,
Hail to the brave light-bringers;
Forward we reach and share,
All that you do and dare."

"The winds of heaven blow o'er me,
And a glory shines before me,
Of what men shall be,
Pure, generous, brave and free."

A YOUNGER GENERATION.

It has been my purpose in the preceding sketches to tell in simple direct language something of the lives and characters of a few of the early pioneers. I have not been writing obituaries, have refrained from unwarranted posthumous praise, and have not indulged in fulsome panegyrics of these men. I have tried to obey Riley's injunction to

"Tell of things just like they wuz,
They don't need no excuse;
Don't tech 'em up like the poet does,
'Till they're all too fine for use;
Say thar wuz 'leven in the fambly,
Two beds and a chist below,
And the trundle beds 'at each helt three,
And the clock and the old buro."

And so I have told their story, asking no praise for their virtues and offering no apology for their faults, only asking my readers to bear in mind that these were strong, forceful, virile men, their passions and prejudices uncurbed by the restraining influences of culture and social contact, and if at times when sorely tempted through the medium of appetite they fell, I can only ask that you try to put yourself in their place in order to awaken in your heart that broad charity for human frailty that will lead you to say with Burns:

"Then gently scan your brother man,

Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving WHY they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

There are many others of whom I would like to write. The field is a wide one and rich in material, but having neither time nor talent I leave the task to abler hands. I have lifted the curtain of the past that you might have a brief glimpse of the old Pathfinders, and now will ring it down and let it rise again upon the younger generation.

This younger generation to which I belonged was on the whole about half civilized. Our fathers may have enjoyed some of the advantages of the culture and refinement afforded by the older states, but in the freedom of the wilderness they threw off much of this restraint, and established a sort of patriarchal form of government, enacted laws for the government of their families, and enforced them. There was a tacit understanding that the boy owed service and obedience to his father until he was twenty-one years old, and as a rule these obligations were faithfully and cheerfully met. When the boy reached his majority it was also the custom for the father to give him a horse, saddle, and bridle, and then if the home nest was somewhat crowded (as was usually the

ase) the lad was expected to try his full fledged wings in independent flight and thus make room for the younger brood.

During his minority the boy worked in the fields in summer and in the woods in winter and when there was nothing else to do in winter he could go to school. He became inured to toil and hardships, but the hard conditions with which he was surrounded did not prevent him from extracting a large amount of real enjoyment from life. His outdoor life, plain substantial food and plenty of exercise developed his body and he joyed in living much as the healthy young animal enjoys life.

Of necessity the boy lived close to nature. Brought into daily contact, if not conflict, with the great untamed forces of nature his life became "a battle and a march." The love of life and the instinct of self preservation were strong in him. In time of danger he was quick to decide, prompt to act, and he could be depended upon to put up a strong fight for existence and if in the end he was overcome he went down "like the she wolf, biting hard."

Although he was usually unlettered he was neither ignorant nor unlearned. If he knew little of books, he had yet gathered in the field of observation and experience much of the material from which books are made. He reasoned, too—whether by induction or deduction he could not have told you, for he knew nothing of methods, and these terms would have been meaningless to him—but for all that he reasoned logically and usually arrived at correct conclusions. Often in emergencies he was called upon to decide and act upon his own judgment with full knowledge that an error meant disaster. The roads were often little more than blazed trails, the streams were not bridged, and the crossings often treacherous, and sometimes it was necessary to cross them when they were swollen by recent rains. His work in the timber was not unattended by danger, for in felling trees they would often lodge and it would be necessary to go in and cut away

the smaller trees that prevented them from falling. This was always more or less dangerous, but the boy measured his chances for success and generally succeeded. And so it was by daily contact with conditions that compelled him to reason that he acquired a mental grasp of things and grew and developed into a clear brained "iron jointed, supple sinewed" son of the soil who could do things.

Among the pioneer, artificial distinctions of wealth and social position were unknown. One man was as good as another as long as he behaved himself. The daily life of the people was much the same. They shared each other's toil and met upon a common level in a social way. The changing seasons brought a change in occupation, thus breaking the dull monotony of existence. In the spring there was rail fencing to be reset and repaired, plowing to be done, the crop planted and the sheep to be sheared. In the interval between the planting and cultivation of the corn crop we would take a day off and go fishing.

There was but little pasture lands inclosed prior to the close of the Civil war, and stock of all kinds had the free range of the prairie where the blue stem grass afforded excellent pasturage. In summer time the pioneer boy usually began the day by rising in the cool gray dawn and starting out on the prairie to drive up the work animals. The boy would start upon his quest in a rather somnolent condition, impressed with a feeling that the night had been all too short, and that for him the gods could grant no sweeter boon than to permit him to lie down in some fence corner and just sleep on until his heavy eyelids would open wide of their own free will. But presently the stumping of a sore toe, or the dew working into grass cuts under his toes, would thoroughly arouse him and he would perhaps "cuss" a little and wake up and begin to take notice. Among other things he would probably notice that the grass on the ridges was about waist high while down in the swales it was over his head, and that

walking through it while the dew was on was like wading a river. Soon his tow linen breeches would be thoroughly soaked and clinging to his legs, and the dew would be stinging the tops of his chapped bare feet, while the sharp stubble where the old grass had been burned was pricking their calloused soles like that many needles. But the boy soon learned to walk over this stubble with a sliding motion and by striking the sharp stubble obliquely he could walk with much less discomfort. The boy usually knew about where to look for the horses. It might be a half mile, a mile, or even farther from home and he was lucky indeed if, when he found them, he could catch one and ride back. But it often occurred that he was compelled to walk both ways, and returning hot and tired he would snatch a hasty breakfast and then to the field, where with single shovel, bull tongue or diamond plow he foll wed the long rows of corn while his bare legs burned and his tow linen breeches grew shorter as they dried. But there was some compensation in the change, for the cool moist earth in the newly turned furrow felt gratefully soothing to his tired feet. But even when plowing the barefoot boy was exposed to constant peril, for snakes were plentiful and some of them were so poisonous that their bite often proved fatal. Of the poisonous kinds, the rattlesnake, copperhead, and spreading viper were the most dreaded. The largest snake that I ever saw outside of captivity and "without the aid of licker," was a blacksnake which Jim Drummond and I once came across when we were little lads. When we discovered the snake there was about two feet of his tail protruding from an old stump. We grabbed the tail and tried to pull the snake out, but the snake swelled up until his body filed the hole so tight that we could scarcely budge it. But we hung on and finally Jim announced that it was "coming." Thus encouraged we made another strong pull and released what we thought was plenty for one snake and

Jim let go and told me to hold it while he spit on his hands. After performing this operation Jim thought of something else. He was the most thoughtful boy I ever saw. Jim said for me to just keep on pulling as the snake was still coming all right and he would stand by with the ax and cut its head off when it was all out. Well that snake just kept coming. When about six feet of it was out with more to follow I suggested to Jim that he cut it in two, as there was enough snake on the outside to satisfy any reasonable person. But Jim was a regular hog when it came to snakes. He never knew when he had enough. After resting a moment we then with a strong pull released the remainder. As the snake's head appeared Jim uttered a savage yell and began to slash it with the ax. The snake measured seven feet, three inches.

The prairie rattlesnake was the most dreaded, both on account of its deadly bite and the rapidity with which it could coil and strike. It was much smaller than the timbered variety, being rarely over two and one-half feet long. The sound of the rattler's warning note seemed to touch some hidden spring in the barefooted boy's anatomy which would cause him to make one of those agile backward leaps that only native Missourians can execute gracefully and with required celerity.

I remember once when plowing corn something caught on the point of the plow and thinking that it was a corn stalk I raised the plow out of the ground and reached down to remove it, but just then I noticed a wriggling mass on the point of the plow, and the head of a prairie rattlesnake popped out and began to strike viciously. It finally released its tail and began to rattle furiously. I was plowing an old gray horse that was so gentle and minded the word so well that I had tied up the lines on the hames, but gentle as the horse was in other respects he had a deadly terror for snakes and he no sooner heard that rattler than he started and so far as

I was able to judge broke all his previous records in getting out of the field. I do not know what became of the snake. At another time I was binding in oats that had been cut the day before when I picked up a spreading viper with a bundle and just as I had the sheaf under my arm in the act of putting the band around it the snake glided out, went up over my shoulder and thence to the ground while I engaged in a war dance that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian. It took some time to restore confidence to the extent that I could handle a bundle of oats without first assaying it for snakes.

