

EARLY DAYS

IN

IOWA

1850 — 1900

Washington Township
Wapello County

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1850-1900

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP---WAPELLO COUNTY
ELDON, IOWA AND VICINITY

The contents herein were written during the early 1900's by Mr. I.T. Flint. Mr. Flint was a preacher and part time newspaper man. He lived his entire life in and around Eldon. He died in the early part of this century.

This volume contains 84 pages of events and incidents that occurred in the immediate area from about 1850 to 1890. The articles appeared weekly in the Eldon Star-News-paper in the early 1900's.

Mr. Flint depicts life during the settlement and development of the Eldon area along the Des Moines River. The events and incidents depicted herein are irreplaceable. We should appreciate more our heritage and progress made, after reading these pages. Our forefathers, with their indomitable spirit and love of independence, deserve our utmost gratitude. May we and future generations preserve and protect the freedoms they gained for us.

Four generations of the Sapp family, of which I belong, have lived, worked and are buried in Eldon, so this history has special significance to me.

My Uncle Charlie Boxx, a long time barber and resident of Eldon saved these articles. I received them upon his death in 1967.

Upon my retirement in 1986, I had the material laminated and bound to protect the fragile paper, worn with age.

I contribute this volume to the Eldon Library and its people hoping they will enjoy and preserve it for generations to come.

Jack Sapp
Nov 1988

3. EARLY DAYS OF IOWA. The Scramble for Claims.

This prairie valley surrounded with bountiful woodland and forests was the garden spot of all the west to the first settlers of Iowa. Upon account of the old Iowa village being located at the lower extremity on the banks of the river it was known far and wide as "village prairie!" And many immigrants, who could get good land still east of it, waited until this was opened up for settlers; and as we stated even with the danger of maltreatment by soldiers could not be held back until the allotted time.

The closing of the last day of April saw more men occupying the upper end of this valley than has ever been seen since. Covered wagons, tents and camp fires were visible in every direction. Even the woods and hills were peopled also. For be it remembered, men raised in the beechwoods of Indiana or white oak hills of Ohio, formed their opinion of the fertility of the soils by the amount and quality of the timber they produced. Our black prairie land being too poor to produce timber wasn't worth having. They could not forego those old happy times of the east, deadening, chopping, clearing, log rolling, burning and plowing around stumps. The timbered hills and bottoms were here too, and those woods were soon full of them.

Thus the last day of April, 1843, was a busy day preparing torches, measuring lines and stakes for nightwork. Promptly at midnight the gleam of torches dancing around in the glowing darkness like jack-o-lanterns, were visible in all directions; while the shouts of men stumbling about following up with their measurements, crossing and recrossing each others lines, driving stakes, &c., undoubtedly brought many a voluntary as well as an involuntary oath from the actors in this hurly burly midnight scene.

But those who swore that night, had much more cause for profanity the next day, when they went around to locate their coveted premises. My father's predicament was a fair sample of the condition of others. He found four families squatted down on his 160 acres, now part of the Remington and Baker farm. They were Silas Garrison, Jerry Shepherd, Harmon Garrison and a man named Heaton. Heaton immediately changed his location to the quarter west of it, part of which is now occupied by Mrs. Dornise. This was also claimed by Brad Caves, bringing about a scene which I will recount hereafter. Father en-

tered into a negotiation with the other powers patching up a treaty by which they abdicated their claims eventually to his jurisdiction.

A man named Hammack secured the 160 acres east of the Remington & Baker farm, but becoming dissatisfied afterwards, sold his right to the land to my father for a small sum and moved back east. Here I will state the great unforeseen objection to this locality, malaria, overlooked by the eager settlers, began to make itself known by chills and fevers taking their grip on every household, until at times there were not enough persons in a family to wait on the sick. This decided Hammack, like thousands of others then and thereafter, to get out of the country before death snatched away some of their household treasures.

Those conditions, upon account of great stagnating ponds of water and breaking up the sod for farming with its decaying vegetation, not only existed there but all over Iowa, until more "prairie schooners" were seen under full sail eastward, than at any time could be counted going towards the setting sun. Yet "the survival of the fittest," was heroically demonstrated by the sires of the present generation, who (stuck to their) homes here through all the vicissitudes of fortune and hardships of our early frontier lives.

At that time under the pre-emption laws of the United States, one could hold 320 acres of land five years, when by paying \$1.25 per acre he received a patent, or deed. During this time my father being an old school Baptist minister as well as farmer, became acquainted with Ephraim Cummins who then lived in Richwood, Jefferson county, and belonged to the same denomination. By some means he and Cummins got on a trade in the fall of 1845, by which Cummins obtained his claim right to the Hammack place for two yoke of cattle. As father had worn down the Hammack cabin and moved it on his home place for an addition to his own house, Cummins got the privilege of occupying it until spring, or until he could get out more logs and build another one.

Before winter began Cummins moved in, his family consisting of himself, wife and four children. My parents only had two children, myself and little brother. Only two log rooms to shelter ten persons, two families but newly acquainted, rudely provided not only in furnishing, but often with the most essentials to maintain life. What do even some of the present generations in their

comfortable homes and we fear occasionally a contempt for the poor, think of the lives of such ancestors?

With all those inconveniences and hardships, never was a happier winter enjoyed by that number of persons. Nearly every one of the long nights was spent until late bed time, in visits, one with the other, cracking hickory and hazel nuts around the fire, the old folks in conversation spiced with stories and anecdotes, while the robust rosy checked children, more often than otherwise barefooted and ragged, were romping around in gleeful and happy play.

In my last article about Betterton's children, the compositor made me say "ragged" instead of "rugged," but as our parents were all poor, requiring their utmost skimping and economy to keep even, with such a thing as buying goods on time like we have now, but little known or practiced, we all had to often go "ragged" enough. So we will let that mistake stand. But with that eventful winter to those two families began the ties of friendship that were never broken, and even in their prosperity, links them closer together today than many are held by flesh and blood relation.

Mr. Cummins built his log house and moved into it the spring of 1846. On receiving their patents to their lands a number of years afterwards he and my father discovered their mile strip (four forty's) run a quarter of a mile farther south than they thought and left off a forty north they had been using for timber. I remember how eagerly they raced around to get the money and entered that land before anybody had time to discover the mistake. This gave each one a mile and a quarter strip, or 200 acres.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLIST.

Where Eldon now stands was once a dense forest. On the level from the creek south eastward the timber was interspersed with thickets and underbrush, but from the creek north and westward there was but very little brush and the timber was good, consisting mostly of the varieties of oak, hickory and elm with some birch along the branch. A man named Groover located first on the land and built his cabin about thirty-five steps east of the river bank near where the railroad round house now stands.

Surrounded upon all sides with marshy stagnating water and vegetation, it proved a very unhealthy location. In a few years after he had opened quite a little farm and losing two children from fevers, he sickened and died. They were buried upon the hill top southeast

of where the Weist slaughter house now stands. When the Rock Island road was being worked through there some benches and pieces of coffin were thrown out by the workmen. With no relatives left to care for them the graves had been neglected until they had been forgotten.

The next occupant of that cabin I remember of was a man named Loftiss, grandfather of William, Millard and Ray Hughes, now of Eldon. But eventually the land with quite a scope above it and across the river passed into the hands of Judge Love who had two saw mills put on it, cutting the logs all into ties and bridge lumber for the railroad. Among those stumps first began the city of Eldon in 1835 christened "Ashland Crossing" afterwards changed to "Williamsburg," and eventually settling down to "Eldon."

Below the Groover land a Mr. Hackney first located who got tired of the swamps and sold out to a man named Lowe. About 1849 or 50 Lowe sold to Sol Hearn. I remember after moving his family west on a return trip from Keokuk, stopping to stay over night with Morgan who then lived on the present Daniels Bro's place, he took down with cholera and died. His body was bundled up in the bedding, placed in a box and buried in a fence corner just inside the field about a hundred yards east of the northwest corner of the place, by the present roadside. The grave has long since been forgotten but he sleeps just as serenely as the proudest monarch in Westminster Abbey.

The next place now known as the "Manzing farm" below Eldon was taken by Van Caldwell, father of our present United States Judge H. C. Caldwell, whom we remember as a boy. Caldwell was an eccentric character of strict integrity, and an inveterate whig. It will be remembered the "know nothing" or "American party" succeeded the Whigs and from that and the old "free soil" party sprang the present republican party. But with all of Caldwell's antipathy against the democratic party I remember once when my father was a candidate on the ticket, his friendship was that strong he rode horseback to Ottumwa to hear the returns, and stopped on his way home to congratulate him on his election. He moved away about 1856.

The farm now owned by the Daniels Bro's below Eldon through which the Keokuk and Des Moines road runs was first settled by Ebenezer Tolbert. He came from Butler county, Ohio, and was to the rush for claims. After himself and family had shaken several years with chills and fever, he sold out to Benjamin Morgan and moved over the river among the hills finally settling upon the

highest point he could find south of Eldon, overlooking the scenes of his former aches and ills, where he died in 1873. In 1852 or thereabouts Morgan sold to Eli Daniels, a Virginian, father of the present owners.

Nicholas Wycoff, another one of the front ones in the rush located on the 120 acres now occupied by Mr. Tibbetts, three-fourths of a mile east of Eldon. He first tried to get his land in the timber but after a fracas with a man named Widdows, fell back down on the prairie to buy a squatter's rights. He had two cabins near each other, and in one of them my father, in 1844, taught the first school in the vicinity of Eldon, and in May, 1843, in his own house, preached perhaps the first sermon in Wapello county. This cabin of Wycoff's was used for several years each winter as the neighborhood school house. I shall never forget its comforts and conveniences. The room, perhaps, was sixteen feet square, built of logs partly hewed; the gables standing north and south, with a west entrance facing the building about matching it in which Wycoff's family lived. Those houses stood where now Mr. Tibbetts nice residence stands.

On the north end stood a stone chimney fire place, finished out from above the arch with split sticks plastered inside and out with mud. The door was made out of rough oak boards and it had one twelve light window on the south end. The fire place was something that now would be worth looking at. It took in a "back log" about six feet long, and front stick a foot longer. The teacher (those times invariably a man) built his own fires most generally having the larger scholars chop the wood for him. He would get there about eight o'clock in the morning, and by the time scholars came in there would be a roaring old fire in that fire place that would last until noon, keeping the room warm and comfortable. Such waste of wood now would make ones eyes snap with indignation.

To provide fuel before school began was some times a neighborhood frolic, and often had to be repeated several times before it closed. Men would meet, mostly bringing yokes of oxen to drag the logs, chop the timber and haul it up into a huge pile leaving the teacher to provide the balance. The school house seats being made of split logs flat side up with two pegs stuck in each end for legs, you would laugh to see the alacrity with which two boys, when singled out by the teacher to get wood for the fire, would jump up and go. Our writing desk was a long rough board along the wall under the one window, and a split log a little

higher than the other seats to climb up on.

I don't believe a rural district in Wapello county to-day can show an enrollment of pupils equal to the every day attendance in that primitive log school house. It was as full as could be seated, and such rosy cheeked, robust, healthy, mirthful and happy boys and girls we rarely see as an entirety to-day. Books! We had Webster's elementary spelling books, McGuffey's reader, arithmetics, Kirkham's grammar, Smith's geography but no copy plate writing or tablets. Scholars came with what we called a "copy book" their parents made from common foolscap writing paper, and the teacher would write the copy at the head of each page for us to imitate. Right here, if this method was yet in vogue, let me say, many of our teachers would have to do some brightening up to-day before getting a certificate.

We had no State then to make school laws, or any provision for schools. All the way to get this great boon to civilization was for some one to go around over the neighborhood and take up subscriptions, or by a public meeting. And I want it known, that no winter was allowed to pass without schools. The next was to employ a teacher, and he would have to go before some one selected for examination. He had to take the subscription list and do his own collecting. But to the credit of the parents, we will say, seldom did they ever fail to pay the last cent. - *Review Nov. 15th 1904.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

6. TO READERS OF THE REVIEW!

I desire to call your attention to the fact that in writing up the "early days of Iowa" I am only writing from the memory of my early childhood, and thus upon many minor details I un questionably may be mistaken, for which the reader must be charitably inclined. Many criticisms will be indulged anyhow, whether true or not, for this is invariably the fate of all history. But since beginning these narratives, I find an interest created and a field ahead that I cannot surmise how far before time will bring me to the end. Because all is not told at once, some seem to think I am going to leave out those other important characters present in their minds.

It is my desire to bring in every figure and circumstance of interest, before closing the work that now seems a task for more than one year at least, and as I am doing so gratuitously for the deep interest I feel in our past history that should not be lost or forgotten. I hope every reader who has any knowledge of those early inci-

dents or characters, will write them down and mail them to me at Eldon Iowa, so I can use them. Especially children of parents who located here in 1843, in regard to any important part those parents took. But remember, I am going sometime in the future to give a glimpse of our way of living, farming and being clothed with a sketch of domestic life here in those days. But as each and all must come in a little at a time as space will allow. I beg the forbearance of all, and any friendly counsel I will gladly receive. But above all, don't neglect information about your ancestors who were here in those times which I will highly prize and use in order, as I get ready for them.

I. T. FLINT

SOMETHING ABOUT "JIM" JORDAN.

As the above named character may occasionally figure in the good, bad and indifferent of our stories, and he being the very first white inhabitant in this part of Iowa, we would be derelict in duty did we fail to give his name the prominence it justly deserves.

He was born in Kentucky in 1802. As to his early life our information is too meager to reach anything reliable. At one time, two or three months previous to his death, he related to us many incidents of his dealings with the Indians, and had we then known that this portion of his biography would have devolved upon us to write, we could easily have drawn from him every detail desired. But in his talk one incident he stated that in youth he had studied surgery, and acquired a rudimentary knowledge of medicine.

But that profession was too tame for one of such a sanguine and adventurous spirit one of his temperaments possessed. There was too much of the daring, restless, Kentucky blood in his veins for that. At the age of 20 years, he threw all thought of Esculapises to the winds, retaining only his case of surgical instruments and the little patrimony he could command with a commission from the government to trade with the Indians, he struck out for the far "out west," never making a halt until he landed at the Iowa village on the banks of the Des Moines River.

He said when the Indians found out that he was a "medicine man" the fun commenced. They immediately named him as a chief by the sanguine color of his hair "red head," and when any one of them would get an arm or leg broken "medicine chief red head" got a job. If he decided the case was a bad one they would lug the unfortunate Indian into his "sack" with the invariable expression "him leg sick" (or arm as the case might be) "berry sick! Must come off!" Jordan said he had made a rude

table for just such emergencies. They would dump the poor fellow upon that and hold him down, while he got out his knives and cut around the limb taking up arteries as he went, until he got to the bone. Then he would lay down the knife, pick up his saw, cut the bone in two and throw the severed limb to one side just like a stick of wood.

These were his diversions from the usual routine of business as a trader. He was here when Blackhawk came in with his overwhelming forces of Sac & Fox's, and, I believe, a witness of the sanguinary battle that nearly annihilated the poor Iowa's and dispossessed them of their homes and hunting grounds. Being authorized here by the United States, Blackhawk was neither inclined nor dared molest him if he desired to. But instead, that great chief became wonderfully attached to him.

Jordan as a man of medium height, rather slender, spare built but lithe and active, sandy complected, a fearless and independent countenance, and as stoical and indifferent in expression as any Indian who roamed the forests. Those who knew him in the prime and vigor of life, did not wonder the aborigines were so attached to him that before leaving they reserved to their white chief "red head" in the treaty, two thousand acres of their choicest land. More than this it included the last home, or ground upon which their greatest warrior and leader, Blackhawk, lived and died, near the banks of the river; also the spring that still gushes out where that noted chief so often stooped to drink down its cool crystal water. Whether by long contact with Indian life or by nature, he became possessed of Indian traits, one could not tell. No matter how comic a story he might tell or mirth provoking prank he might play, and he was always fond of both, (except a little twinkle of the eye) I never saw him smile or change countenance.

I remember once when he owned and for a time run a mill over on soap creek, about three miles southwest of Eldon, my father took some corn over to get ground into meal and I went along. Jim Jordan was out helping to unload when a rather stylish looking young Dr. rode up with a pair of pill bags behind his saddle. Hitching his horse he came to Jordan inquiring about some grinding he had sent in the day before. "Go into the mill and see the miller, he can tell you all about it," said Jordan. The doctor had not more than closed the door behind him, until grabbing an empty sack from the wagon, Jim had all his boxes, bottles and squills in that sack, and (it being late in the fall) before the doctor came out, he had those saddle bags packed full of cockle burs and the

lid on sack side buckled down as natural as before.

Unfortunately for the poor doctor, Jim's two brothers, Jeff and Reese Jordan, with several of their friends rode up about the time he came out to mount. "Hello doc," exclaimed Jim with an oath, "I feel bilious like I was going to have the 'ager!" Have you anything that you think would straighten me up!" "Certainly, certainly!" replied the doctor "just step this way!" With the surety of a good paying patient, the doctor eagerly unbuckled the pill bags on one side of his horse, when lo! the cockle burr literally rolled out on the ground amidst a roar of laughter from the spectators, and Jim shouting "quack, quack, quack!" No cartoon the pen of Nast ever drew, could equal the picture one might have drawn of that stupefied, comic looking doctor. He stood surrounded by his tormentors like a petrified specimen of Darwin's first conceptions of man. "Boys!" exclaimed Jim, "see what he has got in that bag on the other side!" Jeff soon had that open and yelling back "it's just the same Jim, it's just the same!"

With more profanity than religion, Jim, after blessing him for going around curing the "ager" with cockle burrs, emptied the burrs out of his pill bags, went back to the wagon and replaced everything just as he had found them. On handing them back to the doctor he said, "Now Doc, I know you mean all right, but us fellows out here like to have our jokes and hope you won't get mad about this, but I'll be — if I wouldn't rather boil every burr you had into tea, and drink it for the 'ager' than take one dose of what you would dish out of those bags for me! The irony of his expression might be better understood in something like this: "you'd like to give me something now that would kill me dead-er'n Jericho!"

One among the very first settlers near Iowaville once told us of one of his tricks in which he played a part, while Jim was yet keeping store in that place. The farmer went there with a dozen eggs in a basket to exchange, as was custom in those early days when settlers were hard pressed for supplies. When he entered the store several were in there around the stove, among them, a fellow with a fine silk hat was complacently warming himself. This stile had been an eyesore to Jim ever since the man entered and he did not know just how to get at it until those eggs in the basket came in. The farmer set his basket down on the counter asking what they were worth per dozen. "Ten cents," replied Jim, "but say, come back here and see what a fine quality of Orleans molasses I have just got on?" He followed him in the

back room when Jim whispered,

"I don't care a d--m for the eggs or the molasses if you will just help me out a little! Did you see that d--m coxcomb in there with the plug hat." "Yes!" "Well I will pay you twice for the eggs," if you will just go back there and begin on me that I am not giving enough for eggs and you are going to look around awhile any how, that you will be back as soon as you can go up to the other store, but leave the eggs on the counter. While you are gone I will get them in that fellows bee gum hat and when you get back pick up your empty basket, put it down, get mad and charge around that somebody stole them eggs. I'll swear I don't know where they are, you look about for them and, finally, walk up to that jackass and bring your hand down so hard that it will drive that d--d old hat down to his shoulders, swearing 'here's the fellow who got my eggs!' and I'll do the balance!"

The farmer carried out his instructions to the letter. As soon as he went out, Jim said to the crowd "now that d--d fool is gone let's play a trick on him and see some fun when he gets back. Let's hide his eggs. Can't we put them in our pockets? No he'll be for looking there the first thing. Oh, I'll tell you what, my friend just slip them in the top of that hat of yours and get it on your head and sit where you are very innocently as though you never saw an egg in your life. He'll never think of looking there!" "Good," replied the fellow with the plug hat who became interested in the joke.

The eggs just about filled the space so the hat rested firmly and comfortably on his head. In a few moments the farmer returned saying he could do better at the other place and picked up his basket to go out. But the lightness so surprised him he raised the cover to find his eggs was gone. Then he began on Jim for stealing them. Jim swore he didn't touch them, to look all around. He began a search finding nothing. Then he said somebody in that crowd had them in their pockets and he wanted to search them. While this was going on the 'coxcomb' was enjoying the man's failure to find his treasure hugely. About this time the victim madly turned to him bringing his hand down with a thundering crash on that silk bonanza driving it down to his shoulders, as he did so exclaiming here's the thief that stole my eggs.

Every one in the store except Jim and the poor victim of his prank fairly howled with laughter, and as Jim ran to him sympathetically pulling that once glossy but now shipwrecked plug hat from his head leaving the fluid extract of "hen fruit" unimpeded trickling down all

over him. One fellow was so overcome with laughter he rolled on the floor kicking up his heels to keep time with the general uproar.

While such pranks might be fun for other people it don't often prove so to the victim. Jim went out and by the time the boys got the fellow pretty well cleaned up he came back with a bear skin cap to present him with "something sensible for a cold day!" He did not tarry long before trying it and was never heard from afterward. - *Issue for Jan. 5th 1904*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

8 TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

While it seems the traders among the Indians would have good times and big profits, yet we must not omit the fact that competition in business in that line was proportionately sharp. The Indians were tricky and many of them unscrupulous thieves. While all the merchandise and supplies were shipped up the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Des Moines by boat, and from there packed or hauled with teams, and often on a flatboat laboriously pushed up the river by men with long poles.

We have seen them at this work. Several men on each side with poles in their hands. Beginning at the front end each man in his turn, behind the other, sets the pole on the bed of the stream and pushes walking as the boat goes along, to the stern. Thus they march all day back to the end of their beat, reaching that, each one walks to the front end again carrying his pole to repeat the work. By this way, perhaps, a dozen men are engaged—three all the time on each side pushing on their poles while the others are walking back—each one starting in again as he gets to the front.

To say this is work is putting it mildly; yet they would keep up the beat all day long, thus toiling back and forth singing jolly songs, spinning yarns or nagging each other about some escapade or adventure. Such boatmen seldom started out without a keg of whiskey or brandy, and it took about four days to make the trip, when all things went favorable. Wherever night overtook them they would tie up to some friendly tree along the shore and build their camp fire, stretch their tent, prepare their suppers, and often times having a fiddler along, despite their hard days work, they would limber up with a few jags, and dance off a dozen reels and cotillions before courting morpheus.

Of course all this work and expense had to be paid for from the proceeds of that flat boat load of merchandise, which made freights come a little higher than our present methods of transportation. The white man also had to have his

profit and "poor lo" had to pay it all. This furnished employment to many who migrated here, with which to support their families. The traders had not only to deal in merchandise but horses, corn, meats, flour, &c., &c.

To illustrate we will quote from a little pocket day book kept by the Avery Brothers. Written on the pasteboard cover is the unique inscription "A Book of Indians, for 1838, 1839 and 1840." The first entry is, Oponoose (for Appanoose) and His Band. I shall only separate a few items from the lists to illustrate:

1838, Nov. 5,	1 superior fine horse	\$300.75	
"	Jan. 15,	1 horse received	60.00
"	"	To corn 10 J bu	100.00
"	"	To 10 bu old corn	10.00
1839, April 9,	To 17 B Do &c	17.00	
"	"	1 fine horse	150.00
"	"	1 do pony do	50.00
"	May 11,	settled by note totals	\$687.75
"	"	To saddle and bridle	15.00
"	May 22,	To 2 barrels of flour	25.00
"	June 24,	To bacon 35 pounds	12.50
Oct, 1839,	on horse swap		50.00
April 28th	82 yds calico		42.00
"	"	Bed cord	1.00
"	"	2 decks of cards	1.00
May 15th,	20 yds Calico		10.00
"	5 prs shoes		10.00
"	3 decks of cards		3.50
"	1 fine hat		7.00
"	8 yds Calico		4.00
"	8 do Ribbon		2.00
"	4 Blocks Ribbon		8.00
"	" Bread (meant for braid)		2.00
14th,	19 Pi Ribbon		31.50
21	2 Decks Cards		1.00
	2 Bottles 1.00 Molasses	2.00	3.00
June 1st	1 fine hat		7.00
"	1 silk umbrella		5.00
"	50 yards Calico		20.00
"	1-2 Doz Plap cards		3.00
"	Needles & Pins		2.00
27th	5 long knives		5.00
	1 Rifle (borrowed)		20.00
	6 Blankets		50.00

The list is too long to be further continued, but Chief Appanoose or "Op-anoose" (and some times they had it Op pen noose) must have been a good and steady customer for the Avery brothers. There also Keo uk is on their book for a long list of items. But in all the entries the goods were charged to "Op pen noose and band" or "braves" as also to "Keo-kuk and band" or "braves!" Doubtless this was to secure payment from the government should the Indians try to shuffle out of the debt, which every one conversant with Indian propensities would deem more likely than otherwise. Keokuk starts in quite shady.

1838	KE O KUCK, chief and Band	Dr
Nov. 8,	1 Horse stole by Battense and seen in possession by William Cassoc.	\$100.00
Jan 15,	one horse by Oponoose	25.00

"	on horse swap	10.00
"	on horse swap and shoes	12 50
Feb. 30.	1 shott gun by Pennossee	20.00
"	1 Rifle at Sw. Home	15.00
"	2 Barrels of flour	50.00
May 15,	fine horse	250.00
"	2 fine hats	16.00
"	2 " "	26.00
"	38 yds Calico	34.00
"	sewing thread	4.00
July 16,	1 Fur hat	10.25

They also had quite an account with "Wah pe law" (Wapello.) I present the names of the chiefs as they spelled them which, undoubtedly, in those days were correct; in becoming modernized by their abbreviation, as well as pronunciation, has been changed. But the names by which the traders then knew them, stand in exact harmony with the Indian methods of personation. Other chiefs also, are credited in the book; such as, "Fah wah min na," "Pen nop see," "Muck a Tan Rin" &c.

There were six of the Avery brothers; Peter, Joel, William, Thomas, John and Allen; all of whom have passed away except perhaps Allen, the youngest. Several years ago he was residing at Newport, Idaho, engaged in mining. I believe all were more or less interested in the trading post at Iowaville except the latter, who was then a mere boy. They had three sisters: Mrs. Nancy Gardiner, Mrs. Mary Watkins and Mrs. Elizabeth Bates. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Avery, located and lived many years upon the farm now owned by Mrs. Hinkle east of Eldon. Samuel Bates and family located on the farm south of it, now owned by Mr. Tibbetts.

There were four of the Jordan's, James, Jeff, John and Reese. They, being first on the ground, seemed to think the priority of title so strictly theirs that when settlers began to flock in around them they should, at least, say "please, by your permission gentlemen!" Finding many of them too independent to be thus responsive, a number of "scraps" unavoidably took place, which, with a turbulent element always at hand, mostly brought the Jordan's out on top. Many were the skirmishes we could recount, they participated in but not always victorious. Once I remember hearing it told, how "Reeee" made a dash with a knife at one of the Avery's, who, like old David, landed a stone on the Goliath's head that came near ending all his chances to torment Israel again forever and forever.

Ke O Kuck (Keokuk) was said to be a noble specimen of the Indian warrior, tall, commanding and of extraordinary intelligence and honor, but as the reader will observe he had to pay for the horse "Battease" (perhaps one of his warriors)

stole from the Avery's. Yet by their book it seems it only made him the better customer.

I remember once hearing the story told of him, that while the Mormons occupied Nauvoo, Illinois, Joe Smith, their prophet, with some followers visited Ke O Kuck, to proselyte him to their faith. Smith preached a wonderful sermon on the revelations he had received from "the Good Spirit," how God had protected him from death, and how he would make his saints go through fire and shield them from all hurt in the midst of their enemies. He dwelt heavily on how all the missiles of the wicked had struck the helmet and armor of his salvation, and fell at his feet or glanced harmlessly away, and thus it would be with all those who became his followers!

The old chief gazed at him while he was delivering his wonderful peroration, with that stoical indifference of countenance characteristic of the children of the forest. When he got through, the Indian said to him, "Me step back fifty steps, you stand, me shoot two times: if me no hurt you, me believe and he good Mormon!" Keokuk was known far and wide as a crack marksman, and it is needless to say Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, preferred to live long enough to be shot to death by a mob of outraged citizens rather than risk such a chance then to secure Indian converts. — *Issue for April 22nd, 1904.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

9. SCRAPPING FOR LAND.

When the rush for claims here was made May 1st, 1843. The quarter section upon which now stands the eastern part of Eldon and the Dornsife farm was disputed between Brad Caves and a man named Heaton. Caves was in some way related by marriage to Jim Jordan and consequently could rely on him and the reckless element at his command to help him out in keeping the place. Upon the other hand Heaton coming here like all the first settlers who were thrown together for the first time as total strangers to each other, had no help except that incurred mutually by common interests and sympathy.

As we have stated, animosities were aroused between the two factions at the start, and Heaton had so many assurances of help to hold the claim against violent interference, that with the assistance of three neighbors, Silas Garrison, Jerry Shephard and I. H. Flint, he began the erection of a log house. The logs were cut, hewed and hauled on the ground near where the road runs into Eldon on the southeast corner of the Dornsife place. About the middle of May the men began raising the building,

Garrison and Flint being large, athletic men, having heard that the "Jordan gang" as they called them, were coming to drive them away, had been nagging Heaton and Shephard who were under the ordinary size, as to how they would get away if they did come. But so far as themselves were concerned it was an easy matter. If they did outrun them they couldn't hold them if they got them, &c. While in the midst of their hilarity and fun, little dreaming that the threats they had heard of was more than mere bravado, one happened to look up when he alarmingly exclaimed, "Well here they come sure enough!"

The sight of fifteen men, all mounted and armed with stout hickory clubs and "redheaded Jim" leading the van, the two heroes with legs and muscles looked pale. They had the house raised about half way to the square. Clambering down in their excitement, all except Shephard, forgot their most deadly weapons on the ground, the axes, and lined up to see what was going to happen. The horsemen immediately dismounted, each with "blood in his eye!" Just as "immediately" Silas Garrison and Flint, the two "big men" who had been feasting their imaginations upon the valorous work they would do in this emergency, were vigorously using their persuasive powers on Brad Caves and his followers for a treaty of peace, and had the truce almost patched up, when all at once another of the unexpected broke loose.

Jerry Shephard, who was about 25 years old, like many others coming here at that time, had about worn out the working clothes he started with, and without opportunity and means to replenish, was forced to begin for every day use, donning parts of his "Sunday-go-to-meetin clothes." On this occasion he wore his silk tile wedding hat. He had sat down on a log with his ax between his knees while the parleying was going on. The tall silk hat in strange contrast with the balance of his garb made a picture so grotesque and comic, "Jim," who had been slowly pacing back and forward as if disgusted with the proceedings, could not let such an opportunity pass without some fun. Walking up to him with his accustomed oath, he exclaimed, "young man, what are you doing there with that d-d nail keg on your head? With the exclamation he gave the hat a whack with his club sending it flying through the air twenty feet away. Great Pelee and Vesuvius! the little man sprang to his feet with the fury of a lion, bringing his ax down where, if "Jim" had not been the active man he was, it would have split him from end to end. He sprang back from the blow and the weapon buried itself in the ground so

deep before Shephard could extricate it clubs were flying around his head so fast he took to his heels and got away.

Now the battle was on Heaton was down and getting unmercifully pounded, when the two big peacemakers saw if they had any chance to get peace and rescue their friend, they would have to fight for it; each grabbed a handspike and sailed in. This opened the chance for Heaton to get to his feet, and the trio took the same course mapped out by Shephard, with perhaps far more rapidity than dignity, leaving Brad Caves and his forces possession of the field with all its spoils. The "Jordan gang" held a council of war and decided the next day to come back with full force, complete the house and install the victorious Caves in possession.

The next morning early, the exultant victors were on the ground well equipped for every emergency with the old fashioned "pepper box revolvers" of that time, clubs and axes. They went to work with a zest putting the balance of poor Heaton's logs in place on the building. But could they have seen what was going on back of a plum thicket above the Flint cabin and around Heaton's temporary shelter, they undoubtedly would have either retreated or began throwing up breastworks.

Thirty-one men were there with their rifles, cleaning them up, molding bullets and making ready to avenge their neighbor, Heaton, whose injuries of the day previous confined him to his bed. Shephard was among them fuming and boiling over for a fight. Doubtless the loss of his hat which Jim had afterwards picked up and stuck on the end of a pole calling it their "dinner horn!" had much to do in keeping his soul in ferment. Also among them were the heroic "peacemakers" counseling moderation. Soon everything being ready they took up their line of march for the enemy.

Then somebody else came down off of the roost to see what was "going to happen!" Thirty-one men with gleaming rifles in their hands and determination to use them if necessary, stamped on their countenances, for fifteen men so unequally armed and outnumbered, was enough to jar the nerves of the bravest. With thirty-one angry men in front of them only fifteen feet away where they could look down the muzzles of their guns ready for firing, was too unexpected and dangerous to give as much chance for argument as they had the day previous, and still less chance to gain the decision. Gather up your traps and get out of here immediately! came the peremptory order echoing along the line. About this time Jerry saw the ruins of his precious wedding hat sticking on the pole where after tearing the crown out "Jim" had mashed

it into the shape of a "dinner horn," sure enough. At this, having no gun himself he resolved that shooting should begin if he had to start it. His father-in-law, Silas Garrison, didn't want any more fighting and as Jerry gathered an ax to try it on Jim again he grabbed him by the collar and held the little game cock until the enemy took up their line of retreat.

But like many others who first encounter border life with its methods and dangers, as soon as Heaton had sufficiently recovered to move, he left, declaring that "he would not risk being at some time assassinated, for all the land on this prairie!" Caves afterwards returned, took possession, moved the building over just south of the present stock yards, dug a well and resided there several years. He sold the east eighty to his brother-in-law, Robert Perkins, who in turn, about 1859, sold to Mr. Dornsife, who built and run a blacksmith and wagon shop several years on the very site where those excited and angry mobs came together for the possession of that piece of ground. — *Same for April 29th, 1904.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

10. BY I. T. FLINT.
ROCKY DAYS IN SOAP CREEK BOTTOM.
SPORTS OF THE BORDER, &C.

As to the first settlers in the vicinity and surroundings of Eldon we can only quote the names of those we remember. On the opposite side of the river where now are such rich and productive farms, was one dense heavy forest from bluff to bluff, interspersed with lagoons, swamps and underbrush. Its productions then were malaria, reptiles, frogs, toads and mosquitoes, in such abundance as to make human life a grievous burden. From the mouth of soap creek to the bluff down below, for several years, only three men had the courage to tackle those difficulties. Testerman, Smock and McClure. The mosquitoes were mostly of the largest and most vicious of the species we called "gallinippers," that seemed to swarm around one at the least intrusion.

Testerman's house was across opposite the Big 4 fair grounds. We generally called his name "Testament" and once I remember, for a year or two, a family lived on the Daniel's farm by the name of "Bible." The "Testaments," who had three pretty daughters, moved away just before the "Bibles" came in and the boys could not take any more "testaments" to our evening parties, but as the "Bible's" had one young lady they would console themselves with the fact that they were not entirely left out as they still could get a glimpse of the "bible!"

Below Testerman's place a blacksmith by the name of Smock settled, near where the old Dahlgreen house now stands. He built a log house and blacksmith shop but did not get to live there long. Being affected with the malaria then so prevalent, a fever set in and one of those early quack doctors was called in to treat him. There was at that time yet lingering among the medical fraternity that old, dangerous and long since exploded fallacy and humbug treatment known as "bleeding." The doctor briefly diagnosed his case and promptly decided he must be "bled." Seating him in a chair, his arm was bared, extended and grasping the back of the chair in front of him, the lance was applied to the artery, when the blood immediately spurted out a crimson stream in a vessel placed beneath to catch it.

Evidently the doctor practiced on the theory that if a little was good more was better. It was said by those present, he did not stop the flow until the patient was thoroughly exhausted, repeatedly looking up at his wife in a pitiful pleading manner, could no longer retain his hold on the back of the chair, but letting his arm drop swooned away. He never recovered strength to get up again but soon passed away and has long since been forgotten. For awhile there was great indignation against that doctor, who soon moved away to other fields for practice and it was hoped to improve on his methods of service.

Opposite the old Van Caldwell (or Manning) house, a little ways back from the river, James McClure located and built his house. McClure was a "stayer!" There he raised quite a large family of children, some of whom are yet living in the surroundings of Eldon. He was somewhat above the medium in physique firmness and intelligence, industrious, as the early clearing and putting in cultivation of his farm showed. He lived there nearly forty years, dying a number of years ago at a ripe old age. Until recent years, the principal wagon road across the river here, was at the ford in front of his house.

With those exceptions it was many years before any settlements were attempted back on the bottoms. Ben Termin built the first house on the bluff where the old Sloan farm now is and opened out a little field down on the bottom, but, it seemed, although he lived there quite a number of years, before selling to Sloan that the "gallinippers" and ague made it so "hot" for him down there he did not intend it over but a few acres of ground. Doubtless it was more convenient to confine himself to the hill sides where most of his improvements were made.

Termin was a great hunter and after

the deer and wild turkeys were pretty well "cleaned out," doubtless, he longed, like old Daniel Boone, for the lands farther towards the setting sun. I can well remember when finding nothing larger to shoot at than rabbits and squirrels he would sometimes amuse himself by getting those of kindred feelings with himself together at his house and spend the day by regular shooting matches. In this way he found, often times, a good market for many turkeys he raised. Some times he would have the marksmen, by paying so much per shot, take a crack at a turkey tied down a hundred or a hundred and twenty yards distant, but mostly they would chip in ten cents a piece to the value of the bird, and then shoot at a target tacked on a board, the nearest shot to the center winning the prize. "Old Ben," as he was called, would most generally reserve one shot for himself. Then, with his old, heavy, large, caliber, long, hunting rifle, would make it very interesting for the other fellows if he did put that turkey back in his own coop again.

Those old fashioned shooting matches were among the greatest sports in those days. Sometimes upwards of a hundred men and boys would meet together, and if the prizes were not turkeys they were beef, and often times both. The beef would be disposed of by quarters, and a certain sum must be paid for each shot at a target, say eighty or a hundred yards distant. Rifles were all the kind of guns allowed to be used at those jamborees, and it was wonderful to see the proficiency acquired. Most generally, the target was a piece of paper, an inch or inch and a half square, tacked on a charred or blackened board, the tack being in the exact center driven in across center made on the board by two marks crossing each other. Often times a bullet would strike the tack cutting out the cross and letting the paper drop to the ground. Then would go up a yell "he's knocked the center! he's knocked the center!" and the hero would, especially if it was an accident, look as proud as a modern "trust buster" who has accidentally frightened a trust.

These were great days to many of the first settlers, and often times while the men were shooting for the prizes, for which as a lot they had well paid the proprietor for in advance, the boys, ranging in age from 12 to 15, would be seen grouped together trying their hand for the "pony purse" at a target twenty or twenty-five steps distant. This "pony purse" was a sum made up by each boy who wanted a chance to shoot, putting in five cents, and when all had been thrown in that could be had, then each contributor in his turn would "toe the mark," a line drawn on the ground in

front of him and blaze away. The one putting his shot nearest the center won the pile. As half dimes were a scarce article among boys at that time, some times measurements for the center terminated in considerable excitement, and occasionally in a "scrap" or two. The men having more sense, if they could not agree left the matter to referees.

After it was all over the last closing deal was to "shoot for the lead." The boards holding the targets were always set against a tree so that would catch the bullet that passed through the board. Of course, as many of the guns were of large caliber and money to buy ammunition being scarce, that, especially among the boys was a prize worth contending for. All who participated in the contests of the day had a free shot and the best shot won. Immediately the fellow would get an ax and go to chopping out bullets, going home the proud possessor of lead to mould into pellets to supply his rifle for months to come.

There never was lack of places and opportunities for interest, diversions and amusements to accommodate people of every temperament, shades of opinion, race, color or religion. They ranged from the place of worship down to racing, wrestling, dancing and fist fighting. All one had to do was to pay his money and take his choice. They were but few old people then as now, came west. They were all the vigorous, young and middle aged—all hopeful, jolly and social; generally men with families who felt a mutual interest with their neighbors. And these conditions in society today is the greatest of attractions for men to migrate to "the wild and woolly west!"—*Issue for May 6th, 1904.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

THE NELSON'S AND AVERY'S AMONG THE PIONEERS.

Incredible as they seem, the surroundings, trials and endurance of the early pioneers seem more like romance and fiction than facts. We have one instance in mind of a couple whom we always revered and cherished a warm friendship for, whose lives were joined together in the old state of Virginia about seventy years ago. He was above medium height, rather slender, black hair and eyes, genial and companionable; while she was of medium size, a jolly brunette and one who made friends of all who knew her. Such they were as we remember them in 1843.

They left Virginia, after their marriage each mounted on a good horse with blankets rolled up and strapped behind their saddles, and also their budgets of clothing packed the same way, with enough money for a fair start in a new country.

What would some of our young people today think of such a journey—over a thousand miles horse back—camping out by the way side at night, with no shelter over them but the blue vaulted starlit sky, cooking their meals by fires made of limbs and brush, sometimes overtaken by storms without even the shelter of a friendly tree, going among savages and dangers they knew not of, to begin life for themselves? This couple was Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Nelson.

They located on the present Hayden farm, in 1836, overlooking the then trading post of Lowaville, a mile or two south. We also invite the attention of our young readers as to the manner and style this newly wedded couple began life. First, for temporary shelter they built a pen its sides stuffed with prairie grass and covered with brush; a tree afforded stable room for their two horses. He then began cutting and hewing logs for his house and in about a month had the structure erected about 16x18 ft. square, and began life in the highth of western style.

After a man had his logs all cut, hewed and hauled on the ground, then he would start or send some one far and near for help to raise the house. This was done by putting and keeping one man at and on each corner with an ax to dress and notch each end of the log as it was lifted up in place by the others, and make it fit the one underneath. At first the logs were lifted and carried on hand spikes with a man at each end to the intended place and then lifted up to the corner men to put in position. After the building got too high for lifting them up, "skids," consisting of long, heavy poles, one end resting on the wall and the other on the ground were used to slide them up on.

These "house raisings" were also great days of frolic and fun. It invariably required a whole day, no matter how many or few were present, and after it was all done somebody would start the question as to who was "the best man," which had to be decided by wrestling matches, foot races and jumping contests. Reminiscences of those happy times takes precedence as long as life lingers, over every thing else in the old pioneer's memory.

Our first remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Nelson was at our own "house raising" in May, 1843. Afterwards by long residence and frequent intercourse, like all our other neighbors and friends, they became familiar figures, rearing a large family, whom they lived to see all happily married, and some preceding them to the grave. Johnathan Nelson, Isaac's brother, located just south of him on adjoining land (now owned by Dahlgreen) who also was a "stayer" and brought up quite a family of children, some of whom

are still residing in Iowa, and three—Isaac, Amanda and Frank, in Eldon. The sod has long since been green over the graves of these brothers in the old Iowaville cemetery, but all who knew them, as long as memory lasts, will recall so many pleasant incidents of their lives, the last one must pass away ere they are forgotten.

They lived on the western limit of the old purchase, their land adjoining the Indians, consequently they were in every day contact with the Iowaville traders and scenery of nomadic life for seven long years before the rush of civilization on the west came to gladden their lives. Miles of timber intervened between them and the Shelb'ys, Fisher's, Young's, Winsell's and others on the east, and on the line south was Noggles, Avery, Camp-

bell's, &c., while north others, but the trading post, like all such places on the border, was the resort for all kinds of toughs and desperadoes who were far more to be dreaded than the Indians. To avoid trouble, under such circumstances, required far more diplomacy and caution than most people imagine. Yet none ever heard of those two brothers getting tangled up in any of the scraps others often became involved in.

The Avery boys, although genial and good natured, by their occupation of traders instead of farmers, although Joel lived on his farm near by, were more exposed to encounters with that element than the ordinary settler. Strong, active and fearless, the bullying characters learned to have a healthy respect for them and they seemed to get along in business with little trouble. Joel and

Peter Avery at one time accumulated quite a fortune, which, in later years, by injudicious investments in western properties, mostly vanished before Peter's death in 1875. Joel lost his wife and all three of his little children in 1841 and 2, and never re-married, dying on his old homestead in 1894, and was buried by the side of his wife and children in the old Iowaville cemetery, which is up on the hill on the Avery farm. His estate aggregated about \$20,000 at the time of his decease. Thos. Avery died in California a few years later. William and John died while the country was still in its early days. Those sturdy pioneers, despite all their wild surroundings lived and died without a taint of dishonor upon their characters in all their commercial relations with their fellow men.

grave for May 13th 1914

CHAPTER 12.

JIM JORDAN'S WASHING AND HOW HIS YOUNG WIFE FIXED THINGS FOR HIM .

Coming here eight or ten years in advance of white settlements, and the advantages of wedded life, Jim Jordan said he had to conform to many of the disagreeable methods of Indian life. Cooking grub, cleaning house and doing his own laundry work, combined with supplying trade to his untutored customers, was more than he could attend to all alone. One day he decided there was no reason why an Indian squaw could not wash the dirt out of a shirt as well as a white woman; and having, as he said, half a dozen as dirty as they could get, to distinguish cotton from wool, he employed one for that purpose.

She bundled them up assuring him she could make them as clean as new ones, and off she went to her "wickiup" or wigwam. The next evening she was back with them laundered in true Indian style. They were originally calico figured shirts. Jim swore he could occasionally trace faint outlines of figures on them before she got them, but when she brought them back after dousing them around in the river, the dirt and colors had run together so bad he threw them into a large empty dry goods box and never looked at them again. Asking the squaw the amount of his laundry bill, "fifty tollars!" was the reply. In disgust he threw her down fifty cents, and she went off as seemingly pleased as though it had really been fifty dollars. Thus abruptly terminated Jim's confidence in the adaptability of the female contingent of the simple children of the forest as wash-work men.

But for a long time afterwards, that squaw made life "rocky" for Jim by dunning him for that fifty dollars, often-times in the presence of others. From that time forward for years when one shirt became uncomfortably soiled he cast it in that same box and put on a new one. By the time he was married his dirty shirts numbered into hundreds, with an odor well befitting the decay of past ages.

As natural with women about a new place, they are bent on discovery; and who had a better right than a young bride fresh from civilization to go poking her nose into everything about the place, especially when she could call that place her own? One day she ran that nose into that richly laden and loudly perfumed dry goods box. "Goodness, gracious, Jim!" she yelled, "what on earth are you keep-

ing in this box?" at the same time rapidly clawing out the afore-said indispensables, while the odor by this disturbance was growing into a fog. "What does all this mean, Jim?"

"Mean?" answered the redoubtable Jim, "Why it means you're out of order now, and it means what a dirty dog a fellow gets to be without a woman to clean up for him! Finding the further down she dug the denser the perfume came up, at this answer she began flinging the duds back in a rage, exclaiming, "Well, you have a woman to clean up for you; go right away and get a cart, wagon, or something, and haul this box and its contents down to the river ^{and roll} it in as far out as you can send it!" Jim said he once thought no woman could boss him, but he saw no chance to bully, dodge, or trifle this time, and went straightway to one of his freighters, got his team, hauled that box to the river, which was then nearly bank full, rolled it over the bank and out into the eddying, rushing, muddy stream as far as he could send it, and stood with memories of eight years of his past life looming up in his thinking apparatus watching the receptacle of his accumulations bobbing up and down on the turbid tide, as if bidding him good bye, till it disappeared from view. He said he tarried thus as a sacred duty to himself, for he knew that if that box lodged anywhere along the bank and his wife found it out he would have to get a canoe and tow it out in the middle of the river next time.

As soon as Mrs. Jordan had fairly become installed in their humble home everything began to assume an air of neatness, and Jim discarded his coonskin cap, straw hat, and calico shirt for plush, wool, and a white front. Also, with all his antipathy against, what he called, a "bee gum hat," we have seen him years afterwards with that ornamentation to a "cox comb" perched over his cranium; also the fine carriage and fixtures fit for a prince was kept always on his place for a pleasure drives and visits.

Mrs. Jordan was a true southern lady, cultured and refined, while no one could more truly be styled "a diamond in the rough" than her husband. With all his bluntness and oftentimes rudeness to others, during all their long life together no lover was more devoted to his sweetheart than he seemed to his worthy consort. She, by her own example, brought into use his innate qualities of gentility, and their home became a pleasant resort for all their friends, rich or poor, who often filled their house and enjoyed their hospitalities. She lived to see the three children left to them, reach the age of maturity and married, preceding her husband to the grave a number of years. A few of her acquaintances yet live, but, like all of us, those fleshy monuments yet left to her memory will soon disappear and none but the cold stone will be left over her grave to silently remind the stroller through the lonely cemetery such a one ever lived. - Issue for May 20th, 1904

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.
THE ORIGIN OF IT'S NAME. A SLASH AT
13. "OUR STANDARD" SCHOOL HISTORY.