And so it seemed sometimes to the pioneer boy that old Father Time kept a keen edge on his scythe and was always looking for an opportunity to gather him in; and that the pale rider on his white horse often passed uncomfortably near, but somehow from day to day he managed to dodge both and grow up.

And as the boy toiled through the week in the heat and dust how he would long for Saturday night and how gladly he welcomed it when it came. After he had done his chores and washed the grime from his callousd feet he would sit on the door step and listen to the katydids in the old locust trees, and the whippoorwills down in the woods, and dream of the morrow and one long sweet day of rest. And there would come to him visions of a shady woodland path fringed with violets and sweetwilliams that led down to the cooling shadows of the creek and the "old swimming hole" and he would lie down with a sigh of perfect content and soon be wrapped in dreamless sleep.

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

In telling the story of the early days of Jamesport it is perhaps best to go back a little and first tell something of James Gillilan (or Gilliland as the older members of this family spelled their name) and of some of the other old families of that vicinity.

The Gillilans came from Virginia, the eldest member of this numerous family being a certain Nathan Gilliland, who lived in Bath county, Va. This county was afterwards divided and Pocahontas county was formed from a part of it. Here lived the Gillilands and to the best of their ability obeyed the primal command to "multiply and replenish the earth."

John Gillilan, a son of the Nathan above mentioned, married Mary Waddell, and to them were born twelve children—six boys, Nathan, Alexander, James, William, John and Samuel; six girls, Catherine, Mary, Elizabeth, Jane, Ellen, Ann and Rebecca.

Of these we have to do only with James in this sketch. On the 19th day of August, 1837, James Gillilan and Elizabeth G. Edmiston were married in Pocahontas county, Va., and two years later emigrated to Missouri and stopped in Randolph county for a short time and then settled in Daviess

county, where for half a century he made his home. To James and Elizabeth Gillilan there were born eight children, four of whom died in infancy. Of the other four, three were girls—Mary, who is now the widow of N. G. Cruzen, and lives in Gallatin; Anna, wife of George W. Miller; and Lydia, who died many years ago. There was a son, Nathan, who died when about 18 years old.

In 1852 James Gillilan made the trip overland to California, but returned the following year and bought the farm upon which he afterwards located the town of Jamesport.

There never was a more generous hearted man than James Gillilan. As long as he had a home the latch string hung out and all who entered found a simple whole souled hospitality that made them feel just like home folks. When you went to his house the family didn't put on their best clothes and their company manners and smother you with attention. They just gave you a friendly welcome and went about their accustomed tasks and left you free to enjoy yourself. Aunt Bettie, perhaps, never presided at a social function, never "entertained" with pink teas or six o'clock dinners, but I will venture the assertion that in no home in Daviess county were there ever fed and lodged more people than in the hospitable home of James and Bettie Gillilan.

Elizabeth Gillilan died in 1889 and ten years later, Sept. 19th, 1899, James Gillilan passed away and was buried beside his wife and children near Jamesport.

In the early days settlements were only found in the timbered district, hence neighborhoods were often widely separated by intervening stretches of prairie. This was so of the neighborhood where I was born, and the "Auberry Grove," as the settlement to the north was called. Among the first settlers in the last named neighborhood were the Callisons, Franklin and James, and James F., a nephew of

the other two. Here also came James P. Drummond, Robert Foster, Andrew W. Gay, the Gillilans, Millers, McClungs and Hills, along with a number of other settlers who from time to time put in an appearance and put their shoulders to the wheel of civilization to make it go round.

Thomas Auberry, above referred to, was an all round sort of a man, just such a man as would prove useful in a primitive settlement. It is said thst as a justice of the peace he meted out justice, mingled with mercy, and supplemented his lack of legal learning by a plentiful supply of horse sense. He could preach a funeral, preside at a wedding, shoe a horse, take up the corner of a cabin, compound panaceas from roots and "yarbs" which he gathered from nature's laboratory, was a good judge of a race horse and usually ready to back his favorite against the field, and there is even a lingering tradition that he was not entirely ignorant of the mysteries of "seven up." Besides all this he was an accommodating neighbor, a true friend and a congenial companion. In many ways he was useful to his day and generation and after all, the world was better for his having lived.

The first marriage in this neighborhood was that of Richard Hill and Miss Ann Gillilan. This was in 1841, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Isaac Jordin, a justice of the peace. There were five children born of this marriage, James C., Elizabeth E., Mary J., Josephine C., and another child whose name I do not know. His first wife dying in 1851, Richard married Nancy Jane Miller, and the result of this marriage was three children, Ella, John C., and Buchanan.

Richard Hill was a native of Pocahontas and settled in this county in 1837. He was a son of John Hill, who was born in Virginia in 1792, and who married Elizabeth Poage, also a Virginian, and born the same year. To this union were

born the following named children: Richard, William P. Robert, Davis, George, Thomas, Elizabeth and Mary. In the spring of 1851, John Hill came to Missouri and bought the Thomas Auberry farm, where he resided during the remainder of his life.

Of these children, Robert died single, Davis married Elizabeth McNeel, and reared three children, George, Thomas and Maggie. Thomas Hill died single at the age of 27 years. George married Mary E. McNeel. They reared four children, Oscar, Burton, Frank and Annie. Elizabeth married Hampton Hamilton and to them were born nine children. Mary W. never married. She still lives upon the old homestead, manages her fine farm, understands and oversees personally every detail, whether it be the planting and harvesting of crops or the buying and selling of stock. Miss Hill has proven herself to be an excellent farmer and business woman. But this is not all, for by her life she has demonstrated that a woman can manage a farm and yet lose nothing of that quiet dignity and gentle refinement that ever marks the true woman. Perhaps the most regretable thing about Miss Hill is the fact that such a very excellent lady should choose to "lend her graces to the grave and leave the world no copy."

Wm P. Hill, another son of John Hill, came to this county in 1855 and settled upon a farm one mile west of where Jamesport now stands. Mr Hill engaged in farming and blacksmithing, and by hard work, good management and economy accumulated a considerable amount of property. Before leaving Virginia he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Poage, a sister of Rankin and S. D. B. Poage, who lived in this county for many years. The date of Mr. Hill's birth was October 3rd, 1818, that of his wife, May 26th, 1816. Both were natives of Pocahontas county, Virginia. Of

the eight children born to them only the following are still living: George W., Davis, Mrs. Mary E. Leonard, wife of Samuel Leonard, and Mrs. Virginia Henderson, all of whom reside in Jamesport.

Wm. P. Hill died October 19, 1884. His wife is still living and in the enjoyment of good health in the 90th year of her age.

James P. Drummond was another of the early settlers of the "Auberry Grove" neighborhood. Like a majority of the early settlers of this community Mr. Drummond was a Virginian, having been born in Monroe county, Sept. 25th, 1813. On June 14, 1846, he was united in marriage with Miss Sydney Nickell who was also of the same county. In 1839 Mr. Drummond came to Daviess county and the same year entered 160 acres of land. Eleven children came to bless their home. Of these Margaret N. became the wife of Matthew R. Mann; Elizabeth E. married Jesse Baldwin; Amanda J., wife of Amos Musselman; Mary, wife of R. M. Barnett; George W. and Andrew were twins. George died several years ago. William N., at present the presiding judge of the county court; John K.; Caroline, wife of W. E. Jenkins; James M., and Charles W. Mr. Drummond's first wife died in November, 1856, and on July 14th, 1859, he was united in marriage with Miss Maria F. Mann, who was a daughter of John Mann, one of the early settlers of this county.

Mr. Drummond engaged in farming and stock raising upon an extensive scale, and at the time of his death, a few years ago, was the owner of a square section of the finest farming land in Daviess county besides a large amount of other property. His second wife is still living in Jamesport, Missouri.

James P. Drummond was a man of indomitable will, pluck and perseverance. He seldom asked advice and was

usually slow to accept it when offered. When once embarked upon an undertaking he followed the course marked out by his judgment, and if he succeeded he did not boast, if he failed he did not complain. To him a promise given was a sacred thing, to be redeemed at whatever cost. He lived an active life of usefulness, honored and respected by those who knew him best, and when his work was ended, passed on.

The Callisons, Franklin and James and James F, a nephew of the first two, were among the early arrivals. Of the early history of this family I know but little. They were Virginians, but I think that their ancestors were from Tennessee. James and Franklin Callison ranked among the wealthiest farmers of the county. In addition to farming and stock raising, Franklin Callison also engaged in merchandising for many years, and held many minor positions of trust in the community where he resided.

The Gillilan family was well represented. There were Nathan, Samuel, Alex, John and their families. Nathan was at one time reputed to be the wealthiest citizen of the county. His home farm consisted of 800 acres of fine prairie land well improved, the residence and barns being located near the center of the tract from which a fine view of his broad acres and sleek herds of cattle could be had. Here he lived like some old baron of feudal times and gave royal entertainment to his friends. He had a good library for the time, and had read much of history, biography and the current literature. At his home, out on the farm, he was the soul of old fashioned courtesy and good breeding, but when he came to town he would gather around him a lot of congenial spirits, and they would have the times of their lives, Nathan paying the bills like a gentleman. At such times he was liberal to a fault, and if he liked you he generally wanted to make you a present. Soon after I located in Jamesport he

came to me one day and asked me to take charge of a number of tenant houses that he owned in the town. My instructions were brief. I was to rent to whomever I could, charge all that I could get, and if a tenant failed to pay, put him out. It was perhaps six months before I had an opportunity to talk with him again. In the meantime I had met with good success in collecting rents and had quite a neat sum to turn over. I found him in Pendy Mann's store and after we had completed our settlement Nathan called Pendy to him and told him to give me the best overcoat in the house. I demurred to this as he had already allowed me all that I thought my services were worth, but Pendy had the coat to sell and he cut short all objections, and I was soon in possession of not only the best, but the first overcoat I ever owned.

The first child born in the Auberry Grove settlement was James C. Hill, son of Richard and Ann Hill. The year of his birth was in 1841.

The first death was a child of a Mr. Liggett, who died in 1838 and was buried in what is still known as the Hill graveyard.

The first regular physician who settled in this community was Dr. Carr.

Abraham Millice, a Methodist, did the first preaching in a log cabin on section 28. At about the same time Robert Morgan, a Presbyterian minister, held services at the house of Robert Miller.

The first school was taught in an old log cabin on the Auberry farm. This was in 1838 and Lewis McCoy was the teacher. He received six dollars per month for six pupils and "boarded around." The first school house was built on the John Hill place. James H B. McFerran, afterwards a banker and lawyer in Gallatin and later a millionaire mine owner of Colorado, was the first teacher. He had seven or eight

pupils and received two dollars from each for a session of three months. He too, must have "boarded around," otherwise he would have been in debt at the end of the term. No wonder he changed his occupation.

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

[CONTINUED]

I had been in Jamesport about a year when I was elected constable. I never knew how it happened, for I was not a candidate that I ever knew of. I suppose that no one else wanted the job and my name was put on the ticket just to fill up. Shortly afterwards Franklin Callison, who was chairman of the town board, called me into his office one day and told me that I had been appointed town marshal. Honors were coming fast, but I had made up my mind to take whatever the gods might send and ask no questions. I soon found that the marshal's office was not a sinecure. But I had made up my mind to read law and be admitted to the bar and it was necessary to do something in the meantime to pay expenses, so I donned the star and was ready for duty. I shall never forget my first arrest. A husky, hoop pole shaver got gloriously drunk, chased the proprietor of the hotel off the premises and took possession. As soon as I heard of the disturbance I started for the seat of war and was met by the proprietor of the hotel who told me what a bad man I had to deal with; that he would probably murder me, and a few other things calculated to reassure me and quiet my nerves. I

found the bellicose gentleman sitting in the hotel office armed with a big cheese knife. As I entered he arose, said that he was running the hotel and wanted to know what he could do for me. All the time he was getting closer to me and there was a diabolical grin upon his countenance and he kept on talking. I promptly drew my pistol and ordered him to stop. He did so. "Now drop that knife." Rather reluctantly he obeyed this command also. Then I seized him by the arm and started toward the door. He pulled back and cried out, "Hold on now, what does all this mean anyhow?" "It means that I am the town marshal and you are under arrest," said I.

"Well, why in the hell didn't you say so before and not come around here a pintin' your pistol at a peaceable law abidin' citizen an' a lookin' like the devil before day an' a tryin' to skeer the life outen him all fer nuthin'. I aint done nuthin' to be 'rested fur noway"—and here the big brute began to blubber. I was never so disgusted in my life. And I had actually been frightened by this gibbering idiot.

But as marshal, I had plenty to do. The woods were full of tie makers and with two saloons running wide open, Saturdays and especially Saturday nights were usually pretty lively. The feeling of timidity that I had at first experienced soon wore off and gave place to indifference.

One of the worst street fights that occurred while I was marshal was between the Gillilans and Carters and their friends. It began over the killing of a dog and the two factions met in Jamesport one Saturday to settle their differences. The engagement began about four o'clock in the afternoon and when it started everybody seemed to be ready to take a hand. In a moment the street was filled with a howling mob, clubs and brickbats were flying in every direction and men were pummelling each other with their fists. Oliver Gillilan seemed to be taking a leading part and I made a

dash for him and succeeded in getting him out of the crowd and, turning him over to a bystander with orders to guard him, I started back after another man. I had gone but a short distance when Gillilan, who had broken loose from his guard, passed me, going like the wind and yelling like a demon. But just as he passed me a brickbat took him in the jaw and he went down like a log. I ran to him and raised him up, saw it was a case for the doctors, perhaps the coroner, and laid him down again. This had the effect of quieting the crowd and the fight stopped as suddenly as it had begun. As I recollect now, I arrested seventeen men for participating in that fight.

I never had any serious trouble with but one man in making arrests. It was during the first fair held at that place and the usual gang of toughs and gamblers were on hand. The council had sworn in three special policemen to assist me during the fair and we had our hands full all the time. For the first three days and nights I did not undress, but snatched a few hours' sleep whenever I could. On the third night I released the other men after midnight, as they were all older than I and badly in need of rest, and patroled the town alone until about daylight, when, everything being quiet, I went to my room. I had just got to sleep when someone came to the door and awoke me and said that I was wanted to arrest a man down at the hotel. I hastily dressed and on opening the door was handed a warrant and told that I would find the man at the hotel. The man who had brought the warrant volunteered to go with me and point out the man who was wanted. He did this and as we approached the hotel he pointed to a man standing in front of the building and said that that was the man. I approached him and told him to consider himself under arrest.

"Upon what charge?" he asked.

I unfolded the warrant and in the dim light of early dawn began reading it to him. When I reached the charge, which was that of passing counterfeit money, he suddenly stopped me by saying:

"What are you giving me anyway?"

I looked up and found myself looking down the barrel of a long shiny pistol and the man behind the gun looked like he would shoot. I folded up the paper with the remark that if that was the way he proposed to play the game that I was unprepared and would have to go back and get ready. With that I turned and went down the street to Bunker's hardware store. Charlie Potter had just opened up and I walked in and took down a shot gun and a couple of cartridges. Going out on the street I happened to meet John Peery and A. C. McCord and told them what was up and asked them to go along, which they readily consented to do. On arriving at the hotel we found that our man had left. We soon saw him going out of town by the north road and we followed. We were gaining on him rapidly when he reached the corner of Andrew Gay's pasture. There he left the road and was lost to view for a time. When we again saw him he had reached his horse, which had been tied in the pasture, and was making for a gap there was in the fence. I immediately started for the gap to head him off and got there just ahead of him. He dashed up to within about 15 feet of me, suddenly stopped his horse, dropped to the ground, and keeping the horse between us, began to shoot. I could see nothing but the top of his head as he would raise up to shoot and I waited until he fired the third time, thinking to get a better show at him. But as he came up the fourth time I fired first, the small shot tearing away the top of his hat and inflicting slight flesh wounds. He then turned and ran a short distance, when he came to a small ravine which he jumped and turned to fire at

me again. But McCord had seen him coming and had stopped behind a tree and waited until he jumped the branch, then as he turned to fire at me McCord stepped out and covered him and ordered him to drop his pistol. Rayburn (for that as I afterwards learned was his name) still hesitated, looking first at McCord and then at me. But by this time I had him covered with the shotgun and I told McCord to shoot first as he was nearest and if he failed I thought that I could get him. At that Rayburn reluctantly dropped his pistol to the ground and we marched him back.

Lucien Oliver, who had filed the charge against Rayburn, had become alarmed and had left town at once on hearing of Rayburn's arrest. As there was no other witness against him Rayburn was at once discharged. A short time afterwards Franklin Callison came to me and said that Rayburn had openly announced his intention to kill me before he left town, and strongly advised that I hunt Rayburn up and kill him. I thanked Mr. Callison for the warning but declined to take his advice. I armed myself and went out and sat down on the stile block in front of Pendy Mann's store. Soon I saw Rayburn coming up the street. He still wore the remnant of his hat, the blood had run down over his face and dried in tiny streaks. When about twenty feet away he looked up and saw me, hesitated a moment and came on and stopped in front of me. I wore a loose sack coat and had my hand on my gun in my pocket. As Rayburn stopped I slid my pocket around so that my gun covered him. He saw the motion and understood. He started to talk about the way he had been treated, but I stopped him by saying that if there was anything further to settle between us that now was the time. "But you have the drop on me," said he. "Yes, and I will kill you if you don't leave town at once and never return," I replied. We stood looking into each other's eyes

for about a minute, neither speaking a word; then he remarked quietly, "I'll go," and turned and walked away and I never saw him afterwards.