At the beginning of our narratives we felt assured our attention would be called to the contradiction of school history as taught under the supervision of our state superintendent of public instruction as to the origin of the name of our State. We assumed, as it was understood by the first settlers who came in contact with the Iowa Indians, whose

principal village was three miles below the present town of Eldon, and at the time our territory was named Iowa, it was done because they were its first known occupants.

But since those days and that generation, looms up historians as we stated, who would immortalize themselves by new and romantic discoveries of its origin heretofore alluded to. And like all the fictions drawn from the imaginations of men that so obscures and confuses the student of important events in his-

tory, the school history of our State begins it's first page to teach, as a fact, and an important fact too, an assertion that any one can safely challenge the world to prove.

To start with, a single sentence could, (in the face of the fact that the dialect is as different between the various tribes of Indians as between the various nations of other peoples) have told what particular tribe used the word "Iowa." What a remarkable tongue? So much more expressive and forciful than ours,

they could say in one word, "Iowa," as much as we can say in three—"The beautiful land," and as much in one letter as we can in a whole word of three syllables. Also common sense propounds the query as to the source from which the name of the "Iowa" Indians originated? They were, according to all authentic history here before a white man trod their soil. One cannot make the title "The beautiful land!" fit a nation of people any more than to call a man a "wagon" because he rides in a wagon. The Iowa historian who trains the young mind how to shoot will never enable it to hit the solid truth on such a line as now is taught. Yet the evil was wrought more for lack of thought and diligent research than otherwise, and for this generation at least, it is to be feared forever that is irreparable.

The name Blackhawk was given to one county in honor of the greatest Indian chief of his day. Poweshiek was given to another. Wapello to ours, &c., and Potawattamie, the name of a tribe, to another. We can understand how they were appropriately named and who for, but regardless of the criticisms that may be flung in our face for the presumption of contradicting writers of history, we can silence the most egotistic or insolent with the challenge "put up, or shut up!" If the assertion our school teachers are training children to has an origin in fact, instead of those old ridiculous magazine and newspaper stories written by scribblers of romance we alluded to in the beginning, we are certainly justified in demanding the source as stated. Old reliable historians, in their important statements, if space would not admit connecting the proof, would generally add foot notes or statements at the bottom of each page, in explanation. But we are left to accept or reject the assertion that "Iowa" is a word implying in the savage tongue without a single proof, and teach it to children as such "The beautiful land!"

Then is it admissible that savages all their lives accustomed to equally as "beautiful land" hundreds of miles from the Mississippi to the timber regions of Indiana would be so rapturously possessed with the superiority of the scenery here as to give it that appellation above the land of their nativity. It seems the Blackhawk war, by which the Sacs and Fox Indians sought to regain the territory they sold to our government in Illinois furnishes poor evidence to sustain such a proposition.

Our linguists and scholars have been laboring for generations to abbreviate and condense the English language, and so shorten syllables and words that we might emphasize and express thought in as brief space and time as possible. What a boon and deliverance it would be

to this and future generations who must toil and grub their way out, if some one would find and point our students and laborers in language to that particular tribe who could so much more forceful and beautifully say in one word what requires of us the use of three. Should we master such a language though, we would have to improve our rapidity in thought, and the short hand stenographer would be "a dead cock in the pit." "Iowa"—"The beautiful land!" God save "The beautiful land." We shall still remain back in the ranks of the old "mossbacks" who opened up the way for their posterity to improve this country, and believe, as they taught us then, that it took its name from the Iowa Indians, and Eldon stands on the very border of to them, the most memorable battle ground in history, where, against overwhelming numbers they fought their last fight for its possession.

But wouldn't Jim Jordan, the Avery's and other Indian traders have laughed to hear such an appellation applied to the "Iowa" or any other tribe of aborigines. We can imagine how Jordan would swear all "the beautiful land" he ever saw about an Indian was what he carried on his greasy, dirty hide. And if there was any beauty about that he would be willing to allow the gratuity free to the lovers of romance, in every pound of sugar and grain of coffee they would buy at his "tepee." - *Issue for May 27th 1902.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.
BY I. T. FLINT.
LAXITY OF THE INDIAN CODE OF MORALS.
THEIR BEGGING AND STEALING
PROPEHSITIES.

Beggars and thieves! no race of people could keep in sight of the wiley Indian, from the strolling Italian of gypsy Jane to the roving nomads of the Arabian deserts. The first settlers along the line here between Jefferson and Wapello counties, and Van Buren and Davis were thus square up against, and had to deal with such unsavory and uncoveted neighbors for seven long years, before the latter sold their possessions and gave way to the whites. All this time Iowaville and the Agency northwest being their chief resorts for rendezvous and trade, they were always roving around begging and pilfering in their immediate vicinities. Somebody had to receive their visitations and compliments before returning to their separate villages.

As they moved about carrying their deerskin tents or wigwams with them, the Des Moines river so handy for water, fish, etc., made great tarrying points, and those temporary shelters were always, with their nomadic occupants, found along its banks. Any one acquainted with the Indian traits of character, know that when at home or anywhere else, an

Indian of the male persuasion, though stout as an ox, looks upon work as a disgrace, so low and unpardonable that if one is caught at it, even to lighten the burden of his squaw, he is jibed and jeered at as "squaw Injun! pappoose!" etc. Seldom one fails to see on his entrance into any of their chief villages, those lazy bucks standing around in groups, or lounging on the ground in the shade, if summer, smoking their pipes and having a good enjoyable time, while the squaws, if at home, are busy making and mending moccasins and other Indian toggery for them to wear, or preparing food for them to eat.

During crop season the younger and stronger among their women are out in their little fields digging up the ground, planting and hoeing corn, and as soon as it ripens enough for roasting ears, they gather and cut it off of the cob, spread it out on blankets and robes in the sun to dry for hominy, and to be parched or pounded up by more of their muscular work, into meal as needed for bread. This was the daily routine of life for the Indian squaw, aside from waiting on and attending to all the wants of her liege lord, besides caring for their children, with general cooking and housework. Such is still their life of drudgery, with the exception that government now supplies mills to grind their food.

All the semblance of labor the dirty, lazy, vagabond of a father, husbaad or brother ever does is to mount his pony, armed with bow and arrows and gun, whenever he feels tired of inaction, and strike out for a chase after wild game. No matter what he bags, whether squirrel, rabbit, prairie chicken or even wild deer, to save luggage he might strip the entrails out of the deer, but mostly that is too much like labor, and it is all brought home on the back of the pony for the squaw to dress and prepare for use.

We have often seen the poor squaw in the west, out along the timber that only grew there on the edge of creek banks, gathering up limbs and branches in the dead of winter, that had fallen from trees, tie them up in a great bundle and carry half a mile or more on her back to the wigwam for keeping up the fire in the middle of her miserable habitation, that her lazy master (not husband) and half a dozen dusky, young red-skins might keep warm. Did those eastern dreamers about the cruel wrongs inflicted by whites upon "lo, the poor Indian!" have the least scintilla of knowledge in regard to his domestic life, their pity would change to such indignation they could never cease kicking themselves for allowing so much "milk of human kindness thus becoming a total waste. Puck indeed hits the nail on the head every time

he repeats "what fools these mortals be!"

If "the noble red man!" is an angel he is only such as Topsy in the play of "Uncle Tom's cabin" said she might be. "I spects I'll be a brack angel!" When migrating from place to place, if the Indian has only one pony, he rides and his squaw walks, and most always with a "pappoose" (baby) tied to a board or large piece of bark strapped on her back.

We have seen them hoeing in their fields thus burdened) and the larger children, if any, walk behind. If the Indian had two ponies or more she and her children would get to ride; more though to save leading or being troubled with the animals, than an act of affection or even accommodation on his part. God made the woman as the "help meet" for man, but with the Indian, she is the whole thing.

Isaac Nelson said one day, a squaw whose wigwam was pitched on the old Van Caldwell farm near the river, came to his house wanting him to give her some pumpkins from his truck patch near the house. "Yes!" he said, "I will give you all you can carry home!" At this assurance, afterwards telling it he declared the angelic smile that spread over her ugly face was a wonder to behold. Taking off her blanket she spread it out on the ground, and he helped her fill it with pumpkins until she could barely tie the corners together, then getting down she squeezed her head through between the tie and the pumpkins while he lifted on the load to help get it on her back as she rose to her feet. He declared he never saw a more comic sight in his life than she made as she struck out for home. The load completely hid her from his sight except her pedals, and the further she got away the more he had to laugh. He said she never made a halt or bobble as far as he could see her until she disappeared in the timber over a mile away.

One day an Indian rode up on a horse he was anxious to trade or sell. Nelson said the animal looked familiar to him and he accused the Indian of stealing it. "No, no, me no steal him! Me good injun, me buy him!" After considerable parleying and dickering Nelson succeeded in getting the horse for a couple of empty bottles and a pair of old boots. The Indian turned the horse over to him, saddle, bridle and all, gathered up boots and bottles and soon was out of sight in the woods back of the house. "Small favors thankfully received!" ejaculated Nelson as he bid good by to the retreating figure of the savage.

The animal had been stolen from Reese Jordan not over two miles away, from where he was hitched, and he was not aware of his loss until he happened to

see Nelson riding it up to his house. The joke soon got to his brother's ears and Jim made life hideous for him when ever he could get him into a crowd and introduce him to some one as "my brother Reese who is such a ——— fool any — injun can steal his horse from under him and ride it off without his knowing it!" Then would come the story with all the trimmings Jim thought it needed.

When a thief is that bold and seemingly injudicious in stealing, it seems that mono-manicism has terribly added and confused his thinking apparatus. And one of them not long after this unwittingly and equally as unwillingly, was made a pupil of Isaac Nelson's to learn a new lesson in the game. Polly Betterton, having some trading to do at Toleman's store on the Avery place, saddled their old family horse "Mike" and rode down, tying him to a post in the yard. While she was in the store selecting a few groceries, one of those regular "born-tired" Indians came along on foot, unhitched "old Mike," mounted and started off on the gallop up through the prairie, made off for Agency. Before he got a quarter of a mile away, she came out. Seeing her horse gone, she spied him carrying his dusky rider on his journey home. Dropping her basket she raised a cry for help, and started on the run after him.

Nelson and his wife saw the Indian galloping over the prairie and soon heard the screams of Polly as she followed up. It happened he had a horse saddled and bridled ready to go to help raise a log house. Picking up a dead thorn bush, about what he could carry in one hand, he hastily mounted and struck out through the woods, circling around and heading the Indian off just as he had entered the timber. The red man doubled on his track to get away but his pursuer was too well mounted. Riding up by the side of "old Mike" he grabbed him by the bridle with one hand and brought him back to a stop; then with three heavy, thorny whacks over the naked hide, "poor lo" rolled off and over on his back roaring out "me good injun! Me good injun!" About that time, Betterton, himself, who had reached the Wycoff place and saw the Indian gallop into the woods on a horse looking very much like "old Mike," had started out also to catch him. They marched him down to where the men were at work raising the house, Nelson riding behind leading "old Mike" and Betterton following the Indian up with the trusty thorn bush to invigorate his blood for stepping high, and just enraged enough to ply the remedy every time he betrayed crampy symptoms or lagged.

The work was being done on the place where Mr. Tibbett now lives, and there

was great hilarity among the men when this procession reached the ground. "Poor lo" could understand English pretty well and they made him take a front seat on a rejected log, with the injunction that if he attempted to get away they would wear that thorn bush out on him up to the handle. He had painful recollections of his recent acquaintance with that implement of correction still smarting his back and legs, and sat there the balance of the day stoically silent, sullen and with an air of indifference to fate.

All this time at intervals to bring his mental sufferings on the level with his bodily scratches from which the blood was still trickling, they would discuss the price of Indian scalps, and what they were likely to obtain "for such a covering to be had from the head of this rascal!" The Indian saw some one always had an eye on him, and made no attempt to get away. At last they were through and Nelson told him he could go home, but charged him to never come back or they would roast him alive and feed his carcass to the hogs. From sullenness his face fairly gleamed with gratitude. He jumped up, shook Nelson's hand, exclaiming, "me good injun, me good injun!" repeating the performance with every one present and then darted away in the woods. No doubt impelled with the fear the treacherous white man might change his mind, and the still smarting reminders of broken thorns in the flesh, made him in a hurry to get home to his squaw.

As our mention about "Jim" Jordan once being an Indian trader at Iowaville has been disputed, we will refer the reader to the "history of Wapello county," page 134: Soon after this battle (of the Sax and Fox with Iowa Indians) James H. Jordan came to this locality in 1828 as a trader with the Sac and Fox Indians," &c. Also page 137, "James H. Jordan xxx came to this valley in 1828 as an Indian trader." As a neighbor from our childhood and by frequent intercourse with Mr. Jordan, our information about his life was obtained direct from his lips, and we conscientiously believe it to be true. Living only a mile from William Betterton and a schoolmate with his children, we obtained the same reliable information of his house being burned by the United States dragoons, but never heard before that Jordan's shared the same fate. So "great minds will differ!" — *scene for*

June 3rd, 1904.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

OUR TERRITORY HONESTLY OBTAINED
INDIAN GOVERNMENTS. A SHREWD
BARGAIN. INJUSTICE OF
DISTINCTIONS.

15. So much misrepresentation at this time is being used about how our fathers acquired territory—and purposely used to justify our present methods of forcible entry upon and seizure of territory in foreign lands, that it is well we know something about our rights to this soil we now stand upon. After the conquest and driving out the Iowa's the Sac's and Fox Indians became possessors in 1827. It had cost them nothing, as the glory of victory over a foe fully compensates every savage as well as many of their paler brethren, for all the slain. "Easy come, easy go!" is a proverb fitting every human form alike. Their belts were well decorated with scalps freshly torn from the heads of the poor Iowa's. So much "prosperity" made them restless and ready for other fields to conquer.

All this time emigration, as population accumulated in the east, kept moving westward, and our nation as it had ever been since it shook off the shackles of old England, was always ready to make, an honest deal for territory as required by purchase (remember not conquest.) In 1833, only six years after the Sac's and Fox Indians forced the Iowa's to give up their title west of the Mississippi, they sold the east side of the present state to the United States for \$200,000, and by the treaty of 1842 sold the remainder called the new purchase, for \$800,000. The foolish gabble that the encroachments of the whites was the Indians motive to get something out of what they knew they would have to give up anyway, has to face the facts that Indians have held and yet live upon lands they reserved in some of the oldest states in the union.

Indian tribes vary in their customs and laws, but they are universally democratic. Their head chief acts as presiding officer and executive. They have a war chief who is commander-in-chief of all their warriors in the field. Their various other chiefs fill all other places needed in their government and meet in council making all needed regulations for peace or war. Keokuk was the chief Executive of those Indians. To his sagacity and statesmanship, as much as any one else, the \$1,000,000 purchase money was made a standing debt of the United States payable only when demanded by the creditor. And that debt due the Sac's and Fox Indians yet stands against the government, upon which from that day to this we pay annually \$50,000 interest and also on the old Illinois purchase \$1,000 annuity each year. Under

12 such conditions, whatever stories men may conjecture in regard to treatment of the aborigines it requires one possessed of extraordinary disregard of truth to say we do not stand today on honestly acquired territory. The Indians know Uncle Sam is good for it, and doubtless looks back each day he pays the interest with gratitude to the wisdom of their chiefs who drove such a lucky bargain for them.

Major Beach, who was commandant of the United States dragoons here at the time, said part of the stipulation of the first treaty was that the government should put up mills to grind breadstuffs for the Indians. And chief Appanoose told General Street that Sugar creek was fifty miles long, which, of course, considering the rapid fall near the river would make a splendid place for a dam and water mill. The General relying upon the red man's veracity, set right to work putting up a mill. By the time he got the job completed, and before the savage got his first taste of meal it ground, the rains descended and floods came, sending mill and meal tumbling around in the raging Des Moines and out into the "father of waters."

Another mill was put up on Soap creek which did better, and after the Indians left passed into Jordan's hands. It combined grist mill and saw mill. Samuel Park was the last owner we remember possessing it. It was only two or three miles above the mouth of the creek and in an early day did a good business.

Mr. Jordan said Blackhawk did not seem easy over the way he had treated the Iowa Indians, and just a short time before he died in 1838, he sent them a request to meet him on his (Jordan's) place. Some of their representative warriors came, whom he received with marked deference and friendship. After quite a friendly visit, on their departure he gave them out of the treasure of his tribe three hundred horses and one thousand blankets, with other merchandize to take home to their people.

But had he the wealth of the world to give, he never could condone the great wrong he and his people had inflicted, or restore the dead to life, he had so saddened the hearts of their kindred by their uncalled for butchery. Yet in that poor savage breast of his was a heart (unlike that of many of his pale faced brothers of today) that had not so thoroughly hardened as to be impervious to remorse. And yet like ruling powers yet, no matter how many helpless victims they send to eternity for defending their possessions, nor how many weeping mothers, wives and children moan and lament over the graves of slaughtered husbands, fathers and brothers, to the strong and

victorious belong the booty and plunder of conquest. Blackhawk, never, perhaps, had, the least compunction of conscience about holding and selling their territory to the whites.

A town was laid out on the south side of the river from old Iowaville near the place of his burial and named in honor of him, while one county by name also graces and perpetuates his memory Ours (Wapello) is to another chief among his tribe. The city of Keokuk and an adjoining county also to their chief counsellor and executive. Appanoose to another, &c., &c. All in honor of the murderous and invading strong who could overwhelm, kill and rob the weak, while today our school children are fed with a silly fable, as a fact, that our State derives its name from an unknown Indian exclamation, instead of the first discovered occupants of its soil. How truthfully depicted by the martyr to liberty who exclaimed, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn!" Also another truth now to the front in classic literature today, that fiction supersedes facts.

The town of Blackhawk soon began to assume the appearance of becoming a successful rival to Iowaville. One of its most enterprising capitalists was A. J. Davis, who erected a large distillery and grist mill. The farmer could take his wheat there and get it made into flour. his corn ground into meal and his rye to be converted in the pure, unadulterated and best of whiskey. If he did not have the latter mentioned grain he could exchange his corn for the invigorator of his blood, or buy it by the jug, keg or barrel, for 20 and 25 cts per gallon. The very thought of those good old times now to the toper, whose throat has to be watered from fifteen to twenty times a day with bug juice at from three to eight dollars per gallon, is enough to make him crazy to die and wake up in such a heaven. —
Davis in Iowa 1834

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

SOCIAL REMINISCENCES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

16 A. J. Davis, the late Montana millionaire was one of the central figures of the early days here. Of his early antecedents we have but little information as he had no family, and left here for the west about forty years ago. But before the "new purchase" was open for occupation we find him keeping store in Keosauqua. He was then quite a handsome and popular young man, of rather spare build, medium height, black hair and eyes and of the brunette complexion. With smooth, genteel manners, fine education and culture and highly intelligent he was one of the shining marks in society, and possessing the finest of commercial business tendencies, he ranked

among the highest a "ladies man!" But so much as he was admired and coveted by the bright eyed beauties, none ever succeeded in his capture and he lived to his "three score and ten," to the last dying a free man still outside "the fowler's snare!"

It was thought for a while after he went into business in Keosauqua, a beautiful young lady there had him in her coils. Her name was Miss Alvira Weir. She was described as being of medium size, snow white complexion, fine features, rosy cheeks, sparkling black eyes, long, curly, black hair, for which some of her associates called her "Miss Curly!" Her wit, intelligence and social culture made her universally admired as "the belle of the west." Many were the suitors at her command, and as the ball room was among the first institutions established in the young towns springing up along the frontier, her presence was one of the desired attractions, while Davis, her favorite, often graced those occasions with her.

It was said that one night in 1842 at a grand ball given in the Dickey hotel at Fairfield, upon account of an insulting remark made to Miss Weir by a young man named Ross, Davis came near getting into a most serious fray. It was an occasion comprising many of the most prominent army officers and local officials of this part of Iowa. Ross also held some civil office. He had become enamored by the Keosauqua beauty at first introduction, and soon requested to dance the next set with her, receiving the answer "I am engaged!" "Well the next?" "I am engaged!" "The next then?" again persisted her admirer. Again came the answer "I am engaged!" "Next?" "I am engaged!" "Well, madam, perhaps by that time you and your partner will want to go to bed!" replied Ross as he turned on his heel and left her.

This, to her refined nature, was such a gross insult that she could not conceal her feelings, which, coming to Davis's ears, he promptly called Ross to an account. The latter, also, being of the blue blooded Virginia stock and smarting under the idea that Miss Weir had been trifling with his confidence, defiantly resented the interference of Davis, who, at this, allowed his temper to become so uncontrollable that, had it not been for the number of strong men present to interfere, that gay occasion would have probably been saddened by the death of one or the other of the young men—all for a pretty woman whom neither one ever married.

Before they left though, through the intercession of friends, each one became convinced of how rash and foolish he had acted, mutually apologized to each other and separated friends. As all the merri-

ment had been interrupted, it was soon resumed and the ball was one long to be remembered where the rich uniform of our army officers predominated for the last time, perhaps, in this part of Iowa. Among those present was Major Beach with the beautiful Miss Langford of the Agency as his partner, who was married at the close of the ball to a young man named Drake. This was the important part of the occasion. Drake was a blacksmith in the employ of the Government. Capt. George Wilson, a West Point military graduate and captain of United States dragoons, was present. Also Capt. James Allen, of infantry, who afterwards served as an officer in the Mexican war. About all the military officers in this part of the territory were there. But among all the beautiful ladies Davis's was conceded as "excelsior!"

Davis sold out his store about the year of 1844 and invested his money in the erecting the distillery, store house, etc. that began the town of Blackhawk, opposite Iowaville. Soon the place began to build and put on such business airs the latter town could well look at with a jealous regard. Combining a grist mill with his distillery, farmers had not only a home demand there for corn and rye to manufacture into liquors, but from all the surrounding country, for many miles on either side of the river, were constantly coming and going farmers to have their grain milled into breadstuffs and feed. The place soon had two or three stores, blacksmith shops, school house and other furnishings for a thriving village. Those advantages secured practically all the mill patronage south of the river and considerable from the north side.

About everybody, those times, kept liquor in their homes. "Twenty cents per gallon" all pure and genuine. The smallest quantities being in gallon jugs, and from that up to a keg or barrel was often seen kept in stock for home consumption. Doubtless this statement will be quite a jar on the sensitive nerves of some of our readers. But as far down below zero as it may run their estimate of the morals of Iowa's first settlers, did they live in such days, I will venture they would betray equally as much depravity. If not, malarial affections from stagnant waters, decaying vegetation, with chills and fevers and every infectious ill to the occasional bite of a whirling rattler, would soon rattle them out of this wicked world to that kingdom where all good people go.

In those days when the hardest of work was to be done whiskey was thought to be the only sure remedy to neutralize the effects of too much water we often use to quench thirst. It was on hand frequently at house raisings and in the harvest field, in fact it was some-

times difficult to get hands without it. Half a dozen hands would consume about a gallon a day, if the heat was very intense. That amount of such stuff as we call "whiskey" now, in a day would call for the coroner's inquest. Under so many restrictions, it is only a base poisonous counterfeit, a dangerous destroyer, in sickness or health. If half the zeal spent in prohibitory outbursts was concentrated in rigid, close inspection and every man adulterating or handling adulterated liquors was sent to the penitentiary, not half the drunkenness, crime and misery of the present would exist. Why do we make this assertion? because we have lived in the days of absolute "free whiskey" and now live in days of chastic intemperance. - *Journal for June 10th, 1904*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

THE BLACKHAWK DISTILLERY. THE TOPERS PARADISE AND THE PATIENCE OF "JOB" BLOWN OUT.

The old Blackhawk distillery could have supplied a whole army of toppers had they been in reach of it. It was a great market place for the farmers to dispose of their grain. The country had old toppers then too, but through the purity of the drug, compared with the present, their number was more limited. The second person we saw drunk was also in Iowaville. He was an old man past his three score and ten. He had a jug of whiskey hung on the horn of his saddle and two or three men were lifting him astride his horse. After he started for home, swaying from side to side, he began singing:

"The preachers say we are all Bound to go to kingdon come So let us, boys, drown our grief In another bottle of rum!"

Over in Blackhawk one of those characters was a frequent visitor, and when the drowsy sequel came he would tumble down in the most convenient place and snooze, oblivious to all surroundings, unless some friend would load him in his wagon and haul him home. He was the victim of all kinds of pranks played by the boys, and, considering his patience under so many inflictions, we shall, for convenience in our story, dub him with the name of "Job." His friends had plead so long and hard with him to quit drinking, they at last told him some of those times while drunk he "would wake up in hell." To this he would leer at them in his most tantalizing way. Some of the boys who had heard them thus expostulating with him, immediately got an idea. A new trick formulated itself for the next time "Job" piled himself up around too much corn juice, and they had not long to wait. Their preparations had already been elaborately completed when they found him about dark

one evening, in that happy, comatose snooze one lapses into as he drops in the toppers ideal of a real heaven.

Soon a long box was at hand. Picking old Job up, who could only mumble out a few feeble oaths at this interruption of his bliss, they dropped him in the box and with poles under it and three pall bearers on a side, wended their way to an old log cabin outside of town. Of course this did not require a very long or laborious march. They had taken the floor out of the cabin and fixed a rest about two feet high in the center of the room for Job and his box. After placing their burden here they encircled it with dry chips and sticks about two feet away, over which they sprinkled brimstone quite freely, then setting it on fire they got outside to peep through the cracks and watch results.

Whether from the influence of heat and fumes of sulphur, or that he was naturally wearing off his drunk, they had not a great while to wait. Suddenly his arms swung in the air and clutching the side of his box he hauled himself up in a sitting posture with a half frightened and half puzzled look. Gazing around a moment he muttered, with an oath, "just as I expected, in hell at last!" Then looking first at the door, then the window, and last at the fire, with a few more oaths he decided "the old man" wasn't at home, and "I wonder if he keeps anything about the house to drink?" With this he floundered out coming down on his all-fours with one hand in the fire. Scrambling to his feet and roaring with pain and profanity that added color and fumes to the burning sulphur, he began kicking the fire in every direction, about half a dozen oaths going with each kick "There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, ending the last kick with his choicest expletives, and making for the door: "I guess the old devil has lost his job this time!" The boys kept the house between them and their victim, but lingered behind within hearing distance until he reached the river and got his bearings for home. They said the last they saw or heard as he disappeared he was swearing to get even with somebody and what a good thing it was for them that they got their devil out of the way before he woke up.

The Davis distillery had to go out of business under Iowa prohibition and it was said that when it closed up over three hundred barrels of pure, rye whiskey were shut up within it. About forty years ago A. J. Davis bought up a whole train of ox teams and wagons. Hiring teamsters to drive them he loaded all his whiskey in the wagons and transported it to Idaho and Montana realizing a fortune from its sale. At the same time, in that new country, filling up with immigration, it was said the sale of his wagons

and teams netted him enough to pay all expenses. This was the last of A. J. Davis to Iowa, but the making of a multimillionaire to enrich courts, judges and lawyers in the west, who, finally, managed to gobble up about all the gains of his life time.

Iowaville and Blackhawk have long since been wiped off the map. The flood of '51 and the establishment of the D. V. Road station at Selma finished the one and prohibition "swiped" the other. We might name a town or two, not a thousand miles away, that would today be knocked as completely out with half the infliction. — *Source for June 24th 1904.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

SILAS GARRISON AS ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS. GOES TO SCHOOL. A MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY. ANECDOTES, &C.

One of the most peculiar, as well as the most pleasant and agreeable among the first occupants of our neighborhood, was Silas Garrison, who came from Illinois. He was in the rush that celebrated morning of May 1st, 1843, and was one among the three whom H. Flint had to buy off to get his 160 acres where the Remington & Baker farm is at present. He then located on 80 acres, now the east side of the Kile-Bilby farms. After making some improvements there, about the year of 1846, he sold it to James Lanman and bought sixty acres across the road west of where Frank Shields now lives. Here he spent the remainder of his life, dying during the fall of 1873.

The history of Wapello county gives him the credit of being one among the few accredited with preaching the first sermon in the county. He never was known as a minister of the Gospel, but being a zealous worker in the Methodist church there may be some right to this claim. So far as straightforward manhood, honor and usefulness was concerned, he stood among the best in the community, and one whom we never heard of being angry. The writer of this ought to know, being a schoolmate of his, and upon this hangs a tale.

The first school taught in this vicinity was made up by subscription the winter of 1843-4, and a log cabin built where now stands Mr. Tibbett's residence was the school house. It had a large fire place built of stone on the west side that took in a "back log" about six feet long. On each side of this and in front were seats made out of split logs, dressed on the flat side with two legs at each end. Without anything to lean back against, we have often wondered how children today would like to exchange their comfortable school seats for them. My father was the teacher of this school and Si-

las Garrison, aged about 47 years, was his oldest pupil.

There were, perhaps, a daily attendance of thirty-five scholars with this one exception, aged from five to twenty years. Garrison studied hard to acquire a knowledge of the rules in mathematics but with all the chances of a three months school his labors and time proved a dismal failure, yet in all other common branches his education was good. But the most singular of all, in this connection, was the rapidity and precision he had of solving the most difficult mathematical problems one could give to him, and invariably return the correct answer. And most strange of all, no teacher could ever tell from his figures by what rule he obtained the answer, neither could he himself explain it.

He was frequently, to the amusement of the scholars, conjuring up and repeating couplets in rhyme, and verses of poetry. Once he exclaimed, "To Washington we'll give the glory, of conquering the Briton and the Tory. How do you like that, teacher?" "Well" came the answer, "I'm trying to teach these boys and girls that some of it belongs to his men!" After a moments thought he decided for once his muse had got to "wabbling."

Once, while at my father's house with several other visitors, he spied a book treating on phrenology lying on the stand he exclaimed, "Doc. do you understand phrenology?" Being answered in the affirmative he immediately wanted his head "examined." With the bearing of an expert father seated him before "the audience" and began feeling "the bumps." Silas couldn't wait long to inquire what he found? Remarkable head sir, remarkable head! You only lack two bumps of being as great a man as Daniel Webster! was the reply. Being a great admirer of Daniel Webster Garrison eagerly inquired what they were. "Perception and arrangement!" came back the reply!"

Jerking out his pen knife with the suddenness of one going to do something tragic Garrison whacked off a suspender button and hurriedly handed it to the erstwhile professor of phrenology, with "here's the button, Doc., I'm awfully glad I don't lack the whole head!" This with the ludicrous and meaning tone of expression so completely turned the tables against the joker, that after the roar of laughter subsided he handed the button back remarking, "Put it in your pocket, Mr. Garrison, and tell your wife that your bump of "perception" is rising sufficiently, so, that in a few days she can safely afford to sew that button on again.

Mr. Garrison was a great joker and story teller, so much so, that no one

could become lonesome in his presence. I remember well when he was nearing his three score and ten and I was just reaching out of my teens, several times, when opportunity offered in company, he would recall the fact that he and I were "old schoolmates!" He was a very strong, athletic man, and I well remember an incident of an exhibition of his strength when well up to seventy years of age that will give the young men of today a chance to test theirs by.

As we were threshing grain at his place with a ten horse separator, while waiting to begin work after dinner, a man by the name of Myers said he could out lift any one in the crowd. To prove it he braced up against one hind wheel of the separator and taking a spoke in each hand he managed, by a great effort, to raise the weight of the thresher, straw carrier and all from the ground. With this he looked around triumphantly, exclaiming, "come on, now, you bragging fellows!" With this the old man stepped up telling Myers to get on one side of the wheel, saying, he could lift him and his load. Then calling up the old man Parkhurst, who, also, weighed over two hundred, and placing him on the other side of the wheel he assumed the same position Myers did in his lift. raising the wheel several inches from the ground letting it fall with a jolt. "Now," he said, "Hen Myers. you pride yourself on your muscle, I can throw you down just as easy as I can outlift you." Myers swallowed the bluff by saying, "you are too old a man for me to wrestle with!" "Yes," replied Garrison, "too old a man to wrestle with, but not too old to lift with: a poor excuse is better than none, but as I now have my hand in I'd just like to finish taking the conceit out of you!"

The contest being declared off, ever after that when Myers would get to bragging on any kind of his athletic performances, the boys would say, "oh, you go off and let the old man Garrison stand you on your head awhile!" or some similar reminder of his humiliation. Garrison is, perhaps, the only man in this section, at least, who, with his son to help him, made and set his own brick in the kiln, finished the job then with straw and afterwards had them for the walls of his dwelling. This was a three roomed building which has since been torn down to give place for the present structure. — *Issue for July 1st, 04.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY OF OUR FIRST TOWNS —BLACKHAWK'S DAUGHTER AND HER ILL-FATED ROMANCE, &C.

With rapid increase of wealth and population, inevitably creeps over a na-

tion political of freedom. Today the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, and even his name is almost forgotten. Though annually with a great flourish the Declaration of our Independence (of which he was the author as well as founder of the democratic party) is read without a thought of his name. With all the bluster and boasting about the great Louisiana purchase of which we are a part, yet few know that he was president of the United States at the time, and largely through his influence and the democratic party it was made. Alexander Hamilton who bitterly fought against the adoption of our national constitution and worked to establish a monarchical government over us, is the ideal statesman.

We mention those facts that those carried away from the old political landmarks may return to their study of them. Even our own state carved out of that purchase, with its free school system and free government, was the creature of the democratic party that never favored securing territory by conquest. The lead mines of "Dubuque" a Frenchman began the first city in Iowa in 1824. Next came what was known as the half breed tract in Lee county, and along the Mississippi river the towns of Burlington, Fort Madison and Keokuk began simply as trading posts with the Indians. In 1834 Iowa named after the "Iowa Indians", by act of congress, was made part of Michigan.

When that territory became a state of the union in 1836, like a poor friendless orphan it was again kicked out in the cold to be adopted as part of Wisconsin. Two years later it again found itself without a home by the admission of Wisconsin into Uncle Sam's family; when on the 4th day of July, Freedom Day, it got "right up in meetin'" demanding and receiving the right of territorial organization, and membership with the family, in its own name.

The first school taught in Iowa was a three months' term at Nashville, Lee county, in October, November and December, 1830. by Benjamin Jennings. The next at Keokuk was taught by I. K. Robinson, commencing Dec. 1. 1830, and continuing until spring. The pupils were traders children and Indians. Battese, whose name we find on the Avery brothers account books, it seems by the statement of Mr. Robinson in the "Iowa Normal Monthly," was one of his scholars. The description those two teachers give of the schoolhouses then were identical with the first ones used here.

While much has been said and readers are made somewhat familiar with the life of the great war chief Blackhawk, yet few are apprised that he ever had a wife and daughter. With them he would go to Sugar Creek in Lee county, for the winter. He had a large commodious

wigwam about the years of 1834-6, on the road between Fort Madison and Montrose in Lee county. While living there one of those border romances that often terminated by a white man marrying "a squaw," has been told which we will repeat. One of the first traders at Fort Madison was a young man named Walsh. He came from Baltimore, Maryland, was of fine appearance, culture and intelligence, Blackhawk's daughter possessed rare beauty, symmetry of form, pretty dancing black eyes, and charming expression for one of her race. Walsh became acquainted with and completely absorbed by her personality.

Walsh was young, heart and hand free, and so deeply in love with the beautiful Indian maiden not only were his Sundays spent in her company, but he would often lock up his store during the week to court her presence. The old chief and her mother also seemed to approve the courtship, and the young man would undoubtedly have taken her as his bride had not a strange and fortunate fatality to such a culmination unexpectedly happened.

A cousin of his from Baltimore while touring the west dropped in at Fort Madison to visit him. Being old intimate companions and schoolmates, Walsh soon unbosomed the yearnings of his heart and went off in such rhapsodies about the charms and beauty of his inamorata that his cousin who had never lost his wits about the beauty of an Indian girl declared he must see her, and in a tone of half disgust said if she was good looking she was a curiosity he had never yet met among the redskins.

He looked upon Walsh as becoming partially deranged, and vowed within himself for the sake of his family, friends and himself, he would do all in his power to save them from the mortifying humiliation of his marrying "an Indian squaw." Walsh readily assented to taking to the Blackhawk wigwam. His cousin was astonished at the tidiness and cleanliness of their home, but far more so when an indeed beautiful Indian girl entered from another apartment to be warmly greeted by Walsh and with conscious pride introduced to him. He confessed to himself despite her color she was as beautiful and with her guileless charms like the scenes of nature, clad in the prettiest garb of her sex and race she was as fascinating as the hour is.

Here were conditions to meet he had not counted upon ways to counteract. Walsh was from one of the most aristocratic families in Baltimore, and of a proud sensitive spirit. In this his cousin saw the only hope of success to break the spell, this simple, but lovely charmer from among the forests and wildwood, had thrown over him. If the plans he formed during their brief stay with

Blackhawk at that time should fail, he felt that Welsh would have to be socially forever ostracised and lost, to abide with the aborigines as "a squaw man!"

As soon as they mounted and started to return, Walsh gleefully slapping his cousin on the shoulder, inquired: "Well, Edgar, what do you think of my pretty Indian betrothed?" "Why," replied his cousin, "I have just been thinking about this whole business, Joe, and there is one thing that troubles me." "What is that, Edgar, what is that?" eagerly inquired Walsh. Why, it is this, answered his cousin, "When you get married you must take your wife back to see our people. And, in Baltimore, as you know, there is a miserable rabble, and an Indian to them is a great curiosity. When she goes into the street they will raise the cry, "there goes Joe Walsh's Indian!" They will not know your wife's good qualities (and he emphasised the word "wife's) and for that matter they would not care. I have been studying some way to avoid this, Joe!"

All of Walsh's aristocratic pride was so strong and his sensibilities so deeply stirred by this seemingly artless reply and intelligent view of the situation, that he could not conceal his mortification and shame. He rode along in silence with a pale and troubled look on his countenance for some time before a word was spoken. One will ever tell the emotions and torment raging through heart and brain to decide the greatest question of destiny. As was madly in love. To go farther was to be abhorred by all his former associates and friends—a disgrace to his kindred and isolation with the savages himself.

He soon decided and broke the silence by saying of all men he was the most miserable. He said if he could sell his store he would leave the place forever. His cousin bought him out, and after completing the deal Walsh took passage on the first steamboat for St. Louis. Only once did they hear from him afterward, and that was at the end of his journey down the river. Thus ended the romance with Blackhawk's daughter, who afterwards was married to a full-blooded warrior, and also relapsed by going with her tribe as one of common drudger to her liege lord as all other good Indian squaws do.

All the whites along the west banks of the river until 1833 were soldiers, trappers, traders and hunters. Many of them married Indian wives. As early as 1820 the war department issued orders that all army officers must discard their Indian wives. To this one Dr. Muir an army surgeon who had an Indian wife and child replied, "No, may God forbid that a son of Caledonia may desert his his wife and child or disown his clan!"

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land, was a man of strict integrity, irreproachable character, and very popular in the army. But he had unfortunately for his country and perhaps himself, too, fallen in love and married a beautiful Indian, to whom four children were afterward born. Yet that does not signify as the city of Keokuk started half Indian on what was then known as "the half breed tract," that she is "half Indian" yet.

As to one whose articles persistently following me up to negative what I say and his methods of blackening the memory of the dead as well as defaming the living, are too despicable to merit attention. All who have known the Nelsons and Jordans from 1843 and upward as intimately as I have known them, cannot fail to have a contempt for any man who publishes them now as such notorious thieves who would join in with anybody to burglarize and rob another of tens of thousands, as he charges them with being accomplices of Davis in doing. We never said Davis kept store in Blackhawk, as our readers know, and he cannot prove it. The town was universally known as "Blackhawk," this fellow to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact his false statements are too numerous to mention, and we shall let the reader choose whom he would rather believe. His inconsistent utterance about A. J. Davis are apparent enough for all to know that if they were true, he, as well as his aforesaid accomplices, could not escaped long terms in the penitentiary, instead of living and dying highly respected citizens. One with such a diseased and dyspeptic desire for evil that he has displayed, is indeed to be pitied.

I know the limited space in a local paper, and will drop what I heretofore used for "early days," &c., to attend to the fight this fellow has so long been wanting. He has been lusting for a scrap, and swaggering around for us to just step on his coat tail quite awhile. We shall step on the old imp's candal appendage now, and keep our foot there until he is satisfied. As to his senseless drivel about "Joe and Joseph" all the regrets we have, is, that he has not profited by the sad example of the one as we have of the other. It might have made a better man of the poor material in his composition, saved him a competence, his unfortunate wife many and many heart aches and sorrows, and his children many sad reproaches and humiliations. Such an one is certainly the last man who should sully the memory of the dead, or fling innuendoes at the living.

and sent in his resignation.

He took his Indian wife and child down the river and built the first cabin that was put up as the initial to what now is the city of Keokuk. The doctor had been educated at Edinburg, Scot-

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

OLD TIME METHODS OF IMMIGRATION AND TRAVEL. INCIDENTS SAD AND SINGULAR DEATH. OLD TIME WAY TO GET SUMMER CLOTHING, &c.

20.
My first recollection of the change from the land of my nativity (Butler county, Ohio,) was the day when every thing we did not intend shipping to the far west was sold at public auction. That was in the fall of 1842. I recall the scene, the crowd and with what childish wonder I watched the auctioneer, telling my mother there was "a man out in the yard preaching!" My greatest grief, though, was the next day when I saw some men take the cook stove down, put it in the wagon and haul it off. As the wagon was disappearing I called my little brother older than myself, crying that "now we will get no more cakes and pies!"

We shipped on board the "Nonpareil," a large, heavy steamboat. It was heavily laden with about three hundred immigrants and passengers bound for various destinations along the upper Mississippi. Such a thing as railroad travel and transportation was never thought of in those days, and as I remember now, the cargo was as variagated as the passengers. All around the lower deck were immigrants horses tied to a railing, heads in; the hold was packed with furniture, boxes, all kinds of goods, wagons, plows, implements and every variety of machinery.

The boat was loaded down so close that frequently my brother and I would sit on the side and reach through the balusters to dabble our hands in the water. And as we approached a town along the banks of the river the captain nearly wore himself out swearing at the passengers for rushing to that side to get a view, careening the vessel until the water would slush up on the boards of the floor. Instead of coal, cordwood from woodyards along the river was used for fuel. When the supply began to run low the captain would order the pilot to steer for the first woodyard, land, perhaps, at midnight and raining in torrents. Then every male passenger was called up from his cosy bunk to "out and help wood up!" This was done in the old, primitive way of every man gathering as much wood in his arms as he could carry, walk the plank, take it in the engine room and stack it up.

It did not require a great while for a hundred men to complete the task, but, considering it was about four times every twenty-four hours at regular intervals, and over a week to make the distance a railroad train makes in a day, one can understand travel then lacked much of

the convenience and pleasure it has now. One night some of the horses got to kicking and broke loose going backward over in the river. My father's two, and a span belonging to a man named Rodabaugh, were among the number. They prevailed on the captain to send them ashore where the horses swam out, and as the boat was to land, discharge and take on cargo at Alton, twelve miles further up, they caught their horses and overtook it about three o'clock in the morning.

After securing them they turned into their bunks. About the time they had dropped into a doze, "wood up!" rang out. The captain kept a close watch that no shirking was indulged in. Coming to the bunk those tired and sleepy travelers occupied, he yelled out with an oath "what are you fellows doing here, why are you not out helping those men wood up?" With an answering oath like the roar of an enraged lion, Rodabaugh leaped out of bed swearing he'd dump the rascal overboard, which brought the captain to a better knowledge of good breeding in short order.

Rodabaugh abused the captain without stint, with no uncertain and not the most chaste and dignified language. Shaking his fist under his nose he informed him that his old rickety boat and himself were responsible for dumping his (Rodabaugh's) horses in the river, endangering their lives, causing him such a chase and so much trouble. Also if he ever heard another word from him about "wooding up" he would have his old boat tied up at the next stopping place until he got paid for this trouble, and also polish him up with an old wagoners fist beside. The captain found for once he woke up the wrong passenger, and retreated, while Rodabaugh turned into his bunk again to enjoy the refreshing slumbers of the innocent without any further disturbance or business calls from the enterprising captain.

We landed at Keokuk, then only a small village of log cabins. From there, with our wagon and team and the few household goods we could bring, we drove through to Fairfield with only a few log cabins and where the United States land office was kept. The Dickey hotel being the chief business attraction. By this time the frosts of autumn were upon us. A man by the name of Cole, himself, wife and two children, living in a one room log house, proffered to divide the room with us and all live together until we could locate elsewhere.

Just at that time, this seemed a dispensation of providence. While there, what came near being the first tragedy I ever witnessed, occurred. Cole was stricken down with malarial fever, then so prevalent, and one day while the atten-

tion of the women was called to preparing dinner, he reached out of bed procuring a small four bladed pen knife he kept in the pocket of his pants. His wife hearing him looked around just in time to see him stabbing the blade into the side of his neck, presumably, to sever the jugular vein. Although weak from sickness, the two women had a struggle to get the knife away from him. He had buried the blade seven times into his neck, and strange to say, had not struck a vital part.

That coming winter we moved down on what is known now as the "Hinkle farm" below Selma. It was owned then by an old man named Saylor. He lived in a story and a half, hewed, double, log house, of two rooms below and a wide entry between them. The same building yet stands but a few rods east of the Hinkle home. Here we spent the remainder of the winter of 1842 and 3.

While living here, towards the last of March, my little brother, two years older than myself, met his death in a most sudden, sad and peculiar manner. It was a warm, summer day and father was using a flax-brake, an implement now unknown. It was made in two sections, the lower section standing on two legs at each end while the upper one was hinged on the lower one at one end, and by a handle on top of the other one the operator could raise and let it fall at will. Each section contained three long, horizontal, wooden blades, that were placed in the frame so that when the upper section came down there was just room enough for those blades to pass between each other.

Flax raisers know how a crop of flax is grown from seed sown on the ground like other grain, and instead of cutting, is pulled up by the roots, laid in swaths, to cure to a degree that the woody stalk becomes hard and brittle, while the fiber also loosens so that it is ready for the brake and separation from the wood. After being gathered together at one place where the aforementioned brake stands, the operator takes a hand full, placing the top in the brake as he lifts the upper section. This he lets fall, raising again and again as it comes down each time, the flax being thrust under until it is broken from end to end. Then laid in a pile another taken up, and another, until all has been broken, sometimes requiring days of labor.

Then it is taken up again to pass through the "hackle" another obsolete instrument of today. It is but little more than a short board containing, perhaps, a hundred or more long, sharp spikes. This instrument is fastened solidly upon a bench, spikes upward, when the operator picks up the broken flax again, striking it down among those sharp teeth, pulling it through towards

him. This separates the broken wood from the fiber, leaving the latter in that condition called "tow!" Then it is ready for the housewife to spin into thread on a little spinning wheel. Another piece of furniture unknown to the present generation. After this is done, it goes into a loom where, by the hardest of labor by the matron or daughter, it finally comes off as a bolt of cloth to be made by the same hands into clothing for the family.

While father was thus engaged in breaking flax, my brother, a little girl of Saylor's and myself, were engaged near a fire he had built to warm the flax with on the side hill just below a large, white oak log that had been cut down and burned up during the winter and imbedded in the frost and snow. As we were sitting in the sun shine against and below the log father had said to us two or three times that it was not a safe place for us, but being very busy did not compel us to move away. When the call came for dinner he told us to come. I obeyed, instantly, the little girl rose to her feet but my brother, who was digging in the ground with a knife, was too late. Hearing a shriek father looked back to see his boy with life crushed out pinned under the log which had started and caught by a stump was resting on its victim. The little girl had escaped by running as she saw it start. The fire and warm sun shine had loosened it from its frosty bed to thus sadden our home.

Saylor sold this place, I think, about 1845 and moved to Fort Des Moines, then a military post, where he invested and his descendants now live. It is said by his early investments was built the foundation upon which some of them became wealthy. While we were living there, occurred the first legal execution for murder, I believe, in Van Buren county. This murder was a cold blooded assassination, the murderer waylaying with a rifle and shooting his victim down without even letting him see who did it. The gallows upon which the assassin paid the penalty was on a little knoll between two ravines on the northern outskirts of Keosauqua. *issue for July 15th 1904*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

SKETCH OF THE TRIALS, HARDSHIPS AND ENDURANCE WITH THE FORCED ECONOMY OF FRONTIER LIFE. A SAMPLE CABIN, FORCED ECONOMIES, LESSONS FOR BOYS WHO "HAVE NO CHANCE."

21.
Were one of the present generation to enter a log cabin as it looked among the Iowa woodland or prairie in Iowa sixty years ago, if imbued with no higher sentiment than selfish instincts for the good things of life, he would have a contempt

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for men, who, leaving all the luxuries of the east, would bring himself and family to such privations. But if such an one admired lofty courage, progressiveness and the manly endurance of those who struggle to secure to themselves and their posterity, homes and privileges not to be obtained elsewhere, as well as to build up a great, prosperous, free and happy commonwealth, he will pluck the laurels from the brow of the warrior whose greatest glory is to kill and destroy, and circle them as a crown upon the head of the hardy pioneer whose life is devoted to creating, promoting and advancing civilization by the busy hand of industry and economy.

Thus in every sense of justice, the need of praise and honor in all lands, climes and conditions, belongs to the men and women who brave every element and danger to establish and build up a land for others to enjoy. Those pioneers of southeastern Iowa have all passed away, but history should never permit their work to be forgotten. We want to look into their homes as they were then and study what they, by necessity, had to practice and endure. It will be a useful lesson to young and old, but most especially to the young man starting out in life with the words on his lips "we have no chance now!" We want him to go along with us awhile and compare notes. Let them compare with their "chance" then follow along, keep strict "tab," do a little tooting up and apply their limited opportunities, frugality, economy and self denial with his own methods. By this he will find his excuse of having "no chance" has all been wiped off the board.

We will for a few moments now, imagine what then everywhere around us were actual realities, that we are in the doorway of a pioneers home. Perhaps we have climbed over a rail fence to get there. No blue grass, carpet walks or lawn mower, are in sight. If not kept down by the tramping feet of children, geese and chickens, coarse prairie grass weeds, and even hazel brush and briars are still plentiful. Passing in and out from the house there is a path to the fence which has been widened by the scythe or hoe. The "quack" of geese and hiss of the old gander (for geese were almost as indispensable to the first settler as his sheep and flax) is still keeping up a hubbub about our intrusion. And had we only happened along a few weeks earlier we could have enjoyed the refreshing sight of that flock, one by one, amid the squawks and flapping, having their choicest feathers plucked out for the pioneer at night to rest his weary bones upon.

But now, as we are in the yard, let us take a look at that house. Sure enough, "necessity is the mother of invention!"

Four walls about eight feet high, built of rough, partly hewed logs, about sixteen feet long, notched and thus joined together at the corners like one would now build a square rail pen. Each gable is made to stand towards the top by shorter logs, the ends resting upon the same length log as the sides, extending across from end to end so that by the time the comb is reached they are three feet or more apart and give about one-third pitch for the roof. After joists are laid across over head upon the sides to hold the loft or loose puncheons above it, then comes the roofing of split clap boards, about four feet long, lapping over each preceding course as shingles. But not a nail is to be seen about the building. When the first course of clapboards are put on a long, straight log is laid across them. To keep this from sliding off a short, heavy piece of wood is pinned below and against each end, through to the gable logs by two or three strong, inch and a quarter or inch and a half oak pins. Then it is there to stay while a similar log is laid over the next course and so on to the finish, each braced and held by similar pieces between them. No wind can shake or loosen those primitive shingles, and if properly made and laid the pioneer can rest secure and dry, despite the down pour of the rain or the howling of the storm.

But the building completed is neither what we call comfortable or attractive at its best. Look at that door! A hole cut in one side about three feet wide and seven feet long with a hewed piece fastened by wooden pins to hold the severed ends of the logs at each side of the opening. These are called "door checks." Upon one side is hung by wooden hinges a rough, puncheon door, opening inside by pulling a buckskin string hanging out through a small hole which raises a wooden, drop latch or fastening on the inside. Everybody was welcome in those days and from this came the old familiar saying: "You will always find the latch string out!"

Look at the windows! The front one by the side of the door is a pretentious one; it has a sash with six lights, eight by ten inches square. That is "the best foot foremost," for there is a small opening on the opposite side, called a window, that has some kind of light muslin over it to admit light. See the long openings between the logs are first "chinked" with split pieces of wood and then daubed up with mortar. This is a little above the average cabin. Its owner must have taken time to gather up some stone and burn them into lime for most of his neighbors have used mud.

That thing protruding above the house-top at one end; let's go around and see what it is? Why, its an outside chim-

ney, but isn't it a funny looking thing? See, its built out of rough stone, four or five feet high, then narrowed a couple of feet more to where the builder finished the flue to the top with split sticks and daubed that with mud inside and out all the way up. Well, "a home is a home let it be ever so homely!" Now we will go on the inside and size that up. But don't be afraid the door will creak; it's hinges are kept "soaped" nor alarmed, if a floor puncheon, as you step on it, makes an unusual clatter for they will warp, although ever so well hewn down and none of them are nailed to the heavy log sleepers holding them. A home made bedstead stands in each corner of the room back from the big fire place and a smaller bedstead, called a trundle bed slides under each one. Why here is beds for eight persons all in one room and ten by sixteen feet left for table, chairs, fire place, &c., &c.

The supply of furniture is very meager and if invited to "take a chair," it may be a three legged stool made by the host himself. You sit down, the weather is warm and while mopping the perspiration with a "bandanna" from your noble brow you see a couple of boards tied together at one end swinging down by a string from the joists overhead that support the loft. While talking you watch that wondering what they mean tied together at the top so as to swing apart at the bottom nearly a foot. You discover on the outside of each is a coating of molasses and dead flies, with swarms of living ones alighting on and crawling over them. Flies! the room is full of flies! It is fly time, while screens are unknown and unobtainable, if known. While still wondering what that strange clapboard instrument swinging before you is, along comes a little boy and putting a hand outside each board he fiendishly claps the two together mashing the life out of something less than a million flies, then "you've got an idea" it's "a fly trap!" And it beats all the gum stick-em fly pasters you have ever seen since.

Now look at that fire place! Dinner is being prepared. Across back of the arch is an iron bar and hanging from it by a pair of "pot hooks" is a pot with a lid on it. A fire is burning under that pot and a little to one side in front is a small iron "oven" that would hold, perhaps, a gallon sitting over some glowing coals with a lid on it and burning coals on top of that. Now you are studying as to what is in those two vessels. If you was an expert in the society of those days you would know. Were the housewife expecting company for dinner you could tell by the aroma that the pot had chicken pie boiling for you and the best seasoned "corn pone" being done to a finish in the oven. Otherwise pork and

beans or string beans and cabbage and corn bread with a little more grit about it.

It was years before stoves came into general use. Skillets and ovens were universally thus used for baking bread, cakes and pies. Sugar and molasses, as well as all imported foods were almost inaccessible to the average settler, being used sparingly and in small quantities. It was no uncommon sight to see people leave a lot of pumpkins out to freeze then in the fall of the year thaw them and press the juice out to boil down into molasses. Even this was mostly used for putting away wild fruits into preserves and preparing other delicacies.

Knowing the western wilds were full of game the immigrant invariably brought to the new country his trusty rifle—long barrelled, muzzle loading, double triggered, sometimes flint lock; it was the most conspicuous and easy accessible of any implement about the house. A couple of small, short forks were cut, dressed down and nailed to a log above the door. In them it rested, where, while out about the place at work did anything molest or any game come about he could run in and out after it. For awhile we had plenty of wild meat, giving each settler a chance to get supplied by the increase of hogs. But in a few years there was less hunting and more farming.

While the grubbing hoe, axe and plow were brought in constant play by the men, the spinning wheel and loom took up the spare time of the women, leaving either less time for leisure. They were here away from all conveniences or supplies, unless their hands and lands produce them; work, starve or go back to "dad and mam!" was the alternatives. Many choose the latter, but the great bulk persisted in staying. Every foot of land farmed had to be inclosed with high rail fences. Let the young men today think of going into the woods to chop down trees, cut and split into four thousand rails, haul out, perhaps, for miles to build fence around ten acres of land after that had been prepared and plowed from the sod before he could farm it. Very few young men today would know how or the length to cut a log for rails, much less how to split it successfully, or even build a fence with them after they were made. All this kind of work has given way to the more speedy, cheaper and economic wire fencing.

Fencing and keeping them in repair consumed a vast amount of the farmers time that is now utilized to proportionately more profit and gain. Then he raised hogs he could not sell at all, because there was no way to get them to market except by butchering them himself, salting down and converting into

bacon. Then if he got two and a half cents a pound for it he thought himself lucky. He plowed his corn with one horse, and fifteen acres was enough for one man to cultivate. The home demand was his only hope to sell. If the season proved a bad one corn was high and he had none to spare. If it was good everybody around him had plenty and nobody wanted to buy. He might, by hauling it to Keokuk in a wagon, get twenty-five cents per bushel for it and again only fifteen. Some men who came here with a little money made large amounts by taking advantage of these conditions and buying the farmers corn when it was low, and selling it back to them again when it was high. But such were the few exceptions. The settlers had to live by what they raised. We had no markets for hay and good milk cows for the first fifteen years could be bought for from eight to twelve dollars each; two year old steers for the same—we had no railroads or means then to reach any market except by water to St. Louis, and that was then a very poor one.

Besides all her household duties, gardening, raising chickens, &c., the housewife with the spinning wheel and the loom, had to clothe the family with flax spun, wove and made into linen for summer wear, and wool into thread and cloth for winter. Before any kind of factories came farmers sheared the sheep, women picked the wool by hand, thus separating dirt and foreign particles, then carded it into short rolls to spin into yarn. As this carding is something so far out of date many may wonder what it means, it requires explanation.

A "card" is an instrument, as near as we can describe, about as large as a fair sized horse brush, made of wood supplied with innumerable short pins, tempered wire teeth instead of hair bristles. It is, perhaps, five inches wide and ten inches long with a handle attached across the back that projects on one side six or seven inches. The manipulator taking one places a hand full of wool on it, then with the other she runs them back and forth one over the other, separating and uniting the substances thoroughly mixing things up and grinding out into a roll about a foot or more in length of as uniform evenness as machine work. Of course, like all things else, this requires practice and but few families did not have some one to do this work.

The farm girl could spin and weave cloth before she reached her teens. After sheep shearing days, for weeks and months the busy hum of the spinning wheel could be seen and heard in every house. Girls then, like the young men, were strong and active. We can still see them, in memory, gliding back and forward over the floor, now drawing out the

thread as the rapidly revolving spindle is twisting it into firmness, then by a backward motion of the wheel running the thread up on the spindle to give the wheel another rapid whirl running back again with another thread. Thus repeating until the spindle was full of thread then came the reel to reel it off into skeins, when again the work of spinning was returned. In some homes the loom is still used but only for carpet weaving.

Those were the environments of the people of that period. Study their mode of living, how they had to work, skimp and save the prices they received for labor. They had none of the luxuries and few of the necessities of the poorest day laborer now enjoys; no carriages or buggies to sail around in any share of their time, and were content to either walk or ride in a lumber wagon on a seat board. Sneer at them as you may don't say you have no "chance" now. With such chances for even the markets that you have they would have sprung into opulence.

—Issue for July 22nd, 1904

BREAKING OUT THE SOIL--PRIMITIVE FARM IMPLEMENTS--FIRST MANUFACTURE OF LUMBER, ETC.

Were the farmers of today set back to the times, environments, and conditions of fifty or sixty years ago the present generation would throw up their hands in despair. Besides all the ill conveniences we have enumerated they would not know what to do with many of the most essential implements used on the farm in those days. A team rigged out with the old trace chain, heavy breaching harness, hitched to one of those old lumbering, lynch-pin, wooden axle, Pennsylvania wagons, with a tar bucket swinging beneath from the coupling pole, would be gazed at now with astonishment and open eyed wonder. The wooden mould board, stirring plow, often seen but soon succeeded by the steel one with a steel share bolted to it, and the heavy, single-shovel, one-horse, corn plow, by which one had to go three times between each corn row before he had a cornfield plowed once, would take considerable starch out of the modern "merry farmer boy's ambition; and the old 22 inch sod plow with its great, long, heavy, wooden beam swinging under a wooden axle borne by two old wagon wheels, with its long, wooden lever reaching back from the front to the plowman's hand, so he could throw the plow out or in to suit his will, would be a curiosity now to beat the sideshows of a modern circus.

Then to see five or six yoke of heavy oxen strung out in front of each other, the left or near ox walking in the furrow, while its mate or right-hand one was wading the high grass or hazel brush pulling that big plow--a common, everyday scene then, would now draw a bigger crowd to see them than 2:10 trotters at a county fair. The driver, generally a boy of about fifteen, with a long, light pole, akin to a fishing rod, with a long, heavy buckskin lash at the further end, treads along on the land side, mostly with his "whip stock" resting on his shoulder. Every little while you hear him yelling "gee up, there, Buck! walk along there, Jerry! get up, Tom!" etc., calling each one along the line by name, and between times "crack" peels forth, like a pistol shot, the concussion in the atmosphere by the sudden swing and stop of the lash over the backs of those oxen, oftentimes to their discomfiture and as accelerating their steps, which, with their heavy burden, is slow at best.

This, today, strange procession would first lay off a land often times encircling several acres of ground. The blue stem grass roots were tough as the hazel brush, which, often with plum thickets also were enclosed in this circuit. That big plow always required a man between its handles, who, frequently, with a large file had to stop and file an edge on the share and upright cutter. All day long the whoop of the driver, crack of his whip, creaking of the bows, holding the yokes on the oxen, the crackling of roots severed by the plow and the occasional "whoa" of the man between the handles, could be heard.

Oxen have not the endurance for heat with other work animals, and the over-sensitive humanitarian would almost collapse with pity to see them pulling along slowly, the heavy burden attached to their necks and shoulders, with their tongues protruding, "lolling out," and hear their short, tired breathing. Then to hear the sharp crack of the whip and the yell of the driver still urging them on would put the finishing touches on the opinion the poor soul was sketching about brutalities in frontier life. Oxen, though, for such useful-

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ness during the plowing seasons got to live to be ten or twelve years old then, while to gratify the epicurean taste of the "humanitarian" now, he only gets three and four years of the enjoyments of this earth. So you see the "humanitarian" isn't much more merciful to him after all than the frontiersman.

Although turning a furrow twenty-two inches and sometimes more, the slow walk of the cattle and frequent stops to rest and sharpen the plow, rendered two acres of plowed land per day a good day's work. This plowing was invariably spring work for sod corn. Such things as disk or even "leaf harrows" were then unknown or not thought of. One man and sometimes two, each with a pocket full of shelled corn and an axe in his hand, followed up planting. Now doesn't that sound funny, a man planting corn with an axe?

You want to know how he does that and why he does it that way. Well, in the first place, the sod is so full of coarse, tough roots that require both heavy and sharp instruments to penetrate, and by a little practice men get to be quite expert in this planting corn. With one hand a man strikes the axe down into the sod and, as he draws it out, with the other drops three or four grains of corn in the opening, then another downward stroke about two inches by the side of it presses the dirt against the corn closing the opening, thus leaving it snugly ensconced to sprout, come forth and grow to the owner's profit.

This field, then, never required any further attention until husking time, and was called "sod corn." Upon account of the compactness of the sod which could not be tilled, the yield was seldom more than half a crop, but from thence for several years, by proper culture, corn, on that ground, grew immense. We had no barns, granaries, or plank cribs then, and everything went into log cribs and rail pens. Before three years a saw mill run by water power was built about a mile and a half from the river, up on Soap Creek. Afterwards a steam saw mill was established at Iowaville, and soon lumber began to come into common use.

I remember under the necessities of those times my father and his neighbor, E. Cummins, who settled on the present C. D. Sharp place, east of him, each became ambitious to rise above their neighbors by tacking on a small frame addition to their log houses. They determined that lack of saw mills should not frustrate their ardent and commendable scheme, and "pooled" their capital to have one of their own. Father drove down to Keokuk, bought a "whip saw" and some tools. On his return they soon had their mill in working order but I don't think such a mill in this day would either procure the motive power (compensation being the same) or be regarded with the favor it did then.

They went up the west branch above Mr. Cummin's house to a steep bank, set two large, heavy posts down about three feet in the ground, standing about seven feet above the bottom at the foot of the hill. This hill descended abruptly from the level, which thus became the "log yard." From the top of these posts to the hill was just difference enough that by laying a long log bedded in the ground at one end and on the post at the other, was a level. They laid two such logs one for each post and the mill was completed ready to commence business.

The log being on a level with these two benches thus formed, one was rolled on and out far enough that a man could stand underneath and have about two feet space above his head to the log. Then a red chalk line was used to mark off one side on top and below for a slab. Being properly placed and blocked, the "whip saw" was brought into use. This implement resembled the old fashioned long "cross

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cut saw," having a handle at each end. Starting it in at one end of the log one man stood on top to pull the saw upward, while the other underneath again pulled it for the downward cut, each keeping exact with the chalk line mark.

After slabbing off four sides of the log by turning and marking each side, it was "squared" ready to be ripped into plank of the thickness desired. This had to be done by the same process of lining each side of the log to be sawed by, requiring turning the log each time. Thus they sawed siding, sheeting, ceiling, and flooring for their building, was made. The dimension stuff was all hewed timber except the studding and rafters which were split out of logs like rails, and dressed with an axe to an even width.

Such places as "lumber yards" were unknown and "cut shingles" never dreamed of. They selected straight, even-grained oak trees, cut them down and sawed the trunks into blocks sixteen inches long. Then with a thick, strong blade having a handle similar to a cross-cut saw handle at each end, by the aid of a heavy mallet or maul, they "quartered and halved" those blocks, splitting out the portions of the heart of the tree, then had them ready to split into shingles. This instrument, now a thing long since of the past, was called "a frow."

Being split into the right thickness for shingles the "manufacturer" seated on a "shingle Jack" or bench with a projection in front of him and a clamp operated by one foot underneath to hold the shingle before him, with a drawing knife proceeded to shave it down smooth and shaping it the same as shingles now appear. This was a slow and laborous process to obtain roofing, but beginning in the spring those two "enterprising" neighbors had a frame addition built on each one's residence and occupied before snow was flying for the approaching winter, to the envy, perhaps, of some of their less fortunate neighbors. ~~had a frame addition built~~ At the same time each had also raised his crop of corn and pumpkins for "dodger," preserves, molasses, and feed to carry them through to the next.

Thus did the early settlers begin the developments of Iowa. Some coming by steamboats, but the great bulk of them came with family and all their worldly

(Remainder of Article Missing.)

— Issue for July 29th 1904.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY L. T. FLINT.

RELIGION—METHODS OF WORSHIP—A MOTHER'S DEVOTION AND A BAD BOY'S INGRATITUDE WITH A HISTORY, &C.

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Most generally religiously inclined people coming from the east brought their religion with them, and meetings for public worship was one of the first considerations among the pioneers. For years we had no church building, and those meetings were held at dwelling houses, or, if the weather was warm enough out doors, in groves. Hymn books were of whatever kind its owner used back east and brought with him. Organs in church were unknown, and choirs not wanted. The minister would most generally open meeting by "lining" (reading) a hymn after which he would repeat the first verse and if no one began to lead he would ask "some brother" "please lead the singing," or pitch the tune and lead it himself, the congregation following. Oftentimes at the close of each verse he would read the next one, then sing, then the next and sing, and so on to the close.

Half of the congregation would come on foot, others too far away to walk, would get there in all kinds of conveyances from two-wheeled ox carts to lumber wagons containing eight or ten split and wooden bottomed chairs for that many persons. Half of the conveyances would frequently have a yoke of oxen in front of them. The motley group of teams, oxen chained to wagons, horses tied to wagons and trees. Those oxen bawling and horses neighing never broke a single thread of the preachers discourse if he was properly wound up.

Camp meetings came off about once a year lasting several days, generally in August and September. A beautiful grove or piece of timber, which then was plentiful, was selected and fitted up with a stand and seats. Great crowds of people from far and near attended those resorts, and oftentimes religious fervor ran so high dozens of persons would be clapping their hands and shouting at one time. I remember a near neighbor woman who never failed to attend a camp meeting and never failed to be ringleader in shouting after she got there.

She had a very profane and wicked boy she called "Jack," whom she had no control over whatever. To all her entreaties for Jack to read the bible and do better she would receive curses for her pains. One day while thus pleading with him and warning him against the road to hell he exclaimed, Why, mam, that's the road I am looking for. I want to go there and get to be fireman. Won't I roast their bacon for some of the devils around here?"

At this the old lady almost fainted,

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and as soon as she sufficiently recovered from the shock, she flung her sun bonnet on her head to relate her troubles to her neighbors. As camp meeting time was near she did her best pleading and entreating "Jack" to reform and get religion, but this only made him more obdurate than ever. From the time she reached the camp ground until services began it was her constant theme among her "sisters." As soon as the pointed epigrams of the preacher reached the proper degree that stirred the depths of her emotions she sprang to her feet shouting, "Oh pray for my son Jack! pray for my son Jack! he is going to hell for he says he is!"

Poor woman! Jack was a bad boy, and to add to her sorrow had arrived at that age when boys know more than they ever knew before or will again. Neither one of his parents could learn him anything; but a middle aged man named Loftiss learned him something one day perhaps he never forgot. Loftiss succeeded Groover on the Eldon town site and rented a new piece of ground from my father for corn. Next to the fence had been a hazel and plum thicket he had cleared up for a watermelon patch which brought him a fine crop of this luscious fruit.

We can all call up the experiences of boys in a "melon patch" and its wonderful temptations. Well Jack on one of his tours of inspection discovered that patch, and immediately filed his claim without further ceremony. They were getting in fine shape to be consumed, and it is needless to add that he got around all he could conveniently consume, and sped home with the glad tidings to his younger brother.

He had been gone but a short time until Loftiss happened along to find melon rinds and foot prints that looked much like some great big strapping youth had been feasting without an invitation. He soon took in the situation and correctly guessed who the intruder was. Seeing only one track he knew the chap had gone home to inform his brother and bring him back to share their luck together; and also that brother would not let him rest till he got there too.

So walking along the fence until he found a rail from which he could break off a large splinter about two feet long and four or five inches wide. This he made into a good stout paddle and hid himself in a patch of brush inside the fence near by. He patiently waited a long time. The sun was getting low in the west when he heard the stifled hum of voices approaching from the direction he rightly expected. Soon he caught sight of Jack and his companion as they climbed over the fence. With the agility of any other boy seeing a good thing

ahead, they were soon thumping and pulling.

With paddle in hand, a whoop and a bound, Loftiss sprang from his hiding, while frightened out of their wits the two boys darted for the fence which was "stake and ridered." Just as Jack was going through under the rider Loftiss got a grip on his shirt collar back of his neck, and holding him balanced on the rail a vigorous whack on the seat of his pants with the paddle brought poor Jack's heels backward towards his suffering posterior and a yell that must have been harrowing in the ears of his fleeing brother. Loftiss did not stop at one whack, but kept on whacking, exclaiming, "I always (whack) heard you (whack) would steal (whack) and now (whack) I know (whack) it! (whack) and if I (whack) catch you (whack) I'll beat (whack) the other (whack) end till (whack) it is (whack) as sore (whack) as this end!" (whack).

Then giving Jack a toss he lit outside the fence bawling and sprawling on the ground. Picking himself up and walking off with both hands behind him he received the parting benediction of Loftiss, mingled with warnings and other painful reminders that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Many were the hard stories told on him, but in a short time after this untoward event in Jack's life, the "California fever" struck Iowa, and he volunteered as ox driver in a train made up at Iowa-ville to cross the plains for the Pacific coast. His mother was nearly distracted at parting with him, and she spent many long weary months of waiting afterward to hear from him. At last a letter came, but what comfort? Though filled with profanity, yet it assured her he got through safe, closing with "give my regards to friends and tell my foes to go to h—!" She had embraced him the last time at parting, and this was the last and only missive or word she ever received or heard from him. It was supposed charity for one's shortcomings did not abound among gold diggers as it did in Iowa. Thus was demonstrated the depths of that love from which was born, and many a friendless orphan has realized the expression, "what is home without a mother!"

Home-made summer suits for men consisted principally of linen spun wove cut out and made by the same hands, and a hat home-made of braided straw. Think of the housewife, besides all other work she endured going out into a heat or rye field as the grain was ripening, cutting out enough of the longest straws to plait an eight straw braid enough for hats, do the latter work at odd spells by hand, and then sew it together round after round into a finished hat. Not only one, but some we knew, made sum-

mer hats for several in family. Then for winter caps from scraps of cloth, and knit their home-made socks and stockings for footwear. Besides all the wool manufacturing they did and other work outside of the present duties of housewife, our readers can make their own contrast with the heroine of the imagination dime novelty notoriety and the real genuine living heroine of border life, not only truly the "helpmeet" of the husband, but for endurance. True fidelity and courage outrivals sentimental gush, and settles the statement that

truth is stranger than fiction!"—*June for August 5th 1904*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT.

PRIMITIVE METHODS OF HARVESTING,
THRESHING, &C.

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People of today who know nothing of harvesting and threshing, grain cutting and saving of hay, &c., except by our present improved machinery, can have but the faintest conception of the laborious processes required and used sixty years ago. And no country in the world has kept pace in its inventions and improvements to lessen and lighten labor with ours. During a tour some years ago into northern old Mexico we witnessed harvesting still going on by the same old primitive methods of biblical days—men with the old-fashioned sickle or reap hook each cutting a small swath about three feet wide in front of him by grasping a handful of the grain in his left hand and cutting it off with the sickle in his right, laying the grain back behind him. These were followed up by women binding the grain into sheaves.

But the only time we ever saw this style of harvesting in Iowa, each man cut his swath through to the opposite side of the field, and then hanging his sickle like a hook on his shoulder he bound the swath back to where he started from. When a boy we used to listen at dinner hours to many stories during harvest times, told by the old soldiers of the "reap hook," about those halcyon days of their youth back in Indiana or Ohio, and generally winding up with a sigh, and "oh, those were good old times, don't you wish we could go back there again?" &c. But having once seen the laborious stooping, grasping, cutting and binding we ever after listened so with open-eyed wonder at those long-drawn sighs and wishes, so significant that the harvest field in their time was one of elysian bliss?

Occasionally we see in periodicals and Sunday school papers the old-fashioned "reaper," with his reap hook in hand, and sometimes an ancient harvest scene pictured, but usually they have too much of a romantic and effeminate shade to

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represent the real. As we look back to the improvements even from our earliest memory, we are made to rejoice in the progression along those lines that inventive genius has brought us to, and wonder what the next half century will bring to posterity. The man with the grain cradle supplanted the one with the sickle even among our first settlers. And now as that once such an important factor in saving grain has become obsolete and unknown to most of the present generation, perhaps a description and manner of using it will be interesting to the reader.

Occasionally one may yet be found stored away as an heirloom or relic in some old farm homestead, but although in early manhood we thought ourself an expert in the use of it, we have not seen one now for years. It consists of a straight "snath" (similar to what people now familiarly know as a scythe snath) until about two-thirds of the way to the lower end, it curves downward about fifteen inches, and then six inches horizontal. Along the upper side of this curve several inches apart, are six small holes bored through and one near three-quarter inch near the end. In this larger one is inserted a strong upright stick well dressed and prepared, to receive and retain the four cradle "fingers." A long four foot or four and a half broad scythe blade is fastened on the lower side of the snath. The "cradle" fingers are also long slender curved pieces to correspond with the scythe, the butt end fastened in the aforesaid upright and adjusted by wooden braces inserted through the smaller holes in the snath upon an angle through a similar hole in each finger. After getting the fingers to the proper parallel with each other and the scythe blade, those braces are wedged perfectly solid at each end. Between each of those fingers where the braces enter down to the blade are pieces holding them an even distance apart, then a "nib" or handle similar to a scythe "nib," is fastened a few inches above, a long brace which runs from the upper end of the piece holding the fingers to the upper end of the curve of the snath, and you have your "cradle" completed.

This description is of the first ones used. Afterwards came improvements in the shape of wire braces, &c., and doubly curved snaths—first the "Muley," and last the "grapevine," while the old original bore the cognomen of "Turkeywing!" The whole thing would perhaps range in weight from 25 to 35 and 40 pounds. The farmers at first would buy the scythe blade and always had workmen among themselves who built their "cradles" during the first days of their use. But afterwards they were manufactured complete and shipped to us by eastern factories.

Now let the youth whose highest ambition is to test his muscle at base ball or treading a bicycle, consider how his male ancestors in their day would go into a grain field and swing one of those cradles from right to left in front of him all day, cutting and laying in a swath by his side nearly enough to make a sheaf (if the grain was heavy) at each stroke. They were young men then grown up to exercises that developed muscle, strength and action. One's first stroke with the cradle perhaps would drive the point of the blade in the ground, but most generally in fifteen minutes' practice he could handle it all right. Yet there was a certain sleight in the use of them for speed and smooth perfect work, some could never master.

"The good cradler" would cut three and four feet ahead of him at each stroke, and advance one step as he swung his cradle back, and another as he brought it around in front and laid the grain back in the swath. And he always laid it on the stubble so the man following up to bind into sheaves could pick it up evenly, drawing the straws out of the bunch by their heads to make the bands, tying it up more perfectly than often times our machines now do.

Then instead of our two-horse mowers upon which the driver now rides and drives his team clipping off smoothly above the ground from ten to twelve acres of grass with ease in a day. The man then took his mowing scythe and whetstone to the meadow to mow it down by armstrong power. He was a good hand who could cut down two acres in a day. And a still better hand who was not very tired after doing so when night came. As it required a day or two, by lying in swaths, to cure for gathering, there was more bleaching from dew falls and more liability to damage by rain than now. When ready, he threw five swaths together with a pitch fork for a win-row, then pile it into shocks. Then came the hauling in and stacking.

There were plenty of harvest hands in those days and in each field of any size could be seen and heard the voices of several strong, young men, in mirth or discussing things in general while going on with their work. Oftentimes several were swinging their cradles or scythes and chasing to see if one could not cut around the other "Keep lick!" the leader would shout to the one after him, who, in his haste, would nearly hook their scythe blades together as the first one had more slowly thrown his back. To those not in the race, oftentimes, there would be as much excitement as now manifested in watching a game of foot ball. At the end, while plying the whetstone to their scythes, there would be a great discussion as to which one of the contestants were the best. While one

was the fastest the other cut the most even swath. While they were all thus busy talking, listen! "Jim's whetting a banter!" Hear that! Bill plies the stone to his blade in reply. "Another race is on, and who is going to be winner?"

How do they "whet the banter" and how the reply? Well, to the best of our recollection now, the challenger uses the stone striking lightly on his scythe, twice upon one side and once on the other, alternately, while he reaches the point; while the one accepting, after he is through, answers by whetting his with two strokes on a side, alternately, beginning at the heel rapidly until he reaches the point. Then goes up a shout and begins more fun.

Thus, cheerfully passed, in many ways those laborious days, the whole crowd acting as judges, and deciding the merits of the champions by the width of the swath, the perfection of cut as well as speed. Many times the one falling away behind in speed won the decision because of better work. Those races were often held in both harvest and meadow, and the judges did not drop their work to act as spectators, but came along behind the contestants with their part of the labor.

Threshing grain for the first few years in Iowa was about as crudely done as in the days of the Pharaoh's. We had no such things as barns or granaries, and the grain was generally kept in the stack until the frosts of autumn when the weather was cool, the ground dry and hard. A place was carefully cleaned off and then "a stack opened!" Enough sheaves was thrown down and set, the second row with heads resting above the bands which had been cut for the first row, and so on, until "the floor" had all it would hold, then two, three or four persons, according, as were to do the work, each with a "flail" in hand went to beating the grain out of the heads of the sheaves.

What is "a flail?" you ask. This is no more generally than a long, green hickory pole bruised and so broken about two feet above the larger end as to make a limber joint. By this, is changed from an angle the stroke would otherwise be from the position of the striker to a flat and consequently more effective blow upon the grain. Thus a whole day is spent by two or three persons pounding, turning and pitching off the straw, and more sheaves spread to beat out a few bushels of grain.

Then came the cleaning or separating the chaff from the grain. Who had any windmills to do this work? Iowa then, as sometimes now, had a great many windy days at that time of the year. The grain, chaff and all, was carefully piled up in a heap to wait for one of these

days. Then, when a stiff, breezy time came, with a place cleaned for the grain to fall on, the farmer with a scoop shovel (oftentimes that was borrowed) would take a shovel full, at a time, holding it up gently, letting it fall four or five feet the wind carrying the chaff away. While the grain, by its weight, went down to where he desired, it forming a heap, from whence it was taken to undergo the same process the second and sometimes the third time before measuring and sacking up to be hauled, perhaps, miles away to the nearest mill for threshing.

A new process afterwards came in vogue. A large, round, floor, perhaps, thirty or forty feet in diameter, was cleared off. A strong post, about ten feet high, placed in the center with a long cross piece, hung on a pivot on the top of it; at each end of this was a hole to tie a halter strap. Then this floor, all around except a space about eight feet in the center, was laid with sheaves in the position previously described. When all was ready, two horses was tied, one at each end of the cross pole and started, one following the other tramping over the grain. The threshing man had nothing to do for awhile only to stand in the center and keep his machine going.

Well do I remember once and shall never forget a new scheme that entered father's head which at first, I hailed with delight, but afterwards it soon brought me to great grief. I always wanted to ride horseback and he saw a fine opportunity, not only to gratify my desire but also save him the construction of the mechanical part of his threshing machine and all the labor of driving his horses. He got the grain all ready in the large circle, led his two horses out, placed me on one of them and the bridle rein in my hand so as to lead the other one.

It is needless to say, one little boy then felt too large for George Washington's overcoat to make him a jacket. For about fifteen minutes this exhilarating feeling of greatness was immense, but in about an hour, as the sun began to loom up towards the meridian, that same little boy was getting so tired of the job tears, as well as sweat, began to mingle with the dust and straw at the horses feet. In fact, he felt sore and faint and wanted to get down in spite of all the funny things his father would say to him; he wished his mother would call him to the house to rock the baby or pull weeds in the garden, anything but playing warrior on horseback.

The next in succession to follow this invention was what we afterwards called "the chaff piler!" In some places where the amount of grain to thresh afforded a more speedy and wholesale method, what

we now call "the separator" was no more than the cylinder part, the rapid revolution of the cylinder throwing grain, chaff, straw, &c., all out promiscuously in a heap where a couple of men stood with pitch forks throwing the straw back to the men stacking it.

This was run by four or eight horses hitched to a power turning around in a circle with a man on a platform in the center, whip in hand, to keep things moving, from this connecting with the machine were either long rods (tumbling rods fastened to each other by "knuckles" or a belt similar to our present threshers running by a belt wheel. To accommodate the farmers with a cheaper machine was a two horse, smaller one, the power being a tread mill upon which two horses were tied, their weight furnishing the motive force, adjusted that they had to keep climbing upward at about 35 degrees angle or be dragged downwards off behind.

These were considered wonderful inventions, and then, as now, men would group together to watch one work and think the climax had been reached, wondering what would be next? But none expected any better method of separating the chaff from the wheat after the old hand wind mill came into use, and that, too, was another one of the world's wonders. It was nothing uncommon, for a long time, to see peddlers driving around with a two horse wagon loaded with half a dozen of those new curiosities selling to the farmers until all were supplied that could afford one, and he was supposed to loan that out all around to his less fortunate neighbors who could not afford that luxury.

Wheat and rye then was mostly the grain threshed; oats being used only for feed was fed in the sheaf or chopped by an axe into short straws there was only enough threshed for the next years seed. Those threshing days then were great, long, expectant time of the small boy. To see the machine work and tumble around with other boys in the straw, eat chicken pie and dumplings, was about his nearest conception of the fields of everlasting bliss. Unless the "boss" kept a careful watch about the premises it was woe to the straw stack, afterwards, also, long before the snows of winter had afforded other places for sliding and slipping down and over. - Same

for August 12th 1904

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By
A. G. Flint
1837

Early Days of Iowa

Issue for
Aug. 1837

It seems there is never a time in history when the old scriptural adage "the love of money is the root of evil" is more completely demonstrated than when the government enters upon newly acquired territory. The rapacity and greed of syndicates now gobbling up all that is worth taking among our "colonial possessions" is no new discovery. As early as 1837, in the first territorial days of Iowa, congress passed one of those now usual acts to improve the condition of the heathens; for the establishment of mills and more convenient of trade and intercourse to supply the Indians. Part of the money was to be supplied from the annuities granted them and due for the purchase of this land.

Thus were "snaps" offered in the same name of Philanthropy or according to present usage "benevolent assimilation," that brought hordes of hungry speculators to the front. Poor Lo, in his rude and humble simplicity, could only look on with wonder and amazement at the workmen, busy with axe, saw and hammer, to be paid out of his pocket without even so much notice as "please stand and deliver." His chief's, who, doubtless, like our Maccabee scouts in the Phillipine Islands were getting "a dip" out of that pile and stood in with the new "powers that be."

The new mills went up and their machinery started in motion—all water power, but the squaw still continued to pound her corn in the stone mortar or boil it into hominy, while there were no settlements to supply the mills. Soon the mill near the mouth of Sugar creek by a flood took a voyage down towards New Orleans, while a short time afterwards the one up on Soap creek started off in quest of its predecessor while the aborigines still roamed about listlessly unconcerned about the fate of either.

The same act providing them mills also introduced our system of farming. Surely the Indian would delightfully take hold of that. There would no longer be the tedious digging up the ground by squaw with their rude, primitive hoes when a plow with a yoke of oxen to pull it could do more work in a day than a whole village of squaws would. But it would not do to turn that plow and oxen over into the care of the red man and depend on teaching him how to use it. To do such a thing would, inside of twenty-four hours, find the oxen had disappeared, the sides of his "wick-up" lined with jerked beef and the squaws out in the field pulling the plow.

Three farms were opened up where Ottumwa now stands. There were three villages, and although close enough for one farm to answer for all, yet, according to the law, each village must have a farm and each farm must have an overseer or superintendents, clerks must be employed and hands to do the work; one can imagine how Uncle Sam was bled at that time, even for this one locality.

One of those farms was on this side of the river, extending from the branch this side of Vine street, below the bluff, up to near the Union Depot. The other was just below that on the opposite side of the river, and another just above that. On these, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he saw wheat growing. We were going to win him away from his coarse diet of hominy and "corn dodger" and "assimilate" him to the more civilizing diet of biscuit and light bread. But it was too rich for his blood, he silently folded his tent and departed in quest of the setting sun. Tired and weary of his flight to escape assimilation we still have him out farther west the same untamed, unlearned and useless nomad in his "wickiup," un-assimilated as ever.

We can safely say that in this way the philanthropic spirit of our people, misguided and abused by designing men, wasted hundreds of thousands of dollars for those simple children of the forests without a single benefit to them. Men got fat offices, their friends lucrative positions, big wages were paid employes, and invariably the revenues and indirect taxation of the people was raised to foot the bills. Now every vestage of that outlay has long since disappeared and a teeming, busy city covers nearly all the ground then put to such a useless, costly purpose.

The Indians took no interest, whatever, in what the government was thus doing for their welfare. They cared neither for mills nor fields but looked upon all as an intrusion and disturbance of their vested rights. As evidence of this they totally and wantonly destroyed the entire crop of one of those farms. As a splendid crop stood on one of those farms ripening for the harvest, they tore open the fence and turned their ponies into it and before any one interfered it was totally ruined.

It seems each recognized chief of an Indian tribe had a band or following among them, a separate clan, and those clan's grouped in villages to themselves, but all regulated and subject to a general but simple code of laws enacted by a

representative council. Thus the Sac and Fox Indians were grouped over southeastern Iowa, in villages conveniently located for hunting and trading purposes, and over all until his death, it seems, that Blackhawk held military authority.

The village of the famous Keokuk's band occupied the grounds where South Ottumwa now stands on the south side of the river; as also a portion of the grounds on the north side back to the bluff about half way up near where East Main street now runs, stood the wigwam of that famous chief. Here, like one in command, convenient and consistent with his authority, he could look down complacently upon his devoted band of about 2,000 people.

Still further up the river was our favored Wapello and his band, and up farther still with only a little intervening ground, according to authority of those days, was the village of Appanoose and his clan. Eddyville is now upon the site of the old village occupied by a warrior known as "Hardfish" and his followers. I. P. Eddy, to whom the present town owes its name, was licensed by the government to trade with the Indians there. His store furnished the usual supplies demanded, from groceries, dry goods, ammunition, paints, blankets, in fact, everything coveted by an Indian, from a pocket to a scalping knife.

If Eddy's enumeration of those dependent on his trade is any criterion. Mr. Hardfish must have been patriarch over quite a bunch of the "untutored," as it estimates their number being over 2,000, but as Wapello and the wife of Keokuk are on the list of his customers, it would not be reliable. Yet to persons fond of calling up odd and queer names how refreshing the following taken from that old Indian trader's book will be:

"We Shick O Ma Quat!" "Paw Caw Caw!" "Pup Pe Pa Qua pac wac!" "Wa pe cac keic White hawk!" "She Koo Kaw Kac!" "Kiesh Kow tamp pee!" "Puck cut tup pu!" "Mint tan waw kaw pit!" "Assaw watah quat!" "Wah pusha Kac qua!" &c. Hundreds of such names are on his book, and one "Kah Ke os sa qua!" is so much like "Keosauqua" that one would suppose it the origin of the name for that place.

The Sac and Fox Indians were then superior to any tribe between the two great rivers in point of intelligence as well as discipline and conquest. They were also better supplied with arms and equipments for war and commanded by chiefs who nearer in contact with the whites had improved in ability to command. But their longest range rifles, like all of that period, were extra if they did execution 200 yards distant and universally of the old fint lock pattern. Decked out with one of those guns, his

scalping knife, paint and feathers, and mounted on his pony, the young Indian warrior then realized his highest conceptions of glory and eclipsed the proudest feat of a turkey gobbler's strut.

Their wigwams, unless some chiefs, invariably possessed one room and as a general thing very filthy. Also in the matter of food, so far as cleanliness was concerned, they were very coolly indifferent. In fact, if one who had been among them long enough to observe their cooking and manner of diet he need not tell the worst unless some incredulous, foolish skeptic would leer at him, pull down his lower eye lid and ask him to look and see if he could find anything green there. Don't ask us how we know that?

Their wigwams or houses, then, were generally termed "wickiups," made sometimes with small logs like a log house, and covered with hickory bark, and sometimes with long poles covered with skins, but more commonly round tents of dressed animals hides stretched over poles. Each one tapers upward, cone fashion, and at the top a hole, perhaps, a foot wide was left through which the smoke curled up from a fire built in the middle of the room on the ground. In such a home with an Indian family and their dogs all in the same room to eat, sleep and cook, one can imagine what its allurements are. — *Issue for Aug 1904*

26 Mention was made recently in one of the Ottumwa papers of a farmer unearthing a skull and other Indian bones and trinkets across the river some distance below Ottumwa. This recalls the fact that the burial ground for all those Indians located in the country was across the river in that locality, and enriches the soil of that fertile valley. Although his grave has long been lost and forgotten, and the farmers plow wiped out all trace of its existence, the dust of the poor Indian again mingles with the earth from which it was taken, in the calm repose of nature birds sing as sweetly over the spot and the soul enjoys the same happy hunting ground as that of his chief Wapello, to whom we pay distinguished tribute by marble and marks of our tribute and respect.

The savages were always very precise in the burial of their braves—or men, to place all their best accoutrements and implements for war or the chase in the grave beside and around them. This, like the more civilized of the pagan world who offered money, provisions, &c., to their idols, were for use in the world eternal. Weapons of war were for their owner to fight the legions of the bad spirit whom they might encounter there, while the bow, the arrows and the hunt-

ing knife were also needed to take and utilize the game of all kinds, and they knew the woods were full of it.

But the strangest part of all was, with all this care for the eternal comfort and support of the man, when the poor squaw died she was chucked into the ground without even a skillet or frying pan to cook those good things for her lord. This short-sightedness in providing her such essentials for his good, might incline one to think that with all the blessings of less skirmishing for grub he would have so much harder sledding in masticating and digesting it, the consequent tortures he inflict on the cook would make it a poor heaven for her.

Among some of the tribes we have seen in the west, instead of a stake or post to decorate or mark the grave of the warrior as they used here, if he only owned one pony, they would take that to his grave, knock it in the head and stretch the carcass on top of the mound. This was done that he might have a horse to ride after the buffalo and deer in the great hunting ground, and if he had more than one pony when he died, they would get the fastest one, that he might the more speedily catch the game or overtake and scalp any imp that fell in his way or get away himself if they got too many for him.

After the encroachments of the whites so destroyed the buffalo and game that the tribes became dependent on the government for money to buy ponies, the edict went forth punishing an Indian for killing them. A year or two after this I remember passing a burying ground where several horse tails were floating from as many poles or staffs in the breeze. I inquired of the Indian agent what it meant, to be informed that when not allowed any more to kill a pony they led it to the grave and standing the animal with its tail right over the mound they whacked that appendage off with a quick blow of a sharp tomahawk or axe so the blood would sprinkle the place, and then tied it to the top of the pole which had been planted over the grave. As proof of this he showed me a number of bob tailed ponies reserved for the squaws to ride.

While Iowaville, once occupying the site of the Iowa Indian village, has now, long since, been numbered with the past, Eddyville still stands precisely on the site of one of the Sac and Fox Indian villages. At one time this was among the most important of all the trading points in this portion of the territory. A man named I. P. Eddy, under license by the government, dealt with the Indians there from 1840 to 1843 and for whom the town was named "Eddyville," and while Eddy was not only a slick schemer among the Indians he also knew how to stand in with the government officials

that none of his accounts were rejected, and few reduced.

This band of Indians were controlled by an old chief named in the Indian tongue "Wishecornaque"—or in English "Hard Fish." He was one of the chiefs with his warriors in the advance of Blackhawk's forces at the battle of Prairie Du Chien, when General Dodge's forces nearly wiped them off the earth. It is said when the fire from our lines became so fierce they dropped in the tall grass, and that only a head bobbed up now and then to fall and rise no more. Hard Fish skillfully withdrew them, they were a mile or farther on the retreat before being missed. Thus were our troops left fighting the air to the infinite satisfaction of those who run away to live and fight another day.

As we used to catch the drift of pioneer stories in those days "Hard Fish" was well named. One legend ran that he was born with a cat fish mouth, and as we were told, his mouth did incline a little that way, we never doubted it; he was gaunt and muscular, unyielding, unrelenting and the least inclined of all the Sac's and Fox chiefs to affiliate with his conquerors—like the inflexible olden chief of the Mingoes "Logan," he "would not turn on his heel to save his life!"

Thus within a radius of fifteen miles were grouped four strong tribes, nearly the entire strength of the Sac's and Fox Indians. Peter Choteau—a Canadian, we believe, also set up a trading post a short distance below Eddyville. Chief "Poweshiek" had quite a band of those Indians up north on the Iowa river, while "Kishkekosh" had several families upon Skunk River. But the confines of our county and city of Ottumwa seemed to be the favorable and attractive location in Iowa, and principal resort for the aborigines. Nature's blessings were more favorable in forest and stream. The clear, ruffling waters of the Des Moines, abounding with fish, along its banks springs and cooling shade and shelter, we do not wonder they sought those environments.

General Joseph M. Street commanded the soldiers that guarded the rights of the Indians here from 1837 to 1840 when he died on May 5th. Major John Beach succeeded him as general United States agent, taking supervision over all relations here with the Indians. General Street located the Indian Agency for the United States and began the erection of government buildings of logs cut and hewed from the timber a little to the north of where Agency City now stands in 1838. One of those buildings and the most prominent one too, yet stands a quarter of a mile north of town on the Dahlonga road. It consisted of a double log house with a wide entry between

the two rooms and it was one and a half stories high. This building, for nearly fifty years, stood apparently as well preserved as when first built. By the changes of ownership it finally has been altered, remodeled and enclosed with siding and placed in condition to last a century longer.

Here is where the final cession by the Indians to our government was made and the surrender of the new purchase given. That was a day long to be remembered.

Thousands of Indians of both sexes and all ages had previously planted their wigwams or tents adjacent to the military, for the occasion. The soldiers "togged out" in brilliant uniforms, with brass buttons and glistening sabers, muskets and bayonets, were stationed in the most convenient places to keep peace and order, while officers, some mounted and some on foot, wearing gold epaulettes were constantly pacing back and forth looking after their commands, and mingling everywhere were expectant whites and lazy, stoically indifferent Indians.

That day, my father, with two or three friends, had driven there in a two horse wagon, and after unhitching and fastening their horses to the bed behind to eat out of a feed box, left me with the injunction not to get out or go away until they got back. This was all superfluous

as I had no desire to get lost in that kind of a crowd; and there I sat for three hours taking in the sights as far as a little boy's eyes could get them. As the wagon stood close to where a blacksmith had set up his shop under a shed by a large elm tree, I became interested finally in watching him work, and most especially by the antics of a drunken Indian who had thrown off his blanket determined to be a blacksmith too.