But while there were occasional outbreaks, as a rule the town was quiet and peaceable. It was a great Saturday town, and the principal part of its business was disposed of on that day. This left five days in the week when its business men were left to their own resources to relieve the ennui of existence. Out of these conditions there arose the most inveterate band of practical jokers that I ever knew.

There was John Q. Smith, tall, slim, prematurely bald, with

> "Eyes that looked like two fried eggs
> And a nose like a bartlett pear."

And when he laughed the tears would stream from his eyes, and he ever talked in sobbing tones that were as sad as the wail of a lost child crying for its dead mother; and yet he was the worst of the lot. He used to divide time pretty evenly between the lumber yard and the saloon. He used to declare that he was forced to waste lots of good liquor because his eyes leaked, and would wish that he could have them set up higher on his head so that he could hold more.

Capt. Simms came along as a close second. Simms was well educated and was a ready writer and a fluent talker. One day "Crooked Neck" John Martin, an illerate saloon keeper, asked the Captain to write a letter for him to a widow with whom Martin had become greatly enamored. Simms complied and portrayed Martin's burning passion in a lengthy epistle "overflowing with the exuberance of thought and the splendor of diction." Simms read the letter to Martin, who listened attentively, and when the reading was finished he remarked: "Cap, that's a purty damned

good letter. Jest say down there at the bottom, excuse pore writin' and bad spellin', and let her go."

Simms was employed as a railroad mail clerk and was killed and his body burned to a crisp in a wreck near Winston, Mo. Maj. McGee of Gallatin was in the car with Simms at the time of the wreck, but escaped with slight injuries.

Then there was Ab Carman, Dick Isherwood, Jim Wymore, W. G. Callison, W. J. Gillilan, Joe X. Wright, A. P. Shour and a number of others whose names I do not recall who were always ready to lend a helping hand if a practical joke was to be worked off. Sometimes the gang would select one of their own number as a victim, and again they would all combine against some outsider.

One winter they made the Gazette office their headquarters. Here they played cards nightly, the stake being a superannuated old pony; and according to the rules of the game, whoever won the pony had to pay its board at the livery stable where it was kept.

There was a younger set who followed closely in the steps of the older ones and went them a few better on some occasions. Among these were J. R. Faulkner, Sam and Halleck Buzzard, Lon Champlain, Will and Frank Casey, Frank Davis, Pat Faulk, Jim Paris, "Doc" Groves, Will Lorrentz, John Mann and perhaps several others whose names escape me now. I never knew of them doing any serious harm to person or property, but they would can every dog that they could catch, "tic tac" houses, egg a party of barn stormers, and initiate every new comer who showed the slightest disposition to be "fresh." When William Curtis started a restaurant there they took him in charge at once, and most of the gang took their meals at his restaurant for a time, and they managed things in such a way that Curtis was either wading up to his ears in the "slough of despond," or walking on the clouds with his head among the stars.

Curtis owned a little tract of stony land some five or six miles from town and some of the gang suddenly discovered that there was a mineral spring of great value upon it. A little later it was rumored that someone had secured an analysis of the water from this spring and that it contained wonderful curative qualities. Curtis received a friendly tip that a secret investigation of his spring had been made and that a syndicate was being formed to buy it. The gang worked slowly. They were in no hurry and for a time toyed with their victim. Someone suggested that if a barrel of the water was kept at the restaurant that it would prove a great attraction. Curtis acted upon the suggestion at once and a team was sent to the country and the barrel installed. The boys would stand around the barrel and sip the water and discuss its merits in grave tones. Nobody laughed or said flippant things about that water. It was too serious a matter. All the time Curtis stood around dreaming golden dreams and having visions of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. His good fortune made him generous, and the tables were loaded with the freshest and best that the market afforded. We had twelve side dishes at breakfast, dinner was a banquet and supper a gastronomic vision of delight. After each meal Curtis would pass cigars around. No one refused to take at least one; some would show their appreciation by taking a half dozen.

One day when things were ripe Curtis was approached with an offer to buy his land, but he was shy and declined to fix a selling price. Then the would be buyer appeared to get anxious, and offered a thousand dollars. Curtis was indignant. Such an offer was an insult. Five thousand was bid, but awakened no interest. Ten thousand, and Curtis only smiled a knowing smile and shook his head. The bidder paused. He had apparently reached the limit of his pile. He

gave Curtis a sorrowful look and went away. Curtis waited, expecting other and better offers, but they never came.

Then it began to be whispered about that Curtis's restaurant was haunted, and some of his boarders left. Curtis borrowed a huge pistol and vowed his intention to shoot the first "hant" that he found fooling around his place The next night several of his boarders, headed by Andy Jackson, came rushing wildly down stairs and said that the ghost had been in their rooms. Curtis grabbed his pistol and rushed upstairs in time to see a white robed figure flit through a window, drop to a roof below and disappear in the darkness. Curtis fired several shots at the retreating figure, but as the pistol was loaded with blank cartridges, no damage was done.

At the end of six months Curtis was "all in" and the gang was looking for a new victim.

At another time a young gentleman from Texas blew into town and began to cut a pretty wide swath. Pretty soon the gang sat up and began to take notice. One Sunday afternoon one of the gang suddenly conceived a great liking for the gentleman from the "Lone Star" state, and invited him to take a walk. When they reached the woods, west of town, a bottle was produced and the Texan invited to irrigate. He did so. About the time the bottle was emptied some more of the gang happened along. They were provided with wine Would the gentleman try some of the wine? The gentleman would, and he did. Then they changed him back to whiskey straight and the gentleman was soon feeling so highly exhilerated that he was ready for anything. By this time it was dark and someone proposed that all adjourn to Callison's spring, build a fire and have a chicken roast. The Texan thought that would be just the thing and when someone volunteered the information that he knew where a hen and six half grown chickens, belonging to Wes Gillilan, roosted, he

was at once sent to confiscate them. A fire was soon burning at the spring, the chickens were divided around, the old hen falling to the Texan. Some of the boys fixed the chicken on a stick for their guest and he proceeded to cook it. Being rather uncertain in his movements he dropped it in the fire several times, but each time it was rescued. Finally the boys told him that his chicken was done and he proceeded to try to eat it. But there was more gristle than tenderloin about that ancient foul and there was also an aroma of burnt feathers not altogether appetizing. The Texan would set his teeth in the half cooked flesh and then pull, but the ancient sinews held firm. No one could charge the Texan with lack of energy or that there was any evidence of bad faith in his efforts to masticate the fowl. Like Bill Nye's hero, "He did his damndest and angels could do no more."

Finally the feast broke up in a sham fight during the progress of which Will Lorrentz cried out that he was stabbed and fell to the ground, feebly crying for help As the Texan was a giant in stature it was suggested that he carry Lorrentz back to town, which by the way, was about a half mile and up hill most of the way. The Texan was badly excited and readily agreed. Lorrentz was loaded on his back and the toilsome journey began. Whenever the Texan would show signs of weariness and talk of stopping to rest Lorrentz would declare that he was bleeding to death and urge him to hurry on. So the trip was made, Lorrentz carried to his room and deposited in bed.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the Texan left town the next day and never returned.

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

[CONTINUED]

And so it was from small beginnings like these that the country grew. There was a steady increase in population and wealth from year to year, so that in 1858 the discerning ones saw the necessity for a new town that would afford the settlement a trading place nearer home. There had been some talk of a town north of where Jamesport now stands, and I am not certain but what some steps had been taken towards its establishment; but when in 1858 James Gillilan laid out the town of Jamesport and built a store house, and the firm of Gillilan & Philpot had actually put in a stock of goods, all thought of the rival town was abandoned. Then there was Dr. James T. Allen, just graduated from the Virginia Medical College, at Richmond, young, active and ambitious, and one of the chief promoters of the new enterprise, who showed his faith by his works, and hung out his shingle in the embryotic metropolis; this taken in connection with the fact that Faulkner & Jordin had opened a "grocery" where all could allay their thirst fixed the new town upon a solid foundation. About the same time, Ben Cook, plasterer by profession, located here and the town began to boom; so that by 1860 it had a population of 59 people. But the following

year the fledgling boom withered in the shadow of the war cloud that lowered upon the horizon. With the first mutterings of the approaching storm, the young, the able bodied, all that were fit, abandoned their usual occupations and started to the front. And they went as blithely as a lot of school boys out for a holiday. Some thought that the war would be over in three months, others said it might take six months to settle it. If war had to come, it is perhaps just as well that those who were to take part in it did not know. It is well that they could not forecast the horoscope of the future, for if they could have done so, could have seen all the stricken fields heaped with the dead and wounded, the hospitals from which even the strongest came forth mere shadows of their former selves, and worst of all the loathsome prisons where men were crowded until the fetid air bred pestilence and death. If they could have seen this, and then shifted the scene to the thousands of homes made desolate, where gray haired mothers wept unavailing tears, where widows and orphans mourned the husband and father who would never return —if they could have seen all this, and more, for the horrors of war can never be told, then they would have said let us settle our differences in some other way. Ingersoll once said that "Savages settle their own differences, civilized men allow their differences to be settled by others." Victor Hugo said that the social body was infested with parasites, and in order to regain its strength it must get rid of the parasites. Among these parasites he said that the priest, the judge and the soldier were the worst. If Hugo will allow the substitution of politician for judge in the foregoing statement I would be inclined to agree with him. The world would have more christians if there were fewer priests to wrangle over creeds and dogmas. It would have better citizens if there were no politicians to lead them astray; and if we could eliminate these

two parasites from the social body the soldiers' occupation would be practically gone. For it is a fact borne out by history that a majority of the wars that have devastated the world can be traced either directly or indirectly to religious fanaticism or political ambition.

During the year 1861 a detachment belonging to the 53rd regiment, Illinois Volunteers, visited Jamesport and completely wrecked the store of James Gillilan. They proceeded to pour out pepper, spice, salt and other condiments on the floor, then took the stock of patent medicines and broke the bottles over this mass of stuff and in one way and another demolished the stock.

Mr. Gillilan, after the destruction of his stock of goods, retired to his farm, where he remained during the war.

Prior to the war Dr Allen had been instrumental in getting a postoffice establisheded in Jamesport and for a time it boasted a daily mail service. But when the war came on the service languished and fell into a state of "innocuous desuetude." Later a weekly service from Chillicothe to Bethany via Jamesport was established. The most remarkable thing about this service was the charming irregularity of the carrier's arrival. He never started unless the sign was right, but if after consulting the oracles, pouring out a few libations, and the auguries were propitious he procured the mail bag, which usually weighed more than the mail, and mounting his steed started on his journey. If nothing occurred to impede his progress he would probably arrive at his destination. But there were many things along the road to attract the attention of the carrier, particularly if he was at all inquisitive. For instance, upon an occasion one of these cariers was meandering peacefully along when he suddenly came upon an enthusiastic crowd of citizens near old Spring Hill, who were industriously engaged in hanging a man. Of course in a

case of this kind the mail would have to wait while the carrier took in the show. After the performance was over he dutifully resumed his interrupted journey. The carrier was long afterwards indicted on the charge of having taken part in the hanging, but succeeded in convincing those in authority that he was not a particeps criminis, but merely "a looker on in Venice."

My memory of Jamesport dates back to 1863, and I have a dim recollection of a little cluster of small unpainted wooden buildings, an old log barn that stood close in, and of a cornfield enclosed by a staked and ridered rail fence that came up close enough to the town to afford a place for hitching horses. Here I used to come occasionally for the neighborhood mail, and I remember that when the mail arrived the postmaster would dump the contents out upon the counter and proceed to read the names on letters and other parcels of mail aloud. If the name of any person in the crowd was called he would claim the parcel, and the reading would proceed. When the end was reached the postmaster would gather up the remnants and stow them away in some convenient place until called for.

During the war, while there was some attempt made to keep up a semblance of civil authority, the country was practically under military rule. As a result of this minor offenses among the civilian class were either condoned or ignored. But it can be truly said to the credit of the people of Daviess county that even during those turbulent days there was little lawlessness among them. Men did right, not from fear of punishment, but rather from the higher motive of doing right for right's sake. True, there were occasional lapses, as the following incident illustrates: I had gone to Jamesport to get my boots mended. The only shoemaker in the town at that time was William Smith, who lived in a little

shanty, located near the place where the Presbyterian church now stands. I found Smith in bed, his head, face and neck swathed in bandages, and upon inquiring the cause of his trouble was informed by his wife that Smith had been artistically carved about the face and neck by John D. Gillilan the preceding night. Smith was still gloriously drunk and lay tossing on the bed, dividing time between prayer for relief and oaths and imprecations and dire threats of vengeance against the man who had "Damn nigh cut his juggler." Smith insisted upon showing me his wounds, and I could not well refuse to look when he had removed the bandage, displaying a long slash beginning on the forehead and running down across one cheek, and another beginning under one ear and extending around under his chin, just grazing the jugular vein. After exhibiting his wounds Smith laid down again and his wife, who was a big red headed Amazon who chewed tobacco and was a better shoemaker than her husband, proceeded to fix my boots. As the boots were the only ones I had I was compelled to wait while they were being repaired. While this was being done Smith lay on the bed watching the street through a window. Presently he sprang from the bed with an oath and seizing a long barreled squirrel rifle rushed out of the house declaring that he would "get him." I followed in time to see John D., who had evidently seen Smith, bending low in the saddle and going down the street like the wind. Smith was so weak from the loss of blood that he could scarcely stand, but steadying himself he raised the gun, took deliberate aim and fired. Luckily for all concerned the shot missed its mark. This closed the incident, and shortly afterwards Smith rented some land from my mother and moved into a little cabin on our place. He was one of the kindest hearted and most unselfish men I ever knew. For nearly two years he lived there, working hard both on the

farm and at his trade and was doing well, but finally his old appetite for drink mastered him and he went on a protracted spree. His wife finally took his whiskey away from him and hid it. Smith was bordering upon delirium and when his wife persisted in refusing him the coveted liquor, Smith seized a shoe knife and grasping his wife by the hair swore that he would cut her throat if she did not give him the whiskey at once. The wife was sitting on a shoe bench when he seized her, but she made no attempt at resistance. Even when he pushed her head back and brought the keen edge of the knife against her throat she never moved a muscle, but looked him squarely in the eye and through her clinched teeth hissed: "Cut and be damned, you dirty coward" Smith's nerve failed him, or else some better instinct gained control of his being, for slowly his muscles relaxed and dropping the knife he sank into a chair the most miserable and abject specimen of humanity that I ever saw. Altogether this was one of the most diabolical scenes that I ever witnessed. Shortly afterwards they disposed of their surplus belongings, loaded the remainder into a covered wagon and started south, and I never heard of them afterwards.

The census of 1870 makes no mention of Jamesport, but the fact remains that it still existed. It had even grown some during the past decade and numbered about 120 people. But in 1870 the near approach of the Chicago & Southwestern railroad, as this branch of the present Rock Island system was then called, gave a new impetus to it's growth and when on the 25th of June, 1871, the first train steamed into Jamesport its inhabitants felt that the future prosperity of the town was fixed. Numerous new business houses were built and business of all kinds began to flourish. Among the buildings erected in the summer 1871 was a grain house by Franklin Callison. Dunn & Miller started a large store building and

A. L. Willis put up a dwelling, and a lumber yard was established.

From July 1st to January 1st, 1872, forty dwellings and ten stores were built. The following year the Jones Brothers began the erection of a fine flouring mill. This mill came very near being located in Gallatin and it was only by a lucky chance, and the prompt and effective work of a few of her citizens, that the mill was located in Jamesport The Jones Brothers had made partial arrangements for putting in the mill at Jamesport when they were approached by parties from Gallatin with a proposition to take it to that town. W. A. Wynne who lived in Jamesport at that time, and having business interests there, was alive to anything that would help to build up the town. As Mr. Wynne tells the story, Pines R. Dunn, at that time a resident of Gallatin, was in Jamesport one day and took supper with Mr. Wynne and during the meal Wynne was recounting the many improvements going on in Jamesport, and finally got around to those in prospective, and among these mentioned the new mill that was soon to be. Dunn listened to the mill story with a knowing smile and when Wynne had finished, said in a superior sort of way: "Billy, that mill will never be built in Jamesport. It is going to Gallatin. The contract is already signed by Isaiah Jones, and Marshall is to be over next Monday to sign up and complete arrangements for bringing the mill to Gallatin." This announcement came to Wynne like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. After Dunn had taken his departure Wynne at once sought out Dr. N. M. Smith, cashier of the Farmers Bank which had just been established, and laid the matter before him. Wynne had mapped out a plan of action which he submitted to Smith and met with his entire approval. The next day Smith hitched up his buggy and took Marshall Jones out riding. As they drove along Smith commented at length

upon the splendid location of Jamesport, the extensive territory tributary to it, and above all, how easily accessible from all points of the compass, no rivers to cross, no wide bottoms that were impassable for many months out of the year, and by way of contrast he was forced to point how different in all of these respects was Gallatin. For instance, there was the river to be forded in many places, wide bottoms to be crossed, and hills to be scaled in order to reach it, and, added Smith as a sort of afterthought and logical deduction, "that is the reason that a mill has never been located there." The argument had been made so simply, the premises were so reasonable and the conclusion reached so natural, and all with such apparent candor and utter ignorance of the fact that Jones had ever thought of building a mill anywhere but at Jamesport, that before they parted Smith had a complete confession from Marshall of their intended location in Gallatin, but that now his eyes had been opened and he saw things in their true light and that the mill would surely be located in Jamesport as originally intended.