Every time the smith would let his right hand loose of the bellows handle and draw the red hot iron out of the fire with the tongs in his left hand to hammer it the Indian, with a whoop, would grab the handle and ply it up and down as fast and hard as he could heave and blow the fire almost off the hearth. The Smith would scold, swear and push him away each time, all to no purpose. At last, out of patience and as the Indian was practically naked, he let go the handle after getting the iron to a white heat (it being a flat piece like the long blade of a butcher knife) as the Indian grabbed the handle with both hands he suddenly brought it out swiping him with it heavily on the thigh. With a jump and a screech of surprise "poor lo," skipped and instead of plying the bellows with both hands was using them about a sore place as far as I could see him. There were a lot of other Indians saw the cir-

cumstance, some of whom were following him jabbering. All laughing at the poor fellow as though it was the crowning comedy of the day.

Men were selling whiskey too without license. I remember hearing the men laughing on our return about a fellow bringing a barrel of "Old Rye" on the ground and set up his tent, put it in the rear end with a faucet in the front end of the barrel and a sign at the entrance, "Old Rye 10 cts. a drink!" Another tent immediately went up in the rear of his with the entrance the opposite way and the same sign "Old Rye, five cents a drink!" The first one sat there two or three hours wondering why his trade, at first brisk, had entirely dropped off, when at last two or three fellows called one of them ordering the drinks. Going to his faucet he gave the usual twist with not a drop, then he twisted again, not a drop, when giving the barrel a jerk to shake an obstruction loose it came off the blocks under it so sudden he like to have fell backwards—"dry as a cork!" Wheeling the other end around there was a vacuum recently filled by another faucet. Light with "Old Rye five cents a drink" dawned. The fellow in his rear had tapped the barrel, sold its contents, pocketed the proceeds, folded his tent and gone, and for aught known to man is still going.

CHAPTER 27.

The Territorial legislature passed an act the 13th day of February, 1844, to organize Wapello county, and also the Governor appointed a committee to locate the county seat. Before this, as early as 1842, some sharpers, then just as now, looking after "snaps," run a line westward through the center of the proposed county to the river and when the rush came in 1843 laid claim to the lands about where Ottumwa now stands. That place was then known as "Appanoose Rapids" by Appanoose and his band occupying the south side.

Just as soon as the location for the county seat was settled those fellows organized themselves into a town company, surveyed off the site calling it Louisville and donating to the county grounds for public buildings. As time has proven, it was the most available place on the Des Moines river, but the name brought out many objections. As the former rendezvous of the Indians, it must have some kind of an Indian name, and as there had been so many places named for chiefs the vocabulary in that line had been exhausted.

In consideration at last, as the ford upon account of being called in the Indian tongue Ottumwa--implying "swift water," the title was chosen to designate the future city. Here again irresponsible sentimentalists, in their zeal to outdo others by giving a title indicative of the progressiveness of its people and business, one says the name "Ottumwa" signifies "strong will" and another "perseverance!" &c. But as neither one at the time had any significance or were applicable, we incline to the one more consis-

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tent with the surroundings.

There was an effort to establish the county seat at Dahlonga, four miles north-east, and the town was laid out with a public square in the center and several buildings erected around it but the popular choice fell upon Ottumwa. During these times a little insurrection was precipitated by one of the settlers named Woody selling his claim near Dahlonga to a man named Koontz and after getting the money went back on it, built a cabin and was going to hold it despite the protests of the purchaser. This being so entirely contrary to all the codes of honor on the frontier that forbids the "jumping of claims!" the settlers organized a strong body and ejected Woody and burned his house with all its contents.

This created such an excitement that in a fight afterwards one of Woody's friends was killed. Much bad blood was thus invoked and as the settlers were too strong and well organized for the Woody faction, and Wapello, for all judicial purposes, was a part of Jefferson county, the law was appealed to.

The settlers, commanded by their captain, John Moore, was ready and expectant of this. The court then in session at Fairfield sent the sheriff down to the scene of the troubles with papers for the arrest of Moore as ringleader, and also to ferret out who the other principal offenders were. He came and sought out Moore's premises, who kept him over night, threatening him with every mark of respect and kindness; the next morning led him out to meet sixty or seventy well armed men, who had previously been notified and came together lining up in the yard for the occasion.

That many determined men, each with his heavy, long-barreled hunting rifle, and fight gleaming in his eye, convinced the sheriff his business needed him at home, and future "claim jumpers" had better keep away off around. After giving him a few moments to gaze and reflect, Captain Moore told him he could now go home, be careful and stay there and never come back to visit them again till they sent for him. Capt. Moore and his men held the fort, the sheriff was only too glad to get away with a whole hide, and as they got along well enough without him, he never returned. Thus ended the "Dahlonga war?"

By an act of the legislature Wapello county held her first election April 1st, 1844, by townships. The winter had been long and severe and, for the novelty of it, the voting was done for Washington township just above the mouth of the branch running through Eldon, out in the middle of the Des Moines river on the ice. The river being low, was frozen to the bottom, and the day was warm and sunny so that water was beginning to form on the top of the ice towards noon. The voters were then quite numerous, and this being ten years before the g. o. p. was born, the democrats and whigs took their first tilt here, where all their debris and tobacco juice would soon disappear into the "big pond" below. But the democrats rounded up on top, and Iowa went democratic. But the general good feeling and novelty of the ballot box, being in the middle of the river, with many other awkward and comic incidents of the day, made a merry occasion of it for all to recall with pleasure.

For a long time after possession of the "new purchase" there was a disputed strip of territory, ten miles in width along the line between Iowa and Missouri, that neither could legally exercise jurisdiction over until in after years it was surveyed off into our state. It was one of the proverbs of those times on our side that the people there were long haired Missourians, from the fact that men traveling through that country declared the men never shaved nor

cut their hair. In an incredibly short time that whole strip was known far and wide as "the hairy nation." And even school boys, nagging at each other, sometimes would exclaim "go to the hairy nation!"

Like all this territory, the strip was filled up with people from the east seeking homes, and under such circumstances had to be a law unto themselves until Iowa included their soil. By each community making its own temporary regulations, known in those days as "club laws," they got along just as successfully as elsewhere, and whether true or not about their long hair and beard, they "assimilated" just as well afterwards as those who mowed off their hirsute appendages.

The flood or overflow of the Des Moines river in 1851 washed out Indian graves upon either side from two or three miles above Ottumwa to its mouth. This proved for ages the river bottoms had been the favorite resort for Indian village habitations. In the history of Wapello county we find the following experience of John Ford, one of the first settlers on the opposite side of the river just above Ottumwa who raised and sold supplies:

"The Indians being more numerous than the whites at that time, were Mr. Ford's best customers, and came in crowds for provisions. Chief Appanoose and two of Blackhawk's nephews also came; they were large, dark Indians, six feet three inches tall. One day in July two Indians came to the cabin, having come down the river in a bark canoe which they presented to Mr. Ford, as they wished to join those in the camp. One of them had 10 or 12 scalps tied to his belt, two of these being exceedingly fresh, looking as if they had been "lifted" within a week. They had been at war with the Sioux tribe for years, but were not strong enough to seek a general battle and so killed each other as opportunity offered."

"The Indians had a strange and novel mode of burial. The dead were buried close to the surface of the ground, in which pickets were stuck about the grave and tied together at the top by grape vines. The chiefs and braves had a post placed at the head of the graves with rings painted around it, each ring to denote a man killed. In coming up the river Mr. Ford saw a dead Indian in a sitting posture between the roots of a cottonwood tree, apparently looking out over the river. In another instance a child was put into a trough, a lid being tied on with bark, and placed in a tree about thirty feet from the ground."

"Hundreds were buried where the town of Richmond (upper south Ottumwa) now stands, and many on the river near Ford's cabin claim at a point on Bear creek, near the Overman place. After the flood of 1851 Mr. Ford found 10 skulls that had been washed out on his claim and lodged in a drift. He picked up a jaw and thigh bone which must have belonged to a giant equal in size to one of those mentioned in the scriptures. He could easily slip the jaw bone over his own, the inside measuring more than the outside of his jaw. The thigh bone from hip to knee was three or four inches longer than that of an ordinary large man."

Mr. Ford has also found many interesting curios, one of which, a medal about the size of a saucer and as thick as a silver dollar, was plowed up. The figure of a tree was carved on it, and it was made of metal, when rubbed became as bright as silver. Game of all kinds was plenty, including deer, turkeys, chickens, timber and prairie wolves, wild oats, and now and then a panther. Mr. Ford's dog at one time struck the trail of three wild cats and he followed them up and shot all of them. Like the black bear, they could have killed the dog without an effort.

After the flood of '51 it is said that Mr. Ford found enough lead and bullets besides Indian trinkets on his land that they buried with their dead, to supply a small army. And as game was plenty, being yet a young man fond of sport, he was supplied for years with that one great essential of the border. — *Issue for Sept. 2nd, 1904*

28.

Just below the mouth of Sugar creek east of Ottumwa in 1842 lived an Indian trader named William Phelps, who had charge of a large trading house. Also during the fall and winter of 1842 and 3 a company of United States dragoons or cavalry were stationed and had their barracks in the same vicinity under the command of Capt. James Allen. Phelps prior to locating there had been captain of a Mississippi river steamboat and was inured to a wild adventurous life.

Phelps was one of those large, free hearted men of the border, so frequently encountered in the west, whose home, though ever so humble, was a welcome resort to friend or stranger. In his family lived Miss Eliza Langford, Mrs. Phelps' sister. Also frequently, two brothers, named Freeland, with four of the fleetest race horses in the territory, made it their stopping place. We well remember two stories the late Judge Negus, of Fairfield, used to tell, which had for their starting place the home of William Phelps, which we shall relate as near exact as memory serves us.

A couple of settlers named Kinsman and Dyer, one near Brighton and the other south of Fairfield, each owned a race horse and each bragged he had the fleetest west of the Mississippi. Finally, to decide the matter, each staked his purse. A track was cleared off just north of Fairfield and as the news had spread far and wide quite a crowd of people assembled to witness the performance and betting ran high. Dyer's horse came out ahead amidst great excitement.

About that time a couple of men horse back rode up; one being mounted on a large, strong, clumsy looking "plug," that looked more fit for heavy farm work than any thing else, while the other was riding a small pony. The men wore home spun, every day clothes, each with a blanket in which was rolled "a change" or their "Sunday go to meetin'" suit strapped on behind their saddles. Such men traveling westward, thus accoutered, at that time attracted little attention.

All had dispersed, and quite a number resorted to the Dickey hotel to engage in speculation and discussion of the merits and prospective future of the winning horse, which was a colt and had never been pitted against a regular race horse before. The two men also stopped at the hotel and stood around, rather indifferently listening to the eulogies heaped upon the "Dyer colt." Finally, a man named Sears, living in the western part of the county, who was quite prominent

among the early settlers said he would bet three hundred dollars the "Dyer colt" could out run anything in Iowa. At this one of the men began to be interested and wanted to know if he really meant what he said. "Of course I do or I wouldn't have said it!" exclaimed Sears half angry that the fellow would doubt his word. "I'll take that bet," drawled out the stranger.

"All right!" answered the old farmer, "where is the horse you want to run?" "Here he stands, hitched to that post," pointing to the big horse standing with his head hanging low down with both eyes shut as though tired and taking a nap, oblivious to the fact that his owner thought of him out-running the fastest horse in the west.

Every eye was instantly turned on the animal a moment and then followed a loud guffaw. The man must be either drunk or crazy. They could not discern a single point in his makeup for speed and pitied the owner, hoping he either had no money or was running a bluff to get the joke on Sears, with the intention of backing down, that it was all for a joke, but in this they were disappointed.

After permitting them a few moments to laugh and insinuate the fellow who was sitting on the grass lazily rose to his feet, remarking "maybe you fellers think I haven't got any money?" thrusting one hand down in his pocket and pulling out a large roll of bank bills. Now here's the spondulix, walk right up now old man and fetch yer fodder!"

Now the laugh was on Sears, who stood looking at the man a moment and finally deciding he was trying to make him back out so they all would have the joke on him, produced the three hundred dollars. The stranger didn't back down worth a cent, the stakes were placed in the hands of a responsible person to hold and the race was on.

It was not known at the time, and if it had been the reputation of the Freeland Bros had not then been established, but they had been informed of the race between the Kinsman and Dyer horses and fixed up this job accordingly. The two brothers with three other men, one of whom went by the name of Drake, will figure in our next story. Drake was the man who rode the big, clumsy horse and played the fine art to get the bet with Sears while the others who came with him were as emigrants camped two or three miles out.

It is needless to say the big horse was a champion on the turf in Illinois and

left the Dyer colt so far behind it looked like it had got lost from its mamma. Sears went home three hundred dollars less in pocket, but while a sadder yet a wiser man, as it seemed horse racing ever afterward had lost their enchantments for him. When the treaty was ratified with the Indians for the New Purchase the Freeland's followed them up and among traders, who eventually got their money they disposed of their stock and it seems, dropped from sight.

Now of the story in which this man Drake figured. He was a young man of such varied characteristics as well filled the measure of "hale fellow well met" in all kinds of society. He was a fiddler, sleight of hand performer, a ventriloquist all of fun and happy wherever he was. He was a blacksmith, but of such a lymphatic temperament he would rather fish or go hunting. Naturally a clown he was just fitted to act the part to perfection the Freeland's employed him on the occasion mentioned. But his knowledge of ventriloquism, though employed so little, few had any idea he knew anything about that art, but it played the most important act of his life by securing him a bride.

Miss Langford, of the Phelps' home, was very pretty, neat, cultured and charming in her appearance and manners and had many admirers. Drake had secured the position of government blacksmith for the company of dragoons mentioned as quartered at Phelps' trading post and was often in Miss Langford's company, in fact, became a favored suitor. But there was a dark cloud hovered over Drake's fond anticipations of winning the hand of Miss Langford whom he soon fell deeply in love with—he discovered she had two strings to her bow and the question whether he was the leading one or not, was growing dubious.

A young clerk in the store at Fairfield by the name of Butler had formed an acquaintance with her and was also heels over head in love. To the further discomfiture of Drake, Butler was dashing, social, witty, highly intellectual and a favorite with all he met. The difference in caste now of a business man and county official and a dirty, dusty, grimy, blacksmith was sure to have its effect on the coquettish beauty he loved.

Like young ladies almost universally, the decision most generally goes for "fine feathers," and all through observations in life it has been noted that many young

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men of worthy attainments and future successful business men have been cast aside for one who could decorate himself in a finer garb and assume more polished manners, who afterwards proved a dismal failure. But in this case, as the sequel will show, this rule will not altogether apply. Butler was a popular young man who had, although a whig and living in what was then true to the name with which it had been christened "Jefferson" a democratic county, been elected county clerk. He proved by acquaintance with Miss Langford such a formidable rival to Drake as to so win her affections that they were betrothed.

Although each in love with the same person and striving for the same ideal of affection, yet the winning ways of Butler had so far gained the admirations and friendship of Drake that the two became confidential friends. After securing the promise of marriage from Miss Langford, one day meeting Drake so elated with this successful finale of all his wooing he confided the intelligence to his friend, and also that they were to be married at the next ball soon to come off in the Dickey Hotel. As "forewarning is forearming" here is where Butler's indiscretion got the better of his judgment and enabled Drake to prepare to offset what Butler considered a certainty beyond question.

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that you don't marry Miss Langford!" exclaimed Drake, to which Butler quietly replied, "I will take that bet," and pulling the money out of his pocket. "All right said Drake," at the same time counting out fifty dollars. The stakes were deposited in the hands of Josiah Smart, the Indian Agent at whose house the pair had met, and there they parted to await the important event that was not only to decide the bet but with it one of the greatest (to them) events in human life.

At the appointed time to start from Phelps's home for the ball each one of the rivals mounted and leading a horse caparisoned for Miss Langford to ride were there to escort her to the ball. This state of affairs caused some commotion in the household and to still the "tempest in a teapot," Phelps informed the two excited young men that he would take her there himself and they could each use their own pleasure about coming along. As he was the only one then in the whole country who could afford such a luxury as a carriage and Miss Langford, by virtue of relationship, being his ward accompanied himself and wife to Fairfield.

The occasion assured itself the two young men would not only be there, but sharply on time. There they met again to vigilantly watch each other with eyes gleaming with the green eyed monster jealousy in the most picturesque style.

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But Major Beach had secured Miss Langford's company until the ball was over. She was dressed in her bridal costume and prepared to fulfill her engagement to Butler. This to the latter; who had spoken to her on her arrival gave him a triumphal confident look as he watched Drake gazing at her beauty and graceful figure whirling around in the mazy dance. "Yes!" he could mentally say "that glorious beauty and fifty dollars for our wedding tour will soon be mine!" But with all her assurance and what seemed the positive certainty beyond a possibility of failure, he did not know the plans being involved in Drake's mind to circumvent his happiness, and reproduce the fearful reality that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

Drake had pressed his suit to the last and even on his arrival at the ball had entreated her to change her mind. The truth was she loved Drake far the best, but he was poor and had not the position in life for social cast and distinction. Butler had the greatest promise, now early and successfully in politics with such a bright future before him she could not afford to throw away this chance to accept the poor home and prospects of a grimy, army blacksmith. She had fully made up her mind that the society of flattering friends and the glitter of an aristocratic home was far better than "love in a cottage!"

After awhile the last cotillion was seated, the ball had ended and now in the presence of all that company the expectant ceremony was to be that would forever unite Miss Langford to Evan Butler as his life partner. Soon they appeared, arm in arm, to confront the official who was to pronounce the glad words that make of twain one flesh. The first spoken was, "If any one has any objections or reasons to give why this couple should not be united in the bonds of matrimony now is the time to make it known!" The silence was broken by a voice in plain, distinct tones, as though coming from the ceiling and reverberating all over the room. "Don't marry Butler he is foully contaminated!"

The warning seemed so supernatural, unearthly and surprising that all were stupified, and poor Butler more than all others stood with his mouth open and yet unable to utter a word. Miss Langford shocked at such a revelation deserted him then and there, while Drake not to lose at this critical moment, stepped up to her, renewed his proposal and in a few moments she became his wife.

The Indian interpreter, Smart, walked up to Drake while yet standing with his bride upon the floor receiving the congratulations of those present, and handed him the hundred dollar bet, while

poor Butler with hopes and life blasted looked on in mournful silence. He little dreamed the voice that lied about him so wickedly and induced Miss Langford to change her mind so suddenly, was the desperate work of a ventriloquist, and that ventriloquist was none other than now Miss Langford's husband.

Judge Negus said on retiring, he heard the muttering of a low voice in the backyard of the hotel, and through curiosity crept around to listen. It was Butler seated on a log talking to himself, "Oh God! sad I feel, sad I am! My bright hopes of the future have been blasted, and in a way I little thought of and by one I adored and worshipped," &c. His pride was wounded and ambition destroyed. With grief gnawing at his heart he pined away and becoming consumptive within a year his body was laid in the city of the dead. Thus ended one of the early romantic courtships in Iowa as related by a man conversant with the occasion, and those times. — Issue for Sept. 9th, 1914.

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What seems strange and ridiculous among farmers of today, is the fact that the most coveted spots in the estimation of so many people coming to the new country for homes, was found among the white oak hills where the most valued timber grew. Those people came from such places in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, etc., where prairies and the fertility of their soil were never known, and they reasoned upon the theory that soil too poor to produce timber was too poor for the production of anything else. Thus the denser the forests and the better their quality of timber, the more fertile and productive their soils.

But all people from those countries were not so inclined. Grandfather, Lot Abraham, who settled in the northwest part of Jefferson county near the present site of Brookville, was previously one of the first settlers in Butler county, Ohio. While a scout among the Indians in his youth he selected a beautiful location, and as soon as peace was made by treaty and the land opened, he filed his claim, married his betrothed in the east and moved into the dense forest to spend the better part of his life in deadening and clearing up by log rolling and burning, and farming around stumps for years, only a few feet apart. Thus he raised a large family, four or five large, strong, lusty boys grew to manhood by constant toil, to add only a few acres each year to his field. They fully realized what labor and sacrifices were required to open up and develop a home in the west—especially among the forests. After they were all married, the old home

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farm was too small to accommodate them with homes, and land had become too high with the meager chances for accommodations in those days, for them to hope only through long years of toil, to obtain homes near the parental roof. This decided their father, as his family of children beside the boys, also included four daughters who were married, to take a tour west and see what the inducements were for securing good lands for his children.

So one day, each, with their few necessary clothes packed in a bundle behind their saddles, he and his youngest son Charles, mounted their horses and struck out on a long five or six hundred miles horseback ride towards the setting sun. All through Indiana it was a continual scene of forest and field until coming to the western part of the State, after days of travel, they emerged into prairie land sparsely settled, but the land being all claimed or entered by speculators, they kept on their course through vast, grand—and in places unlimited prairies in Illinois. One day, silently riding along, each with his mind occupied on thoughts peculiarly his own, Charles suddenly broke the reverie exclaiming: "Father look! What tarnal fools we have been all our lives killing our fool selves in the woods clearing off land, when God Almighty has had it here already cleared for us!"

The father found what seemed to him the best part of the territory, returned, sold his Ohio home and came back with all his children and their families save two, who located within visiting distance around him building up good homes—all having, long since, passed away leaving loving remembrances to their posterity. There is, though, one evil result

too often left to the children of a pioneer—that looking back to his adventurous and successful life, with an ambition to duplicate, if not to excel it. This begets a spirit of unrest and discontent with present environments by which hope of accumulations depend laborious years of toil, economy and self denial, "Go west young man go west" rings in his ears until maddened with seeming lack of opportunities he gathers together his limited means and hastens after the goddess of fortune that is dancing before his vision. One, perhaps, after spending his substance, finding nothing but dry sterile plains, sandy deserts and rocky cliffs or canyons to offer him a home, returns like the prodigal son to his father's house, while the other too obstinate to yield to failure takes the best he can get, settles down, adapts himself to circumstances, determined to "grin and bear it." The latter, what he cannot dig out of the soil, by putting cattle on the range builds up and bides his time when some tenderfoot comes along with a little money and buys him out. He has made some money both on land and cattle, and comes back to laugh at the other fellow. This, perhaps, stimulates half a dozen more who think they are just as sharp as he is and off they go to get rich too, some getting stuck so they cannot get loose to come back, and others to come straggling home as box-car tourists.

All this demonstrates that which is found out only by experience—man must employ his labor only in the line the country he lives in is adapted for production of the fruits of success. The same methods that brings financial success in the east will mostly have the opposite result in the west. Just so between the north and the south, and between Iowa and western Kansas and

Oklahoma. We have known men to grow rich among the sandy plains of western Texas and the sterile valleys of Colorado and New Mexico—one by starting out herding a few cattle which gradually increased to a vast herd, another with raising fruits and vineyards and others by turning the little streamlets flowing from the melting snow of the mountains into a ditch down to a favored spot below which was thus made to produce with abundance the most valued products of a soil. There is very little of God's earth, if properly understood, that cannot be utilized for the benefit of the human family.

Just as much ignorance of those elementary statements of the primitive nature in geological understanding of Iowa existed, as now exists here in knowledge of the adaptations of the far west. One of the two sons of Lot Abraham who did not come with their father to Iowa, a year or two afterwards came out here. On his return home he said he wouldn't live in such a country. "It was so poor in places you could ride for ten miles without finding a riding switch while in the best timber he saw, it would take two trees to make a rail cut, and the wind blew so hard if you drew a bucket of water up out of a well half of it would be all over the yard before you could get a drink; and people had to stake their fences down to keep them from being blown away." He lived and died on his farm in Ohio that now would sell for perhaps forty dollars an acre while this "poor" ten miles of prairie land he alluded to between Brookville and the town of Ollie in Keokuk county brings from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per acre. *now for Sept. 10, 1904.*

CHAPTER 30.

In locating their claims some men imagined forty acres of good white oak timber land was ample for themselves and their families. By clearing this the surrounding outlying land would be sufficient range for stock as long as they lived. And those lucky enough to secure such sites envied the poor dupes who located on prairie land that had not strength enough to sprout timber. I remember a story current in that day of a man I knew, who not only entered and improved such a piece of land but previously had to fight a pitch battle with another man, staking the ownership of the ground upon which one should come out best—a "prize fight" for a home.

He had found the most choice piece of timber to be had upon a high dry ridge south of the Des Moines river, about three or four miles south of Eldon. At the time he squatted on it he discovered another man near by on the same forty acres. This, of course, required looking after. But upon interviewing his new neighbor the fellow peremptorily refused to vacate, swearing the very devil him-

self could not get him off. He was a strong, active, muscular looking man, and, although whom we will call John D., being himself built upon the same order and a stranger to fear, went back to his family where he had camped preparatory for building a cabin. The woods were full of men at that time. After a night of restlessness and worry he decided that if the devil couldn't get the man off perhaps he, by another attempt, could.

Upon going back to his neighbor he found him with two or three others engaged in preparations to build a shelter there. Hunting up enough of his friends to see fair play he went to the man again to expostulate, but the fellow was more obdurate than ever, and swore that he needn't go off and bring his friends in for he could lick the whole crowd himself. At this John D., who had been stifling his anger, fired up and told him he could not lick even one of them, that he would agree to fight him, a fair fist and skull, rough and tumble fight, if the one getting licked would agree to leave the country and never come back.

After gazing at John a moment as if to size him up, he dropped his axe, stepped off the log on which he was standing, saying, "give me your hand on that!" As the two clasped hands John D. facetiously exclaimed, "now this is an honest Injun, is it?" "Yes!" replied his pugnacious opponent, "and if I don't lick h--l out of you I don't want to be seen within five hundred miles of here again!" "That's a bargain and the same with me!" emphatically rejoined John D., as each one stepped back a few feet to come together. Each one confident of his ~~experience~~ own superiority in muscle and experience at boxing, they sprang at each other like two old game cocks. Around and around, up and down, rough and tumble, they took it. For awhile it looked as if John D. had a fair chance to vacate the "forty." Their friends on each side, each one hurrahing for his man, enjoyed the scene equal to excited cock fighters, but fair play was one of the virtues of the border.

After about half an hour's pounding and bruising each other until each one was a sight to see, John, by his wonderful powers of endurance, had worn his enemy out, who shouted "enough!" That settled it; with the true chivalry of the ring and glad he was through with his hard job, John arose from his prostrate foe, whom he had just literally worn out by his endurance and muscle. Each one was severely punished, yet the claim difficulty was settled, and as soon as the vanquished here of the border recovered, he moodily moved off in his covered wagon and was seen no more.

John setted down on his already hard and afterwards still harder earned land, where with his boys he built his cabin, cleared the ground, and plowed around in the clay and among the stumps the balance of his days. He died twelve or fifteen years afterwards leaving his land worth less without the timber than otherwise it would have been had no man ever touched it. Troubles of this kind were frequent at that time, another one of which we recall.

A man named Widdows took a piece of timber land, now partly owned by D. Nicklin, which another man named Wycoff claimed, who afterwards settled where Mr. Tibbetts now lives, that he won out in the same way. While engaged with some neighbors in raising his cabin Wycoff came on the scene and undertook to drive him off. In the encounter Widdows snatched up a rifle setting against a stump near by, striking Wycoff with the butt end such a blow that had he not ducked his head to one side would have crushed his skull. As it was, it came down on his left shoulder disabling him for ~~some time~~ a long time, and the lock of the ~~gun~~ gun lacerating the fleshy ~~part~~ of his

arm badly. Thus Wycoff was taken home to interfere no more.

After getting the roof on his house Widdows never completed or lived in it. The supposition was that as Wycoff had several boys, two or three of them young men, he was afraid they might do some bodily harm or mischief at the first opportunity. When the California Gold fever first broke out he went there with the rush and never returned. I remember many years afterwards the Widdow's cabin in the woods was a favorite resort for boys during autumn days when gathering nuts or hunting squirrels, and oftentimes have I sat on its ~~floor~~ door sill reflecting upon the story the Wycoff boys had told me of its history. But the logs disappeared over thirty years ago, and its existence is known in the minds of only a few now living; when they are gone it will be lost like all unrecorded events forever.

One pleasant scene in my childhood days occasionally rises in my mind before my mind as though it was but yesterday--a "wash day party" early in May, 1843. Only a few days here with no wells or water convenient, the women met bringing all their family, dirty, wearing apparel, etc., to the river to wash and dry in the sun. Imagine such a party now. They met over the bank by the water's edge just opposite to the present railroad round house, making Groover's home headquarters. It was then a romantic spot. A nice, rocky bed underfoot to the water's edge, clear and rippling over sand and gravel. Their wash tubs under the shade of trees and iron kettles set upon stones to boil the water and clothes in. Although each had piles of clothes to wash, yet with men to gather dry boughs from the woods, build fires, carry water, etc., and children rollicking around, gathering shells and pebbles and with childish, innocent glee paddling in the water--all merry and buoyant with anticipations, one can imagine no gathering so uncommon, picturesque and pleasing.

That was the first and last "wash day party" I ever saw. The first thing after cabins were built was to dig for water. Some may wonder why they did not haul water. Before one can do that he must have something to haul it in, and migrating hundreds of miles in a covered wagon one has little room among the effects he has to take along with his family to stow away such a thing as a barrel or two, and there was no other way to get them. Occasionally one among the settlers understood the cooper's trade, who went to work to making barrels. After they got their hands into the business we had barrels and they were the first in use. ----- Issue for Sept. 23rd, 1904 -----

CHAPTER 31.

Like the border or advance guard of civilization at all times and ages of the world, Iowa was infested with bad and dishonest as well as peopled with notorious men. Horse thieves, counterfeiters, and robbers were plentiful. The poor immigrant on his way was liable any morning, on waking from his slumbers, to find his horses gone. Those dangers kept the settlers ever vigilant, by which sometimes a victim to their fury, after a short ceremony before Judge Lynch, was left dangling by a rope to the limb of a tree. But mostly such cases were as legally disposed of as now. As Fairfield was then the nearest dispensary of justice at that time, I have a story in mind that illustrates how short-sighted in securing a culprit and how easily they were outwitted by confiding in the honesty of others. A nicely dressed young man rode up to the only hotel in the

above named place one winter evening mounted on a handsomely built horse and leading another, wanting lodging. The landlord, of course, was expecting just such fellows and soon had him comfortably situated and his horses housed and fed. The weather was wintry, stormy, and cold, he had been riding all day and of course after supper must ~~exit~~ retire early.

About 11 o'clock at night a couple of other men each mounted on horses rode up and also wanted lodging. While putting their horses in the barn they carelessly inquired if a certain described young man was there with a couple of horses, describing them also. The landlord said there was a young man there with a couple of horses and took them to the stalls where the horses stood. One of them proved to be a sheriff and the other the owner of the horses. They went to the house, arrested the fellow and brought him down stairs, but having no jail in Fairfield at that early day, they secured two other men and all four stood guard over him, intending to take him back to the county where he stole the horses for trial.

Having to be up all night, to while away the time the sheriff proposed a game of euchre. They being a lively quartette, the prisoner begged to be allowed to sleep in the closet that the noise would not disturb him. This just suited his captors as the door would then be closed on him and would require less vigilance on their part. Had they known what they discovered when too late, that the closet was under the entry stairway, they would doubtless have tied him hand and foot first.

When they went for him in the morning the cage was empty, the bird had flown. One of the stair steps had been removed and the hall door was standing wide open. How, without hammer or pry or anything but his hands, he could do all this noiselessly even to the unlocking the hall door, was the mystery of that hour. And worse than all he had taken the best horse, saddle, and bridle and left, leaving the blinding snow storm to cover up all traces of his flight. No one could prove he had an accomplice, but the landlord, who formerly could scarce keep his head above water, seemed afterwards to make such a lavish display of money it was always believed that he opened up things so the rascal could get away. He was never recaptured nor the horse, which was a celebrated racer, was ever found.

This incident occurred at the historic Dickey hotel, named after its proprietor and landlord, Thomas Dickey. It seems from the description of the man obtained over 30 years ago from the old pioneers who were still living and at the time familiar with him, that any ordinary sheriff would be judge enough ~~to be suspicious~~ of human nature to be suspicious of him at sight. Judge Negus told us (and his description was also verified by others who were conversant with him) that he was a strong, stocky built man with dark, piercing eyes, heavy eye-brows, black hair, ~~with~~ projecting chin, and large mouth and nose. He could not look one square in the eye and there was treachery strongly stamped in his countenance and cowardice in his nature, yet polite in manners, always very courteous to his patrons, had perfect control of himself under all circumstances, never contentious and social and companionable.

His neighbors around him were always losing wood, poultry, and other little articles, while it was noted as something remarkable if he was seen buying such things, and they had no hesitation in telling him that he stole them. He was such a bundle of craftiness that he always laughed at this as a huge joke on himself, by which he disarmed their anger and most generally quieted their suspicions.

A farmer came to his hotel one day with some chickens to sell but Dickey didn't want to buy. Quite a crowd had gathered around while the farmer was bantering and trying to trade with him, but Dickey swore he had all the chickens he could keep, now. At this, one man shouted, "You haven't one on your place and wont have until it gets dark enough for you to get into somebody's hen roost." Dickey roared with laughter at this remark as the best joke of the season. Finally as the fellow picked up his lines to drive away, John Ratliff who had heard him pricing the bunch of chickens told him to set the coop full out, that he would take them. After paying for them he called for some string and taking half of them out of the coop he tied their legs together. "What are you doing that for?" asked Dickey. "Well," replied the purchaser, "you know just where they are going to and will come tonight and steal every one of them, so I thought I would make a bargain with you by giving you half of them now so you would stay at home till I got my half eat up." This was such a good "joke" that Dickey roared again. After the laughter had died down, Dickey picked up the chickens and quietly walked around the house and put them in his empty coop, while Ratliff took the remainder home assured that he would get one fry at least before Dickey got after them.

Not only was he a "slicker" in business matters, but was believed to be in league with a gang of counterfeiters, also. A man out in the northern part of the county named Sparlock, who seemed to be head chief among them, was arrested and brought to Fairfield for trial. Of course the hotel was the first place to go. There he was held for time to secure bail. While waiting, the officer was telling Dickey and others about Sparlock's crime, and the latter was unloading his abuse of Sparlock for engaging in such nefarious work, unconscious that the victim of his pretended indignation was just inside the next door listening to all he said. About the time he had exhausted his vocabulary he suddenly received a painful reminder of old companionship. "Dickey, won't you lend me your button molds?" exclaimed Sparlock.

Stunned as if stricken a blow over the head Dickey stared a moment into the room, and left the crowd to be seen no more until Sparlock was taken away. I well remember listening to the story of Sparlock's trick played upon the officials, his arrest, trial and release at that time. It was about the slickest and most ridiculous, as well as audacious joke ever played on two detectives ever recorded.

He had so long been suspicioned as manufacturing and putting into circulation bogus money, that those two detectives were sent here to catch and run him in. He lived in a hewed log house with a loft, and a ladder to reach it overhead. The two, smooth, oily looking gentlemen, in the garb common to desperadoes ready for any kind of deviltry, rode up to his house one morning enquiring of the old lady who happened in the front yard, if this was where Mr. Sparlock lived? "Yes!" she replied. "He's out in the garden, tie up and come in the house. I'll call him in!"

Sparlock was soon in the house, and after shaking him warmly by the hand, and giving their names (of course fictitious) one of them whispered in his ear that they heard he could make coin so near like the silver that it could not be detected, and could supply fellows with it for twenty-five cents on the dollar. And they further informed him that they had become familiar in handling paper money of that kind farther east, so they decided to come and try some of his coin. But they wanted the best he had.

He told them he had disposed of all he had on hand, but if they would come back in a day or two he would try and have some ready for them. They then asked to see a specimen, and this he did not have, but if they could wait half an hour or so he would get half a dollar ready any how, and seemed very anxious to hold his customers, but told them he never allowed any one to see him make it. They agreed to wait, and securing an iron ladle and a little charcoal, primitive heater, which he fired up, going up the ladder to the loft he pulled the ladder up after him while they sat chatting with the old lady, but at the same time keeping a close ear to passing events overhead.

Aside from the stealthy steps occasionally of Sparlock moving about, they could only hear the occasional muffled clink of metallic substances, and the sizzle of something frying. Presently Sparlock exclaimed, "here it is, catch it!" as he dropped a hot, bran new silver half dollar down through a crack between the boards of the loft. "Catch it!" one of them did, but "gee whiz" the thing was nearly red hot, and soon dropped down with a silvery ring on the floor, while the man of greed was blowing his scorched fingers. Sparlock came down and after bragging about his imitation so near the genuine that, indeed, it was hard to detect, the men insisted on keeping it to show some pals they were to meet that night, and it would insure him a large run of business. "Of course, of course!" responded Sparlock "take it along, but what time do you want your goods ready?" "Well, tomorrow noon

anyway, and we will take four hundred dollars worth!" "Agreed" rejoined Sparlock gleefully, and if you can do anything with them other fellows for me bring them along!" "Yes, we shall do that", was the rejoinder, as they rode away. But Sparlock did not see and much less did he care for the meaning and sinister glance at each other they gave as this answer was returned.

Instead of men coming for the kind of "queer" he dealt in, men rode up after the "queer" in its original—himself the next day, and the tools and material he employed. They were the sheriff and posse, now sure they had the father and leader of the gang and would soon gather in his brood. They searched his whole premises and house from top to bottom but not a die, metal or coin could they discover. But they had a sure cinch, anyhow, the coin the detectives knew he made. Did it not come down from the loft red hot and had not one of them been burned by catching it? Of course they'd convict him, and, perhaps, make him squeal on his confederates.

This brings us again to the scene in the Dickey hotel and accounts for the strange action of its landlord who had a deadly fear that he was, indeed, caught, and if convicted, since he himself had so bitterly denied his master, might unfold to the court some things which would interfere with his future liberties and happiness. The following day the preliminary began before the magistrate, Sparlock being his own attorney. The counterfeit (?) coin and the testimony of the two detectives immediately came up in evidence. They told their story clear through, each corroborating the other, after which it was passed to the defendant.

"You say you knew me to make that money do you?" asked Sparlock.

"Yes we saw your first arrangements" — "Hold on!" exclaimed Sparlock, "that is not answering my question?" "You said you knew me to make that half dollar?" After a lot of sparring with the prosecuting attorney he was allowed to give the circumstances by which he knew he made it. When Sparlock said: "How did you find out it was counterfeit?"

Here was a stunner and Sparlock again broke in:

"Did I not tell you I could make money so near the genuine you could not detect it and did you not so testify a few moments ago? Now I would like for you to tell this court how you came to detect it? By doing this I may be able hereafter to remedy this defect in my business!"

This called for experts, and the trial was postponed until that coin went through, not only the hands of such, but even to the New Orleans mint to be re-

turned as genuine, and the case was dismissed.

The facts were that Spurlock got wind of the whole scheme to catch him, was expecting the detectives and fixed up the job to suit the occasion. When they came he assumed the utmost innocence of their purpose, and so completely feigned confidence in their statements and pretensions that they were elated at such an "easy snap." When he went to the loft with his heater he simply dropped a genuine silver half dollar in his ladle of grease, and boiled it until it was as hot as he could get it, then dipped it out and let it fall through the crack below for them to catch. He never was trapped, and years afterwards died on his farm a natural death.

Oct. 12, 1844

While we have shown the name "Iowa" for our State originated from the name of its first known inhabitants, the "Iowa" tribe of Indians, many will wonder why it is called the "Hawkeye State" and why we are called "Hawkeyes." Just like the old nickname "Sucker" for Illinois, "Buckeye" for Ohio and "Hosier" for Indiana. Iowa became "Hawkeye." But like all others there were an origin and originator of title, which, in this instance, from the best obtainable authority we propose to give, and that too by going back again among the Sacs and Fox Indians,

During the treaty of 1837 there was a certain patriotic chief who figured largely in the council, named "Qua qua naa-wee-qua" which, interpreted, meant "Rolling eyes!" By his piercing, independent look, his pale faced brethren soon emasculated this expression into "Hawkeyes!" Known soon only as "Hawkeyes," the devotion shown by this chief in the cause of his tribe and his desire to retain the territory gained it the appellation of "Hawkeye!"

This nickname, once started, went like wildfire, and was, in comparison with the names applied to other States, accepted with pride by our early settlers. The hawk had eyes of as deep discernment as the Eagle, our national emblem. It also soared aloft as independently and was next akin in every way to the one of our nations pride. Thus gushing over with enthusiasm in 1838, James G. Edwards, in the first issue of the "Fort Madison Patriot," on the 24th day of March, published the measure then introduced in Congress for cutting Iowa loose from Wisconsin as separate territory, and was soon whooping things up for our independence.

In one of his editorial effusions he declared. "If a division of the territory is

effected we propose that the Iowan's take the cognomen of Hawkeye! Our etymology can then be more definitely traced than that of the Wolverines, Suckers, Gophers, &c., and we shall rescue from oblivion a memento of the old chief. Who seconds the motion?"

Fort Madison was a more promising town at that time than Burlington, but after the country began to fill up with people the latter town forged ahead of her so fast that Edwards saw his only hope to keep in the procession was to pull up stakes and get there too. His stay in Fort Madison lasted only a little over a year. He moved, bag and baggage, to Burlington, and got out his first paper there Sept. 5th, 1839, giving it the title of "Burlington Hawkeye & Patriot." The name "Patriot" was soon dropped and from that day to this it is known as the "Burlington Hawkeye!"

One of the first newspaper men of Fairfield was a young man named Ezra Drown. He came to Iowa with a party of emigrants from New Hampshire and on landing in Jefferson county was rather a seedy looking specimen among the faber pushers of the Great West. He was described as a short, stocky looking, red headed, young man sunburned and sandy complected, shabbily dressed, toes sticking out of his shoes and looked like he had walked all the way. His hair was long and unkempt, covered with an old straw hat with the rim torn off on one side, and he had the general appearance of having been accustomed to his bed in straw piles or haystacks by the wayside.

Yet with all this of the unromantic in his contour, young Drown had the intellectual faculties to far deceive his looks, and soon grew into the favor of his new acquaintances. Soon among immigrants from his native State the story (as all bad stories of one's life follow them up) got out as to why he hastened to the west at such an early age, and accounted for some of his privations in getting here.

He proved to be the only son of a wealthy New Hampshire farmer, who indulged him as wealthy, fond parents usually do, to a life of ease and luxury. He was sent as a student to college, and as is mostly common today with boys boosted up the grade of intellectual accomplishments, he could not be content with the hum drum of scholastic toil, but to spice such a tedious journey through life, got into the practice of going out in the country to thump, plug and lift farmers watermelons after night.

One night, while enjoying the full position of a starlit picnic of this character, the old farmer pounced down on them. There was no getting away until he recognized every one and reported them to the faculty. This brought down the

wrath of the professor and publicly, before the board of directors, he severely exposed and reprimanded them in the presence of the whole school. This so aroused their anger against the farmer that a determination was immediately after agreed upon by them to do something to get even with him.

The old gentleman had a fine country grist mill on his premises, run by water power from a stream flowing through the place. So one dark night, while he was away, they slipped up and turned on the water by raising the flood gate. This set the whole machinery in motion and by their rapidly revolving all night, the burrs were nearly ruined. He immediately suspicioned our stumpy, red headed hero and his confederates, and they soon learned he had detectives on their track. Like frightened pigeons they all left their collegiate roost and fled, each to his home, except Ezra, he leader in the mischief. He well knew those rascally escapades would get to his father's ears, so with his budget of clothes strapped on his back he lit out towards sunset, never halting (but doubtless fearful of being halted) until he reached the place where our story begins.

Among strangers and in a strange land on the very border of civilization, within a few miles of Indians, wolves and wild cats, out of money or any chance to make it, his prospects were not the most exhilarating. Yet he of the sanguine hued top knot was not of that nature to become blue and despondent. He spoke for his board as though he had millions, and about the time it took for a letter to travel to New Hampshire and back, he had some spending money. He immediately engaged in the study of law, was an apt scholar and soon admitted to the bar; with a ready wit and tongue to correspond his new made friends began to predict for him a bright future.

But alas! "Man proposes and God disposes." The allurements of literary life loomed up and so blinded and bewildered his senses that he engaged in the publication of a democratic paper in Fairfield. It was the official land office organ, and of course, for several years netted a fair income. Not long after he got well harnessed to the work, we remember "Mose Black" of Des Moines township became candidate for county Judge. By this time the old Abolition party began its organization. Black was on the whig ticket and saw no hope of election unless he could cozen the abolitionists (who formerly were mostly old time democrats) to vote for him. So while electioneering he studiously avoided committing himself to either side, yet would wink knowingly to whichever fellow he chanced to meet.

Unable by any strategy to draw him out for either side, Drown, who had the devil or office boy "sorting pi" took a "stick" full and inserted it in his paper under a large black letter heading "Mose Black's platform of principles!" It is needless to say Black was mad, but he could not reply without committing himself to one side or the other, so he had to just "grin and bear it." This policy made each side—whig and abolitionist, think they had him and he was elected all of them voting for him.

Ezra Drown was an eccentric character and had he remained in Fairfield doubtless would have made one of Iowa's leading men. His acquaintance with the landlord's daughter and the events leading to their marriage is, perhaps, worth recounting. While editing the paper he boarded at the hotel and, of course, casually became acquainted with Adaline. One evening, expecting some of her young friends to visit her, she had prepared the sitting room for their reception; placing a snow white, linen cover over the stand or small table that her father used for a

writing desk.

About dusk Drown and one of his local political friends came in. Having the habit common to office men of throwing feet upon the desk and leaning back in the chair, Drown assumed that familiar pose by throwing his upon Addie's tidy covered table. His boots being a little muddy one can imagine the scene that followed when she came in and saw him in that favorite attitude. She let fly such a volume of abuse as would have frightened an ordinary benedict out of his wits. Not so with Drown. Slowly taking his feet down to the position all decently inclined feet should be, and using his hand for a brush to remove the mud spots on the cover, he began in the blandest and most soothing way possible to mollify her anger.

"Now Addie!" he said, "You know I do not do this through any disrespect to you. I've been so accustomed to sticking my feet up when I come in that I just did so without looking or thinking of that spread. Had I only looked what I was doing I would not have done it for

the world." These words had to be spoken to the excited girl between her stops while slinging demoralized "Kings English" at him. Finally she ran down and he started towards her coaxingly, saying, "Now Addie, you know I did not it intentionally. I love you as I love my life let's kiss and make up!"

"You dirty, red headed rascal!" she screamed, "get out of here. You dare now to insult me that way," and she swept out of the room in a towering rage. Our informant said she was an accomplished, fine looking, young lady, and from this time forward Drown was in love with her. He succeeded, not only in securing her forgiveness but affections also, and within a few months from this occurrence they were married. But only three years did they enjoy life together. While on their way to St. Louis the boat carrying them struck a snag and sank. Having their little child in his arms he swam to shore but his wife was drowned. He sold out his possessions here after this sad event and left to never return or be heard of again. — *Seen for Oct 14th, 1907.*

CHAPTER 34.

Among the first merchants of Lowaville was John D. Baker, who, until the flood of 1851, kept his store on the north side of the road running along the banks of the river. He was a man of strict morals and integrity, and by this commanded and received the full confidence and trade of a large amount of customers. His genial nature made his place a pleasant resort for many who frequently gathered there, and in our present parlance would now be called "loafers." And for this reason according to the old truthful adage "idleness is the parent of vice!" sometimes by the incongruity of customers and loungers with their jokes and pranks played, produced he would rather have happened somewhere else. One of these we recall between the Jordans and John Mael.

John Mael was the first occupant of the farm on which G. W. Warren, who now resides a couple of miles north of Eldon--always a quiet, industrious and valued citizen. He was then a young man, and had driven in a two horse wagon with some others in town to do some trading, and, as the custom, after stopping his team below the store a short distance, unhitched, turning them around he fed them in the wagon bed. Being yet a comparative stranger he had not formed the acquaintance of the "Jordan gang," and for this reason did not know they were in town.

But he was not there long until they spied his team leisurely eating out of the wagon and soon he ~~he~~ heard their sanguine haired leader make some sulphurous remarks about "that fellow" feeding "only one end of them horses!" and with two or three others break for a patch of cockle burrs ~~near~~ near by. Forgetful that discretion is the better part of valor, John ran down, planted himself in front of them as they came up, each with a hand full of hurrs, swearing "the other end must have its feed too." Laughing with contemptuous oaths at his remonstrances they proceeded to decorate the horses'

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tails and manes when a fierce altercation ensued. Mael was only a medium sized man but of extraordinary strength and agility, and for quite a while made it so interesting for them that the black eyes and bruises were not all on his side. But the odds was too great and exhausted he was, at last, severely handled.

Such is the story we heard in after years although Mael, himself, was very reticent about the subject. Although like Jordan, he lived over fifty years on the same tract of land to his death, we never knew either to speak to or about the other. Both, in later years of the same politics, we have seen them at the same time at political meetings and public sales, yet each acted as far as the other was concerned, as if truly distance lends enchantment.

John Jordan also kept store in Iowaville. Although brothers, the Jordans would occasionally get into a big row among themselves. Jim and John got into one of those rackets one day, and Jim went home feeling very sore towards his brother. Brooding over it all night didn't seem to calm his perturbation of mind. Instead, he strode out to the stable the next day, saddled his horse and mounted to renew the quarrel. Jim being of a profane, abusive nature, John heard him riding up to the store and stepped out with a six shooter of those times "Allen's pepper box!"

Jim saw him and the revolver at the same time. To save his bacon he slid off the horse on the opposite side as he fired, the poor beast catching the bullet in the thick part of its neck. As Jim was making good use of his heels, getting out of his way around the corner of the house, John emptied two more shots at him in rapid succession, but with less precision, and Jim got off without a scratch.

Whether with fear of Jim, or other inducements no one knew, but John afterwards sold out his business here and moved into Missouri, where, after accumulating considerable wealth and living a useful, peaceful life, he died many years ago.

There was also another character who came in and located two or three miles east of Eldon some years after the first settlement, that would frequently stir up a sensation among the toughs in and about Iowaville, by the name of David Fisher or "King Dave" as he was most usually called. He was a very large, brawny, muscular man, measuring about six feet, four inches in height, weighing 240 pounds, and without fear of God, man, or the devil. Added to this, he was exceedingly profane, vulgar, and had an abnormal love of whiskey, but never drank to a stupefying excess. Always full of fun and jovial, until he would see some one looking for a scrap. At such a time that "some one" would find a big bunch of it all at once.

From the life he led it seems "King Dave" never got near enough to genuine hard work to fall out with it. He managed to build him a little log cabin, clear off a few acres of ground, and trusted to luck ~~xxxxxx~~ for the balance. Hardly ever was he seen away from home on foot without a long, heavy rifle on his shoulder, he called "blacklegs;" and the most of his time was spent in the woods ranging from his home over to the Soap creek hills and bottoms.

Never a shooting match but what "King Dave" was among the first arrivals. Being a good shot he always lugged home some meat trusty "blacklegs" had won for him, besides squirrels and sometimes a turkey taken in by the wayside. His stalwart figure, face nearly covered with long, dark whiskers and boisterous oaths, profanity, vulgar stories, pranks, and general reputation is too familiar, and will never be forgotten by the early residents of the vicinity of Eldon.

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His brother-in-law, Elviah Garrison, bought a place and settled just north of him. There was such a contrast between the two, both in size and disposition, one would never think the latter was the only man he had reason to fear. Yet they had once tested their prowess in pugilism by a pitched battle before either were married, back in Hoosierdom, and "King Dave" got an inglorious licking. But in after years they became so thoroughly reconciled and inseparable as to come to Iowa and locate adjoining each other. They exchanged work, often were seen driving in town together, and were spending evenings in each other's company--in fact, became a little too "chumming" to last.

One day Elviah drove down past Fisher's on his way to mill at Blackhawk across from Iowaville. Of course he must stop and get Dave to go along for company, and, of course, Dave was willing. Taking down "old blacklegs," which he would never think of leaving at home, out he came, and the two "brothers" were soon on their way, talking, laughing, and between oaths Dave was expectorating tobacco juice over the side of the wagon bed. Finally they fell back, as is common with old time associates, to talk^{ing} about their early days. Unfortunately allusion was made to the above mentioned fight they had.

This brought painful memories to Dave who roared with rage, emphasizing his words with a volume of the most wicked oaths he could command: "You licked me then but you can't do it now!"

"Very well, David!" replied Garrison stopping the team and wrapping the lines around the standard of the wagon. They were about half a mile north of town. Garrison was but little above medium size, weighed 170 pounds, but stocky, well built, active as a cat, thoroughly trained in boxing, and in this lay his advantage. They both sprang out of the wagon and pitched right into business, one to retain his prestige and the other to regain it.

"King Dave" had the longest arms, the largest muscles, and the most weight, but with all this in his favor his antagonist was too quick and skillful, he could not land a blow on him. Around and around they fought, every effort to clinch was met with such stinging blows in the face that Dave, smarting with pain, mingled with rage and shame of defeat, sprang for the wagon, snatching "old blacklegs" he fired at Garrison before he had time to recover from his astonishment, the ball cutting the cloth on the left side of his vest.

At this juncture parties coming along stopped any further performances. Many believed "King Dave" only shot at him to frighten him, while some believed he aimed to kill. But at such close range, had it been the latter was his intention, it is hardly presumable he would have missed him. One thing was beyond question "King Dave" had received a terrible beating while Garrison had not a scratch and did not seem the least angry or excited. After this event, though, the fervidness of brotherly love did not bubble over as it was wont to do of old.

Elviah Garrison, with all the ability demonstrated in this instance, was a quiet, peaceable man, and that was the only time we ever heard of his having a fight. But "King Dave" seldom visited Iowaville without getting into a scrap, sometimes licking half a dozen at a time. Occasionally, by some advantage taken, others would get the best of him though. At one time Charley Hokman, a powerful, strong young man, seeing him seated at the stove one cold winter day, took him off his guard to satisfy an old grudge by suddenly striking him on the head with a heavy, iron stove poker. He nearly beat him to death before any one interfered. Although stun-

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ned and with his enemy raining blows upon him, he staggered to his feet, falling again while in the act of seizing his gun sitting back of the store room near the door, when the combatants were separated.

He sold out and moved to the border settlements of Nebraska in 1862. There in 1865, while in the service of that territory with a company of militia scouts to protect the frontier, in an engagement with the Indians he received three bullet wounds, from the effect of which he never fully recovered, and died two or three years later as the result. - Issue for October 24th (2), 1904. le

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The recent flood of 1903 was the first repetition of 1851—fifty-two years previous. The few survivors here of that period have such conflicting ideas about its size and volume then our statement like every other one we make upon local minor events will doubtless be disputed also. When the water was said to be at its highest mark that summer, in company with several other boys and young men, we went down to the mouth of the branch running through where Eldon now stands, along a tongue of land next to the creek being at the river as we can now recall, about fifty or seventy five yards wide. At the bank of the river the descent was abrupt and perhaps two feet above the waters' edge. Like all boys those times along the Des Moines full of life and fun, utilized the back water about an hour, swimming, diving and ducking each other.

There was perhaps ten acres of ground about where the fair ground buildings now stand, the water did not get over, but aside from this from Eldon to below Selma for miles, was one vast lake of water. The old ferry boat at Iowa ville which had been cut loose from its moorings, was kept constantly being propelled by long poles carrying families to seek temporary shelter among the settlers along the bluffs, some landing almost in the dooryard of Daniels' place.

Everybody had to shelter somebody. My father had a tenant house north of the road on the west side of the old home place—the Remington and Baker farm. In this the whole Hunt family moved and spent the summer. The father and mother were perhaps seventy years old. Jim, who was then probably thirty five, and had a family of his own, went farther north. The other boys were "Sim," perhaps thirty, Tom still younger, and Bill about 22, Dave perhaps twenty. They were all lovers of fast horses, but too poor to afford more than one or two plug racers among the whole lot.

The old man had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and was fond of entertaining boys with showing what he knew of war and how he drilled and marched. He had an old musket, and would explain, suiting the action to the word "fix bayonet! charge!" &c., while he looked on with as much awe and wonder as though

he were George Washington himself. But he was too thoroughly imbued with a dislike of the "redcoats" to make a sanguine "patriot of the present (today) regulation pattern.

With all his genial nature, his boys though were somewhat "wholly terrors!" They had such implicit confidence in hard labor as to always trust it to take care of itself, while the attraction of cards, dances, shooting matches, horse races, jamborees of any or all kinds were sure to be most carefully looked after. Dave, the younger one, seemed not so enthusiastic in the pursuits of his brothers ways, but more quiet and steady.

The next year Bill, the most athletic one of the bunch, got married, and for the time seemed very devoted to his wife. I shall never forget the only commendable exhibition of his combative nature and agility perhaps he ever made. A Baptist association was being held in the grove above Mr. Cummins' house, and after it had adjourned for dinner, Bill was standing in our door yard in the presence of some other young men, watching with blood in his eye, the antics of a big fellow who had gotten himself around too much tanglefoot. Presently Bill's young bride, who was a very pretty woman, with two or three other young ladies came in at the gate. The big bully leered at them using some unbecoming remark. Bill could stand it no longer, but with due consideration for the place, he stepped in the house addressing father:

"Say, Doc., there is a great big drunken bully out here insulting the ladies. Can't I go and put him out of the yard?"

"Certainly, Bill; I don't want anything of that kind going on," was the reply.

If ever Bill had a movement that signified "business," he had it then, and he went out of that door like he had full possession of it too. Snatching up a couple of brickbats as his feet struck the ground, with a half suppressed oath he bounded towards that bully, who chanced to see him in time to start for the yard fence, receiving a good sound kick as he to add spring to his legs as he bounded over it with Bill following right behind him who, being the best sprinter of the two, never stopped kicking him about every other jump for nearly a hundred

yards. While the one doing the kicking was perhaps too earnestly engaged, and the other receiving too many painful jolts on that part of his anatomy, he could more enjoyably utilize in sitting down, each was too hurried to get a good laugh. Yet to a boy about my size it was huge fun, and I was literally screaming with laughter, so much so that only threat of a whipping from father silenced me. But to me ever after Bill Hunt was a hero.

Long years ago the Hunt's all migrated westward to never return, except one or two of Jim's boys. Charley, the eldest, stole a horse in 1865, at old Ashland, besides other stealings which sent him to the penitentiary. And rumors had it that one or two of their uncles to him was summarily dealt with by vigilantes for similar crimes out west. Let that be as it may, none of them were valuable aids in building up and bettering the condition of a new country.

Just east of the road inside the pasture on Sharp's place, was built the first school house of that District. The District was composed of so many who wanted the house close to them, they could not agree on a location. There were no longer any vacant cabins to hold school in, and after years of fruitless wrangling among neighbors, James Lanman, E. Cummins, I. H. Flint, and I believe Wm. Betterton, determined to build and own one themselves. They joined in getting out and hewing the logs, building a house sixteen by twenty-four feet square, with two windows on each side, and supplied it with split benches for seats, a large "common" coal stove, and up the branch Cummins had a small vein of coal cropping out which they used for fuel. It being so full of sulphur the gas was sometimes rather stifling, but with all that the new school house was our pride; while many of us during the years that have intervened, yet look back with pleasure to the enjoyments under its roof in that long ago.

The next to follow was the old frame upon the hill built the winter of '63-4, to at last to be supplanted by the present more pretentious one. The first Pleasant Ridge, or District No. 5 school house, was also built about the same time of our old log house. Its windows were made by leaving out one log on each

side for a long sash containing a full row of 10x12 lights the full length of the house. Like ours, it had split log benches for seats, and a dressed inch white oak board laid and fastened to tong wooden pins in the wall, inclining properly towards the scholars, who had high benches to sit on while engaged in their writing exercises. Also their "common stove" and homemade oaken teachers desk came in as the balance of the furniture, including the master's gad!"

The first woman teacher in our school district was Miss Mary Coleman, in 1851, who some years afterwards married Benjamin McDivitt, owning and living on the Dill farm northeast of Eldon. The next was Miss Eunice Benson in 1855. From that time to this man's occupation in that line has gradually faded out, until now in the country school, one would be a novelty worth going to see. The rude mischievous urchin now need no longer fear a brawny hand lifting him out of his seat to feel the swishing twig descending around his trembling legs as of yore. *—see for Oct 28th, 1904*

The winter of 1847 and '48 our District school was taught by a man named Davis, in a log cabin in a brush thicket just across the road on a point opposite where Mr. Kile now resides. As all our schools were then—a house full of scholars, from urchins up to young men and women, we were crowded, and the winter was cold and snowy. The big, stone fire place, occupying one end of the room, was kept full of wood, making a blazing fire which, more than once, the larger scholars had to put out the fire of the stick chimney flue that would ignite from ascending sparks.

Davis was an eccentric old bachelor, who was exceedingly neat and dressy. He was the first to engage in the drug business at Agency, then the largest town in the county, and from this fact was universally distinguished from others of his name as "Drug Davis." After this term of school he went back there in the drug store again. I remember one day some of the young men twitted him about getting married. He looked at them amusingly a moment and replied:

"No wife to scold or children to bawl, How happy the man who keeps bachelor's hall!"

The first steamboat that navigated the Des Moines river had its name in big, black letters painted on the sides, "Revenue cutter." Its first trip was in April, 1849. This event was the sensation of the hour, especially to a boy then—but now the writer of this event. We lived

in plain view of the river, excepting where it was hid by timber along its banks, only a mile away from our house. On getting out of bed one morning I heard a steady bang, bang, bang, down towards the river, where, by the early dawn I could see puffs of steam and smoke ascending above the tree tops.

Having no such things in those days as telephones, telegraph, railroads, this event came so unheralded and unexpected that from every house were groups of women and children in the yards straining their eyes to see the first steam carrier that first dared venture itself and cargo on our river. While everywhere could be seen boys running, and men saddling horses and scurrying away up where Eldon now stands, to head the monster off and take a good look at it as it boomed along, plowing the murky waters.

The river ran high for a month or two and other boats followed, all loaded with goods for the river towns above us. Up about Des Moines there was then only a trading post. And as the river forked at that place, and the timbered bottoms was alive with coons, skunks and possums, it was the paradise for hunters, traders and trappers. Its rightful name then was "raccoon forks!" There was the terminus of the river trade which boats undertook to reach.

Then, as now, the duration of "high tide" was uncertain. A boat took its chances. It might go up to raccoon forks with a "high tide," and before exchanging its cargo be stranded with keel high and dry and wait until next spring to "crawl out of the scrape." Again, it might make several trips and get home all right. One still morning, about day break that spring, men could be heard whooping, giving orders and replying to each other, filling the air over in the Soap Creek bottom with enough profanity to chill every mosquito egg on the creek from head to mouth. Surely, something desperate was going on!

Settlers soon began to gather in canoes and skiffs, to go over and see what it was. Many, not knowing but what a crowd of Pirates were invading us, took rifles along. On reaching the spot from whence the uproar came their eyes rested upon one of the most ridiculous, comical scenes so far, in all the steamboating ever seen. There was a big steam boat, her prow jammed against the bank, about three-quarters of a mile up Soap Creek, both stacks torn off by overhanging trees along the bank, and all her ornamental decorations a total wreck.

It seems the captain had employed a pilot who had forgotten or else never knew much about this locality, to steer the boat that night. Just over near the other side of the river, perhaps a hun-

dred yards above the mouth of the creek, was quite an Island then, which was covered with large, forest trees. Between it and the shore the current was deeper than in the main channel. The pilot was watching for this, but the hour being past midnight and very dark, he mistook the mouth of Soap Creek for this passage, and steered the boat right into it.

The stream was calm, being backwater from the river, and the boat made good speed at the start. Presently the brushy limbs began tearing away balustrades and with that the heavy, overhanging limbs brought the smoke stacks almost simultaneously with a heavy bang, on the deck. This startled the sleepy captain from his slumbers. Jerking on his breeches he rushed out into the midnight gloom just as the boat came up with a sudden lurch against the bank. He immediately took in the situation before getting his suspenders buttoned, and yelled out "Up Soap, By-God!"

It is needless to say it took them much longer, like fools generally, to get out of that scrape than it did to get into it. But their discomfiture was such a funny episode as to never be forgotten by men of that day, and it became a common saying for a long time, when a man got where he couldn't back out, "up soap," to which some would put the "&c" to it.

A couple of years after this, a fellow by the name of Milbourne, with a little money in his pocket, came to Iowaville, and with the ardent desire born in his brain to climb the stairway up to the throne of Neptune, he got an idea. But whether he got it there or not we cannot say; yet it was an idea, and he soon put it in the proper dish to materialize. The Des Moines did not carry a large enough volume of water for big boats. They did not pay! He would build a little one with a shallow keel, and this he did, and launched it at the above place. All its propelling machinery, including the boiler and engine, weighed only about four teen hundred pounds.

This craft he immortalized by painting his own name, "The N. L. Milbourne," on its sides. It only run a year or two when the waters were sufficient, and then we lost sight forever of boat and owner. One little incident while Milbourne was getting ready for the raging waters, occurred, that brought a little revenue to John D. Baker's store. Jim Jordan was a rabid whig and Kentuckian while Milbourne didn't look at things his way and was from another state. They met one chilly evening in the store, and got to talking the merits of their respective state and party's, when Milbourne incidentally alluded to James K. Polk. Jim began to damn Polk and swore he was good enough Kentuckian and whig to burn his hat for his state and party. To

John Milbourne swore he would go just as far for his state and party as he would.

"Stick your d—d old hat in the stove then!" yelled Jim as he thrust his in.

"There she goes!" shouted N. L. as he thrust his in right after Jim's.

"Here John got me a good cap!" said Jim to Baker.

"I'll take one out of the same box!" replied N. L., each paying three dollars.

"You d—d fool!" shouted Jim, "here's for old Kentucky, Tippecanoe and rough and ready too!" as he opened the stove door and flung that in.

"Here's for James K. Polk and another slice off of Mexico!" yelled Milbourne as his new cap followed Jim's into the fire.

Each went for another cap to similarly be sacrificed on the alter, (in the stove) of their patriotic and political zeal, until Baker told them "This is the last one I will sell you!" Nothing daunted they went in the fire just the same and each went away bareheaded.

Before we thought of railroads, schemes were on foot for building plank roads on level, muddy prairies, and through river bottoms, for hauling goods which were freighted with teams from the Mississippi river towns. These roads were to be built by subscriptions, and one was constructed from Keokuk west about fifteen miles. In 1850 a big meeting was held in Ottumwa to discuss the question of building this kind of a road from our county seat to Mt. Pleasant, where the Keokuk road was contemplated to Thomas Ping, then prominent in this section, from old Ashland was one of the officers of that meeting, and was ardently working for the project. He got a subscription to aid the scheme in and around Ashland of \$4,500. But agitation of railroads were looming up and soon the whole business evaporated.

Ottumwa in 1846 only contained a couple of dozen insignificant, one story houses, mostly log cabins. Our mail was all carried by stage or horse back, and letters would be three weeks coming from Ohio and Indiana to Iowa. Farther distances proportionately longer. Young swains writing to the "pretty little girl they left behind them!" then could not expect an answer sooner than from six to twelve weeks.

The first county court house was a log cabin that had been vacated. It was built of round logs, chinked with sticks, pointed with yellow clay, a stone fire place, stick chimney and clapboard roof. About 1845 this was supplanted by a two story, hewed, log house—one large room below for court and meetings, and two above for offices. We remember attending a Methodist revival there the winter of 1849 and '50. — *see for details*

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The great want for means of transportation was the problem from the first occupation of Iowa until it was essentially solved by railway lines. When settlements began here, railroading in the east was only yet a doubtful experiment. The use of steam power in commerce was confined almost exclusively to water navigation. Steam boats carrying merchandise, productions and freights plied the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers; but our Iowa streams were too shallow and uncertain for much consideration.

Here, with that true enterprise and everlasting "grit" dominant in American character, such difficulties could not stand in the way. By the treaty of 1842, the Sac's and Fox Indians retained possession of lands along the west fork of the Des Moines from raccoon forks (now city of Des Moines) westward. Of course troops were located a distance up that stream to safeguard the Indians and whites from the danger of too much friction. To convey those troops provisions and camp equipages around from place to place up there, a small steambot was employed, which fact aroused a wide spread ambition to fix methods by which settlers all along and within reach of the Des Moines, should have the benefits of such necessities also. The long distance from any kind of market, and the sight of that little boat started an excitement among some of the most interested, to prepare the Des Moines for steady navigation, bordering almost to frenzy. It became a political question and was thrust into Congress by its adherents in 1846.

Congress did not hold the people long in suspense. It passed an act on the 8th day of August, that same year, giving to our territory each alternate section of government land to be found unoccupied from the mouth of the river and suffered to reach only to raccoon forks, five miles in width upon each side of the river. At that time, this cession, upon account of settlement and occupation, began in Mahaska county, and from there on to the terminus. But, by some negligence of Uncle Sam's interests, then, as has been common ever since, the grant included each fork of the river to the extreme western boundary of the State, taking in 960,000 acres of government land instead of about 100,000 as intended.

As the streams above the forks were too small, narrow and void of the necessary volume of water to ever be utilized for commerce, 560,000 acres of that land was evidently obtained by cunningly manipulating of the wording of the act. But land was so plentiful in those days

little attention was paid to it at the time.

No one supposed it went farther than the forks of the river and the Governor of the territory, in transmitting the information of what Congress did, estimated the amount ceded at 300,000 acres. This cession of land from the United States, empowered the State to sell and guarantee title to settlers so as to procure funds for carrying on the construction of canals and dams along the river with locks or gateways to hold back-water at all times of the year for steamboat navigation.

The legislature appointed a committee to investigate the extent and use of this generous gift. This investigation brought to light facts of the far reaching extent of the land grant. They also reported back the necessity of accepting all this land as an inducement to obtain proper improvements of the river for the great purposes intended. With this, they also went farther by recommending the establishment of a new department of officials to be known as "the board of public works." Upon those terms, with a few minor proviso's, the legislature accepted the grant, established the "Board," and began taking measures to utilize its benefits.

"The Board of Public Works" immediately got down to business. The first step was to begin digging a canal from the Mississippi river, to evade the shoals and sand bars of a dead current at the mouth of the Des Moines—a short cut to come into the river several miles above the mouth where the first dam should be made. After months of hard digging by hundreds of hands and the loss of \$150,000 in expenses, it proved as ridiculous a failure as Ben Butler's celebrated "dutch gap canal" at New Orleans we heard so much about during the civil war, and also like it, was at last abandoned.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars gone, the canal project a dismal failure and the democratic party responsible. A sum equal in the eyes of the early settlers of Iowa then as a hundred and fifty millions to our people now. This "squandering" of public money could not be condoned, and it played as an important club in the hands of the Whig party for years afterwards. Yet the State continued democratic, and to atone as much as possible, Hugh Sample, of Fairfield, President of the "Board of Public Works," was turned down and William Patterson, of Lee county, put in his place, Jesse Williams, of Johnson, succeeded, Charles Corckery as Secretary, and George Gillaspay, of Ottumwa, was made treasurer—a new board out and out.

The legislature had previously passed a law authorizing the Board to issue State bonds, if the appropriations became

exhausted. Contracts were let and over five hundred hands put to work for the construction of thirteen dams between Keokuk and Ottamwa. The Board took a very bold and unwarranted step in its hands by issuing State bonds, pledging the lands as security for their redemption to secure money. The old Board had entered into contracts before its dismissal which the new one refused to fill, and the State was soon tangled up in suits with former contractors. While many who had settled in good faith upon lands to be dispossessed, were adding confusion to the tumults, by their appeals for redress of grievances. Needless costs were thus piled up for tax payers to meet, and such general dissatisfaction prevailed that in 1850 the legislature, in disgust, abolished the Board entirely, and appointed a State Commissioner with George Gillaspay as Register. Those two, the next summer, contracted with a New York company to do the entire work to racoon forks and have it completed ready for use in four years.

To say the people were not elated at this intelligence would be an unforgivable mistake. But many had settled on the lands belonging to this grant assured when they were thrown on the market they could buy them for government price—\$1.25 per acre. When it was learned the grant did not permit their sale for less than from \$2 to \$5 per acre, those poor, misguided settlers became wildly excited. They had all settled on lands in good faith, and indignation meetings became frequent. Many, so far from markets and barely able to make a living for themselves, gave up left for other locations, while many others remained undisturbed leaving as a legacy to their children and grand children, the alternative, nearly forty years afterwards, of paying enough on a bonded indebtedness given by the State in those days, equivalent to the increased value of their homes.

Nothing but trouble, expense and failure attended the whole business without a penny's worth of real benefit accruing to the State. Much of the land was sold and the money thus frittered away until railroads began coming into the country, when the whole business fell flat. At this time dams and partly constructed dams reached from above Keokuk to Jim Jordan's place, below Eldon. The ruins of those monuments of the old Iowa "Board of Public Works" can yet be seen along the river. Meeks' mill, at Bonaparte, was the only industry we know of that ever received a material benefit from all the millions thus spent on the improvements of the Des Moines, unless we include James Jordan.

But all the old settlers can recall the gala times when under the management

of "superintendent Patingale," the work of constructing the dam at Jordan's was going on. The State paid Jordan five hundred dollars for ten acres of land just below his house on the river, for occupation. Farmers fairly gasped with astonishment when told that "Jim Jordan got fifty dollars an acre!" Land was of such little value on the market then, many could not imagine how he could drive such a bargain unless he had some kind of "a pull."

Rude boarding houses went up and as if by magic hundreds of men were soon working some quarrying stone, some hauling. The woods across the river was ringing with axes cutting timbers—in fact, work and enterprise with bustle and bluster was going on such as was never seen here before. For one whole year this lasted. The trowel and hod was kept busy, while the lock for the dam was being built and with all the work and hurry the masonry went on ridiculously slow, while half the ten acre lot and part of the ground west of the road was covered with huge well squared and dressed stone. Also, before the next spring, 1857, a small sea of heavy, dressed timbers were left lying promiscuously near the west bank of the river just below the McClure ford.

By this time the whole business which had been let to one navigation company sold or re-let to another, etc., changing about with every intrigue scheme and jobbing conspiracy to defraud the State, had become so rotten and corrupt it fell of its own weight. Then Jim Jordan, who had sold his ten acres only for the purpose of a lock and dam across the river, like a fellow throwing an apple in a tree to bring down a dozen in return, got it back with all it contained. The work stopped, boarding houses were pulled down and moved and all vanished as suddenly as it began, except several acres of finely, dressed stone on Jordan's patch of ground.

Those, Jim considered as his part of the spoils, and when a settler chancing to want one for some purpose, was reminded that he could have it if he paid enough. Thus they gradually went Jordan using all he wanted for his own work, until all have vanished except a few yet remaining cemented in the masonry of the lock. The railroad from Keokuk to Des Moines project, had much to do with stopping any further jobbery in this line of work, and a strong effort was made to divert all the land yet unsold, as a bonus to that company; but that failed and it was sold to settlers.

While all this work was going on Iowa-ville prospered greatly and Davis' distillery at Blackhawk found an increased "home consumption," while the "wet

grocery" stores had a rushing trade. So many men congregating together of Saturday and Sunday's, at those places, found such faithful disciples as "old King Dave" and his devout following there ready and waiting for a conference. "King" would regale them by funny, foul and vulgar stories, with a glib tongue, and roguish winks, stopping only occasionally to eject a liquid stream of amber from his mouth on or about the stove, until some one disgusted would put in a disrespectful remark and then business commenced.

Sometimes at those jamborees he would have fifteen or twenty half drunk men lying sprawled out over the floor at one time. For one year of his life, at least, he seemed as near his ideal of heaven as he ever wanted to be. It seemed he had the sagacity to always know the exact time, place and crowd for his business. To get off a good surprise or raise a laugh, he seemed lost to every feeling of refinement, reverence or respect. His aged father, who settled, lived and died, thirty years or more afterwards, on the place now occupied by John Moore, north east of Eldon, was a very pleasant exemplary, medium sized, old gentleman, and having suffered with rheumatism until his legs were so terribly bowed he could hardly walk, was not even spared his giant son's love of ridicule. Once, we remember hearing King Dave swear "the old man" had willed him the most valuable of all his possessions. "What is that?" eagerly inquired one of his listeners.

"Why, his legs, of course, to make me a pair of hames!" was the answer.

Gene
for December 1/25/1904

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CHAPTER 38.

That the reader may have some idea of the local political issues of those times, we will rehearse a little political history connected with this scheme for the improvement of the Des Moines River. Hugh Sample, then somewhat of a Democratic leader, and president of this Board of Public Works, finding the land appropriated to the State did not sell rapidly enough to provide the money fast as needed to defray expenses, recommended to the legislature that some measure be adopted to furnish the money as demanded.

The democratic party then, as before and ever after, being strict constructionists of constitutional law, and having supreme control of all the governmental departments of the State, found itself in a dilemma. It required money to establish commerce, and the party was up against the problem, either to authorize ~~the board~~ the "Board of Public Works" to issue bonds as the money was required contrary to democratic principles, or let the improvement of the river drag along as money derived from the sale of the lands was obtained to pay for it. Already so much had been needlessly squandered, and all kinds of charges of corruption and fraud were rife, now to place in the hands of the few men comprising "the board" power to create a State debt and spend it as they pleased, would be regarded as one of the most unparelled of outrages.

VerPlank Van Antwerp, although bearing such a euphonious hyphenated name, designating the land of sour krout and wooden shoes, was no unpretentious character of that day. He held the place of Receiver in the United States land office then located at Fairfield. This made him fellow citizen with Hugh Sample in the same town. Besides Van Antwerp had been editor of the Iowa Sentinel for quite a while. We remember that paper bearing between the title words, ~~Iowa~~ "Iowa" and "Sentinel," the picture of a deserted battlefield with a dismantled cannon on the ground, behind which was a soldier with his gun held at "carry arms!" in the attitude of a sentinel facing his monotonous beat. It was unique and figurative of the vigilance of its owner.

Here were the two leaders, both of Fairfield, neither one a member of the legislature, but each one active before it, one pressing his measure with every power he could command, while the other had left his business ~~at home~~ and home, without thought of recompense, to defeat it. The legislature, in those days, convened at Iowa City, then the State Capitol. While the days and weeks passed by each contestant never missed an opportunity. Van Antwerp was not only eloquent, but gifted with wonderful conceptions of constitutional law, and a deep, intuitive sense of justice. With all of Sample's ability and the necessities of his case, he was overmatched. Van Antwerp's work in his presence or out of it, in the lobby, cloak room, hall, or hotel, he was Hugh Sample's Nemesis, and on the final vote the measure was lost.

The fight was on and Van Antwerp did not propose it should stop at this. At the next Democratic State Convention, knowing Hugh Sample would be up for nomination, he had hand bills printed portraying him in the most unenviable light, and circulated all over Iowa City. They flooded the Convention and their author was present, also, to emphasize all they contained. One can by this imagine the intensity of feeling this one subject had reached. The result ~~of that~~ was that Sample was beaten, and all who ^{had} participated with him.

Of course the Whig papers kept up a constant howl and exposure

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of every step taken by the Board. While the new Board elected did not please the Democrats but little better, yet the great purpose in view--as people call such things now "progressiveness" would not "down." But the wasted debt, the consequent litigations and unwarranted stretches of authority, were constant themes for Whig comment and Democratic discomfiture, until the legislature abolished the institution of "Board of Public Works" entirely as we have heretofore stated, and empowered the Government to appoint a Commissioner and Register. Here is where Van Antwerp triumphed so completely over Hugh Sample by receiving the appointment of Commissioner, that he could tramp on and crow over the latter as "a dead cock in the pit."

There is little doubt but the mismanagement of the Des Moines river improvement had much to do with the final unseating of the Democratic party in Iowa. Yet, as we view the past with its demands for commercial outlets, the enterprise can be viewed in no other but a commendable light. And had no railway lines been pushed through here to supply this great want, the river would have been so utilized by dams and locks that steamboats would be as common as railroad trains, and, for the last quarter of a century, at least, would have been passing and repassing each other daily. Although costly, the project was practical and each dam was to be a toll gate, at which toll would be exacted from passing boats to constitute a revenue. Had those improvements been completed according to specifications, certain lines of freight, undoubtedly, would have been lower than now when railroads have no water navigation to compete with.

Edwin Manning, of Keosauqua, was appointed commissioner in 1856. While the successor of Sample had been as hard for jobbers to butt up against as a stone wall, they did not fare any better by ~~this~~ this appointment. When the construction company of those dams presented their bill for \$185,957.44, and incidental expenses of \$104,180.74 for work, he ran over it with the inspection and care as though it was his own individual business; at the close he quietly remarked "104,000 incidental to secure \$185,000 worth of work seems like sticking it on pretty big!" and refused to settle it. After much dickering and proposing the president of the company offered to cut down the claim \$72,000 less, and yet Manning was obdurate and sent the whole business to Iowa City for the legislature to settle. The idea of \$104,000 to boss a job one season, even with the \$72,000 subtracted didn't just suit his ideas of "business." He also sent to the legislature facts, that over \$256,000 worth of land had been sold to the present company, and all we had to show for it was a couple of dams across the river with locks, and one stone lock without any dam. This report of Manning's caused contractors and speculators many a vocal "dam" accentuated with the letter "N" tacked on the end of it.

His report was a bonanza for the Whigs and called out lurid head lines for the press. Democracy was in sore straits. The legislature gave the navigation company to understand that it considered its repeated impositions and violation of confidence had disannulled the contract and it was hereby rescinded and set aside. This knocked the whole business in the head, and one of the two dams long since was knocked out by the ice while the other one is kept up by the Meeks brothers at Bonaparte. Iowa piscatorians would have knocked that out also long ago, but the legislators regard it now as "private property." It will irrevocably remain there to keep big fish back, while the man above must be content to loll on the bank, watching his hook and line, and carry home at night a few minnows and, perhaps, a mud turtle or two for his exhausted and wasted energies.

The legislature, in 1860, wound up the whole improvement business, and appointed a board to settle all claims. By this time we had a railroad from Burlington to Ottumwa; also one from Keokuk to that place. While railroads were contemplated everywhere, we had no need for river navigation; and it was so easy now to sit on the fence and laugh at what fools our fathers used to be.

Construction of the first railroad into Iowa began at Burlington in 1856--four years before the entire abandonment of the Des Moines river improvement. The railroad company depended largely on aid from counties along its right of way westward. The right of way did not cost anything. People were so elated a farmer would not only give the right of way to get a railroad through his farm but in some instances, if required, would have doubtless ~~xxx~~ thrown the old woman in to boot.

Each county through which it passed was expected to give to the company \$100,000 county bonds as a bonus. Such were the terms offered and the bonds were voted as far west as Wapello county. The company had also obtained a land grant of each alternate section of government land twenty miles on each side of the railroad through the State. The bonds voted were upon conditions that the road was to be completed through each county, Des Moines, Henry, Jefferson, and to Ottumwa, Wapello county, by Jan. 1st, 1858. Each county receiving the road on or before that date was liable in the contract.

At the election of 1857, Joseph H. Flint, who was elected on the issue of nonissuance of the bonds if the contract was not strictly complied with, succeeded Silas Osborn as Probate Judge. On installation in the office, he discovered that his predecessor had thaken time by the forelock and already issued thirty thousand dollars of the bonds, before ~~xxxxxxx~~ the sound of a railroad whistle had been heard in the country. After the railroad was completed to Ottumwa the next year, when called upon to issue bonds for the remaining seventy thousand dollars, he not only flatly refused, but denied the legality of the thirty thousand already issued. The specifications of the contract had not been complied with, and the people who had to make the payment had elected him on the promise of the company failed to comply with the contract as to time and purpose, to repudiate the whole thing. Beside as a matter of principle he did not believe in victimizing a people out of money either singly or by wholesale to enrich corporations.

Impervious to persuasion, thrests or bribes, at last he allowed them to take it into court. Here it was pending when he ran for reelection in 1859, and so popular did his stand upon that question make him among the people, he received over four hundred majority over his opponent. But like corporate cases often do, the case was dragged from court to court until the company finally got judgment for the full amount. This question, like all others, had two sides. The negative is a strong one. When ~~the~~ people voluntarily vote a tax on themselves to receive certain permanent benefits, just because they do not get them exactly on the specified time, yet they come and come to stay, should they receive that benefit for nothing which was so valuable when they agreed to take it? - Same for Nov. 1861 (9)

1914

For a long time after the territorial organization of Iowa there was a disputed strip of territory lying between Missouri and this State awaiting action of

the general government to determine which should have the title. The ownership was finally given to our State and now comprises the southern part of the south tier of counties. Before the vexed question was decided, settlements had reached westward as far as Appanoose county.

While measures were pending to decide the exact latitudinal line, a committee went down on a tour of inspection. They found the settlements each a law to itself, and like everywhere else, all poor and striving to build up their homes. Neither Missouri nor Iowa had jurisdiction; independent and free, no-

body dare to molest or make them afraid. A cold blooded criminal, horse thief or common pilferer, when caught, went through a little spectacular performance before Judge Lynch and then gathered in his wages.

As people thus so isolated and far from the comforts and conveniences of life, had to work hard and skimp for clothing and the necessities to live. Those people down along the border suffered even more privations than those nearer the water courses. So little did the frills of fashion affect them, that long haired, hatless, barefooted men, and bare headed women, each with a single ragged patched garment comprising their entire toilet, were common every-day scenes. Seldom could one find a house without children, from two to a dozen, all ages and sizes, scantily attired. There were no effeminate "lily whites" on the border in those days. This climate then could support only those whose toil brought the bronze and pink of nature, instead of the paint of the artist on their cheeks.

One of those investigating chaps on this exploring expedition, gave a very graphic description of his tour among the natives down there. He said, for his part, Missouri could have them, that the men never shaved, combed or cut their hair, the top part of their head would put to shame a porcupine, and their beard grew so long they folded it inside their shirts to keep it out of the way of the plow handles. He also said the hair so completely covered their faces there was only a small opening between it and the bushy brows through which you could catch the glitter of their eyes. He described their cabins as little square pens, with dirt floors, a fire in the middle, to warm and cook by, the smoke ascending through an opening in the roof, and a dozen dirty, ragged children huddled together at each place—all suggestive of the need of ashhoppers, etc., etc.

Of course he exaggerated terribly but at the close of his story he concluded that, for his part, they were a different people from any he ever saw and any body who could name them might have them. "Hairy nation!" yelled out a fellow who had been intently listening to his yarn. "Hairy nation!" ejaculated the others in a chorus; and "hairy nation" it was for years after that plum fell into the lap of Iowa. And to this day almost any surviving old settler of Davis, Van Buren and Lee counties can tell, and even some describe the boundary lines of "the Hairy nation!"

Under the name of Louisville, Ottumwa first came into existence upon the site then known after the title of the famous "Appanoose" chief, as "Appanoose Rapids." The above named chief and a large band of his, of Sac's and Fox In-

dian warriors, inhabited an extensive village just above Wapello's band on the south side of the river. Before the treaty and new purchase was yet ratified, with that shrewd, cunning and Yankee tact known to American character, a company of promoters or speculators was organized, a surveyor employed and a straight air line run westward from Fairfield, the center of Jefferson county, twenty-four miles, the square of a county, for the most feasible location for a county seat. It came so near the river at "Appanoose Rapids," that this locality, beyond question, would prove "a sure thing!"

Just as soon as they could get the chance they hopped on it, some by claims, some by entry at \$1.25 per acre, and any way to get there. Then began a survey into blocks and subdivisions into lots. But, for awhile, this band of embryo speculators were on the "anxious seat." The town of Dahlonega, had sprung up as suddenly also, and laid claim to the honorable distinction of Wapello's capitol. This unexpected rival claimant was one of no mean pretensions. It was located upon a more beautiful and healthful situation, laid out in a more systematic order, had a public square and a magnificent fertile country around it.

But the Appanoose Rapids company, composed of ten men who had a little capital and a splendid amount of "grit," secured the location upon binding themselves to build a "court house." They donated the little log cabin previously mentioned, for that purpose, and by the next winter, 1844 and '45, had the magnificent, hewed log one erected ready for use, as we have heretofore described. Beside this, these progressive speculators had a free ferry built and established across the river for the benefit and to secure the trade of settlers upon the south side. But this and its management proved to be such an expensive investment, that the long prayed for intervention of somebody to help them let go came at last when Anderson Cox put in an appearance and petitioned for the privilege of monopolizing that much of the Des Moines river's navigation and commerce himself.

He was hustled before the first board of Wapello's county commissioners the spring of 1845, and obtained a permit or license to run a ferry, collect tolls, &c., just above the town of "Louisville" (Ottumwa) and with fond dreams of scooping in the sheckels, he took the enterprise into hand and was duly installed ferryman over the raging Des Moines. But alas, on examining his permit, unlike chartered corporations and trusts of this day, the board had looked on both sides of the case—the interests of the customers as well as the trust. Already had they granted a permit for one at Eddy-

vile restricting charges of the ferriage of footmen across the river to the limit of 6 1/4 cents each; a person and horse 18 1/4 cts.; two horses and wagon 37 1/2 cts.; four horses and wagon 50 cts.; cattle 4 cts, each; hogs 2 cts, each.

When Cox found this schedule of prices was also inserted in his license, his exuberance went a few degrees lower. If a lone man yelled "hullo!" from the other shore, he had to get to the wheel, swing his boat from shore and go just the same for a "picayune" (6 1/2 cts.) as though a four horse team and 50 cents awaited him. This one biasing of those days was, that people regulated monopolies, instead of monopolies regulating the people, didn't give ferrymen any chance to extort from people necessity forced to patronize them.

While the river was full in the spring, Cox did a rushing business, but it being fordable about ten months of the year, he had to raise "garden sass," corn and pumpkins to make revenues hold out until the spring rains set in again. Sometimes late in the fall or first of winter the ice would not bear teams; then he would have a track cut through across the river to float his ferry boat and gather in a little coin by carrying teams across. But that required work to keep clear of ice, and sometimes he would wake up in the morning to find the track itself frozen over, nearly thick enough to bear a wagon and team, with teams in sight already crossing on the ice below him.

The ferrying business changed hands after awhile, a two story frame house was built on the west bank of the river near the landing, which stood there until the first bridge was built and South Ottumwa began to build. This put a quietus on the last vestige of the Des Moines river navigation at that point. A generation has passed away since the "old ferry house" has been removed and where once was fields of corn and cuckie burrs, is now South Ottumwa with over five thousand people, street car lines one of the largest implement factories in Iowa, fine business houses, churches, &c., &c.

Just above South Ottumwa a town was started about the same time Ottumwa began named after the capital of Virginia—Richmond. This town was called a mile above Ottumwa and started out with such a spurt that some thought it would prove a rival town. But the establishment of the county seat settled all aspirations of that kind, and stopped its further growth. Now the site is a part of South Ottumwa.

A company was organized before Wapello county was yet organized to build a dam across the river at "Appanoose Rapids" and erect a grist mill. But at-

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ter the organization of the county, not yet having begun work, the board of commissioners interfered giving them the right only on conditions of a lock and appliances for the benefit of steam boat navigation of the river. There seeming to be "too much sugar for a cent" in this kind of investment, the project fell through and a steam grist mill was eventually established.

The hewed, log court house, 24 feet square, and two stories high, was completed by the town company and donated to the county in 1845, and then ensconced in the seat of Justice, what availed a court house without a place to put the culprits, was the next question confronting Wapello county's newly installed board of business managers. Among its first duties was to appropriate \$2,000 and let the contract for that sum to erect a jail, then we were ready for the mills of the gods to commence grinding more systematically.

In the little log cabin that august assemblage of judge, lawyers and juries had hammered away already for over a year and for want of room, good ventilation or something else woolly had not been turning out first class job work. Their first case was Josiah Smart, Indian Agent, sued on a land claim for five hundred dollars damages, and compromised the whole business by the defendant paying the costs \$7.50. The first suit tried before a Jury was James Woody, of Dahlonga, who sued our old Ashland Demps Griggsby, on a contract resulting in "Demps" coming out on top, and plaintiff paying the costs. Judge Charles Mason, of Burlington, presided over the first District court held in Wapello county and then afterwards Judge H. B. Hendershott, of Ottumwa, was clerk of its first proceedings.

Imagine a court, jury, lawyers, witnesses and the usual crowd of interested persons occupying a log cabin, sixteen feet square, to conduct, hear and see "a trial!" Any one knowing Demps Griggsby's powers of endurance need not wonder that the other fellow went to the wall. But when the new, big, twenty-four foot square court house came into use, the jury of twelve sit in a pen to themselves with room to spit between their knees, and the clerk could have a desk instead of holding a board on his lap.

Present, though, in that little log house was such Attorneys, known in that day as men of brain, capacity—such as I. C. Hall, Charles Mason, James R. Cowies, George May, &c. The first, as a pleader before the bar, had no superior and the latter as a humorist equalled Bill Nye. Iowa was an inviting field from the start for ambitious men of intelligence for law, politics and religion,

and the field was soon well occupied. Those stars of the Blackstonian galaxy sparkled just as brightly in that little, round, log, mud daubed court house at Ottumwa as the most dazzling now do in our magnificent statued one of today.

Save for chapter 25th 1894.

The convenience of a bridge across the Des Moines river was not known from head to terminal for over twenty years after settlements began in Iowa, and for a long time Iowaville boasted of the first ferry boat in this part of the country. That luxury was not enjoyed for several years after settlements began. The Indians left numbers of canoes that were used, and fashioning after them the whites made others to supply themselves so that footmen could be accommodated in getting "over the river" at almost any residence along its banks.

But it required some skill for a person with a single paddle or oar, to sit in the stern of one of those primitive boats and successfully propel across the streams. It was simply a log, hollowed or dug out like a trough, requiring labor and ingenuity in its shaping and construction. Each end curved upward to the full diameter of the log, a seat left at the rear or stern for the pilot, captain, boatswain and propeller—all in one, to sit and manipulate the whole business, being up a little higher than his passengers who sat in the bottom of the craft, or often on their knees in a prayerful attitude, he could, should one rise to his feet, by a little hitch to one side or the other dump him headforemost in the river, and many were the pranks of this nature, when boys, we played upon each other while the victims attention was called to some object on or in the water.

By being perfectly round on the bottom, the steadiness of the canoe depended upon the man with the paddle. A novice who never saw one, would capsize it, and get a ducking in the first act. Yet, in the hands of one, experienced, by its long, narrow construction and sharp prow, no other boat propelled by oars could equal its speed, and some were large enough to carry five or six persons at one time. But for all purposes, the skiff, although not so fast, were considered the safest and long since supplanted the favorite craft left us by the red man of the forest.

When men had urgent business that required many miles travel beyond the river, they often rode horseback—the beast swimming the stream that was bank full, safely carrying the rider across who, afterwards, returned the same way. We knew a doctor who owned a faithful horse he called "Sam" that often, even in

the most dark and stormy nights, carried his master back and forth across the Des Moines to visit his patients upon the other side. The doctor, on coming to the stream, would throw his apothecary shop (pill bags) across his shoulder and ride in, "Old Sam," who seemed blessed with the vision of a night owl, would dodge around the logs and drift wood until across, and after scrambling out on the other bank, give himself a good shake, then start off on a brisk trot as if to warm himself up again.

When the first ferry boat was being constructed at Iowaville, it was the sensation of the times. A great toll post was set in the ground at the site selected just above town, on each side of the river, and cabled back to a tree to prevent giving away, and to a solid post or tree above to keep the strain from pulling it down. From the tree and over the top of those posts a long cable was suspended across the water, tightened to the desired tension by a windlass on the opposite shore. From the ferry boat across at each end, running on pulleys, was a smaller cable attached to pulleys on the main cable, operated by a windlass on the side of the boat for the boatman to shorten at one end, which, by so doing, lengthened it the other end throwing the opposite end of the boat up stream so the current rushing along the upper side, propelled it with its load to the other bank. To start back again only required a few turns of the windlass to reverse the position of the boat up stream with the same result.

This primitive method of ferrying by which loaded teams, vehicles and passengers, were transported from shore to shore, has been seen of such recent date the most of our readers need no description. Those ferry boats were often left in the water all winter, freezing up in the ice and sometimes carried away by the river breaking up with spring freshets. I shall never forget one of those times, when only for the daring and agility of one man, Iowaville would have lost the great promoter of her commerce.

Within her gates lived a reckless fellow by the name of Nathan, or "Nate" Smith. He was the ferryman, and if there was anything he loved above "old booze," cards and a lively 'scrap," it was that old ferry boat. But through some negligence, perhaps devotion for the aforementioned objects of his affection Nate had neglected to haul the boat out of the water in the fall, and Jack Frost suddenly nabbed it one cold winter night, and it lay buried in ice until early Spring.

It was on a beautiful, warm, sunny day, the next Spring, and farmers were coming and going, doing their trading and milling. Water was running over

the ice, when suddenly a low, rumbling noise was heard and the shout went up, "the ice is breaking!" Nate was in Sutton's grocery having a good time with his old chums. On hearing the commotion he ran out to see the ice below town, beginning to move off, and rapidly break up towards his boat which was on the opposite side of the river. Hatless and coatless he ran like a mad man and sprang on the ice which began to move under his feet. Almost immediately it was going all around him. On he went leaping from block to block, while spectators, who had gathered along the banks, looked to see him at any moment go down into the rushing waters.