August 6th, 1879, granting the prayer of Nathaniel G. Cruzen and sixty other citizens, the county court ordered that articles of incorporation be granted to the town of Jamesport. It also further ordered that "Franklin Callison, Nathaniel G. Cruzen, Maro Thomas, A. B. Barnes and Isaiah H. Jones be, and the same are hereby appointed trustees in and for said town, to hold office until their successors are elected and qualified."

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

[CONTINUED]

The first brick building erected in Jamesport was occupied by the Farmers Bank. The frame structures met the needs of their owners for several years and it was not until 1878 that any further brick buildings were erected. In that year Dr. G. W. Hutchison built a brick business house which he occupied with a drug store and W. G. Callison erected two rooms adjoining which were occupied by Independence Mann as a general store.

On the 9th of January, 1878, I left my old home on the farm and walked the six miles to Jamesport. I was not encumbered with baggage; most of my earthly possessions being on my back in the form of a rather shabby suit of clothes in the pockets of which there was just $9.00 in money. I began work at once for S. Stine, a gentleman with a hooked nose, a keen eye, a kindly face and a persuasive voice. Stine had a good trade and I was kept pretty busy. At first I had some trouble with his cost mark as it was made up from the German words "gluk mit uns," but little by little I succeeded in mastering the details of my work, and in getting some measurements on the magnitude of my ignorance. When it would become necessary for me to attempt some new thing in his business and I would have to confess my ignorance (and it occurs to me now that I put in a great deal of time in confes-

sions of this kind, in those days), Stine would never grow impatient, but always he would say, "You haf te haid, you can learn." One night he was posting his books when he turned to me suddenly and said "Brudder John, you shall keep my books." Great Scott! what was the man thinking about. Me keep his books. If he had told me to make a translation of the Talmud or the Pandex of Justinian, the command would have sounded as reasonable and the possibility of my compliance as probable. But with this mercurial little Jew, to conceive an idea was to put it into execution at once, and for the next hour I sat by him and looked on while he went from day book to journal and from journal to ledger explaining the details of his system. Thus I received my first lesson in bookkeeping. When Stine left the store that night I requested him to leave the books out of the safe and that night and for many nights I pored over those books until finally I mastered them. Old Tim Linkinwater was no prouder of Nicholas Nickelby when that young gentleman had demonstrated his ability to keep the books of Cherryble Bros. than Stine was after I had justified his faith in my ability to keep his books. It was a small success and yet to me it was the most important achievement of my business life. It taught me that by patient perseverance and hard work I could do things which at first might seem impossible. It awakened a feeling of conscious power and gave me the courage to try. I dwell upon this simple incident in the hope that it may prove helpful to some young man who is earnestly trying to get a foothold in the business world.

I had been with Stine about four months when one day there came three other Jews, prosperous looking gentlemen with gold rimmed glasses and beaks like birds of prey, and they held a long conference with Stine which lasted far into the night. The next morning Stine came to me and in his most pathetic voice announced that he was "busted" and that he was going to quit business in Jamesport. In a short time

he had collected his outstanding accounts, compromised with his creditors, and had gone to Kansas where he opened up a larger and better store than he had in Jamesport, and so far as I know was never again compelled to "bust" in order to save his credit.

After Stine left I worked for a short time for James A. Layton who ran a wholesale flour store. At that time there was no railroad to the North between Jamesport and the Iowa line and Layton's had customers at Bancroft, Blue Ridge, Bethany, Lorraine and as far north as Eagleville, and these together with other towns furnished a good trade in this line. His customers would usually come in wagons loaded with produce for shipment and would go back loaded with flour and salt.

The following year, 1879, Layton went to Colorado, and in 1882 settled in Grand Junction where he was elected county clerk and served from 1883 to 1887. He also held the office of Registrar of the United States land office at Grand Junction under the McKinley administration for two years. He was born in Lafayette, Indiana, in 1848, and served with the Third Illinois Cavalry. He died at Grand Junction, of which city he was one of the founders, October 23rd, 1903. James A. Layton was one of the most generous and kind hearted men I ever knew. He was a companionable man, always ready to accommodate his friends to the extent of his ability, enjoyed a good joke, even at his own expense. One night while I was working for Layton, Billy Wynne and Joe X. Wright disguised themselves as farmers and came into Layton's store. The light was dim, as we usually kept but one light burning, and Wynne and Wright kept well in the shadows, and disguising their voices inquired the price of Blue Dick flour. Layton explained to them that there was no such brand as Blue Dick, but that what they wanted was the famous Blue "D" brand which he carried. They submitted to the correction, closed a contract for a thousand pounds

each, said that as they lived in the northern part of Harrison county and would likely start on the return trip very early the next morning that they would like to get their flour loaded that night. Said that they had just got in, had some other trading to do and would be around later to load up. Layton agreed to wait for them although they warned him that it would probably be pretty late. Layton said that didn't matter in the least. Wynne and Wright then left the store, but later on returned without their disguises and Layton told them of the sale he had just made and that he was waiting for the return of his customers. The boys stayed quite a while, but finally left Layton to carry on his weary vi gil alone. Layton remained at his post until some time the next morning; but his cusromers never came back, and the laugh was on Layton.

The first number of the Jamesport Gazette was issued March 8th, 1877, and Joe X. Wright and M. O. Cloudas were its editors. Their salulatory was as follows:

"The weekly Gazette will be issued every Thursday from the corner of Main & East streets, Jamesport, Mo. Our politics and religion—got none. Our rates are the same to everybody—$1.50 per year in advance."

Following is a list of Jamesport business firms represented in its advertising columns at that time: Martin & Conch, livery; C. C. Clark, carpenter; Wynn & Hutchison, dry goods and groceries; Mrs. K. Small, fashionable dressmaker; Mrs. H. Holloway, millinery; H. Holloway, carpenter and joiner; Thos. Ballew & Sons, lumber; Frank Tanner, harness; Chas. E. Orcutt, druggist; Independence Mann, dry goods; Layton & Phillips, dealers in flour; Murry & Miller, dry goods; Marsh & Hemley, harness; Bunker & Wymore, hardware; St. Elmo House, T. M. Cloudas, proprietor. Among the professional cards appeared G. W. Hutchison, M. D.; W. G. Callison, attorney at law; and Dr J. W. Burton, resident dentist of Gallatin.

The announcements of Albert P. Shour and W. W. Stout for the office of school commissioner also appeared for the first time. There was but one marriage notice, that of Milton Terry and Terresa Hazelrigg, Rev. John Martin officiating.

One item mentions the fact that "there are quite a number of firms in our city not represented in our advertising columns."

Another item states that "our merchants are selling goods to customers forty miles from town."

Albert P. Shour announces that he will open a select school April 29th. The leading article in this number, as also in several succeeding numbers, is the "Saturday Night," written by Joe X. Wright in imitation of Brick Pomeroy's famous articles under that heading.

Joe X. Wright was the best all round newspaper man that I ever met. He understood every detail of newspaper work, and was equally at home in the mechanical department or the editorial chair. He was a son of Elder D. T. Wright, who formerly lived at Chillicothe, Mo. In spite of all his faults the fact remains that Joe X. Wright gave the people of Jamesport the best newspaper that town has ever had.

In addition to the business firms mentioned above, there was Franklin Callison who had been in business there since the early sixties. P. H. Lilly was also in business there at this time, merchandising and buying grain. Mr. Lilly, Charles E. Orcutt and M. Murry are about the only ones of those doing business in Jamesport when I first knew it who are still there.