If ever "Nate" did good sprinting it was then. He could not live to lose that boat and safely leaped from the last block of ice to the bank and up the river a couple of hundred yards, loosening the outer rope just as the ice gave way around the boat, letting the end swing down stream, the force of the current and floating ice throwing it, with himself still aboard, out nearly on the shore. Thus he saved the ferry, and in a few days as captain, business manager and cashier, he was doing land office business again.

But Nate's natural propensities and associations caused him much trouble, and he never did much good. One day he might have money and the next be again penniless. Good to his friends, but ready for a scrap whenever offered. One day he hopped onto a fellow and received a shot from a small single barreled brass pistol on one side of his nose, that ever afterwards disfigured him. The last time we saw him, 32 years ago, he was in the hands of the city marshal in Ottumwa accused with passing counterfeit money. If living now, he is an old man, but down the current of human life, being no more heard of, like the great majority—almost every one of those days, he, presumably, is no longer an actor in life's drama.

The old ferry boat was never used to better advantage than when loosed from its moorings it was propelled by long poles and oars to rescue the natives in Iowaville out to the bluffs the Spring of 1851. As many of the houses went off in the rushing waters of that flood one can well imagine the good service it did running sometimes night and day, not a soul being drowned and nearly all the goods of the whole town carried safe to land. It was used for a number of years afterwards, but as Iowaville dwindled away at last it ceased to be of profit and lay idle and abandoned, no one concerned enough to tell what, at last, became of it.

Done for December 2nd, 1884

As the first settlement in Iowa by treaty could not extend farther west than the east line of Wapello and Davis counties, Jefferson and Van Buren were peopled up to the line as early as 1836! Keosauqua, upon account of the river with its timber and stone, was considered the most important place along the line, and Fairfield, although it had the government land office, was secondary. In 1841 it was a mere village. Ratcliff's grocery, a general merchandise store and Dickey's hotel comprised its commercial wealth.

But next to "Dickey's Hotel," Ratcliff's grocery was the greatest resort. While ostensibly he kept "a grocery" yet, in fact, the front of his store comprised, what now would be termed a scant invoice of this class of goods for family use, while a look in the rear disclosed a toper's paradise. This accounted for the character of his place as a resort for all new comers so inclined, as well as settlers of irregular habits. But Ratcliff, himself, always sober and straight, was a man of fine, genteel appearance, more than ordinary intelligence, jovial nature, and a fine conversationalist. He built and owned the first frame building that was erected in Fairfield, on the southeast corner of the block on the north side of the public square.

This he considered a lucky site, fronting the south, it was a splendid place for loafers to gather, and sheltered from the north winds, sun themselves, drink and be merry, while an awning in the summer, fanned by the cooling breeze from the south, it was equally as inviting. Almost any day, evening in the year by two, four's and sometimes dozens, would be seen there having a good time while upon close observation, their passing and repassing in and out at the door, suggested an idea of the source of inspiration from which they derived their "good time!"

When the weather was too disagreeable outside, Ratcliff always kept a good fire, and they were welcome to congregate inside and around his stove. Gifted with an eye to business he knew how to ingratiate himself into their confidence and keep them in the right mood to drop their small "bits" and "pica-yunes" into his hands. If one got too drunk to get home he always provided for his comfort, and if any of them got into a scrap, he enjoyed the fun and did his best to shield them from punishment.

In such a business and with such a paternal disposition, none need wonder that his store would be a frequent scene of bacchanalian antics, turbulence and scrapping matches. Among one of his

frequent visitors was an Irishman named Kenon, who was a great wag, and never failed to steam up on the best corn juice in the place. If he did not get too drunk, the house was assured of an uproarious time. On Saturday evenings those who frequented the place most, would gather in front rather as an introductory, to talk about the news, weather, crack jokes, etc. Presently one would spy Kenon coming down the road and shout—"the bog trotting Irishman is coming boys, now for some fun!"

Kenon had become so familiar with the name "bog trotter" that he liked it, and the more he drank the more glib his tongue, and the more pointed and comic his jokes, until he collapsed into a drunken stupor. To have lots of fun was to keep him on his feet as long as possible. He could not write poetry, but could turn his words to rhyme with the muse, as occasion offered. He loved to guy Dickey, of hotel fame, who was accused of stealing chickens and visiting his neighbors wood piles after night. And he always managed to have Dickey present, or rather take advantage of his presence, to make his hits.

One evening he declared he had to preach them a sermon and mounted a bench and beginning—"Brethren we have"—"Hold on" shouted a half drunken old fellow by the name of Cole, "we always have singing before preaching!"

This, of course, raised a big laugh, but to Kenon it was only renewed inspiration. He replied, "Pardon me brethren I had forgotten that. Now we will begin our exercises by singing a hymn, and as we have no books I will line it for you thusly!"

"Old Jim Cole is a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul is he,
He takes his dram and has his drinkers
three;

Every drinker takes a big dram,
And a very big dram takes he!"

Kenon started and led the tune while all joined in the singing and at the close, "Now," said Kenon, "before proceeding further we must partake of the sacrament, and Deacon Cole must present the emblems: What say you brethren?" 'Tis needless to say a universal "Yea!" went up all around. Cole stood the test with genuine hoosier grit and "set 'em up" for the crowd. After all had imbibed, he exclaimed "now Elder Kenon, who is with us tonight will deliver the discourse of the evening!"

But "Elder Kenon" was already in position and commenced: "Brethren you will find my text in the second verse of the first chapter of the book of Common Sense. The first verse reads thusly: Every man has a kingdom within himself, and he is a fool who does not govern it. The second verse of my text reads: What you do not know do not tell! Now

brothers these are words of much meaning, and if mankind would only observe the mandates herein contained, we would have a much better state of affairs in society than we have now. If you do not know that Mr. A. is in the habit of calling at Mr. W's. house to see his wife while he is away, don't tell it: for if you do and it gets to his ears it might make him jealous of her and get up a big muss in the family." "Amen! Amen!" echoed the congregation.

"And if you do know Dickey is in the habit of going after night to other peoples wood piles and helping himself when they are in bed, don't tell it, for a landlord has to keep up a good fire. Furthermore if you don't know that landlord Dickey visits hen roosts and kills other peoples chickens after dark don't tell it, for stolen chickens taste just as good as any other if you don't know it." "Amen! Amen!" again lustily shouted his congregation. What the remainder of his sermon was to be none ever knew, for just at this point a fracas began near the door that took the attention of the crowd and broke up the meeting.

Standing back near the door was a big over grown, bare footed sixteen year old boy, by the name of McClary, good naturedly taking it all in, when a blustering bully named "Bosier Brown" entered. Seeing young McClary all absorded, he walked around in front of him stepping with the heel of his boot on the boys toes. Of course the boy yelled with pain when Brown exclaimed "shut up you big lubber, what are you disturbin this meetin fer?"

The boy, thus maddened beyond endurance, sprang at him, landing a terrific blow beneath his eye when they clinched and rolled out of the door, the boy on top punching his face at every opportunity. Men rushed in to part them, but the boy had a friend to fair play—a stalwart farmer, by the name of Crocker, who flung them back shouting, "let them fight it out!" and fight it out they did. The boys smarting toes kept his rage up to the boiling point until he put a head on Brown that made him look like it had been used for a hard contested foot ball game. But it made a better man of Brown, who afterwards quit drinking, joined church, and led such an exemplary life that Kenon would often point him out as the fruits of his evangelistic work on that "memorable evening."

One of the first settlers of Fairfield told us many years ago a good story of how superior force brought another old sinner that frequented this resort earnestly to say his prayers if not to the throne of mercy. His name was Joseph Clink who came to Iowa in 1839 and put up a grist mill on cedar creek seven miles west of town. He built his mill

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dam too high across the creek so as to be assured of plenty of back water for his mill when the creek run low. And in ordinary times during the spring, the dam kept the creek bank full, while heavy rains would send an overflow over the bottoms, which, when he built his cabin there he had not counted on.

Clink was a peculiar genius, a hard working man, kind, sociable and always, in common parlance, a man who attended strictly to his own business and let other people do the same. But he dearly loved whiskey and profanity. Having a large family to maintain he diligently looked after their interests five working days out of each week, and the sixth one went to supply the cravings of "Joe Clink" and the luxuries of "Groceryman Ratcliff." Saturday "was sure" his day, and he never failed to get full to the neck and exceedingly rich. Besides getting rich, he always wanted to impress everybody else with that fact. To put the clinchers on it he would invariably tell of the great bag of gold he brought to Iowa when he came out here.

One time while in the mellow mood, when this fabulous wealth was illuminating his mind, he was bragging and rehearsing his old bag of gold story before a big crowd in the grocery. A fellow by the name of Cheek, who was in every way what his name implied, took him down a notch. He was neighbor to him and knowing by experience he was not very heavily plated with gold, he yelled out, "You ——— old, lying fool, you know you hadn't a dollar, for you stayed at our house and could not raise enough money to pay for staying all night!"

Drunk as Joseph was this cut him all up, brought him right down in the ashes and dust of humiliation. He rolled his eyes around piteously, looking at one and another, to the amusement of the crowd until Ratcliff, in sheer sympathy, replied, "Yes he did have that bag of gold for I saw it!" Clink looked at him a moment as if he could hardly take in the situation, then plucking his arm said: "John! John! come this way, I want to speak to you!"

After getting away from the crowd he asked in a low, confidential tone, "Now John, tell me; did I have that much money when I came here?" "Certainly you did!" exclaimed Ratcliff: "don't you know you showed it to me!"

"Well, by gard, I know if I had it then I've got it now!" drawled out Clink, and he wobbled back among his friends shouting "whoop! whoop, Clink's a rich man and no poor kin, plenty of money and a big mill out on Cedar, set em up Rat—set-s-Ra—" By this time his legs gave way, down he went and was ready to be carted home; too rich to walk.

One night, after quite a heavy rain

fall during the day starting the creek over its banks, it opened up with renewed violence. Clink and his family had gone to bed and asleep. About midnight awakened by a commotion in the house, he leaped out of bed into water up to his knees, and above the din of torrents descending on his cabin roof arose the shouts of Clink and wall of the family. They all clambered to the loft, and lest that might not be sufficient he broke the clapboards away from the roof overhead and got out on the comb, and yelled help! help!-help! for hours.

Hoaring his shouts the neighborhood was aroused, and hastily constructing a raft they tried to float it, by a long cable, past his house for him to catch, but he missed it, the cable broke and away it went down the stream. Pretty soon he felt the house begin to moye. At this it is said, although on the roof with only a single garment to protect him from the pitiless wind and rain; in total darkness only as the lightnings revealed to him his situation, Clink earnestly engaged in a seasons of prayer. Instead of his wonted style of referring to the deity, his language ran in something like this style:

"Oh Lord God Almighty! I have been a very, very wicked man, and have drank lots of bad whis ey. And, now, O Lord, if thou wilt only save us this time from being drowned, I will never swear any more, and I will never get drunk again, and I will praise thee forever and forever!" &c.

His cabin only floated a few rods and lodged against a tree where his neighbors, after making another raft got to it and piloted it to the land. Except a terrific sprinkling to Clink who was out on the roof, no damage was done to any of them. But as soon as he got out safe on land again he forgot all his vehement promises to the deity and swore he would now build another house so high up on the hills "the old man" couldn't get his watch up to him.

He was far more punctual in keeping his word made this time to himself than the vehement promises he made that night to Him who rides upon the storm. He immediately went to work and built his house upon a high bluff. Upon this site he lived, reared his family, and died twenty-seven years after this event. That was the only demonstration of devotion to his maker he was ever known to engage in, and the only perceptible change of heart. — *Anna*

for December 9th, 1907.

Aaron Edwards, who was one of the first settlers (one mile east of the present County Line station, between Jefferson and Wapello county's, on the Rock Island) was a peculiar specimen of the Yankee homo genus. With a meager amount of the world's needful, he with his wife and several children migrated from South Orange, New Jersey, for the "boundless west" in the "early forties," and located on the 160 acre tract now owned by S. S. Glotfelty.

By profession a cabinet maker—unused to the hardships, privations and modes of frontier agricultural life, as a farmer he never proved a robustuous success. Although possessing as fine a hundred and sixty acres of land as could be had, he lived and raised his family in a one roomed log house, residing there over a quarter of a century. His wife died in 1832, all his children preceding her except the youngest, Jonathan. Father and son continued there alone until 1869 when they sold out the remaining eighty acres of land and moved to Kansas where the father died soon afterwards and the son, a number of years ago, returned to his birth place in New Jersey, where, at last accounts, he still lives by the occupation of gardening and raising poultry.

The road running west from Libertyville, in the early days, was then the most thoroughly used public highway ever yet seen in southeastern Iowa. All the freighting of goods from Burlington and Keokuk to supply the retail trade of the rapidly growing west, was done by wagons and teams along this road; as, also, the white topped emigrant wagons, comprised about half its travel. One on the road was seldom out of sight of the "prairie schooner's," always loaded to the guards.

Not having systematized road work as we see today, during the spring or rainy weather a person now has no idea of the muck and mire, besides almost impassable sloughs the teamster and emigrant had to encounter. For this reason one seldom saw a lone team of either character; but trains of from three to fifteen or sixteen; so that when coming to a quagmire, if there was no way to go around it, they could double or treble teams until all were through. This made the occupation of teaming slow, laborious and tedious. Consequently, merchants, by whom they were employed, had to charge the expenses up on the costs of their goods which their customers had to pay.

Those freight charges cut both ways on the poor, toiling hampered settler. All kinds of groceries, as well as dry goods, came exorbitantly high, just in

proportion as he was distant from the Mississippi river; as well as all he raised for the market likewise proportionately lower (having the same conveyance back) as the charges were the other way. It is amusing to one who lived in those times and understands those unavoidable difficulties and barriers no human power could obviate, when he hears the demagogue for pure, political effect, calling and comparing prices then with prices now. Long before the party he is huckstering for, or perhaps himself, were born, railroads began penetrating into this country and prices of farm products rapidly were going up and merchandise proportionately coming down. When people learn to cultivate more thought and less credulity, those facts over which no partisanship has any control will be too well understood to admit of such silly influences.

While all this great thoroughfare was booming the little towns springing up in the west, Edwards evolved the thought that he had the favored spot for an ideal Eldorado, surrounded with rich agricultural lands and right on the north side of this important commercial highway he could not fail to establish a good town and grow rich dealing in town lots. The first thing was to select a name and the next to survey and get out hand bills for sale of town lots—the name being the most difficult. He didn't want a common name like any other town of the world—it must be something worthy of a great metropolis, so he finally settled upon the euphonious title of "Absecom!" To this some of the most waggish settlers objected on the grounds that he did not have it spelled right when he was posting his hand bills. They strenuously claimed that it being a word never before used and for the great attraction in view it sure was a compound properly spelled "Ab-seek-em!"

But Edwards, who was very optimistic in his make up, and under the exhilarating expectations of a big pot of gold and the ownership of so many valuable corner lots in a big town at the end of his string, paid no attention to such envious and disgruntled, unimportant, little wags. He went right ahead, and for awhile his town looked like he might live to see it a blooming success. Quite a number of lots were purchased, two or three store houses were erected and occupied, a good blacksmith shop established, besides a post office, an "artist gallery," we cannot say photograph, because such an industry was in that day unknown. The art of picture taking had only reached the height of transmission on tin, or "tin type." "Abe" Teeters, who now lives on a farm a few miles northeast of Eldon, was the artist. Then a young man in early married life, he was by nature in-

genious, and turned out as bright and excellent work as can be found in that line today.

The town never reached the point that could afford a hotel, as stopping places for teamsters were scattered all along the road, with a sign "tavern," swinging near the front gate. But when the weather would admit, to economize, teamsters bought provender and camped in groups by the roadside. Along from Absecom westward a couple of miles were roads, when muddy, that tried the muscles and endurance of teams as well as drivers. Peter Goff kept one of the most popular taverns on the road, just about one and a half miles west of the present "County Line."

He was a large, bluff spoken Pennsylvanian, but a man with a keen eye to business, and knew just how to deal with the class of men his patronage came from. By his frank, open methods, conveniences and hospitality, his place was a popular resort for the weary teamster. Another place where A. L. Croddy now lives at County Line, was kept by a man named Sage, who died there of cholera in 1851. But bad influences of the roads between there and "Absecom" made the teamster strive to get as far westward as Goff's tavern, if possible, by stopping. The excuse invariably was "we want to get out of the bog before night!"

I remember once a Dr. Eyrin moved in here from Illinois. He concluded there was a fine opening for practice in and around the vicinity of Absecom bought an acre of ground off of the very southwest corner of the town site paying Edwards forty dollars for it which was considered two or three times the ordinary price of such land, and let the contract to my father to build him a two room brick house with cellar underneath for \$340 when completed. His pay consisted in a mortgage on the whole property including a frame barn. The Doctor selected his own material which being of such soft brick in a few years the cellar gave way and the structure tumbled down. By this time railroads began to build through here when, like Iowa-ville, Ashland and all other off towns Absecom went to ruin. Ervin left the country and also leaving the contractor for his \$340 mortgage a hole in the ground as a reminder. As men wanting building material gobbled up all the best bricks and it would cost over forty dollars to foreclose he dismissed all thought and attention to it thereafter.

Among the two or three stores Michael Peeblers was the most prominent. As professional painters were then rather scarce he painted his own sign on the square front above the awning "Absecom store!" As it was rather a crude job one who did not know the name of the place

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would have to look the second time to make out the name. Being at that age when boys are very observing, one day while helping build this my attention was called to a number of teams plodding along east half axle deep in mud. One of the drivers seemed to be in a funny mood shouting at me, "say bub, don't let that brick drop on your toes, etc." That sign soon caught his eye. Rising to his feet he began the task of spelling, "A-b-e" the next letter got him so he began again "A-b-e—well boy's, I guess it's a bee gum—(at this the owner stuck his head out at the door) and I see the old King bee is making his honey money honey. A bee gum town. Oh, I'll write it to my pretty gal.

My loving sweetheart Sal,
I'll bring her to this bee gum town,
Where honey all day trickles down.
A bee gum whoopee!"

That was about the last we could intelligibly understand as he, perhaps, was nearing another mud hole and didn't sing so loud. He didn't give Peebler or any one else a chance to return compliments as he kept his own tongue wagging until clear out of hearing. The town, at one time, could boast of being quite a village but now, has long ago vanished from the face of the earth and to the present generation a knowledge of its existence is legendary.

The dangers of all kinds of infectious diseases constantly menaced those who kept places for entertainment along the road in those days, from teamsters carrying the germs or taken down on their way. Cholera and small pox were the most virulent. Sage had quite a family and one day himself and wife were stricken down with Cholera. In a few hours the eldest daughter was also stricken with the plague. By the time a physician could be obtained the parents were dying and the daughter was beyond hope or recovery. The others who were taking it were saved by vigorous treatment. Some of the Rhodes family, south of there, were taken down, but by prompt medical aid all recovered. This visitation broke up the Sage home and tavern keeping on that place, which passed into other hands.

The first steam saw mill in this region was built by a man named Brown and always known by the name of "Brown's mill," about a mile northeast of Absecon. It had a very lofty, brick stack or chimney, which could be seen for miles long after the mill was torn away. Brown, also, had burrs for grinding, and altogether his mill supplied the first wants of settlers for a long time before the advent of better conditions. He owned considerable land and built the first two story, frame residence in this section where he died near two score

years ago. He was a typical man for the west—one whose energies were all spent in improving and building up, not only for himself but for others around him.

At his mill the lumber was sawn that went into the "old frame school house" east of the County Line. And in that was seen more scholars assembled at one time than has ever been seen in the present one. It was all constructed of oak, from foundation to comb, the shingles were split from oak blocks and dressed down with a drawing knife while the siding was undressed, half inch. white oak boards. This kind of a log school house was considered finely artistic, good enough for singing schools and church meetings. — Dec. 1872 1907

Washington Township was the first organized in Wapello county. It was the most thickly settled and its occupant's brought that fact to bear on the first session of the board of county commissioners. They were Lewis F. Temple, I. M. Montgomery and C. F. Harrow. Chas. Overman was clerk—all appointees of the Governor to hold until an election could be held. This was done in August, 1844. Then the people supplanted the Governors work by electing John C. Evans, L. B. Gray and I. B. Wright, with I. C. Toleman for clerk. The descendants of those parties can establish the claim of their ancestors as the first custodians of the interests of Wapello county. The following account given by Fulton's description of the red men of Iowa, in regard to the great chief Wapello, is well worth reproduction and treasuring up in the history of our State.

"The name "Wapello" signifies prince or chief. He was head chief of the Fox tribe, and was born at Prairie du Chien in 1787. At the time of the erection of Fort Armstrong (1816) he presided over the three principal villages in that vicinity. His village was on the east side of the Mississippi, near the foot of Rock Island, and not far from the famous Black Hawk village. In 1829 he removed his village to "Muscatine Slough" on the west side of the Mississippi, and then to a place at or near the present town of Wapello, in Louisa county. Like Keokuk and Pashepaho, he was in favor of abiding by the treaty of 1804, and therefore was opposed to the hostile movements of Blackhawk.

"Wapello was one of the chiefs present on the occasion of the liberation of Blackhawk at Fort Armstrong in 1833. At that time, after several chiefs had spoken, he rose in the council and said "I am not in the habit of talking—I think!

I have been thinking all day! Keokuk has spoken; I am glad to see my brothers; I will shake hands with them. I am done!"

"The name of Wapello appears signed to several treaties relinquishing lands to the United States. He was one of the delegates who accompanied Keokuk to Washington, in 1837. On that occasion he made a very favorable impression by the correctness of his deportment. He made a speech in the council which was held at that time by the secretary of war for the purpose of reconciling the Sioux with the Sac's and Foxes'. After Keokuk had spoken Wapello commenced his speech by saying:

"My father, you have heard what my chief has said. He is the chief of our nation. His tongue is ours. What he says we all say. Whatever he does we will be bound by it."

"It was conceded that Wapello's remarks were sensible and pertinent, and although he did not possess the fine form and commanding presence of Keokuk, many thought his speech was not inferior to Keokuk's.

"After the conclusion of the business at Washington, the delegation visited Boston, where they held a levee at Faneuil Hall, and were afterward conducted to the State House, where they were received by Governor Everett, members of the legislature and other dignitaries. The Governor addressed them and the chiefs replied, Keokuk, as usual, speaking first. He was followed by Wapello, who said:

"I am happy to meet my friends in the land of my forefathers. When a boy I recollect my grandfather told me of this place where the white men used to take our forefathers by the hand. I am very happy that this land has induced so many white men to come upon it: by that, I think they can get a living upon it. I am always glad to give the white man my hand and call him brother. The white man is the older of the two; but, perhaps, you have heard that my tribe is respected by all others, and is the oldest among the tribes. I am very much gratified that I have lived to come and talk with the white man, in his house where my fathers talked which I have heard of so many years ago. I will go home and tell all I have seen and it shall never be forgotten by my children."

In the spring of 1842 Wapello had left his village on the Des Moines not far from the site of the present city of Ottumwa to visit the scenes of his former hunting exploits. It was in March—the dreary month of storms—but there were days when all nature seemed to rejoice at the near approach of the season of springing grass and budding leaves. Alas! the good chief had numbered his

winters on earth. His moccasins were never again to press the green carpet of the prairies, nor follow the trail of the deer amid the coverlets of the forests.

While encamped with his hunting party on Rock Creek, in what is now Jackson township, Keokuk county, he was taken suddenly ill. Surrounded by his faithful followers, he lingered but a few days, and then on the 15th day of March, 1842, his spirit passed away to better hunting grounds. To the curious, it may, in the years to come be a matter of interest to know that the closing scene in the earthly career of this good Indian chief, was on the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 21, township 74, range 11.

In accordance with a request made by Wapello some time before his death, his remains were conveyed to the Agency for interment, near those of General Street, the former beloved agent of the Sac's and Foxes. The funeral cortege accompanying the remains, consisted of 25 Indians, three, of whom, were squaws (Samuel Hardesty drove the ox wagon in which the body was conveyed.)

In the presence of Keokuk, Appanoose and most of the leading men of the tribes on the same evening of the arrival of the body, after the usual Indian ceremonies, the interment took place. Since then the remains of Wapello have peacefully reposed by the side of his pale faced friend, and suitable monuments mark the resting place of both. Many years ago the author copied from their gravestones the following inscriptions:

In Memory of
Gen. Joseph M. Breet,
son of Anthony and Molly Street;
Born Oct. 18th, 1782, in Virginia,
Died at the Sac and Fox Agency,
May 5th, 1840.

In Memory of
"Wapello"
Born at Prairie du Chien;
Died near the forks of Skunk.

March 15, 1842, Sac and Fox nation."

The above sketch we copied from the recent "history of Wapello county." Those facts are well worth preserving. Oftentimes in the long years ago, have we stood pensively gazing upon those two monuments for the historic dead. There beneath those two long slabs of marble reposed the dust only, of representative characters of the old and new world. Their friendships, so united in life by mutual ties of personal interests and dependence, that could not forego separation even by death—the love of the savage for higher associations of mortality.

Oh fleeting Time, thy speed requires.
Such rapid pace, the soul aspires,
Beyond the days that thou dost give;
We're swept away, before we live

To realize our sacred trust,
We're back again to earthy dust.

The savage may unlettered be
Uncrowned by men, yet still will he
Before our God be judged the same,
As he who mounts the steps to fame;
A flash of time, and each one must
Return again to Mother dust.

55
X
47
Beavers, muskrats, possums and coons were the common denizens of the forests of our classic Soap Creek bottoms (in fact all of the forest lowlands of Iowa) at the time of the first occupation by white settlers. The beaver has long sharp front teeth by which he can beat any two boys with jack knives when it comes to whittling on a tree. When they want to fall trees along the banks of a creek to build a dam, it would astonish any ordinary or extraordinary chopper, for that matter, to see the rapidity in which they do their work. Those dams are strongly built to serve as swimming ponds, and the village or homes for those industrious fine fur coated animals. While not of the same kind, they appreciate their dam fully as highly as any old toper does his.

After selecting their site—generally were maple, cottonwood and soft timber lines the banks, they begin sometimes by pairs to cut the trees down, falling them inwardly into the stream, where the tops lap or reach together. They first begin cutting the bark off above the ground with their teeth, girdling around the tree above its roots. Then around they go—if two together one follows the other each cutting and tearing out the chips with surprising regularity and speed. Finally with a great gash cut clear around the body, the tree begins to totter, when the sagacity with which those pretty sprightly animals evince is not only interesting but amusing. At the first crack of the breaking fibers they spring to one side rising eagerly on their haunches to watch it fall. Then each with the same implements nature has supplied, begins cutting off limbs and dragging them in the water, deftly weaves them together with those already there.

They cut many trees and brush just for the limbs to weave together in the dam, leaving the trunks bare on the land. Bark and all kinds of rubbish is also used as filling. Those animals possess also long heavy flat tails that seem especially provided for the business, to use as trowels. After the foundation is begun commences the process of mortaring. With those tails a mud hole is made and the mud carried and placed on and

among the sticks and material used, until made water tight. To the reader this might seem slow work, but unlike some men who prefer doing without inconveniences because so much time is required to get them, the beaver not only cheerfully but eagerly goes on for days, and even weeks until his purpose is accomplished.

But he is never alone. They live by tribes or colonies, and all have a natural interest at stake. The dam is made an abode for quite a large number in which each has a home of his own. They skir-mish around by day, both upon land and in water near their homes for subsistence, and at the first intimation of danger, scamper for home. We have seen them swimming for their dam with nose just above water, making a small uncertain target for the hunter's rifle. On reaching the dam, under the nose went and that was the last we saw of Mr. Beaver. He had a subterranean entrance no eye could see or hunter find.

The beaver is a pretty animal and his fur highly prized. For the latter reason, after settlements got near his domain, like the receding red man, his stay was short. But again unlike them he could not get away; his furry coat alone went to adorn the styles and conveniences of

luxury, while his carcass was eaten by cats and dogs or rotted back to earth again long ere the woodman's expelled the forests around his primitive home.

The muskrat, although still more exposed, held out considerably longer. His hide was not worth more than from 25 to 50 cents, while the glossy silk of the beaver brought four and five dollars. Then he did not live where the hunter could so easily approach him without being seen. Like the beaver he was a great baptist, devoted to his plunge and dip in water, but he saw no use in damming a stream to get water to swim in when by going to a pond he had it already dammed.

All the big ponds with which nature had so abundantly supplied Soap Creek bottoms and the prairie on the east side of the river from Eldon to "Stump Creek" were all dotted with muskrat houses. These dwellings were built of mud, and slough or blue grass instead of mud and brush, and looked like hay shocks scattered around over a pond. They also had an underground or subterranean passage by which the muskrat by diving down, would come up to his home through an underwater entrance.

The muskrat doubtless by his color and build obtained the handle of "rat" to the name, his peculiar color implied of "musk!" In size he approached near that of a rabbit, hardly half that of a beaver. The only thing of value attached to his commercial use was his hide of

... which is not so long as the beaver's nor as glossy. His tail also was that paddle shaped for masonic purposes too, and of indispensable service in the fitting up and equipment of his home.

By his house protruding clear above the water, unlike the beaver's, it stood out conspicuous and alone an object the hunter could get at. But although asleep, above water the ear of a muskrat is so acute of hearing it catches the slightest sound, and as his would be slayer may be crawling up with spear ever so shyly, nine times out of ten when he flashes its sharp point down through the straw house Mr. Muskrat has just gone visiting. Then, should he be at home, the interior is so ingeniously contrived that it is only a chance if one hits the right place to catch him.

Yet a score of years longer than his more highly prized kin, the muskrat also faced away. The possum and the coon may still occasionally be found, but the rapidity with which this country is being denuded of its forests, their extinction is only a question of time. As game, wild deer, turkey, beaver and muskrats, are things of the past. We yet have squirrels, rabbits and quails—of which it seems by the rapidity in multiplication, the rabbit is the only one not needing the protection of law to prevent extermination.

We remember one young man named Wm. B. Stamper who by some strange freak in the laws of gravitation got up here from South Carolina, in 1846. He had studied medicine, and was quite a sleek portly genteel looking chap among the bluff homespun country boys here. He was also a splendid violinist, landing here with a pistol in his belt a sword, cane and a fiddle, in one hand a double-barreled shotgun in the other, yet he was anything but a bad man. Those were only the accouterments he thought best to provide himself with to emerge into the "wild and woolly west." Loquacious, intelligent, genteel and pleasant of temperament, with his violin and musical gift and qualifications, among our young people he was the right man in the right place.

Making his home at my father's house, while also my cousin, Lot A. Blacker, a young man about twenty years of age, also lived with us, it became one of the favorite resorts of the young people. Stamper, like humanity generally, had his failings. One of these was trying to impress others to a certain degree, of his importance. Six feet high in his stocking feet, weighing over 200, well proportioned, fair and ruddy complected, he liked the boys to regard him as somewhat of a hercules.

One summer evening several young fellows passing stopped out at the front

Blacker, who was a lithe sinewy little fellow of only 120 pounds weight, got in front of him looking up credulously into his eyes until he got through, when he blurted out:

"Why, you great big bag of wind I can throw you down myself!"

This audacious and seemingly offensive banter so completely took Stamper's breath he could not frame words to reply, but stood looking down on the pigmy, as if with utter contempt. The tone of Blacker, the contrast in size between the two, and the dumbfounded look of Stamper brought a roar of laughter with shouts of "wrestle! wrestle!"

There was no way out of it but to wrestle. Trusting to his size and ability to raise the little fellow up and fling him to the ground Stamper accepted the bantam's audacious challenge. They stepped together side by side, took their holds, and at the word "ready" Stamper lifted him clear off the ground, but as he came down like a cat his feet lighting first, and one foot shot behind Stamper's heels, accompanied with such a sudden lurch he went sprawling backwards full length on the ground. Blacker reached down offering to help him up, but the big South Carolinian was so mad he hopped up without his assistance, making off for the house not even so much as making an apology, while with all they appreciated him, the crowd could not repress a roar of laughter.

His pride was hurt; the feather he had stuck in his cap had been rudely plucked out, and for several days he was sullen and had not his wonted hilarity and good humor. But soon he reconciled himself to that extent he was not only all right again with the little man, but often had to laugh as he said at, "how I got my conceit taken out of me!" By this time he had learned that Blacker was a professional wrestler. The little fellow was also of such a mischievous nature he could not forego a chance to play a good joke even on his best friend.

Wild turkeys being plenty in the woods, he, with several of the boys, one day got Stamper to go turkey hunting with them. Preparatory to this Blacker had been out the day before and killed a turkey buzzard, leaving it lay where it fell, and as he was pilot of the expedition he kept them circling around as near the death scene of the buzzard as possible, promising if they "jumped" a flock of turkeys, Stamper should have the first shot. Sure enough turkeys began to fly out of a thicket at which Stamper "banged away." Blacker ran shouting, "he hit one, I saw the feathers fly! Down this way boys!" Vaning ahead, Stamper with all the rest right at his heels for about half a mile, when Blacker suddenly stopped with 'hurra

boys! I've got it! I've got it! I told you so boys. Stamper killed it! Stamper killed it!"

Stamper, fairly tuckered out, puffing and blowing, all excited, when Blacker picked up the bird of the day before handed it to him, saying, "the man that kills the game had to carry it!" Before they reached home Stamper's excitement had so worn off that he began to sniff and complain, "by George, boys, this turkey don't smell very good!"

"No wonder!" exclaimed Blacker, "such a shot as that would make anything smell bad! But when you get it cleaned it will smell all right." "Well," replied the nimrod, "if that's the way turkeys smell when they are dead I don't believe I will kill any more!" At this he had reached the porch of the house and flung it down.

The housewife seeing him throw, as she supposed, a genuine turkey down by the porch, inquired of him why he didn't bring it in?

"Why!" he answered, "Why I killed it too dead to eat; I killed it so dead it stinks!"

At this the boys could hold in no longer, but got so uproarious Stamper rushed off into the little doctor shop and office attached to the house, slammed the door shut, and in seclusion pondered over what a donkey they had made of him. They could have all the fun about his wrestle or any other joke played at his expense, but to ask him to go on another turkey hunt, was resented ever after as the grossest of insults.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

45. BY I. T. FLINT

My father was a country doctor so thoroughly set and dyed in the wool against the allopathic school of medicine that he could not tolerate for a moment the use of mineral substances to cure diseases. His positions were that everything entering into the stomach, entered into and impregnated the blood with its vitality, whether virus or strength giving, hence all poisons to counteract poison, only added to in other forms, the germs of disease already there. He had studied the effects of all kinds of drugs and remedies until he was thoroughly botanic, and soon had young Stamper converted to his theories and a deep student of that system of practice. While Stamper was thus engaged with his library posing over the Thompsonian methods of practice, father would occasionally fix up a batch of accounts and send him out to "collect the doctor bills," with the assurance that no man could be a successful

doctor unless he was a good collector, thus unconsciously condemning himself, for he was the poorest collector I ever knew.

One day he sent him after an old fellow whose bill of eight dollars had been standing on the book for two or three years. He was known to have plenty of money for a man of those times, but every time he was approached he was as poor "as Job's turkey!" "Well, I am awful sorry, doctor," was the way he would begin invariably to frame his apology. I haven't the money now; it seems times are so hard that it just keeps me a diggin' to get along, but just as soon as I can get it I will come right down and pay ye, &c., &c. No matter what the doctor might need to replenish his stock and keep up his own family living expenses, he had grown ready to receive this apology and say, "Oh, well" as much as I need money I guess its all right if you can raise it anyways soon!" etc., etc.

Among the bills he gave Stamper that day to look after was that particular one, with the details of all his former failures to get anything out of the old codger. "Very well!" said Stamper, as he thrust the package in his side pocket: "Now, doctor, if I don't get home tonight, tomorrow night or next week, don't be alarmed; I am going to stay till I get that money for you!" With this he was out of the house and mounting his horse which had been standing hitched at the front gate, was off for the old miser's house the first place.

It was a cold wintry day and just the time to catch him at home, where sure enough he was sitting comfortably by the fire reading his religious periodical and toasting his shins. Stamper had rode quite a distance facing a biting wintry wind mingled with snow, and frost in the air, while his eagerness to get to the same comforts impelled rather vigorous and hasty raps for entrance. The old fellow who did not expect visitors on such a day was so startled he almost fell out of his chair. One of his daughters opened the door and ushered him in.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Stamper! good morning! What started you out in such weather as this?" was the first greeting after the old gentleman recovered from his surprise. "Take a chair, take a chair and thaw out." "William, my son, William come! you go and put Mr. Stamper's horse up and give him a good feed of corn and hay!" The girls will soon have dinner ready, and you know it is our Christian duty to care for the dumb brutes as well as ourselves! etc., etc., and thus he rattled away without giving Stamper a chance to answer his first question until he run down.

While he was talking Stamper was

warming by the fire and maturing his plans and line of action to collect that bill. "Discretion being the better part of valor!" he reasoned, perhaps, it might in the present instance also be "the better part of business." So with the comforts of a good fire to sit by, instead of the raging elements outside to face, his horse housed and fed, two pretty girls to look at, and a good warm dinner preparing for him, he decided to help the old man entertain himself until at least the inner as well as the outer man was supplied.

He was quite a dude and ladies man, anyway, and by the time the meal was finished he had driven quite an acquaintance with the old man's daughters, and rather felt repentant about "the home stretch" he came to pull in on their father. After sitting by the fire picking his teeth and smacking his lips which he wished was closer to those two girls he began:

"Well, Mr. M., you wanted to know, when I came in here today nearly frozen what possessed one to be out in such weather? I was so cold then I could not answer, and I have had such a pleasant visit I am glad of it too. But, Dr. Flint, who now is in need of money, gave me some accounts to collect and started me out as bad as the day is! One of them is on you, and he said you had promised it soon, and that surely you had it now!" (pulling out the package and selecting the bit of paper.)

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the old man, "this is too bad! I am so sorry, but I haven't a bit of money about the house. If I could only git a day or two I might look around and borry it. I know I ort to paid it long ago, and he has waited so patiently he ort to have it!" And so his volubility in this direction ran down again, when Stamper with an air of self satisfaction threw himself back in his chair, with head thrown back resting on his two hands clasped behind it and eyes cast heavenward replied:

"Oh, don't worry, Mr. M., don't worry. I have nothing to do nowadays, and you have such a pleasant place here I will stay with you until you get it!"

The old fellows tongue from that time on seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He sat in silence and deep meditation while Stamper improved each opportunity talking to the young ladies. All at once the old man suddenly aroused from his reverie with the exclamation: "Well how forgetful I am getting to be! I have forty dollars in my trunk! William you run up stairs and get my pocketbook out of the trunk and fetch it to me!"

Thus Stamper collected that bill, although the old man ceased interest in him from the time he mentioned it, and the girls only said a cold and formal good-bye when he tried to look bewitchingly

at them while politely bowing himself out. Thus he came home without an invitation to return, while the old gentleman was left eight dollars poorer, and perhaps the whole outfit congratulated themselves as to Stamper with that old saying of "good riddance to bad rubbish!"

Stamper was the only child of his widowed mother, who, after the death of his father, married a man named Baker who also had been married, his wife dying and leaving him two children, a son and daughter. After the death of his second wife, his daughter being married, and with her husband, Mr. Testerman, and their three children came to Iowa, settling on a claim across the river opposite the Eldon Big 4 fair grounds. The father soon followed and made his future home with them.

He was an old man and served with the Kentucky volunteers at the battle of New Orleans. To say a word against General Jackson was to give mortal offense and make him cut your acquaintance immediately. He loyed to go over the details of that battle, and upon account of Stamper, his stepson, he would often visit us, and the writer of this was one of his most eager and interested listeners when he was rehearsing his old war stories. No history we ever read of that memorable engagement, detailed the method Jackson adopted and trained his men into to fight behind their breastworks of cotton bales, nor his previous annoying skirmishing tactics he employed to worry the British as he would tell it. And to give some of it as he gave it we shall digress from our story to relate them as substantially as memory serves.

General Pakenham had landed his troops of eight thousand British regulars of Lord Wellington's army fresh from the victorious conquest and capture of Napoleon at Waterloo, on the peninsula surrounded with marshes just below New Orleans. They were tried veterans, and the flower of the British armies, led by a recognized experienced and gifted general. To their brilliant array of fine artillery, infantry, glittering muskets, and bayonets, their gorgeous uniforms and martial precision and drill, Jackson's motley group of farmers in homespun variegated dress of all styles and fits, his hunters in buckskin suits, all accoutered and equipped with the old fashioned long barreled and flint lock muzzle loading rifles of that day, each with his powder horn and shot pouch, slung over his shoulder dangling on the opposite side, made a dismal contrast and poor promise of success against more than three times their number of world-famed warriors.

But Old Hickory swore "by the eternal they shall have no peace on American soil so long as I have a man left to stand by me!" He soon had his rustic

hardy mob of country boys enthused and as eager for the fray as himself. All their spare time except when eating or sleeping or going down on an evening to take a shot at some Britisher was spent in drilling and going through the evolutions of battle. Jackson took special pains to thoroughly train them in "platoon movements." Sixteen men constituted a platoon. When in action they marched front and back with regular precision like an endless chain. As the front man reached his place his gun was ready, and he fired at the foe instantly wheeling one step to the right, and with back to the enemy he marched eight steps to the rear loading his gun ("draw cartridge! bite cartridge! load cartridge! ram cartridge! draw rammer! return rammer!" make ready! take aim!) having two steps to each command. Eight steps to the rear he again wheels to the right about face, returning eight steps again to the front where he is again ready and fires; keeping up this repetition until ammunition is exhausted or he has other orders. Baker said it was under this method of firing which kept up a continual stream of lead in the face of those veteran legions of England that mowed down their advancing columns on Jackson's works, and with all their coolness and bravery they were compelled to ignominiously flee, leaving nearly as many dead and wounded on the field as Jackson had numerically in all his force. Wm. Cobbett the English historian of those days gave much praise to the British, but said no mortal heroism could overcome the precision of the continuous rolling fire of death that poured without intermission from the rifles behind those breastworks. The works were so elevated in front and depressed in rear, only the man as he stepped to the front, was momentarily exposed, and then only his head. This accounts for the insignificant amount of killed and wounded in Jackson's small army.

Baker also told how young men would beg the officers to get them leave of absence for a few hours so they could slip out, mostly at night and in squads crawl up on the enemies pickets getting as many shots at them as possible sending them pell mell back into the British camp raising a great uproar. Every night from the night from Christmas eve when a general night battle was fought until the finale of January 8th those little skirmishes were constantly kept up by men on "leave of absence." When remonstrated with by some of his subordinates about so many men being out of camp at night, old Hickory would reply, "Let 'em go boys! let 'em go! By the eternal they are searing the life out of those Britishers

down there!" And as the boys would come in next morning relating what fun they had chasing red coats their comrades would be nearly crazy to get out the next night. And this was the General Jackson kept the temper of his men up to that fighting heat which won the battle of New Orleans.

Old Grandpa Baker, as we had learned to call him, after his son James married went off with him down into Missouri. His son-in-law Testerman, soon after sold out and with his family followed.

While Stamper was not a professional musician, yet he was naturally gifted with that peculiar tact for violin playing which gives to each note such sweet consonance and vibration so entrancing to the ear one fails to notice whatever defects may occur. There was only two things that would induce him to play, one to please company, and the other as he would say "to drive away the blues!" Invariably if disappointed or in trouble, when about the house we could hear his fiddle.

He was married in 1849 to a very estimable and prepossessing young lady on the south side of the river by the name of Amanda Northcut, and the next year found him located in the practice of medicine at Iowaville. But within twelve months he caught the California gold fever and migrated to San Francisco. There he soon established a practice which, with investments and speculations, soon placed him in affluent circumstances. The first and last time he ever revisited Iowa was in 1859. All his wife's relatives followed him to California two or three years after he went there, and his old friends here have heard no more from him since this only trip back, which leads us to believe he has long since joined the silent throng of the dead.

Lot A. Blacker, the little wrestler, left here under the very first impulse of the California excitement in 1849 "for the diggings." But after a little experience, finding he was not strictly built that way, he went up into Oregon, became a quack doctor, made money, married, and at last accounts had a big family, and also correspondingly large possessions, where he still lives. *—Done for Jan. 13th 1905.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

46. BY I. T. FLINT

The winter of 1847-8 was presumably the coldest and most stormy ever seen in Iowa. The snow drifted in places so

high "staked and reded" rail fences were completely covered, and the snow packed down so hard that teams were driven over them. Also the roads or paths were kept open by travel, each track was filled by drifting snow, keeping it hard and level with the loose snow on each side. This afforded fun for the boy on his way to school, who would push his fellow schoolmate off to see him souse under about two and a half or three feet of snow and scramble out like old Santa Claus back on the dump again.

And this recalls many of the stories we heard afterwards told by some of the "Solons" who were up at our State Capitol that winter making laws for us, which disclose the humor and life in the midst of scenes in which Old Boreas was playing his highest cards. Our mill then for grinding out the adjuncts which holds aloft the scales and parcels out justice, was at Iowa City. The incipient that had just begun to bud as the present greatest state in the union, perhaps, could not number a hundred thousand population, and did not either need so many laws or lawyers to make them as now. In fact, farmers stood an even show to wake up in legislative boarding houses by the side of some attenuated member of the bar then.

Among such plebians was a Frenchman and an obese Teutonic American—both cripples. The Frenchman had one foot crushed by the British cavalry charging over him at Waterloo, while the American had one eye shot out by a Britisher at the battle of Lake Erie, also one leg so badly shattered it had to be taken off. Both of them had no love to spare for a "red coat," and as there were two or three Englishmen in the assembly those two old veterans became fast friends. And the strangest part of it all was, the Frenchman was patient, forbearing and religious, while the American was irascible, profane and irreverent to the extreme.

There only means of locomotion were by good strong crutches. Now let one imagine three feet of snow on the ground, with a hard beaten snow foot path to the top, and two men each on crutches walking on such a narrow causeway a quarter of a mile, and he will have some idea of those two statesmen marking time from their hotel to the Hawkeye Capitol. If the Frenchman was ahead, soon one crutch would strike one edge of the path too soft for resistance and down he would go broadside in and under the snow, with not even his feet sticking out.

In this predicament his comrade braced himself on one crutch and thrust the other down as soon as his companion made his tentacles visible, for him to clutch. The Frenchman grabbed the crutch, but his hold slipped and over went the American on the other side.

This made immense fun for those who brought up the rear. The Frenchman would invariably come scrambling up with a laugh, and, "yez yez fellers! see vat ze man cooms too vid zee prains! Look! ze now at mine frent!"

About the time his "frent" had scrambled up high enough to cast a wrathful look up at the Frenchman standing Phoenixlike benignly looking down at him. Then digging with his hands around in the snow for his hat and crutches, volleys of profanity streamed from his mouth hot enough for the torrid zone.

Here Napoleon's veteran in half indignant and a half sympathizing tone, exclaimed: "My frent! mine frent, zat is so pad, I vonders vy zedebbeel does not take ze by ze top head an' shek ye outd of ze boot top?"

Fairly boiling over with rage the hero of "Perry's victory" with one crutch aloft hobbled up to make a decisive charge on the French, swearing: I'll leave no top on your — fool head for the devil or anybody else to grab; when the amused crowd of solons would interfere and pacify the irate son of Yankee-dom. Before night they were again chinning each other happy as two clams, to perhaps repeat a similar performance before getting home again. As it was months before old Sol could prepare better footing for crippled pedestrians, the two warriors hit on an improvement for their line of march by traveling side-wise. This kept their crutches in the center of the path not so liable to slip off. But here while the vanquished hero of Waterloo got along pretty well, our son of the stars and stripes having but one eye could not steer as straight, and would yet sometimes careen sideways or backward into and under the snow.

Once he had a bill—the product of many long midnight hours, in his overcoat pocket. Like all great men who spend the vast stores God Almighty gives them for the public good, this was a voluminous treasure worth all the balance of the winter's session. That morning in consequence of a heavy snowfall the previous night, the two "frents" had numerous tumbles before reaching the assembly hall, and the American patriot had lost his "bill" somewhere by the wayside. He was disconsolate and none so interested in his personal matters as to miss roll call to help him look for it, all hurried on except his inseperable British hater. Even he remonstrated against wasting time that way. "The Beel! the Beel! vy it is no bank beel, yez can writ anozer beel ondt tonight; coom on!" But that important document remained in its wintry bed, despite the labors of both heroes, until spring, and never returned to its author.

Instead of putting on the stately dig-

nity of men whose self importance and egotism is as boundless as their greed and lust to be so reckoned, the legislature of Iowa then was filled with a jolly good natured crowd of plebians. The school building was near, and it was no unusual sight to see a lot of those younger legislators mixed up with the boys on the play ground engaged in "base" or "ball" with the same zest as if they were themselves a part of the school. They were just what the name signifies, "representatives" of the people, all of which the justice, simplicity and practicability of their legislative work demonstrated.

To the writer it matters not what one's opinion may be about the fitness of things in those days. They are in the far-distant past beyond recall as possibility of change. Men were chosen for office more for merit than "pull," or being "a hale fellow well met," popular, &c. The office sought the man, instead of the man seeking the office. We had the whig and democratic parties, and for any legislative office, it was expected the contestants should meet, hold meetings together, and in public debate each showing and defending the merits of their respective parties and exposing demerits of the opposing one. This was the method in which they were just through the campaign and paraded their own ability to pound the "adversary," which influenced the otherwise doubtful and hesitating to vote for the ablest orator.

Sometimes in the heat of debate we have seen the two opposing elements of the crowd get so enthused the one whose champion had the floor would be on their feet shouting "that's right! give it to him!" and making more noise than as many excited Mexicans as a bull fight. Here were the men whose knowledge of the wants of the people were first tried, instead of electing them first and afterwards trying them, as we have seen since to the cost of those who "pay the fiddler's bill." — *Issued for Jan. 20th, 1905*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

BY I. T. FLINT

The old adage "where there is a will there is a way," holds good at all times and under all circumstances. The pioneers of Iowa, old and young, had their employments, enjoyments and amusements, to the full measure of the pleasures of today—in fact, we might say excellent, in consequence of dependance and mutual interests and equality by a common standing and circumstances. The contrast of the unselfish then with the selfish of today, leaves no wonder the old pioneer is so often seen with head

bowed in deep meditation. He is recalling times and incidents of social intercourse with the fathers, when stiff formalities class distinctions and "corn-bred" aristocracy were unknown, and only possibilities as a mark of attainment for the sons. He was born, nurtured and lived in that distant past before the times demanded the modern phrase, "every man has his price!" and the mark of integrity instead of the black art of low scheming jugglery, was the trait of character necessary to commend one to the confidence of the people.

The few survivors of those days, with a rare exception now and then met with, were school children then. The schools at first were simply neighborhood schools, made up by an article of agreement in which each parent agreed to send his children and subscribing a certain amount to pay the teacher. A meeting then was held, and there they arranged for obtaining some cabin and settled the length of the term of school, qualifications of the teacher, amount of compensation, providing of fuel, &c., the man chosen as director was to superintend the entire business. To economize expenses, the patrons would generally appoint a day to all meet with teams, axes, &c., cut, haul and prepare a big pile of wood. And with one of those old-time fireplaces in a cold winter without even a loft sometimes, and cracks between the clabboards on the roof overhead that resembled an old garment with a hundred slits in it, through which the rays of sunlight gleamed aslant against the wall, it took a big roaring fire to keep a room warm. The fireplace was a huge affair, half the length of one end of the room, and when the wood burned low, the teacher singled out a couple of big boys to go and chop what each could carry to replenish with.

As soon as Iowa was admitted as a state in 1846 the free school system was adopted, regular districts established, and revenue by taxation instead of subscription instituted. Yet as a general thing three and four months school, with a teacher employed at from \$8 to \$13 per month and "board around" among the scholars, was about the best we could afford each year. The idea of an eight or nine months school with \$35 or \$40 per month in a rural district would have been preposterous. We did manage to secure one uniform book for our schools "Webster's elementary" spelling book, with a few coarse wood cut engravings in the back part, one representing three squirrels in the branches of a tree, another "a bad boy," (also up a tree) stealing an old farmers apples, and the farmer who pelted him down with stones. Another, a milk maid with a milk bucket on her head, which by a shiver of pride striking about the vertebrae of her neck,

was tilted so the lactael fluid was pouring out and down her back. Another was a lawyer before whom an old farmer came to tell him that his, the lawyer's, bull had killed his ox, but in a fit of embarrassment usual to humble plebians before dignitaries, he made his statement the reverse, and told the lawyer his bull had killed the lawyers ox. To this the lawyer was very quick to tell him the matter could easily be adjusted by the old fellow giving him another ox. Here, the farmer, to rectify his statement, said it was his ox that was gored by the lawyers bull. "Well, well!" replied the lawyer. "I will see about it, and if, and if—" "O, yes!" retorted the farmer. "I see if it had been your ox you could have settled it very quickly without an "if!" Then, the next one conveyed another lesson to boys like the others of ever increasing demand to this day. That was old dog tray who was caught in bad company, and was getting a terrible basting for it.

To say those pictures with their short pithy description was useless in our spelling books, I shall ever regard as evidence of deadened sensibility, or downright stupidity. To look at them demanded to learn what they represented, and we would read the descriptive lesson. Here I shall venture ever one possessed of that old-fashioned spelling book then who yet lives, remembers those plain and simple pictures, but also treasures up the great important moral lesson they unfolded as described by the author. Following after them were a few tables of "definitions" or a dictionary of words and their meaning defined; next abbreviation of words, and then tables of complex words we called "jaw breakers," that were used on good spellers when the teacher found at a spelling they were going to "stand up" all night. When he wanted to down them he would jump suddenly from the part of the book he was using, to one of the hardest words in those tables. We often wished they were all torn out. If he turned the leaf to find the word we would guess by the opening of the book where he was and spell it, but he was too crafty. He had it already on his mind, and invariably turned to it after we had missed it.

Those were the only books that were uniform in the days of subscription schools. For readers we had anything and everything. One would have some old fairy book, another perhaps the old "English reader" his parents had used, another a Sunday school story book, one a testament, another a bible, and if one had a school reader he had no class to read with; so all had to read their lessons separate. I had a book filled with old historical scraps called the "Flowers of Ancient History." This was so fascina-

ting that when a school reader was given me in its place, my mind was so filled with the wars of the Cesars, the fall of Pompey and Mark Antony, the heroic struggles and achievements of Sparta, the great orators Demosthenes and Cicero, and the condensed descriptions of past ages a love for the lofty noble and sublime deeds of men had become so imbedded, the important and more practical lessons taught by school history seemed too prosy and void of the intensity I had unconsciously become absorbed with.

Neither was there any arithmetic or geography class. Those school books also were of the primitive kind, and as varied as the different parts of the earth our parents represented. I remember having "Smith's Arithmetic," and "Smiley's Geography" used by my parents in their school days, while another had the "Olney," and another, one still more ancient, &c. But all this motley collection was soon superseded by the Ray's Arithmetic, and then came the arithmetic class. Also McGuffey's series of readers, knocked out our histories, bibles, testaments, and other literature. But when this was all effected, it shoud ended lots of fun we had with the boy who read his bible, and the other his testament. Like all boys, we had to have sport; and unconscious of any sacrilege we had to call on the one with the bible to begin our noonday fun to preach, or the one with his testament to lead in prayer.

During the winter of 1848-9, the one before mentioned of the deep snow. A Mormon family named Keys had stopped on his way to the great Salt Lake, for the winter, and occupied a cabin about a mile northwest of our school, which was being taught on the present Tibbett farm. They had only one boy—a lad perhaps eleven years old with whom some of us invariably fell in with on the causeway or path to school. He carried a bible as his "reader," always taking it home to study at night. From this fact we soon dubbed him "Elder!" "the Mormon Elder!" And as the Mormon expulsion from Nauvoo, with the shooting of their prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram, was yet a fresh theme of song and story, the boy was made the butt of the rudest jests and treatment. I used to wonder how he, as bright and intelligent as he was, never turned in anger on his tormentors.

One of our sports was while on the narrow foot path with snow three feet deep on either side, one in front and one behind, was to baptize the "Mormon!" by pitching him head foremost in the snow. Instead of being angry or crying, he would get up rosy cheeked and laughing as though he enjoyed it as much as any of us. If he lost his "book" we would join in the search to find it, as-

suring each other "a preacher could not preach without his book!" Those baptisms became so common he would square himself to fall backwards, and in getting up tell us we ought to go down in the water with him and lift him up again; not stand around like a lot of galoots and leave a fellow to scratch about and get out the best way he could!"

Orthography was considered a great accomplishment. About twenty minutes before dismissing each evening the teacher would announce, "get your spelling books!" In a moment the whole school was studying the same table or "spelling lesson." In a few minutes the command "put up your books and get to your places!" came. All was done, and with almost military precision the whole school was in line along one side and perhaps one end of the room. With "all quiet now," and spelling book in hand the teacher began pronouncing the first word in the lesson to the head one in the class, the next to the second, and so on to the foot. Should one miss spell the word it was given to the next below and so on until it was correctly spelled, the one spelling it correct walked up taking a place above the first one who miss spelled it. The head of the class was a post of honor only attained in this way, to be surrendered each evening by the champion going to the foot and working his way up for a week or more to get there again. Often teachers would give a premium at the close of the term to the one having the most "head marks!" or had attained the position the most times.

Then every Friday afternoon also would be a spelling school. All rushing at the call of "books" and the rappings of a long rod or switch on the door, panting from out-door exercises the merry lot of boys and girls would soon be seated on benches that had been arranged lengthwise of the room facing to an aisle in the center. "Here John W. Bates, you and Joseph Wycoff are captains, choose up!" And as the two champions rose he tossed the rod perpendicular to John, who, all animated at the thought of his importance in the coming battle, caught it about the middle; then hand over hand they each in turn grasped it, the one getting the last hold being the winner. As the hand alternately reached towards the top, not only the "captains," but the entire school become interested. Joe gets to the top, but still there is a small speck of the end of the stick above. John knowing if Joe gets first choice victory is pretty sure to be against him, grips with a desperation as though a great event in history was dependent upon him, with the under part of his pit for that speck above Joe's hand. He has it. "Let go of it, Joe, and see if he can swing it clear! Yes, he swings it clear, John has first choice!" The gleam of victory

on the one and the chap-fallen countenance of the other I would ride miles today to see again.

John, he calls out the name of the best speller in school. Now he feels sure. He is on safe ground, Joe is welcome to anybody. John looks at him triumphantly as he calls the name of the next as much as to say: "Ah, Joseph, now I'll set you back a few pegs!" Each go on choosing alternately until the whole school, each as chosen to the smallest, occupy the seats on the side facing each other. All want their side to come out best, and if the teacher is not vigilantly watching some one with a purloined book, is holding it so their champion with averted eye will spell the words from it. If this can't be done a confederate in a low whisper behind him, is spelling it audibly enough for him to catch and repeat it.

"The captains will stand up!" exclaims the teacher with book in hand at the head of the two rows of spellers. Both arise facing him. "Words of two syllables accented on the first!" announces the teacher. "Boatswain!" he says, looking at John. That was "dead easy." B-o-a-t, boat s-w-a-i-n, swain, boatswain!" answers John with a gleam of triumph and looking at Joe. "Pearmain?" (turning to Joe.) "P-a-i-r, pair, m-a-i-n, main, pair-main!" answers Joe in a positive tone. "Next!" exclaims the teacher, and John anxious to finish the discomfiture of Joe has already began, "P-e-a-r, pear, m-a-i-n, Pearmain!" Poor Joe! captain, and has missed the first word, he turns sullenly to take his seat while his first choice arises to try his skill with John. They alternately spell the words given as pronounced to them, and seem likely to hold their job for quite awhile, when all at once "Phenix!" comes to John. Now he is up against it. "Fee, fe (panse) F-e-a (panse) F double-fee-n-i-x nic—Fee-nix!" P-h-e fe, n-i-x, nix "Phenix" quickly replies his adversary, and John is done.

Although glad to see John downed, Joe was so mortified over missing the first word he could not assume a cheerful look, while John still looked independent. He had spelled Joe down, and luck to his grip on the small visible end of the master's switch, he had the best speller in school now on the floor who would spell all Joe's side down. Having the best spellers before him the teacher would occasionally skip without the knowledge of either, to one of those hard tables for a word of the same number of syllables. Here was danger to John's cause. Still pro-

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nouncing from the next table of two syllables, he turned to John's champion. "Del yum" d-e-l, del, i-u-m!" "delyum!" was the answer. "Next!" "D-e-l, del!" l-i-u-m!" "Take your seats!" "Two next!" This brought the word back to John's second choice who missed it, and sat down for the third one to rise. Joe's second choice spelled it B-d-e-l del, l-i-u-m "del-yum!" "Correct!" replied the teacher. This put Joe one ahead, and beclouded John's features with an air of doubt about his side coming out best. All the larger scholars always took a deep interest in being on the winning side, and of course shared in feelings with their "captains."

In this instance several of John's chosen ones went down before Joe's second choice missed a word. When he came to the more juvenile, the teacher would turn back to the more easy words in the front part of the book. But John's "goose was cooked." There were not enough left to hold out, and after all the tight squeeze he had to hold the stick, his first choice, and so quickly sending Joe to his seat, his adversary won out. He couldn't stand this, and after asking the teacher to have he and Joe to choose up again, for the next round it was granted, which bout consumed the balance of the evening. But he juggled Joe a little in the hand over hand on the stick business, got the first choice again "spelled" Joe down, got spelled down, but his first choice this time on the alert did not miss a word, and sent all of Joe's spellers to their seats. Then to hear John crow over his more meek and unfortunate adversary and describe how it was done, was equal to some of the best plays in an ordinary ten-cent theater.

This was only one of our weekly spelling schools. All over this country then it seemed the schools were of the same uniform nature, and so different and primitive in methods from the present, they are well worth relating; that present improvements and advantages may be known to this generation and brought into contrast.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

48. BY I. T. FLINT

Each evening before dismissal the entire school, except juveniles, were lined up in the spelling class. The teacher beginning at the head or first one pronouncing until the lesson was exhausted when they numbered from head to the foot of the class each one to remember

his number and place for the next evening. "First!" "second!" "third!" etc., perhaps to "twenty fifth" or more. This done "you are dismissed!" was announced. Then the usual din and clatter like at present, of scholars, chasing around, after dinner buckets, hats, caps, bonnets and shawls, scurrying out doors whooping and laughing was the finishing up of the day's program.

Here the exuberant spirit of boys penned up in the school room all day, gave vent to tagging and snowballing, sometimes terminating in a "scrap." For the latter reason the majority of our teachers forbid such exercises, but it required almost "eternal vigilance" to prevent outbreaks of this nature—especially if the evening was pleasant and the snow was a little soft. It was just as natural for a boy to snatch up a hand full of snow, press it between his hands, and send it flying to strike one between the shoulders or back of his neck, as to make "goo-goo eyes at some girl when the masters' back was in front of him."

We had one teacher by the name of Clark who was a good man, but very lax on this part of our school discipline. Tagging and snowballing became unrestrained, and every evening's parting amusements. I was only nine years of age, and the larger boys could knock me crazy with snowballs and outrun me in the tagging business. Being of a quick temper their taunts hurt worse than all the balance. One evening Joe Wycoff followed me up with hard wet snowballs "pasting" me nearly every time he threw until I reached the woodpile. "Git!" he would exclaim, every time he would let fly until I was in a frenzy of anger. At the chip yard I grasped a large green chip and threw at him with the power my little arm could propel it. The missile struck him just above his left eye cutting quite a gash. At this he ran back to the house screaming with pain, while I scampered for home as fast as my legs could carry me.

That evening I was sick—could hardly eat. The next morning I felt worse and refused breakfast—was too sick to go to school, but the first chance I got when my mother was out of the room I was not too sick to dive for the cupboard. But all week I was unable to get to school, and by a little craft managed to get along between the family meals to survive. By the first of the week learning Joe was not hurt much, and had been in school every day, I recovered from my illness and returned, getting in that morning just as "books" were called.

By this time I had hoped the teacher had forgotten the cause of my complaint, but I had counted without my host. Before I had gotten fairly warm before the blazing fire of hickory logs, he called Joe

to him standing us up side by side facing the whole school. "Now you two boys stand here and study your lessons!" he commanded. At the same time he called the attention of the pupils to us. "Look!" said he, "at those two boys now! All of you look! Remember they could not go home without a fight! What kind of men do you think they will make? Would any of you like to look and act like them? No, indeed, any of you would look and feel so sheepish as they do, after such conduct," etc. Keeping us there until recitation, he at last gave us a rest by remanding us to our seats. In this way we shared each other's shame. He being three years my senior, while all the school, in my imagination, was looking at the "shanty" the chip had cut over his eye. My punishment was not commensurate with the heroic achievement, while poor Joe had no consolation for his disaster.

Another evening when school was out tagging began, and John Bates ran after me barely touching my coat and stopped saying: "I got your tag!" "No, you didn't!" I retorted, starting homeward. At this he ran up behind me, giving me a sudden and unexpected push, sent me sprawling on the ground, dinner pail and all, at the same time saying: "Now I guess you know I did!" Occurring close to the same munitions of war—the wood pile—in a frenzy of passion I sprang to my feet with big hickory club in my hands just as the teacher yelled at me. Dropping the weapon, and snatching up the dinner bucket, I again sped for home.

The next morning as I had done no more than make a hostile demonstration, I managed to enter the school room just after books were taken up. Almost immediately the teacher inquired of me if I had washed this morning, to which I answered in the affirmative. He asked me what I was going to do with that club he "saw me snatch up from the woodpile yesterday evening?" I hung my head a moment trying to conjure up some way out of it, when he said, "you were going to strike some one with it, wasn't you?" I had to confess up to the evil intent, when he gave me something like this kind of a lecture: "Now, Isaac, your parents gave you a good bible name, but I find you are a very bad boy. Only a short time ago you threw at Joe Wycoff and came very near putting his eye out, and as it is, left a mark he will always carry, of your wicked intent; and you wanted to do a similar injury to another playmate yesterday evening. Some of these days, unless you reform, you will kill somebody and then be hanged on the gallows for it. You must never let your anger get the better of you that way again!"

To say those convicting words of ad-

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monition was wasted on this little boy, is far from the truth. To injure, to maim, to kill, and the gallows—such thoughts struck me with awe and terror, leaving their impression, as well as the terrible wrongs anger often leads one to, that was never lost or eradicated. Calling John up, he said: "I saw the part you played yesterday evening too! You assaulted Isaac and threw him down, and are just as bad as he is! Now here is a pan of water (producing a wash basin about half full of cold water) and here is a towel!" Then placing it on a little bench or stool where all the school could watch us, he told us to both wash out of it together; also telling all the school to watch us. While engaged in our ablutions our imaginations were deeply stirred up and kept alive by the boys and girls around us giggling and whispering at our expense.

After he had kept us scouring our faces, ears and necks, till satisfied we would pass, he told us to take our seats at the writing desk—a long board along the wall, and exercise our lessons in penmanship. We did not use steel pens in those days. The art of making pens by sharpening the end of a goose quill was one of the qualification for a teacher. Agitated as we were, we soon used up our pens, so we had to call on the teacher for repairs. Of course he had us sitting side by side; and at this we could hear an audible titter around the room. While the teacher, who was about as much amused as the scholars at our discomfiture, was fixing the pens, in low whispers we were vowing fidelity to each other, and how we would get even with the boys. Just what the teacher wanted was accomplished; as "chums" we stuck together the remainder of the term, determined though if we did have to wash together, the teacher should never catch us in any scrape to make us wash with somebody else.

While always favoring capital punishment in school more or less, I must confess there are emergencies like those illustrated when the plastic mind of a pupil can receive ten fold more lasting impressions for the better, than by visitations of the rod. Such methods and variations, though, depend altogether upon the practical judgment of the teacher. But the kindly tone and lecture of our teacher here, accomplished more in setting one bad boy to thinking and controlling his future for better ways, than all the chastisements of a whole term in school could do.

"Barring the teacher out," was one of the sports generally understood on Christmas day under certain conditions and circumstances, by both teacher and pupil as an inherent right. That "right" was inalienable when it was not previously

announced that the teacher was going to "treat!" Sometimes when preparing for that important "fiesta" he would keep the fact to himself to have the fun of being "barred out." Always having to make fires in the morning himself on Christmas, (not a holiday then) he would find not only the fire already built, but the door barred with a barricade of benches piled up against it, and a dozen or two big boys and girls on the inside up on the benches to make sure he could not push it open.

Sometimes if he could get up on the roof he would "turn the tables" on them by throwing his coat over the top of the chimney and "smoke them out." For this they generally prepared with shove and tongs to toss the fire out of a window while he was up on the roof congratulating himself on a decisive victory. With the room already warm and fire all out, they could easily freeze him off his perch on the roof, and sometimes a lot of cold snowballs worked a sudden change of heart. But all were back in the house by the time he reached the ground, and the entrance as solid as before. The most of our teachers though were persons who did not enter into the zest of our sports, and would announce beforehand that they would recognize us on Christmas.

I shall never forget our favorite schoolmaster, "Uncle Johnny Priest!" One main feature then in the qualification of a teacher to procure a school was good penmanship. In this requirement they excelled the teachers of today, from the fact that every page on each scholars copy book required the first line or copy to be written by them; and also in the fertility of mind and memory to present a point or motto of useful information, or counsel to the pupil, as well as a pretty formation of words and letters. Thus as I said, the first line he wrote in my book was in a pleasing smooth round hand "Honesty is the best policy!"

He was an old man, tall, sparely built, and bent in figure, who walked with a cane; but that gleam of good will which beamed from his eyes, with his venerable appearance, &c., impressed us that his humble life was an embodiment of the sentiment he thus set forth. Our Christmas day's then, pretty much as yet, was a "hurrah" day of hilarity and fun, but boys now wouldn't be very enthusiastic over the few cheap luxuries we had. We did not have to stop our schools for a week of holidays to absorb them.

Days before Christmas we would begin investigations whether the master was going to treat on Christmas or not. If the conclusions were in the negative, it made but little difference, for our fun would take another but just as agreeable a diversion. Christmas was our day, not

his; and we would "bar him out!" On that morning he would come perhaps nearly frozen to find the windows nailed down, door shut and locked, with long benches piled up on the inside against it, and twenty-five or thirty big boys and girls standing on them whooping and laughing. "Treat! treat! treat!" which were about all the words he could get from them.

Sometimes the teacher intimating one way while going to do the opposite, finding himself barred out would say, "yes, boys, I will treat," would only have to wait a few moments until the barricade against the door was removed. When he entered every seat was back in its place, and the pupils ready for their studies. When school closed in the evening, came the promised distribution. The old man Priest was one of those we could not find out what he was going to do. So one early Christmas morning, by previous arrangement, we met and had everything secure. The weather was cold. Frosty speaks of snow flying in the air. We saw him coming as usual with his large dinner basket on his arm, bent over plying his cane to support his tottering frame, looking nearly frozen, and hurrying along to find a shelter in the school house.

"Oh, let him in!" "let him in!" exclaimed one of the larger boys who had been the most officious of all to "bar him out." I can see the good old man yet, with his silvery gray hair and bent form as he passed the window around the house to get to the door. Such a clattering, tearing down and repairing benches by the scholars in a hurry to get the way open for him to come in and to the fire, that house never witnessed before.

In memory still I see that bent tottering form as he passed the window outside with the basket on his arm, head bowed and light fleecy snow flying around it, leaning on his cane, as plain as if it were yesterday. He came in smiling, and seemed unusually pleased when told we had fixed to hold him out for a "treat," but changed our minds when we saw how near frozen and helpless he looked. All that day he treated us more like a father would than a teacher. The affection for him which he saw had changed our minds, won double forgiveness for the rudeness we had prepared to bestow upon him.

Just before dismissing that evening he gave us a little talk as near as I can remember like this: "My dear scholars! My salary for teaching you this winter is so small and I am a very poor man with quite a family to support. I wish I could give you all nice presents that you might remember me by;

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but, alas, I am too poor for that; I have brought the best offering my circumstances will afford, and if you will all remain seated I will parcel and divide it out among you!"

He had won our sympathies; knowing as we did his circumstances, and how kind and indulgent he had been to us, instead of the merriment some may indulge over the remainder of this narrative, many youthful eyes were moist that time with tears.

He took from his basket several pounds of brown sugar carefully wrapped in paper, untied and opened out the package. Then taking some newspapers from his pockets, he cut them into squares large enough to hold about two ounces, which he emptied on them with a case knife. As he got one package ready he called the first named scholar on his roll, who walked up and received his "treat." Then the next, continuing as he made each one's portion ready until all were served.

That aged schoolmaster was only the better loved and venerated above others who could do better, because, like the poor widow's offering, he gave all he had; and having governed his school with so much affection, we loved only the more dearly over a third of a century has lapsed since he was laid to rest in the old Ashland cemetery. Could he rise to see the present age of progress and improvement he was training us to enjoy, and realize how often we recall his memory, with the noble work he in his humble way, did in helping the busy workers of the past in developing this country, he could not believe he had lived all his life here in vain.

Toiling and hard, life's earnings he brought;
Humble but useful the labors he wrought.
No garlands for home and cheerless the sod,
And tried was the soul thus fitted for god. —
Scene for Feb. 2nd, 1905.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

Feb. 10th, 1905
49. BY I. T. FLINT

Our school boy sports at noon and recess was playing "base," "town ball" and were played by first two boys acting as "captains," tossing for first choice, and the winner selecting the best player passing alternately until all who would take a part were chosen. The first was played by each one of the two parties selecting a base about thirty steps apart. Then one player would advance so close to the opposite party that would make it seem sure to the best runner that he could tag him before he would get

back. He would dart out from the group and after him, but before half way to the home he was chasing the boy to, two or three of the boy's friends would be after him, and then the excitement begun. If one tagged, or touched him with his hand, he was counted "caught!" and joined the other party against the one he left.

Among the varied performances in this game was the most exciting one of "going around the base." This was done by the speediest runner circling around the place the opposing party stood, and getting back to his own crowd again without being caught. Here came in some splendid racing. One leaving his base first could be caught by the next one with a simple "tag" or tap of the hand on his person. Thus sometimes nearly all were chasing each other for dear life, and by the time each one met at their respective bases they had exchanged places until neither could hardly tell which one of the boys he was. Perhaps there is not one of the survivors of those happy days of our childhood and youth, but recalls those times when as boys, lithe of limb, rosy cheeked, full of life and flushed with excitement, how loth we were to quit at the "master's" call to "books!" and our keeping in mind our respective places and eager impatience for "recess" to finish the game.

"Town ball" was played, not quite so intricate, but similar to the present base ball. The side holding the base and bat did the striking and running the corners, while the opposite side supplied the pitcher and catcher, with all the balance of its forces scattered around on or near the corners to watch and catch the ball as it was hit and sent flying through the air. To catch the ball before it struck the ground counted the striker "out!" But the moment he hits it he drops the bat to run the corners clear around. Should any of the corner men get the ball they could by throwing across in front of him after leaving one corner and before reaching the other, "cross him out." Thus he had to keep "an eye peeled" as to the whereabouts of the ball and stop on a corner when he saw danger of being "crossed out." Then as it goes to the pitcher and he sends it at his comrade, another one picks up the bat the runner had dropped it who watches each time the ball passes, to make his way to another corner, and sometimes the ball does not go when the motion is made, but crosses ahead of him just as he starts. Then he is "out!" Strike and miss, if the catcher does his part puts him "out!" If the runner makes three times

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...the ball, one of the "outs" is
...takes part again. The
...of the game are varied, and the
...to hold the corners through
...to the noon hour.
...the other side has won out.

The choice for the bat was decided
by "throwing up." One "captain"
would take a chip or small piece of
board or shingle between thumb and
finger and spit on the upper surface,
then say to the other "wet or dry?"
The other would guess one way or the
other as to which side would come
down uppermost when thrown upward
in the air. At this the holder would
give it a swirl with his fingers as he
tossed it up, and if it came down as
the other guessed, that one got first
choice; if not it fell to the first. This
was our universal way of catching lots
for choice in all our outdoor sports.

And when it came to "bull pen" the
best "throwers" and most expert "dod-
gers" ranked the highest. Two "cap-
tains" as in the others, chose up divi-
ding all the players into two parties.
A large circle, about thirty yards in
diameter was formed, and places
marked about equal distances apart
around the circle as corners. Then
lots were cast for choice as to which
party should have the corners. All
belonging to the losing party had to
go in a body into the center of the
ring to be thrown at by the corner
men. Then the ball started around
from corner to corner, and when
caught four times in succession, it
was called "hot!" and could be thrown
or any time after, unless one missed
catching it. In that event, it was
"cold," and had to be tossed from one
to the other on its way around until
caught four times, again.

The fun was to see the boys in the
ring skipping around to keep on the
opposite side from that "hot ball,"
when suddenly the ball would cross
over the center into the "corner hands
of man" right by them, who would
send it with all his might at the one
nearest to him. But if on the alert,
they were all nearly across the ring
and though well directed, perhaps the
one he threw at dodges it, and that
"corner man" walks off and sits down
—he is "out!" But should he hit, his
victim may get the ball and hit one of
the corner men—all of whom are fly-
ing to get out of the way. Should he
fail to throw, or throw and miss, he is
"out" and goes away back and sits
down. But should he throw and hit
his man he goes in the ring again.

Our balls in those days were made
out of yarn covered with buckskin or
leather and were light. Sometimes to
make them elastic we would get some

old rubber for the center and wind the
yarn around it to the size wanted be-
fore covering. But those kind of balls
were "tabooed" in the play mentioned,
as they were too heavy and liable to
hurt some one. But the light yarn
ball when pitched around in the wet
snow awhile lost all its elasticity and
became nearly as heavy as a rock.
Yet once in the excitements of the
play, we paid no attention to this, but
went right ahead to the finish until
one side or the other came out best.

Although four years had passed and
Joe Wycoff was a big lubberly boy of
fifteen since I (now twelve) had my
little altercation with him at the chip
yard, and yet I did not have much
brotherly affection for him. That day
he and Dan Cummins were 'captains.'
It was a warm sunny day in February,
and we were back in the woods a short
distance from the school house play-
ing this old game, Dan's forces, of
which I happened to be one, had the
corners. I can see in memory as plain
as if yesterday Joe in his close fitting
garb, blue homespun coat and saffron
colored trousers. He was in the ring,
the snow was soft, the ball wet and
heavy, and we had the most of his
men knocked out, while he with two
or three others were running across,
anyway to keep on the opposite side
of the ball.

At last, as he being within a few feet
of where I was standing, stooped over
away from me, and in the act of scrap-
ing together some snow to put in his
mouth, the ball came across and I
caught it. The sight of his sitting
part of his anatomy with his pants
tightly drawn right in front of me, im-
pelled me to almost shout with de-
light. Quick as a flash I sent that ball
with all the force such a long-sought
opportunity could inspire, straight at
the mark, tumbling poor Joe head-
foremost in the snow. I just had time
to see the water fly out of the ball, un-
til I was getting afar off. By the time
he was up and found the ball the near-
est foe was fifty yards away.

Joe was mad, and well he might be,
for a heavy wet ball struck nearly as
hard as a rock, and no doubt he felt
bad. He sat down to one side, and as
the game was soon ended, Dan began
laughing at him. This overstepped
the limit of his endurance, and he
pitched into our captain without any
ceremony. Down on the ground,
floundering around in the snow they
went for each other, until, although
far the largest, Joe got out of breath,
and gasped "nough." All this time I
was dancing around, them shouting,
"hurrah, Dan! hurrah Dan!" and many
the other boys nearly as much excited.
Neither was visibly injured, but Joe

was completely "tuckered out," and
both pretty well "watered!" Soon we
heard the teacher rapping on the door
with his rod which meant "come to
books!" All this had been going on
without his knowledge, and all except
Joe, the principal one, had enjoyed it
so hugely none would tell the teacher,
and Joe having jumped on to Dan
didn't dare to "peach!" But I imagined
he didn't sit straight, and looked up
from his books across at me, occa-
sionally more "grouty" than usual, for
several days.

The arrival of Joseph Burbage and
his wife and her young brother Arthur
Carr, into our school district, was the
sensation of the hour among the boys
for awhile. We had read and heard
our fathers and a couple of old soldiers
of the war of 1812 talk about the Brit-
ish, but these were the first live ones
we had ever seen. Mr. and Mrs. Bur-
bage came in the spring, but we did
not know about "Arthur," who was
about fifteen until our winter school
opened. One day Mrs. Wycoff in com-
pany with a fine looking lady came to
our house. We noticed the lady had
a little different motion of walking
from other women, and at the door
shuffled some kind of toggery with a
rattling noise off of her feet.

With curiosity aroused I determined
to solve this newly-discovered mys-
tery just as soon as she got out of
sight in the house. I had but a mo-
ment to wait, and to this day I often
laugh at my astonishment and wonder
while investigating those two pedal
adornments. They were a kind of
wooden sandal worn in England called
"pattens" to keep the sole of the shoe
from off the ground, having an iron
circle covering the center of the sole
or bottom so that all the weight of
the wearer is on that circle, and it
keeps the wood high enough up that
it does not touch and wear on the
pebbles or ground. Then I went out
to the road she came walked along
looking at the wonderful tracks she
had made in the dust. Also I waited
until she left for home and followed
her tracks over as far as Mr. Cum-
mins'. There I got the boys to come
out and hold a council of war with me
about it.

Many years ago while visiting Isaac
Nelson in the early part of his last
lingering illness, we were talking of
early days here, when I happened to
mention this incident to him. Sud-
denly brightening his eyes lighting up
as with his old time energy, he said:
"Isaac, do you know I was just as
badly worked up about that time over
those "patten's" as you were? Wm.
Betterton and myself left his house

horseback to go up to Agency one day, and about half a mile on the way Betterton noticed a print in the road like a ring perhaps three or four inches in diameter had been stamped down in the dirt and then taken up, and they were a continuation about two and a half feet apart. Then we knew they were the track of something, but had not the least idea what. They were fresh, and we kept a sharp look out ahead, but saw nothing. At last coming to Wycoff's house we saw they turned in at the gate. I jumped off my horse handing the rein to Betterton to hold. I told him I was going to find out what thing that was making those tracks. At the door stood the two "pattens." As the door was open and the women saw me I told them my business, and we all had a big laugh while I investigated the

foot gear until I was satisfied, and then took them out for Betterton to look at. And that was my first introduction with Mrs. Joseph Burbage. The costume of Mr. Burbage was equally as interesting as the "pattens" worn by his wife. His English close fitting frock coat with a double row of brass buttons, one on each side, and also close fitting leggings buttoned from above his knees down to his ankles with a row of brass buttons, and his heavy laced shoes with thick soles, tack head thick all around and over the bottom of the soles and heels, did not miss our thorough observation. Boys in the neighborhood had a new subject to talk about, but we never saw Arthur Carr until he came to our school the next winter. He was fifteen years old, tall, fair, blue eyes—a fine looking, good na-

tured boy, and by that time, fitted out in our kind of apparel. Although a "Britisher," and George Washington had sent hordes of them off "bug hunting," and General Jackson had whipped them out of their boats at New Orleans, here was one we all fell in love with.

This noble youth grew to manhood, and when the civil war was raging at its fiercest, enlisted and went to his grave in the "sunny south!" Although that grave is unmarked, and his name never heard by the present generation, the memory of "Arthur Carr, who never spoke an unkind word to a schoolmate, but was always kind, helpful and cheerful, will only be buried with the last survivor of our old pioneer log school days."—*Issued for Feb. 10th 1905*

CHAPTER 50.

The following letter was recently received from an old-time friend, W. W. Caldwell, now a prominent wealthy business man of Concordia, Kansas, which, although private, we shall take the liberty of publication. We remember his father as a man of prominence and influence during the early history of Iowa, his connection with Wm. Ramsey in business at Agency. Also the building of Mr. Ramsey's two story brick house which at that day was considered the most palatial aristocratic affairs in Agency City. We will send him the Review a-while and try to aggravate that "reminiscent mood" to help us out a little more on our presentations of our old Iowa days:

Concordia, Kans., Feb. 8, 1905.

Mr. I. T. Flint, Eldon, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—After reading in the Keokuk Gate City your article recently published in the Eldon Review, I am in a reminiscent mood.

Along about 1834, or shortly after the settling of the "new purchase," my father located on a quarter section of land near the old town of Ashland. On this land he built a one room log cabin of split logs.

Later, he erected a more pretentious dwelling of hewn logs, containing two rooms. The floors of both these buildings were made of puncheons, and if a piece of sawed lumber entered into their construction, I do not remember it. It is possible, however, that the door and door frames were made of sawed oak. The door, or doors, of the split log concern were made from boards riven by the old fashioned frow, dressed with a drawing knife, and instead of meeting in joints, one lapped over the other, "weatherboard fashion." The latch was an ordinary wooden one, operated by a string from the outside.

Along about 1845, an old gentleman who answered to the appellation of L. M. Davis, and who hailed from Baltimore, or the vicinity of Baltimore, Md., appeared at our home, and asked to be taken care of during the night. You, of course, know that he was not turned away. During his stay with us, we learned that he was fairly well educated, and had taught school in Maryland. The next day he and father went around among the neighbors and solicited contributions

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toward paying Mr. Davis for teaching a three months' term of school, my father heading the list with \$10, which, you will remember, was quite an extravagant sum of money for that day. You and I could subscribe and pay many hundreds of dollars with less inconvenience than that \$10 was paid by ~~father~~ my father. The school was duly opened under the tutelage of Mr. Davis. Prior to this, my mother had taught me the letters of the alphabet, and I was a fairly good reader for a boy five or six years old. The only books I possessed were the elementary spelling book so graphically described in your article, and my mother's old English reader. It has occurred to me, after reading your article, that you must have been one of the pupils who received his first lessons at this school. There may have been others like it, or others such as you have described in your article but I do not remember of having visited them. I, however, have visited many of the old fashioned spelling schools described by you.

You omitted to give us a description of the contests between neighboring schools, where we would drive miles to meet and contest with each other. Don't you remember what merry crowds we were, and how we gathered the best spellers from our schools to "turn down" the other fellows?

Don't you ~~really~~ think we really got as much out of life as our youngsters do now with their fine school buildings, heated by steam, or furnace, their elegant class rooms, and their modern conveniences? This probably is due to the "good fellowship" which prevailed among us, the old fashioned hospitality, the kind feeling which we bore toward each other, superinduced by the trials which we endured in common.

I had almost forgotten to state that Luther Martin Davis (not "Martin Luther" Davis), was afterwards employed in a drug store at Agency ^{City} and later was employed by Thomas Beech in his general store at that place.

If you are a member of the Flint family who formerly resided near old Ashland, you will remember that my father was, on the organization of Wapello county, appointed treasurer and recorder, and that, after the expiration of his term of office, he and William Ramsey engaged in the general merchandise business at Agency City under the firm name and style of Caldwell & Ramsey.

Yours very truly,
W. W. CALDWELL.

—issue for Feb. 17th (18), 1905—

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

Feb. 29th, 1905.

51. BY I. T. FLINT

I shall never forget my first triumph at a spelling match between schools, and it was my first experience too in such a contest, which soon after I became quite familiar with, and also met with many a humiliating defeat. It was the winter of 1848. The weather was cold and snow was deep, when plans were laid to go down and take the conceit out of the Iowaville boys, that being the "metropolis" in those days of this part of Uncle Sam's balliwick their school seemed to have more and better spellers than the others, and everything had to go down before them.

So one evening at our log cabin spelling, a lot of the larger boys proposed to set a night to go down there, and as they expressed it "take some of the turkey gobbler strut out of those Iowaville cox-combs!" Our sleighing those days was on quite primitive and cheap methods—no cutters behind dashing horses with jingling sleigh bells, to deaden the noise of thumping hearts in the bosoms of sweethearts and sighing swains. They had to ride in noiseless "hickory jumpers" and sleds, and if that erratic organ called the heart vibrated too loud, they just had to disclose the reason and await results, that was all.

The arrangements were duly made and all our best spellers enlisted, comprising one or two who were not ours, but the other fellows didn't know it. Then for a week between school

hours, morning, noon and night—yes, midnight at that, no book, not even the bible, got such a "going over" as "Webster's elementary spelling book." Had our foemen been half as diligent, we would have been too badly beaten to know "straight up!" I was only in my tenth year, and young Dr. Stamper who lived with us, had always petted and teased me until my ambition to be a man was almost a consuming one. He dubbed me with the name of "General Jackson," and said I must go with them to spell down Iowaville. This was the climax. I would immortalize myself now at one stroke. Being good in orthography for a juvenile I threw every energy into study, and if he was not present, my importunities for one or the other of my parents to pronounce every night for rehearsals, often kept us up

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away beyond our usual bedtime until the time approached to go to the encounter.

But little did any one dream that upon all this rested the fate of the battle. Back to this one little seemingly insignificant incident, dates an acquirement, the most beneficial of any one other in my plebian life. And I now often think of the noble effort Miss Emma Nye, our present county school superintendent, has recently made to revive the "spelling school," as a grand essential yet of advancement. But the new fads and trashy novels our state office of public instruction is made the agency for cheap book concerns, to flood school libraries with as "classics," has too great an ascendancy. A pleasing dream produces far happier sensations than hard studies for practical life. Thus the one that can only nurse the mind along the lines and preparatioids in the future, for romance and sensuality, has found preference over practical elementary studies and work that fits and qualifies the coming generations to engage and successfully overcome obstructions daily met with in every-day surroundings.

But I shall always look backwards to this event, which was only a repetition of hundreds transpiring around us then in Iowa, as utalizing to the highest advantage, our golden opportunities. At last the time came. The big long wooden runnered sled standing by the wood pile, soon had its heavy load of wood and logs rolled off. Stamper and Blacker were active stout young men, and while they were making preparations to go for the load of hay and gilrs, I was almost heart broken at the thought of being left at home. The night was clear but extremely cold with three miles and a half over the unbroken prairie to drive, deep drifts everywhere in the high dead tangled blue stem grass, my parents declared I must stay or I would freeze, &c.

"The general not go!" exclaimed Stamper, when he came in and found me crying with disappointment, that, after all my week's hard work and cherished delight of being at a big spelling school, I couldn't go. "Why," he said, "if he can't go we might just as well all stay at home, for he's the best speller in school!" This bright piece of flattery, like all other boys, I took right down. At his solicitations and promises to keep me wrapped and warm, to which I was a very interested listener, my parents yielded and we were soon on our way gathering up the crowd and off for the "big spelling." It was a merry happy

merry load, despite the cold stinging wind, and the horses every little while floundering in some uncommon big drift. Why, boys and girls in those days wanted just those kind of conveyances where altogether they could have lots of fun. I believe the cutter and noisy bells would have been thrown in the fence corner to get the favorite big sled—in fact treated with contempt.

Each big boy had his "best girl," which oftentimes took in a little brother or two. But on such occasions as this "the little brother" was dot in it—only the best spellers got reserved seats. This, of course, added to my complacency and importance. All were seated on hay placed in the bed and well wrapped. But Stamper and Blacker as teamsters had to sit in front, one to whip and the other drive. The reason one had to whip was that one of the horses, old Sam, didn't know he was going to a spelling, and generally took things easy, while "Bally" did not care where he went, so he got there. I have often noticed a team of young people in the harness for life matched off the same way.

Well, of course, "Bally" commenced at the start pulling on the bit, and prancing, disdaining to even look around to see whether "old Sam" was coming or not, while Stamper with the lines wrapped around his mittened hands, was ejaculating "by George" there is something the matter with that horse! Lot Blacker kept plying the bud to "old Sam," who would jog along in a forced trot, while the balance of the load could not repress jokes and outbursts of laughter at the expense of both team and drivers. At last after making the first mile on the way, under a clear moonlight sky with the horses going to almost a gallop, the right runner of the sled suddenly scooted up the steep side of a big snow drift, and the babel of laughing hooting voices at once gave vent to a wild frightened shriek, as every one went over and out to the left heels over head into and nearly two feet of snow.

Strange as it was, Stamper and Blacker seemed as light standing on their feet and held the team not two rods away, laughing boisterously at the confused heap tumbling around in the snow. After all were gathered up not one having a hurt for scratch, they piled in again. As the two drivers took their places, Stamper remarked in a droll theatrical way while settling down for business: "Gentlemen and ladies, 'a meddling hand and busy tongue are always doing others wrong,' if with such fun you're bound to keep, prepare for snow just twice as deep!" It was a put up job between the two, to pitch the laughing group on their

heads in the soft snow, and by the vigorous whacks raining on the side of "old Sam," it was made a complete success, too.

As we were rounding the corner of a field some distance before reaching town, we all at once came upon a more dismal sight. The other two sled loads of our school, in one of which was the teacher had got into an impromptu race, when one had run into the other, tore off a runner and piled its whole load out in the snow. Here we had to divide up the load of scattered freight, abandon the wreck, and push on to the station, getting there half frozen to find our foemen had given us up, and were ready to begin a spelling school of their own. It did not take long to warm and straighten out for business.

Their teacher was a very pleasant genteel young man, and agreed to divide even by putting scholar to scholar against us, of course selecting the best to his and according to the backwoods courtesy of those days, our teacher had the privilege of pronouncing from the book to the spellers. But when he arranged our forces putting me down within three or four of the foot of the line, I felt the full force of the insult, and wished he knew even half as much as Dr. Stamper did. But knowing I stood on the same historic battleground where Blackhawk and his warriors whipped the poor Iowa Indians out of their homes, I soon had smothered all resentment, in my eagerness to whip their successors out of their boots.

One unacquainted with the spelling school methods, would little imagine what an advantage the pupils of one school have over the other, when their own teacher pronounces the words. The voice, inflections and demeanor is all familiar to them, and in a contest where he wants his school to win, he can use advantages seemingly fair, and yet quite the opposite. For illustration our teacher had trained us to spell words by skipping back and forth through the book, so that as soon as pronounced, we could place the table containing them, and all those words he had selected for that night, were the hardest and we had them pretty well committed. In fact those were tactics usually employed to keep some spellers from spelling the whole book through, which could be done by taking the words in rotation.

Thus while we knew our teacher, the Iowaville professor was just as confident he knew his pupils. And in fact they were far ahead of us as spellers, but despite the fact that their teacher had more craftily plased his best, ours outgeneralled him. Seated on long benches in two rows the length of the room as was the custom, the twos first, one from each

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side was called. They each rose up facing the teacher. Then he began pronouncing words alternately from one to the other. If one should miss and the other spell it correct, the unfortunate one took his seat. But if the second one missed, then each being entitled to two trials the first could try it again. Missing the second time he sat down anyway, and if the second one missed it, which often occurred, he sat down also and the two next had to wrestle with it the same way. As evidence of the intent interest not only pupils, but visitors also, took in those school tournaments, all were so eagerly watching and listening to each speller, that for long moments perhaps, not a muscle would move. And sometimes should the teacher not hear, or perhaps did not want to hear a misspelt word, a voice would sing out, "did he (or she as the case might be) spell that word right?" Then it was settled by another trial, and sometimes knowing he at first had it wrong the pupil would spell it correct, when "that wasn't the way he spelt it!" would be asserted and hot disputes often have to be settled.

Our first opponent on the floor was a youthful blonde, pleasant faced and good looking. In my childish confidence of our success, I pitied him, for I knew he must go down before our champion. One who as a boy has lived through those to us then, excitable occasions, can realize my chagrin, when before half a dozen words were spelled by our champion, he missed and sat down. But my disappointment changed to terror when a few minutes afterwards our next one was also put out of the fight. I thought of our long cold ride, upset, and other troubles, bitterly wishing I had stayed at home.

All this time our antagonist stood there as serene as a summer morning, calmly at work to knock out our third man, which did not take very long. I had given up now and could hardly keep from crying, so intently had I hoped and believed we would come out best. I hated their teacher, who sat looking as I verily thought so triumphant over our sure defeat. Our teacher called out his fourth pupil who arose reluctantly as if dazed. She was one of the girls from our sled. All jollity and life gone, she looked sadly wilted and bashful. I could not pay attention for a while, counting how many were ahead before it came my turn. Our teacher was craftily conning words here and there on the line he had trained us, and soon our opponent was down, then the next and next, until the professor in dismay, objected, while the eyes began to sparkle and the rose bloom came again to our champion's cheeks, and I was so elated I could hardly repress a shout.

"Very well," replied our teacher; "I do not know your rules but when we have good spellers on the floor I invariably do this to save time, and give all a chance!" There was a merry twinkle in his eye that betrayed he had already scored this point. "The next:" and "next!" as our champion caught the word missed from each opponent until all were down but five.