The Carman Brothers were there in 1877 and were among the leading merchants. John W. Clark was running a jewelry store and Jake Irving had a hardware store.

John Wesley Clark was an oddity in many ways. He had a genius for doing unexpected things. I remember that at one of the fairs held at Jamesport, the management was looking for grand stand attractions, when John went to them

with a proposition to walk a slack rope across the race track from the top of the amphitheater to the judge's stand. The management was inclined to treat the proposal as a joke, but John insisted that he could do it. When questioned he admitted that he had no experience in rope walking, but that he had about a month in which to learn. It was finally agreed that he could make the attempt, and John rigged up a rope in his yard and went to practicing. When the fair came on John was ready and performed his perilous feat in the presence of thousands of people to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

At another time Dr. Arnold, a traveling showman, came to Jamesport and advertised that he would give an entertainment and among other things would play upon "eight separate and distinct instruments at one and the same time." This aroused the curiosity of Clark. He attended the performance and afterwards announced that he could play eight separate and distinct instruments at one and the same time and immediately went into training. In a short time he was ready to demonstrate his musical ability and I heard him give a performance that was fully equal to that of Arnold.

In 1883 he and I made a trip to California together. At Kansas City John decided that we would make the trip in an emigrant car, as it would not only be much cheaper, but would give us a new experience in traveling. We bought bedding and had a huge lunch basket filled with provisions and with divers other supplies were pretty well fortified for our journey. For the first day and night we had the whole car to ourselves. At Denver an old gentleman and his son joined us. At Ogden a "busted" showman with a set of musical glasses came on board and John immediately sat up and began to take notice. John had a part of his musical apparatus with him and he insisted on getting up a concert at once. The showman said that he could not operate his glasses unless he had them fastened upon a table. But difficul-

ties always made John the more determined. At the nex town he got off and procured some screws and it was but a short job to fasten these glasses to one of the wooden seats in the car. Then John got out his guitar, a french harp, a triangle and a small drum, the showman went to his glasses and we soon had a very unique concert in full blast. It was a mixed train and there was a party of wholesale merchants traveling in a special car attached to our train. These gentlemen learned of the novel entertainment that was in progress in our car and soon they came crowding in to enjoy it. Then John arose and stood for his rights. He appealed to the conductor for protection. Pointed out that we were traveling third class and that first class passengers had no right to intrude upon our privacy. The conductor said the point was well taken and compelled the first class passengers to retire to their own car.

The last time I heard from Clark he had a lot of trained dogs that were astonishing the people of Denver by their wonderful performances.

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

[CONTINUED]

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

In 1879 or 1880 Pendy Mann moved his stock of goods into a new double brick building belonging to W. G. Callison. There was a vacant room upstairs about twenty by forty feet in size. It was neatly plastered and a row of windows along the south side and west end gave light and ventilation. It was a very comfortable room. Capt. O. Taylor was, I think, the original discoverer of this room and he appropriated it for a sleeping room Other homeless waifs came and, seeing the Captain so comfortably fixed, got permission to move their meager belongings to this place and make it their home. Additions to our numbers came from time to time until there were some seven or eight domiciled here. We had a large stove, wash stand, mirror, wash bowls and towels, chairs, a writing table, and a few other articles of furniture. Here, for several years, we slept, made our toilet and loafed of Sundays. It was a democratic community, where each member followed the bent of his own inclination, subject only to the decrees of Capt Taylor, our acknowledged head.

There was Ad Hese, big, clumsy and good natured, who was continually running against himself in his efforts to keep

ont of his own way. Pat Faulk, dainty and debonair, with immaculate linen and clothes that were the extreme of style; the only man in our crowd who could smoke a cigar without letting it smoke him, or who could twirl a slender cane with grace. Will Casey, a licensed lawyer at twenty-one, but changed his mind, went to Denver, engaged in business and suceeeded. Frank Davis, young, quiet and attentive to business, with a fund of native humor that enabled him to extract much solid enjoyment from life. Art Noble, printer by trade, who invariably shaved, took a bath and then got drunk every Saturday night, slept all day Sunday and was at his case Monday morning smiling and repentant. Frank Casey, the youngest orphan in our home, born tired, always sleepy, and who was wont to exclaim in regretful tones as he arose on Monday, "Alas, it is six more days till Sunday." Captain Taylor, trim and soldierly, quiet and courteous, careful and methodical, never putting the left sock upon his right foot, nor vici versa, taking his "mawnin's mawnin'" with great regularity, yet with temperance and sobriety. He went to bed with the birds and arose with them. He made laws for the government of the "Orphans' Home" and then enforced them with justice and impartiality. Once when the Captain thought that the boys were staying out too late of nights, he announced that all must be in their beds by ten o'clock. Someone disobeyed the order, found the door locked, climbed an awning post and came in through the window. The next day the Captain put locks on the windows.

One day W. P. Howland, an organ agent, brought a wheezy old melodeon up to our room and asked permission to leave it there a few days. None of the boys could play, but as they came in they would thump the old melodeon a few times, not for the purpose of producing a "concord of sweet sounds," but simply as an evidence of good faith. Our visi-

tors never failed to pay their respects to the melodeon. It was a star attraction. One Sunday morning Pat Faulk discovered the chords to "Little Brown Jug" He played them vigorously for quite a while, then, emboldened by his success, he sang the words. Some of the boys joined in the alleged music and they all sang I was sitting with my feet in the window reading, for it was a warm day in summer, when I noticed the Captain get up, very deliberately take a yard stick and carefully measure the window; then he took the dimensions of the melodeon and came back to the window and stood there humming a tune and apparently engaged in some deep mental calculation. He happened to glance at me and, seeing a look of inquiry upon my countenance, he quietly remarked:

"I was just a figgerin' to see if that damned thing (pointing to the melodeon) would go through the window."

Once along late in October Capt. Taylor, Geo. Cook and I went duck hunting. When we started the sky was overcast with murky and blown clouds and a cold drizzling rain was falling. It looked like we were going to have good weather for ducks. We reached our camping place along in the afternoon and our driver started on the return trip with instructions to come for us at the end of the week. We pitched our tent and by the time we had arranged things comfortably about camp, night came on. All afternoon we had seen long lines of ducks flying, but made no attempt to get any shooting that evening, as we felt that we had a whole week of good sport ahead of us. We ate supper and turned in early, expecting to be "up and at 'em" early next morning. But when the morning dawned there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a duck to be seen on the bottom. Things looked discouraging, but Cook and I shouldered our guns and started out to explore the bottoms. We returned at noon, Cook with

one old mallard duck, but I, like Rip Van Winkle, had "no a tail nor a fedder" to show for my long tramp. In the afternoon Cook and I went to the hills and succeeded in killing a few quails. Our dog caught a rabbit and when we returned to camp the Captain had one lone jack snipe to his credit.

Capt. Taylor was very fond of soup and the next morning when Cook and I were preparing to start the Captain said that he would stay in camp and have a big pot of soup ready for dinner. Cook and I started out in different directions, tramped all forenoon, found nothing and returned about noon tired and hungry and ready to do justice to the Captain's soup. And the soup was ready. The Captain had dumped the job lot of game, quail, duck, snipe and rabbit into a big iron pot along with a lot of potatoes, plenty of salt and oceans of pepper and the mixture had boiled all forenoon. We waived all preliminaries, and ladeling the hot soup out into tin plates began to devour it. We ate on in silence, with appetites such as men have who take plenty of exercise and live in the open air. We were approaching the bottom of the pot when Cook drew a rabbit's leg. For some reason rabbit was Cook's pet aversion, so when it dawned upon him that he ad been devouring soup, contaminated with rabbit, he pushed his plate away, looked reproachfully at the Captain and in injured tones exclaimed, "Now Cap Taylor you've spoiled my dinner, for I've told you a hundred times that I couldn't eat rabbit." "It strikes me that you've done fa'ly well for a man that can't eat rabbit, and I don't think you'll sta've," said the Captain in his hard dry tones, and the incident was closed.

Pat Faulk and Alex Layton once played a practical joke on me that gave me about the worst twenty-four hours that I ever experienced. It was soon after I was elected constable and a man against whom I held a number of executions came

to my office one day to settle. As I now recollect he paid me altogether about nine hundred dollars, all in bills. I placed the money in a long red pocketbook and put it in my pocket. While I was writing a receipt for the money Pat passed through the office, stopped and leaning over my shoulder, talked to me a moment about some unimportant matter and went on. I wrote the receipt, handed it to the man and started at once to the bank to deposit the money. I walked up to the bank counter and remarking that I wanted to make a deposit, reached for my pocketbook. It wasn't there. Hurriedly my hands went to every pocket in my clothing but it was no use. The pocketbook was gone. Stunned and dazed by the loss I said something to the cashier about having forgotten my pocketbook, and turning left the bank. I searched the sidewalk back to my office which was not more than fifty feet distant, ransacked my office with feverish haste but all to no purpose. The pocketbook had disappeared as completely as if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed it. I sat down and tried to think, but always my thoughts traveled in the same narrow circle; the pocketbook was gone and I could not account for its disappearance upon any reasonable hypothesis. I do not think that I ate or slept during the next twenty-four hours. My only thought was how can I replace that money. I was not worth the sum involved and I could offer no reasonable excuse for asking anyone to sign my note for such a sum; but the money had to be replaced and promptly too, for the execution creditors might call at any time for their money and I could offer no valid excuse for withholding it. After a sleepless night I was sitting in my office feeling desperate enough for anything, when Pat came in and remarked that I was not looking well and asked if I was sick. I was not inclined to talk, but he kept up a running fire of comment on my appearance until Layton and some more of

the gang dropped in and joined in the conversation. Someone suggested that perhaps the reason I looked so blue was because I was unable to pay my washer woman and my shirt was in hock. Pat proposed that a collection be taken up for my relief and drawing my pocketbook out, deliberately opened it and began to run through the pile of bills, while I sat there staring at him like one demented. I reached for that pocketbook and when I realized that the money was all there and that it was all a joke, I felt like one suddenly awakened from a horrible dream.

It was perhaps not more than a week after this occurrence that "the whirligig of time" brought at least a partial revenge. Layton had sold out and was winding up his business preparatory to going West, and was making his headquarters in Faulk's store. Passing through the store late one evening I discovered Layton's pocketbook lying on his desk where he had carelessly left it. I appropriated it at once, sauntered back to the stove and sat down. Presently Layton came in, stood around awhile, said that he would go and feed his horse and then go to supper, and then went out. After supper I returned to the store and waited. Presently Layton dashed in, went to his desk, rummaged among the papers, stopping occasionally to feel in his pockets. I recognized the symptoms at once, and realized how much easier it was to watch the other fellow have it than it was to have it yourself. Faulk and I were the only persons present, and presently Layton came in and began to tell how he had lost his pocketbook, that it contained about $400.00—nearly everything he had in the world. It was a maxim of Rochefoucauld that, "There is always something in the misfortunes of our friends that is not altogether displeasing to us." That states my feelings very politely, but it is not near strong enough, for when Layton finally concluded that he had lost his pocketbook at the

barn and had probably pitched it out with the refuse, and he and Pat took a lantern and started for the barn, I just wanted to hug myself and yell as I pictured them pawing over that manure pile in a blinding snow storm looking for something that wasn't there. They kept up the search for quite awhile, but about eleven o'clock they came back to the store discouraged and nearly frozen. I wasn't near ready to give up, but when Layton remarked that it would break his wife's heart when she learned that he had lost their little all, my heart relented and I restored the money and Layton went home happy.

For four years I lived this life, studied hard, worked at whatever my hands found to do, and if I made little, I spent less and so saved something. I devoted two years to the study of law, reading thirty pages of some author each day. At the end of this course of reading I applied for admission to the bar of Daviess county. Judge Samuel A. Richardson was on the bench at that time and he appointed Judge R. A. DeBolt, Judge Shauklin, Judge H. C. McDougal and W. C. Gillihan as a committee to examine Wm. M. Bostaph and myself. From my point of view, that committee did a pretty thorough job. For four hours we were subjected to a rapid fire of questions, which thoroughly tested our legal knowledge, or the lack of it, and the committee were kind enough to report favorably upon our cases and we were ordered to prepare our licenses to practice law, which we did and the judge signed them.

It was not with any definite intention of ever engaging in the practice of law that induced me to take up that study. I felt that it would give me standing among business men to understand something of the law governing ordinary business transactions, and my experience has proven this to be true. I have engaged in various occupations and always I

have found that a knowledge of law stands a man in good stead.

Dnring the time that I was engaged in reading law there was a great deal of petty litigation in the justices' courts of the township and the justices each had a regular "law day" once a month. W. G. Callison, with whom I read law, was the only lawyer in the town and, having much outside business, was seldom in his office. Even before I was admitted to the bar, he would sometimes intrust matters of minor importance in the justice court to my care and, like Patrick Henry, I began to learn law by practicing it. I had some amusing experiences in this sort of practice. Upon one occasion Robert Vance, an attorney living then in Gallatin, came to Jamesport and during his stay became involved in a personal difficnlty with a traveling street fakir, which resulted in Vance getting soundly thrashed. Vance had the fakir arrested at once and charged him with all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors. As usual, Callison was away and I was the only show to put up a defense for the accused. He asked what my services were worth and I told him that while the services probably would not be worth the money, they would cost him $10.00. It is true I knew but little law, but observation had taught me that there was nothing so calculated to inspire a client with confidence as for his lawyer to charge him a good stiff fee. He said that $10 was all the money he had, so I agreed that if he did not come clear that I would make no charge. With this understanding we went into court and presently our case was called. The state represented by Vance promptly answered ready. I had resolved upon a desperate move for I had a desperate case and I wanted that $10. I answered that I believed that we were ready, but before proceeding further I would, under leave of the court, file a motion requiring the state to give bond for costs. Without

waiting, I at once launched out into an argument in support of the motion, basing my plea upon the fact that the court had already lost its fees in a number of petty state cases that were wholly without merit, and which were instituted for the sole purpose of furnishing a means by which one individual might gratify his desire for revenge against another. That if the state wanted to engage in this kind of business, then let it put up a good and sufficient bond. I talked about five minutes and sat down, feeling sure that the court was with me Vance was on his feet in an instant and had no trouble in showing to the court that such a motion was wholly unauthorized by law and without precedent in the practice of the courts. I had counted upon his saying all that and more, but I knew that I had appealed to something which to that court was higher than statute law or precedent, and that was his self interest.

When Vance closed, the court announced its decision: "The motion for cost is sustained and the state has thirty minutes in which to furnish bond. If bond is not furnished in that time, the defendant will be discharged."

It is needless to add that the bond was never furnished, that the defendant went free, and I got the ten.

By this time I had saved enough out of my small earnings to buy a piece of residence property. There was a five-room house, nearly new, and an acre of land. It had cost me about $750.00 Besides this I had sufficient money to furnish it cheaply, and this I proceeded to do. After furnishing the house I found that I had something over $1000.00 invested. I had earned it all and was rather proud of the fact. Observation and experience alike have taught me to believe that the young man who earns and saves $1000.00 can be safely counted on to earn and save still other thousands. It is necessary that the young man should learn to earn money and it is equally as essential that he should learn to save it. A good way to avoid extravagance is to earn your money before you spend it Another incentive to saving is to have some defi-

nite investment in view—a piece of property or an interest in some business which he particularly desires to own. I know how useless it is to advise others along these lines, for these are things that every young man must learn for himself—if he ever learns them—in the hard school of experience.

While I was engaged in fixing up my house, Jim Faulkner and Frank Casey used to go down with me of nights and help put down carpets, put up stoves and arrange the furniture. At last the boys pronounced the arrangements in the house satisfactory. They had even put wood and kindling in the stoves and laid a match handy.

It was Saturday night. I had that day moved my belongings from the "Orphans' Home" and bid farewell to the orphans. It was the last night of my bachelorhood and as I sat alone I thought long and earnestly on the problems of the future. I had long and earnestly desired to have a home, with all the sweet associations connected with that word, and now the fulfillment of this cherished hope was at hand.

At 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, October 30th, 1881, at her father's house, Sallie E Chenoweth and I were married. Just a few friends and relatives were present, and when the preacher had said the simple words that linked our destiny we drove away, accompanied by some of our young friends. Never before had this old world looked quite so beautiful as it did on that bright, crisp October morning. At least it seemed so to me. Others may not have noticed how brightly the sun shone, or that the crisp air intoxicated one with the very joy of living. Along the woodland roads the leaves were turning to brown and gold and nature seemed to have decked herself in her most brilliant robes in honor of our nuptial day

After taking dinner in Gallatin late in the afternoon we drove slowly back, reaching Jamesport about sundown, and drove straight to our own home and went to housekeeping.

Here we lived for fourteen years, here our three children were born; here a fair share of happiness and prosperity rewarded our labors—and here I think would be a good place to bring these sketches to a close.