Then came "the next!" and I shall never forget him. He was a tall gangling youth of about nineteen, with an orifice across his face answering for a mouth, as much proportionate one way, as his length was the other. He proved to be one of their good spellers placed so near the foot purposely to catch ours. When I saw he would eagerly spell each alternate word in the table without waiting for the teacher to pronounce, I was almost ready again to surrender. As he would look around with such confidence, and his mouth flop open so readily, I would watch its curious resemblance to a fly trap I had once seen at Ben Acres, made out of two clapboards suspended at one end by a string, when all at once I believe thought fright, our pretty speller missed, and that mouth caught the word quicker than a toad could grab a gnat.

"The next!" and "next!" and "next!" each arose on our side looking terrified at the apparition confronting them, and alternately going down before him until it came my turn. I now think the intensity I was worked up to drove everything completely out of mind but the interior of Webster's spelling book. It seemed I could see every word before it was pronounced, and trembling like a leaf I arose looking up at that mouth determined to see that it had swallowed its last victim for that night, and yet it looked big enough to me just then to take Noah Webster, spelling book and all, down at one gulp, and I imagined myself gliding down after them. It still went on ahead of the teacher, its proprietor each time looking down on me seemingly as undecided as to what he should do with me as a turkey gobbler disdainful to stop his strut simply to pick up a beetle. While watching the harmless evolutions of that mouth my embarrassment soon wore off, and as the teacher had turned to one of my favorite lessons in the back part of the book. I felt easy for awhile, especially as the big fellow had to wait on pronunciation now. The word "seignior" went to him. He spelled it the wrong way for that lesson "s-e-n-i-o-r." I immediately broke in "s-e-i-g-n-i-o-r," before he had the word fairly out. Then came the sensation for the other fellows, even their teacher thought it wasn't fair, "there was two ways spelling that word," &c. But our

teacher said "I was giving out fairly by tables, and you can look, there is but one way in this table!" They had to yield, while the other foot ones soon went down, and we had three yet left who were not called out. The crowd broke up with a hurra on our side and remonstrations from the others.

I had read of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, but according to my dimensions just then he was a small potato. I had enough flattery and attention from the young folks on the way home to gratify even a P. T. Barnum. Stamper was jubilant, and on reaching home had to recount the whole proceedings, and how laughable it was to watch me without a change of position looking right up at that tall fellow's mouth all the time, without batting my eyes only as it would fly open and shut, and then my eye lids kept time with each motion it made.

While by many humiliating defeats afterwards, I eventually found my mediocrity and level, but in view of a boy's happiness through his childhood and youthful days, I view it as a very pernicious practice to impress on his mind his undue importance. Precocity, of course, will attract notice, but defeat and disappointment in expectations falls doubly hard on child or adult, whose mind is flattered into undue egotism. While those little experiences in early life cost me many humiliations, yet they prepared me to accept the plane I was only fitted for—a plebeian life, spiced occasionally with a little travel and adventure.

But happy the man aspiring to be
On a level with the pure and the just,
And honest to all a conscience that's free
A soul that his friends can readily trust.

Done for 24th, 24th, 1905.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

March 2nd, 1905.

52 BY I. T. FLINT

MR. I. T. FLINT, Eldon, Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 20th is before me, for which please accept thanks. Yes, I know W. H. Caldwell, son of Joe Caldwell, commonly known as "Red Headed Bill" Caldwell, although he is several years younger than I. He is now on a farm near Topeka, and I think one of his daughters is a stenographer in the office of the Santa Fe Ry Co. You will probably remember those girls by their odd names. One was named Oral Item, but I do not remember the name of the other, who, I think, is married, and Oral is probably married, although she, for a time, was employed by the Santa Fe people.

While on the subject of odd names, do you remember Joe Street's girls, Mode

Alexander and Volney Mumford? By the way, is Wm. Street yet living? The last I heard of him, he was at Shawneetown, Ill., living off the bounty of his daughter, who was a teacher, either in the public schools of Shawneetown, or at some higher institution of learning.

I remember your father, Judge Flint, but was not aware that he ever resided on the old Ashland-Iowaville road. We have three Ottumwa fellows residing here, and I gave the Eldon and Keokuk papers containing your articles, to one of them,—Jno. Eakins, who called yesterday to thank me, and expressed himself as being much pleased because of the opportunity of reading about "old times." L. B. Spurlock, and a man by the name of Wolfe, besides this man Eakins, are the parties to whom I refer. I do not think Wolfe was an old-timer, but Spurlock goes back, I think, to territorial days. Eakins informs me he located at Ottumwa in 1843, which was before the land was purchased from the Indians, was it not?

Yes, I knew Joe Caldwell, Paris Caldwell, Van Caldwell and H. C. Caldwell. By the way, I was admitted to practice before I. C. Parker, who was judge of the U. S. Circuit Court for the western district of Arkansas, while Clay Caldwell presided over the court for the eastern district. My father moved from Agency City to Keokuk, where I grew to manhood, and I, of course, was in touch with Van Buren and Wapello county people while a resident of that place. I have, for over 40 years been a reader of the Keokuk Gate City,—part of the time of the weekly and of later years of the daily. While my father was a democrat "after the most straightest sect," I have been a reublican since I attained my majority, or at least since the war, which commenced about that time. As I take it, you are a democrat, and must be acquainted with J. F. Daugherty, of Keokuk, who is a regular free silver, rantankerous muldoon of a democrat, and who married my oldest sister, by whom he had two children, one of whom resides here, and the other, a daughter, is visiting us this winter.

I remember the old Village Prairie, and the Elm Grove and Shaw school houses, but do not remember of ever having been at either of the latter named places in attendance at the old fashioned spelling match.

You must remember L. M. Davis, He at one time, and shortly after the close of his school down near Ashland, opened a drug store in Agency City, and I can, in my mind, yet see that old sign on the battlement in front of a one story frame building, with the name, L. M. Davis, then a mortar and pestle, and then the word druggist. He did not make a suc-

cess of this business, and afterwards was a salesman in Beech's general store.

You should remember my father. Dr. Wright was his deputy at the time he was shot to death by Bill Ross, commonly known as "Cap" Ross. No, father's term may have expired a few months before this incident, as I remember we had moved to Agency City at the time of the occurrence, and Ross was the first man I ever saw in irons. He was being taken from Ottumwa to Fairfield for safe keeping. You will remember that Dr. Wright was a very popular fellow, and there was a great deal of sympathy for his widow. The community was considerably excited, and the sheriff was afraid a mob might wreak its vengeance on Ross, hence he moved him to Fairfield, and I think he spent a portion of his time, while incarcerated, in the jail at Burlington. Later, you will remember, John Ross and another brother, shot party to death in Burlington, whose

names I do not now remember, although our people were very intimate with this party. Judge Rorer, afterward the author of "Rorer on Judicial Sales," was related in some way to this party.

What has become of Stormy Jordan? Bill Jordan, who, I think, was his father, was one of our Ottumwa school mates, and for a long time after he quit school was connected with the "Ottumwa Courier," which, of course, identifies him as stalwart of stalwarts with our friend, whose father held office here in early days, and doubtless greatly grieved during the latter part of his life to see one of his posterity so degenerated. W. H. Caldwell was one of the best-natured fellows of our school, and no matter what one's politics or religion as a friend, he made no distinction. He left Ottumwa near thirty years ago, established and must have been a neighbor of yours on Village Prairie. I notice, by the Keokuk papers that Cal Manning is in financial trouble. Of course I remember Ed Manning very well. Ed Manning, Silas Haight, A. B. Williams, Bonney and others. Do you remember how you spent the time when you should have been in bed, reading Bonney's Bandit of the Prairies by the light of a tallow candle or an old lamp which burned hog lard? Very truly,
W. W. CALDWELL.

W. H. Caldwell whom W. W. says was commonly known as "red hoarded Bill," published the "Beloit (Kan.) Courier" for a number of years. At that time I began a red hot democratic paper at Great Bend, Kansas. We exchanged papers so we could thus keep in touch and prod each other up.

While, of course, it is not expected of many now to remember Joe Street's girls, but there is not an old settler the length and breadth of Wapello and all

contiguous counties will forget "little Joe Street." As a stumw apeaker and all around barnstorming wit and orator, he almost rose to the capacity of Henry Clay Dean. He was the eldest son of General Street of territorial days, by the side of whom Chief Wapello rests just below Agency City. He was a whig, but when that party went out of business and the great "know nothing" party sprung up to tackle the old democratic party, it was more than he could stand, and as Caldwell denominates his brother-in-law, Daugherty, he too became "a rantankerous Muldoon of a democrat." He published "The Democratic Union," of Ottumwa for years, although he had published the "Valley Whig," the ancestral mother of the Ottumwa Courier, before the Whig party shuffled off its coil.

Mr. Caldwell mistook my private letter in which I said "Eldon" (not my father) was on the old Ashland-Iowaville road. L. M. Davis taught a three months' school for us in 1846 and '47, of whom we have formerly alludeb to as "Drng Davis," and I remember well that sign in Agency. But while there are some names like Mr. Eakins I cannot recall, yet the "new purchase," as we have before stated, was opened and its settlement began with a rush, May 1st, 1843. And we can recall very vividly the excitement over the shooting scrape and death of Dr. Wright. It was simply a duel and fight to the death between the two men, and occurred at a public land sale in Ottumwa. As near as I can recall the shooting and its cause is about like this: A certain tract of land was put up for sale that each one wanted. The Ross boys were rather of the "rough rider" element that generally bullies and tries to walk right over the rights of others. They always went armed and ready to either bluff or kill. Wright had been forewarned that if he bid against Ross the latter had sworn to kill him, and determined to resist all bluffs or assaults, he had secured a revolver and carried it on his person declaring he was ready for him.

Quite a crowd of people had assembled on the southeast corner of Market and Main streets, (only a few small houses being around there then). The auctioneer was standing on a box, while Wright climbed up on a barrel overlooking the crowd to bid; with Ross standing only a few feet away to the left. If we are correctly informed Ross had bid while Wright with his eight hand in his overcoat pocket spoke out raising it, at the same time with his eyes on Ross. Both instantly brought their weapons to bear at the same time the reports ringing out almost together. Wright was seen to slap his left hand up to his breast, but with his right was answering shot for shot, when reeling he was caught as he

fell and earned in a house near by, where he survived but a short time.

Three shots from Ross' pistol had lodged in his chest and lungs, while one from Wright's had struck Ross in the mouth, knocking out two front teeth, making its way out just a little to the right of the vertebrae, in the fleshy back part of his neck. Which shot it was, out of the three discharged by Wright that took effect, none could tell. They almost crossed pistols while firing. Ross soon recovered, and although a deliberately planned murder, the testimony was so conflicting, and as to which fired first, while both had prepared to kill, Ross was acquitted, and like so often on the frontier, outlawry went unwhipped.

The eternal edict that "whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed!" we heard was at last righteously meted out to "Cap" (Bill) Ross. In 1849 he went through with a lot of gold diggers to California. The whole Ross outfit was along, but Bill who was familiarly called "Cap" was the meanest and most contemptible of the entire job lot. We shall never forget some of the hard stories we heard about this ungodly wretch by one who was along and returned two or three years later. As a sample of others and the scraps he got into we shall rehearse one:

One eyeing their caravan overtook an emigrant train out near the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. They all went into camp together, blazing fires were soon going and every cook in both outfits preparing their meals. Of course the men got around in social groups in conversation, but to this swaggering tough was his first opportunity to exhibit his beastly nature for a long time. I remember seeing him one day after his teeth was shot out trying to spit, which, although afraid of life, I had to laugh. But by this time he again could guide the liquid amber pretty straight again.

One of the emigrant women was frying some meat in a skillet near him, when by a sudden squirt emptied his mouth right in on the meat. "Oh you dirty dog!" exclaimed the justly incensed woman. "Beg pardon, madam! beg pardon!" exclaimed the "dirty dog." "I didn't mean to do that, beg pardon!" bowing and scraping in mock humility. Throwing the meat out the poor woman washed and scoured the skillet, and again had a few slices of meat nicely frying when plump into it again shot another stream of filthy fluid from his mouth. Already with one hand on the handle, before he could even open his mouth to blurt out, "beg pardon, madam," that skillet, meat, hog grease and all,

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came down on his head so hard he for once nearly got down on his knees. And such a blessing that poured forth from that angry woman, "Cap" Ross could well hear and remember, while the whole crowd gathered around him roaring at the woeful pickle he had got himself into.

After reaching California he thought that far out in "the wild and woolly west," the earth was his, and hopped onto a claim staked out by a South American from Chili. Here again he "woke the wrong passenger!" and, instead of hot grease, he got hot lead. The Chilian finding he even had taken possession of his rude cabin, with bitter oaths, the shooting began. Ross missed, but the Chilian brought him down the first shot, and that finished his earthly career. The Chilian had too many friends to make any plot for revenge safe, and "Cap" Ross was laid away by a rude burial, unwept, unsung and justly forgotten.

"Bonney," referred to, was a detective employed to run down and bring to justice a band of desperadoes and outlaws who infested the border, who, among other atrocious crimes, murdered in his own home, Col. Davenport, near the present city of Davenport. He was a slick fellow, and "worked them" mostly into his traps until several were tried and hung, and the band completely broken up. Afterwards he published the thrilling details in book form, called "The Bandits of the Prairies." This book is what Mr. Caldwell alludes to our late hours boyishly spent in reading, and he depicts the scene accurately, too!"

Issue for March 2nd, 1905.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

March 10th, 1905.

53. BY I. T. FLINT

It will be of interest to the present generation to know something of the methods by which the soil of the timber and prairies of Iowa were first reduced to cultivation and they were afterwards cultivated and managed. We can recall the memory of those times as though they were yesterday. After the log cabin was erected and occupied to shelter his family, the next and most important was to prepare a field to raise food supplies from. Many young people today bemoan their fate that they have not the opportunities to make the start in life the early pioneers of Iowa had, when they got their lands virtually by settling thereon. Go with me young man now while recounting some of those methods by which they had to

live, and get those lands into cultivation, and then compare with the present, even where one gives half his crop for rent, and figure down the rigid economy he was brought to, the crude utensils he farmed with, the long time and hard labor he performed, to reduce a small field to cultivation, his distance to markets, almost nothing for his products, and it will wonderfully reduce your ideas of his brilliant opportunities.

We had a tough prairie sod, woven and matted together, by coarse long grass, roots that required four and five yoke of oxen to a strongly made plow with cutter attached, to cut and turn. While much of the ground was covered with plum thickets, crab apple, hazel brush and with young saplings, often interspersed, so that it required many days of grubbing out and clearing away before one acre was ready for the strong plow. Those were hard weary days to the pioneer; the life and being of his family dependent upon his health and toil. Those who settled in the timber had still more to contend with. Besides all those other obstructions, he had a dense forest to cut and clear up; after which, covered with stumps, the ox team was not available, and he had to use the one yoke with a brush plow to dig around the best he could, and then spend, perhaps, the remainder of his life plowing around among the stumps and roots.

But one of those old breaking teams today would be a life time wonder and curiosity to the present generation of farmers in Iowa, many of whom have never seen a couple of steers yoked together. And more yet would they marvel at two milk cows, or one milk cow and an ox, wearing the yoke working with the others, and some times in the lead as they often did; then after the days work was done and they were driven home, the cows were milked to supply the family.

To see that plow now standing in a field, would attract a crowd to look and wonder what it was made for and how it was used. At a distance it might be mistaken for an ordinary field gun planted for action. The great, long, wooden beam of the plow was borne by a wooden axle made for that special purpose, with two wagon wheels fitted, one on each end. The front wheel of the wagon was put on the end that ran on the land while the hind wheel was put on the other end to run in the furrow. This larger wheel thus running lower than the smaller one, kept the axle and the plow running level, whereas if both wheels were of the same height, the

one running on the land would thus incline the axle and plow.

Then to adjust and regulate the depth, a long, wooden, tilting lever was suspended on the beam and axle by an upright post, also at the front end fastened by a short one to the beam of the plow. The rear end of this lever came back just above the plow handles where another post was attached for it to slide up and down against, with a lot of auger holes in it so the plowman could, by the use of a pin, adjust it so the plow would run at any depth he desired. The beam of this big breaking plow was a large one, about nine feet long, and the plow was made to cut a furrow from 22 to 24 inches wide. When started in the ground it could not jump out, unless trash gathered in front or it came up against some obstruction it could not cut through.

Early in the morning the driver, generally a boy from twelve to fifteen, would be running over the prairie in grass nearly waist high, wet to the skin with the heavy dew dripping from its blades, driving up the cattle to be yoked, and then after the days work turned out on the grass to feed themselves and rest until the next morning's sun rise. A boy, with a long whip lash attached to the end of a long whip stock, like a fishing pole on his shoulder, to every few moments bring around above the backs of the cattle bending under the yoke, to stimulate them by a crack similar to the report of a pistol, was at the height of his ambition and enjoyment.

That whip was his invariable companion when gathering the cattle up for their days work. And its familiar crack with "hooy, hooy!" from its owner, first aroused them from leisurely picking the long grass, and quickened their steps homeward to assume their burdens. Once in the lot, came the old proverb literally fulfilled: "The ox, he knoweth his yoke!" His master would pick up the yoke, walk up to the "off one" saying "whoa, Jerry!" place the end of it on his neck and adjust the bow around and up through it from underneath and fasten a key through the bow on the top of the yoke; then there he was fastened for all day. Then with the other bow in his hand he would motion with it to the ox's mate, only a few steps away perhaps, exclaiming "come Tom, come under!" and "Tom" would leisurely, still chewing his cud, walk up by the side of his mate putting his head under the yoke and soon they were ready for business.

It was nothing uncommon to see

the whole team of ten head, five yoke of cattle, thus well trained and obedient. Then with each yoke all coupled together by log chains string out behind each other, the last yoke with the end of the chain rattling along on the ground, by a sharp crack of the whip and a "get up there Tom, Jerry, Buck and Bright!" &c., they would march with as much precision down in the prairie to begin another hard days work, as that many soldiers;

while that big boy would step as high and proudly, sometimes, as we have seen fellows wearing their first shoulder straps.

Once to their big plow, after "laying off the land," which means the first furrow around a piece of ground, the "off oxen," or the ones working on the right hand side, had the furrow to walk in all day while the "near ones" had to wade through the grass or hazel brush. Sometimes getting tired and warm they objected to their partner's having the good path all the time and would begin to crowd for it. This, every little while, required not only the sharp crack of the whip above them but its touching up the hide to mend both crowding and lagging behind. Oftentimes I remember in childhood sympathy, I would stand and watch the poor creatures pulling and bending their necks under the yoke with tongues lolling out and looking ready to faint, while the crack of the lash on their backs, impelled them on. All this time the cracking of straining, severed roots, by the edge of the plow, as the sod rolled over and the whistle of the happy boy at his important work, made an alleviating interest from sympathy for the poor, patient animals. While every few rounds the man between the plow handles had to stop, raise his plow out of the ground and with a large file put another edge on its share.

Then, if in the spring of the year, came the planting in "sod corn." Nobody, in those days, ever even dreamed of a "disc" harrow or sod cutter, neither was such a thing as a "hand" or any other kind of a corn planter known. After the breaking, which might be ten acres of ground, then came fencing with rails, which, perhaps, took a man one whole winter to cut and split in the timber. They had to be hauled out and a fence seven or eight rails high built to enclose the "new ground." Along about planting time this is done, even before the plowing is completed. Then a man, sometimes two or three, including boys, each provided with a rudely made cotton pouch at his side, holding

perhaps a quart of corn, with an axe in one hand go to planting. He strikes down with the edge of the axe into the sod, withdrawing it he drops three or four grains of corn from the other hand into the opening, then with the axe strikes down again the second time by the side of the first, close enough to press the dirt against and covering the corn.

The first year, in consequence of the sod being full of large, fibrous grass roots, the corn cannot be cultivated, and the farmer is satisfied with a few big ears and lots of nubbins. But after that, for a few years, he "raises corn!" As all kinds of stock ran at large, grazing over all the unfenced prairies and woods; great, high rail fences were the only protection to crops, and "rail splitting" was one of the most useful of arts. The man or boy today who imagines there is not much in it, only to cut and pound open a log with maul and wedge, is thoroughly unsophisticated. One must be judge enough of trees to select the right kind of wood that will split well; cut it the right way and length, know how and at what end to set his wedges to open the log, requiring, oftentimes, the use of big wooden wedges or "gluts!" then to quarter it from the "back," not the heart, next to "heart it" without one end or the other running out into a splinter, and how to reduce all to well proportioned rails without waste.

Place two men of the same proportionate strength, endurance, and chopping ability in the same quality of timber, working with equal energy, if one thinks there is nothing in knowing how to make rails, he would be surprised at the contrasts of the results of their labors when quitting at night, as well as the quality of each one's rails. One, perhaps, has made a third more, and far better rails than his companion, while those of the latter are splintered and many run out pointed at one end, while strewn around, are pieces that might have been, with proper skill, converted into good rails. View our farms today, with easily constructed wire and better fences, than the old crooked rail fences, occupying two acres of ground on every forty acres farmed, compare the amount of timber required and the immense labor performed to keep them up. Do this and then tell us if the farmer here alone, has not a tremendous advantage over those of fifty years ago.

Now we want to have an inventory of his farm implements in that day. The first essential was a two horse stirring plow. These were generally home made by some country black

smith, brought by the emigrant with his few other goods from his native state. But we soon had blacksmiths making plows here, who adapted them to our soil, so different from the east that we felt right in patronizing "home manufactures," and what we should yet do. We remember some who brought plows from Ohio and Indiana with wooden mold boards instead of steel, that were soon thrown away as utterly worthless.

The improvements today upon walking stirring plows, are but little over the blacksmiths "breaking plow" of fifty years ago, but on everything else we use on the farm are so great, one man and team can do from two to three times the work each day he could then. This, alone, leaving out the three times more he gets for his products, gives him every advantage, even as a tenant over the early settler with his cheap land. Instead of a two horse cultivator, plowing a row of corn each time we go across the field, you would see three boys (as in our case) each with one horse and a single shovel plow, crossing the field to get one row plowed. You needn't ask why we did not get a cultivator? for they were unknown to the inventor then. Not until about 1863 did such implements put in an appearance, and then they were distributed around mostly on trial to introduce them.

The first grain and grass cutting machine I ever saw was the old L. H. Manny combined reaper and mower. Van Caldwell then living three-fourths of a mile below the "Big 4" Fair grounds, and my father bought the monster in partnership. It had enough wood in its construction to make the frame of a small house, and was pulled by three and sometimes four horses. When rigged for grain it had a big platform behind the sickle with a leaning post on the rear end against which a fellow with a three tined pitchfork stood, leaning forward against it and raking the grain along and back of the platform at one side whenever he got enough to be bound into a sheaf, which, sometimes, was so often the perspiration had to trickle down without time for swiping it off with even his shirt sleeve. A picture of that big, unwieldy thing now would be a side splitter.

Until this innovation, the grain cradle that had only superseded the old primitive sickle or reap hook about twenty years, was the only grain saving machine used, and the scythe the only mower. When the grain cradle with its scythe and four long wooden fingers came into use the climax was reached. One man, by dexterity and hard labor, might cut three acres of

grain; another, if an expert, might bind it, and a good sized boy put it in the shock—all in one day.

In the meadow a good hand might cut two acres with the scythe in a day, and by throwing five swaths in a window, get it shocked in half a day. We did not know or ever think the day would come when we would ride on a two horse mower doing better work, and cut ten and twelve acres a day, then with a sulky rake, ride and gather it up; or better still with hay loaders attached to a wagon gather up ten to fifteen tons and put it in a stack every day. All these advantages by labor saving machinery were undreamed of, as we laboriously swung the scythe or grain cradle under the blazing harvest sun all day long for weeks at a time, in meadow and harvest field. —Scene for March 10th 1888

Did you ever see an ox wagon, a Pennsylvania wagon, a "lynch pin" wagon, a log wagon or an old fashioned "truck" wagon? We had all of them here in the early days.

The ox wagon was a very cumbersome affair with a tongue made generally of a heavy pole split up to a ring, where the two halves were sprung apart wide enough at the end to fasten on the axle, instead of the hounds of a two horse wagon. The entire running gears were made strong and heavy and wheels secured on the axles by an iron pin on the point of each spindle. The axles of all kinds of wagons were made of wood with an iron strip fastened on the top and bottom side by the skein with hole at the outer end for the aforesaid "lynch pin" to fasten the wheel on, as the "burr" does at present.

The log wagon, with the exception of the iron "thimble," was much as the present, but the "truck wagon" was fun for the boys. A fellow too poor to buy a wagon would go into the woods cut the largest solid tree he could find, then with a "cross cut saw" cut off four good wheels from its trunk bore and chisel out a three or four inch hole through its center; then he would make his axle with the ends just to fit those holes, then hounds, bolsters, coupling and tongue, all put together with wooden pins—perhaps all made from the same tree, and his wagon "spick span splinter new," was ready for business. We remember one of our neighbors who possessed one of those "truck wagons," who with a yoke of cattle, frequently drove up to Agency City, and as he used soap instead of tar, (we had no such thing as axle greese in those days) the wheels would be hoarsely creaking as he passed on his return, loud enough to stampede a whole herd of present day ward

heelers.

The old Pennsylvania stiff tongue wagon was a monster. The front wheels were about ordinary height but the rear or hind wheels were nearly as high as a man's head, and looked for the world like they would jump over their smaller helpmates. Tar, from pine pitch, was the only real thing fit to grease a wagon. Whenever a man started off with his team for a couple or more days journey, you would invariably see his "tar bucket," a long vessel holding about half a gallon, with a paddle in it, swinging to the coupling pole of his wagon.

Everything was of the primitive and cheap method. Not a young man in this entire county had the faintest idea of a horse and buggy. It one could sport a saddle and bridle to "ride one of dad's horses," he was looked upon as "strictly in it." And in a few years when farms began to develop more prosperity, this method of locomotion became quite a fad with the young people. But in the beginning the young man was only too happy to walk with "his girl" sometimes two, three, and four miles to church or social party. Young people now who can scarcely go three hundred yards without a conveyance, would collapse with the thought of having to take one stroll of this kind.

We have often wondered while looking back to what our mothers did, whether the human family has degenerated and become so effeminate, or too enervated by luxury for healthy exercise of the body and muscles God has given them. Our mother would, besides all her other domestic work, pick and clean the wool, card it into rolls, spin the thread, weave the cloth and make the garments that entered into nearly all our family clothing. To keep the house, tend the garden, milk the cows, churn the butter, do the cooking, etc., gave the farmer's wife such exercise the very thought of which is enough now to drive one into hysterics. By nature they were no better than now, but it all demonstrates what necessity and environments accustom people to undergo.

Home made hats and caps, home made coats, vests and pants, home made snirts, suspenders, boots and shoes, dresses, socks and stockings; We say home made because the very material was grown and made up by the family in what would now be considered the crudest and hardest way. Even the playthings for the children, the rag doll for the little girl, and the little wagon made from oak boards for the boy. The wax doll to the first, and the spoke manufactured wheel for the latter, were only thought of in

dreams, while if the father could get a stick, each, of what we now call the cheapest candy once a year to go around, it was a treat to be remembered. If grown people today yet envy our opportunities then, should a little boy or girl see this we know they will not do so.

In the whole United States there were only two millionaires in 1850—John Jacob Astor and Stephen Girard. If those two worthies knew they were the cause of me getting a whipping in school I know they would have felt bad about it. I had aroused quite an interest in them with a school mate—Tommy Wycoff—by telling him what great men they were, and one day with him sitting beside me with slate and pencil I began figuring by units how much it required to make a million. First \$10 next \$100 then \$1000, \$10,000 until I got to \$100,000 when Tommy's surprise reached that point he forgot where he was and he gave a loud prolonged whistle.

"Here what does this mean?" angrily exclaimed the teacher as he turned around with a paralyzing frown and frigidity that would have curdled a pot of vinegar. Of course Tommy had to explain, and then I had to explain, and after the two explanations Tommy got invigorated for looking off his book to watch me figure up to \$100,000 and then came my turn to receive fresh inspiration where I didn't want or need it for an unwarranted departure from Ray's compilation of mathematical problems.

Yet from this little incident and the curiosity aroused, which kept me figuring for a long time in my mind how men became millionaires, instead of learning how to become one myself, convinced me then such fellows were not the ones who need "protection". And since then our methods of indirect taxation of the millions, not only to exempt the millionaires, but to enable them to eat up the substance of the people and to throttle and destroy competition, has had its influence. And in the opinion of the great, good wise patriotic statesmen who surround me here, I have ever had to take my stool and sit under the shades of oblivion as an ignorant semi-civilized wicked democrat. All because that irate teacher rubbed the fur the wrong way.

"An honest confession is good for the soul," so I will, with this, close communications for the Review until I go west for a month or two. The readers can get a "rest" for awhile about "early days," and then we will perhaps take a fresh start. I may go as far as to see Bryan about it, before I get back again. — Issue for

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

59. BY I. T. FLINT

Prior to the enactment of our free school system in which townships were divided into school districts, each community made its own regulation for schools by starting a subscription paper, the head of each family subscribing so much per scholar, or pupil to be sent, and stating what place the school was to be taught. This place, as designated on the subscription paper, was mostly in some vacated cabin, and if that was not to be had, some settler having a double log house would for a certain consideration, vacate one part for that purpose. In our district one or two terms were taught in one part of Nicholas Wycoff's house, three quarters of a mile east of where Eldon now stands.

We knew nothing about school superintendents then to examine teachers and grant certificates. Generally the applicant for a school was referred to the most competent settler in the district for examination and a recommendation. Many ludicrous incidents, and sometimes confusion and disturbances resulted from this crude method, but where no law existed the people were a law unto themselves, and it was the best they had.

One incident illustrative I shall never forget. A young fellow came into the neighborhood from the "far east," where they imagine instead of being people of enterprise from the east themselves, our population is only one degree above the aborigines. He was what we termed in those days "a smart Aleck!" The boys, then as now, liked any kind of a trick that would turn out a good joke. One evening while several of them were together, one asked him why he didn't teach school, another remarked that coming "from away back in Indiana where he had such advantages, he ought to be able to make some money during the winter here in that business, and another spoke up saying "Why, I thought of that the first time I saw you." &c.

Being naturally self-important, and among so many apparently earnest counsellors all of the same mind, the idea struck his egotistic nature at its most vulnerable point. Soon he was after the principal ones of the neighborhood for the school. They in turn referred him to the embryo superintendent for examination, promising if he got a good "recommend" they would see about the subscription. &c. Flattered so far with high hopes of

success, lest somebody might get ahead of him, he soon found the farmer Aristotle of the neighborhood who left grubbing hoe and field for the sanctum and library, which as it had once been a pedagogue himself, consisted of a few old primitive school books piled upon a shelf in his cabin. In such surroundings where only two or three ragged little urchins and the housewife in her linsey homespun dress baking a "corn dodger" in an oven on the hearth of the fire place, for spectators the coast was clear of all embarrassment. The man of the hoe in his course patched breeches, homespun flannel shirt and knit woolen suspenders, gave him a split bottom chair with "be seated," then taking another, sat down in front of him to ply his questions.

"Have you ever taught school?" was the first.

"No sir!"

"Well, I'll have to try your knowledge of orthography, you understand that is the art of spelling correctly!" (Turning to the back part of Webster's elementary spelling book to what we called "the definitions!") "Air—the fluid!"

"A-y-e-r!" responded the young would be pedagogue.

"Heir—to inherit!"

A-y-e-r! again ejaculated the ambitious youth, who doubtless had seen Ayer's Almanac.

"Well, I see I am too far in the book for you. We will try it farther back!" replied the farmer professor, "Here it is easier, 'Cessation!'"

"S-e-s-a-t-i-o-n Sesation!" returned the son of Hosierydom, while the urchins were seemingly staring at him in astonishment.

"Too far ye!" exclaimed the neighborhood Aristotle, in evident disgust, "Well I think I can find something you can spell 'B-a-y'!"

"B-a-y, ba"

"The Dickens! you can't spell even in two letters 'b-a'. Now try 'baby'!"

"B a b-a, baby!" he replied with the seeming assurance that if "b a" spelled "ba" twice that would be "baba".

"That beats thunder! Did you ever go to school?" demanded the disgusted inquisitor.

"Yes sir!" replied the crest-fallen youth.

"Where 'bouts?"

Near Terrahaut, Indiana.

"Did they have any spelling books there?"

"Yaas."

"Well, you had better go back and get one!"

Knowing that he spelled 'Ayer' right as a man's name, and 'bay' as a sheet

of water, &c., the old ex-schoolmaster thought as numbers of good scholars in other brancees, were poor in orthography, to try him in reading; and found he was fair in that line; an in penmanship even better than many are now who depend on stereotyped copy books in the school room. This encouraged he tackled him in mathematics.

"Reduce 64 pints to gallons!" (handing him a slate and pencil)

He began "2 pints make one quart, twice 64 is 128. Four quarts make one gallon, four times 128 is 512 gallons!" (handing the slate over for inspection.)

With an amused expression the neighborhood boss handed it back saying, "now reduce 512 gallons back again into pints!"

The fellow began multiplying again, but realizing he began with sixty-four pints, after half an hour sweating, scratching and figuring, the corn dodgers were baked, the table ready and 'dinner' announced. But all the time he was masticating that well baked corn bread saturated with 'punken molasses,' he realized his own 'cake was dough.' No way could he devise to get that 512 gallons into a sixty-four pint measurement. After dinner he began again, but life was too short, and his host told him to let it go, and "we will try history."

"Who discovered America?"

"George Washington!"

"Who had the credit of writing our national Declaration of Independence?"

This was a poser! Thrusting his fingers through his long flaxen hair a moment in deep brown study, he stammered, "It was—let me see! Well I didn't know it was done on credit."

"Great Jehosaphat!" ejaculated the toiler and admirer of Thomas Jefferson. "Did your old dad know you came west to teach school? I don't think it is worth while to waste any more time in examination. If I was to ask you what relation grammar had to the English language, you would tell me none at all that General Jackson drubbed all the 'relation' out of it at New Orleans, and that the Sandwich Islands were at the mouth of the Mississippi where it dumps all the sand it carries from the Missouri River! You had better buy a good grubbing hoe and look for a job in that line first. If you succeed and save up enough to pay as one pupil, we'll let you go to our school next winter, for I admire your ambition but can't recommend your education!"

"Women will talk," and soon he story of that interview was all over the neighborhood, while those naughty

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boys who got him in the scrape, greeted him on every occasion with "b-a ba, b-a ba, baby!" Soon afterwards his coat tails were streaming in the rear toward the setting sun, while he was voyaging over life's uneven way back to hoosier land of beech woods and "spelling books." His name, and in the rush of busy labor, the incident was forgotten; while the old farmer has long been slumbering with the moldering dead; and the great President of the United States is stirred up because the word "baby" is not used half as much as it "used to was!"—*same for April 21st 1905.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

53. BY I. T. FLINT

Boys of today have but little idea what a difference would be presented, could the enjoyments of their grandfather's boyhood be placed in contrast with theirs of the present. From infancy to manhood, no nurses or nursing bottles to effeminate the growth or nature; no soothing syrups and cordials, no fear of children romping out doors becoming diseased; no houses so spacious and attractive one choose indoor life and luxury to out doors in the sunshine and breeze; no sweets to make dyspeptics, or novels for the school room, or rich to taunt the poor, all were equal. Corn bread, milk and mush was good enough for a king.

Examine the school boy's dinner pail! No sandwiches, doughnuts, mince pie nor cakes are there. His mother has put him up the best she had—a corn dodger or two, and happy is he if he finds inside, the contents of an egg baked with the bread; perhaps there is a piece of pumpkin pie and a slice of meat. His playmates cannot indulge any remarks about it for their dinner is also of the same sameness. Not one in school has a peanut or any kind of candy, assorted or otherwise. There were no orchards yet grown in those days, consequently, no one could put an apple in his dinner bucket. In fact, the dinner bucket itself was often a piece of some kind of a worn cloth or coat pocket.

This picture of the home life and simplicity of the average life of school boy and girl of those times is not overdrawn, as the few survivors yet live to testify; and never having known anything better they were innocent, virtuous and happy. To supply as substitutes of the condiments now prevalent we raised and used popcorn; while it was quite common to

find ones' pockets filled with common parched corn. The munching of this between the teeth during school hours often brought reprimands from the teacher, and if persisted in, a vigorous "swish" through the air of a switch would occasionally lift the recalcitrant nearly off of his seat.

Samuel Bates living nearer to Iowa ville than others in our district, after the school term closed with that interest common among parents for the advancement of their children, would frequently get nis into the Iowa ville school. Parched corn for its superior flavor over popcorn had become such a fad that the teacher in that school debarred its use. But John (now Dr. Bates, of Eldon,) had not "got onto the ropes" or correctly speaking, the regulations. Not seeing any one using the favorite, one evening with that spirit of liberality common among school boys he parched a lot of shelled corn; the next morning he sallied forth on his daily walk of three miles with every pocket filled with the luxury intending to set 'em up to his school mates during the first recess if not sooner. Being just in time for "books" he did not get time "sooner." But with the luscious kernels pulling down his two coat pockets, he could not resist the temptation to slip a few of them in his mouth. The teachers ears were sharp for hearing. Soon he heard the stifled cracking of kernels. Turning suddenly he located the culprit.

"John!" he demanded sternly, "what have you got in your mouth?"

"Nothing!" replied John sheepishly as he saw the attention of the whole school was drawn towards him.

"Nothing!" replied the teacher angrily. "Now open it and let me see!"

John said he had "nothing but some parched corn!" At this the teacher told him to dig down in his pockets for his supplies. John thrust one hand down and brought out a small handful, turning it over to him to the infinite amusement of the pupils, and stopped.

"Bring out the balance!" demanded the teacher. John realizing his fond anticipations of making glad the hearts and stomachs of his playfellows were liable to be "busted," drew out another small handful.

"Hand it all out!" persisted the wielder of the rod, and John reluctantly went down again and again until that pocket was empty. Then he thought the inquisition was ended. But not so, he had to turn the pocket inside out, then go into the others with the same rueful routine until every pocket he had was inverted and flaring to the gaze and laughter of the

whole school; while the teacher stood holding a whole hat full of elegantly patched corn.

"Now I will take care of this corn crib!" he remarked. "It is my treat, and you scholars keep quiet!" At this he went around the room giving to each pupil about an equal share of the rations, except poor John, who sat there with a woebegone countenance and soul gone out in sadness and humiliation; while the grinding and cracking of corn between the molars of all around him mingled with titters and suppressed laughter only added to the gloom of his misfortune and loss. All feelings for liberality from his father's corn crib for that school was now forever crushed at one blow, and those schoolmates never knew what they missed by such demonstrations of ingratitude and lack of sympathy.

Our school reading books were of the old "McGuffey series." When the parent bought school books then we had no "American book trust" to control their prices, and despite all the cheapening of their manufacture by improved processes they were obtained much cheaper than now and more durably bound. Neither had we changes now dubbed "superior publications" with school superintendents tempted by commissions to keep altering standards and discarding the old for the new, compelling parents to be ever ready to buy other books. Those luxuries to enrich publishing houses were reserved for their posterity to enjoy. One series then were counted upon, and for all practical purposes was good for generations to come.

We all can recall the "thumb paper" fad of our youth. Today pupils have not the faintest idea of its use or origin. Our parents ever living in such straitened circumstances to economize with our books, they taught us to use some kind of a paper under our thumbs where we laid them on the leaf of the book while studying its contents. This, whatever it was, we called a "thumb paper," to prevent the soiling and wearing the leaves. As the biblical philosopher exclaimed "All is variety and vexation of spirit!" so it is ever demonstrated by old and young in every phase of life. Even among children it was seen then in the simple use of "thumb papers." One would have some little picture cut from a book or paper another some flourishes or picture drawn with pen or pencil; and finally came paper carefully and ingeniously doubled up to represent a person, bird, animal or other artful designs. When we got

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one decidedly in our fancy of marked excellence, it would be suspended from the top of the book by a string to be placed between the leaves, and thus adjusted wherever our lesson happened to be.

To both boys and girls, these little cheap fancies were objects of pride—especially to some larger boy if his favorite girl made and presented one to him. Watch him as he sits bent over studying with that gift of the fair one, as if by accident, dangling over in front of his book! He wants his rivals to look with envy, and is as proud of it as when in maturer years, perhaps, when he is her accepted suitor.

The country district school was the only "high school" we knew anything about in those days. When we got a thorough knowledge of spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic and grammar, he was at the top of the ladder. If he wanted to soar away above the vocation of a common tradesman or clodhopper, he had to depend on brains and will power for locomotion.

Instead of lyceums or literary societies where the reading of essays, reciting of poems and declaiming in romantic committed oratory, mingled with music and song, boys would meet in debating clubs. Of course such meetings had not the attractions of the former method, but it called out the latent power and exercise of the mind that was of far more practical use to each participant. The boy who at the first trial so nervous and embarrassed his knees would knock together and he could not collect a thought or form an expression, would, by practice, before the spring months dissolved the "debating club," be eager and as unembarrassed to face a house full and present his arguments as an old barrister conducting the most common suit of the day.

One of the most amusing "take downs" we ever witnessed in the matter of college versus the old log school house training, occurred in the little town of Scipio, Ohio, while as a young man we were visiting relatives there. It was close to Dayton, famous for one of the greatest colleges in the State. A debate had been arranged between three of the Dayton students upon the proposition that a Republican form of Government was more durable than a Monarchy, the students taking the negative against three chosen Scipions for the affirmative. At the moment the three champions from college were promptly on hand, but the Scipions were invisible. The students began boasting that "their hearts failed them on a 'show down'" when the President of the Lyceum

rose saying he had a young friend from Iowa who might be prevailed to lead in the negative if he could get any one to assist.

This aroused my interest to see the young friend from Iowa and how he would stand the test against the college graduates of Ohio, but no one would volunteer. They all clamored though to "hear from Iowa" until after a short consultation, the young man from Iowa rose up and made the proposition that if they would divide the time twenty minutes each, even with him, he would "face the music alone!" Of course this was acceded to and business commenced. Before the discussion was half through those students found they had been fishing and caught a tartar.

At the very opening of the discussion he clearly and emphatically defined the issue to the judges, that it was not a question of which was the most happy and best form of government, but are entirely different as to which was the most solid and could endure the longest. That one pound of stone was more "solid" and could endure the elements and time a thousand longer than a million pounds of bread; yet no one was foolish enough to believe it more pleasing to the taste or useful to man. "As to the merits of the two I would flee from the mildest monarchy on the face of the earth to shelter under the protection and enjoyments of any kind of government where an intelligent people were the sovereigns. And yet the cold facts of history, as well as our knowledge of the fickleness of men presents the most overwhelming and indisputable evidence that centralized power in a well disposed monarch had ten times more cohesiveness for a nation than when diversified to the capricious decisions of the multitude!"

Upon those grounds he presented the most surprising and truthful facts we ever listened to with emphatic clearness and versatility, at once one could see he left no standing room for his critics. Only ten minutes was admitted for the opening speech. Brief as it was, at the conclusion, those Dayton, Ohio, students were facing a wall of facts and logic to well try their wits. "The Iowa boy" closed amid a din of applause. He had astonished the crowd and soon the admiration of his opponents by his manly, honest and forcible presentation of the grounds for argument and array of evidence for the affirmative.

The leader for the negative looked and acted as though the fate of the case was already decided and one of the others was heard to whisper to a

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companion "put up job!" The three judges who sat with a fixed gaze of interest on the first speaker soon became listless and looked bored and tired. The self wrought eloquence of the negative could not rouse enthusiasm nor sarcasm, and ridicule create a sensation. The boy from Iowa won out as he began, reserving his wittiest sparks for the ten minutes closing remarks.

"Vote of the house!" demanded a chorus of voices. The President said that that takes it from the judges and nine-tenths hurrahing for Iowa voted for the affirmative. But good naturedly and in the true spirit of chivalry those students rushed to greet the Iowa boy. "What college did you graduate from?" was about the first question asked.

"Well sir," replied the Iowan with assumed dignity, "I graduated at a little college in my native state of only one room, built out of hewn logs; the entire structure was about 16x20 with one log left out along each side and a long sash instead of a log full length for a window; nine feet from floor to ceiling, and with benches made of split logs for seats, and an old-fashion, 'cannon stove' to warm by."

They looked thunderstruck, that with all the courtesy they had shown him he would thus treat them with coarse jesting, so positive were they that one must go through college before he could have an understanding of history and government. We returned with our friend that evening proud that one Iowa log schoolhouse furnished a champion to down three students from an Ohio college. Nothing in all our observation and comparison of those times with the present more emphasizes the old adage, that "Where there is a will, there is a way!" — *Issue for April 25, 1911*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

56 BY I. T. FLINT

As we recall to memory our happy school days, so have our ancestors to the remotest age recalled theirs, and so will those of coming generations to the close of time. Only with variations according to circumstances and environments do they differ. But our books, methods of teaching, log school houses, spelling schools, &c., were so different from the present they have, to a great extent, become matters of history well worthy of preservation. Then, instead of calling in the directors to settle every little, trivial mat-

ter between the teacher and larger pupils, said teacher was generally a man with "brawn and muscle" who straightened out all such tangles himself with a good tough hickory.

Yet he had to be the owner of good wits and keen eyes if the larger pupils did not more than otherwise, work their games off on him. We well remember one by the name of Butler, who had the size and muscle, but was of that lymphatic temperament dulling to the wits. He was to teach the three months school of the year beginning December 1st, but through an unconquerable lethargy to drop off in a doze during school hours, and general laziness, the boys made life so unbearable to him that he threw up his job before the term was half out.

He occupied a short bench in front of the stove, which, like the other benches or seats, was made from one half of a small split pine or basswood log, with legs at each end made of strong white oak pins. It was put in there new, fresh and green, for the teachers special use, he was a large, young man of perhaps 25 years of age, and calling every one in their order before him to recite, he seldom was off that bench from morning till night; in consequence it soon began to sag in the center. For the further preservation of his body from too much labor, he had the water bucket and tin cup as companions set on one end of this seat.

He boarded at a house near by, and one of the exceptions finding that bench relieved of its burden, was the noon or dinner hour for among the things he loved above the land of rest, was a fresh, good, square meal. One day while he was thus absent from his hallowed seat of power, the boys caught an idea. "I know how we can raise him!" exclaimed one to the rest. "Now just keep your mouths shut. I'll groove out a hollow place from each end of his bench here with my knife, wider in the center where he sits. Then when any of us want a drink, let a little water spill on the bench. Gee whiz, wont that wake him up?"

With this inspiration he went to work ingeniously lowering the surface all along in the center, then taking some wet ashes from the stove he rubbed it all along where the new improvements were made until one had to look close to discover the difference. When the teacher returned, all unconscious of the change he took his seat, stirred up the fire, ordered in another bucket of coal and opened up business.

All went smoothly until the classes

had finished reciting. Then with further orders "now all get your lessons!" he lapsed off into the land of dreams. Of course the boys, by this time, became thirsty and one after the other had to visit the water bucket. The water was fresh and ice cold, and by the time the seat of his pants absorbed it the foxy school boys were back in their seats intensely absorbed with their books.

"Great Jehosaphat!" he yelled, springing up and slapping both hands under his coat tail. "What have you boys been doing?" Talk about your "bent pins!" from the largest to the smallest for awhile the roar and shrieks of laughter mingled with the "key of E" to the shouts of coarse "bass" by boys whose voices were on that migrating period resembling the croak of bull frogs, was irrepressible.

White with rage he soon called them down, but with all his desire to find the culprit who "poured water" around him, not boy, girl or child knew one thing about it. All that afternoon he spent in "cat naps" possuming sleep, but the boys were onto their job, and all were deeply engrossed in study serenely innocent. We had watched him while basking in the "land of nod" often enough to detect the bogus from the genuine. The next forenoon though, unable any longer to sleep with one eye open, we could tell by his long, deep breathing with an occasional snore that sounded natural, it was the real thing. Then a boy tiptoed to the bucket emptying a tin cup full of water on the end of the bench. Again he was up with glaring eyes facing about forty girls and boys and ejaculating vengeance, while the cold, trickling water was gradually finding its way down into his boots. Soon the laughter subsided and the inquisition began; but the big boys had all kinds of suggestions to account for how that water got out. One declared "the bucket must leak," another that "it tilted sideways," and another that perhaps he "broke his bottle, &c." This last remark was made by Silas Garrison, a great, big overgrown youth, who lived in the woods a mile east of the school house, and it was like salt in a raw wound. Butler, mad beyond endurance, was in the act of using the rod, when Silas sprang up shaking his fist under his nose with a volley of oaths, shouted, "try it, try it on; I can lick you quicker than Jesus Christ can skin a mink!"

Poor Butler! He wilted down like a frost bitten cabbage leaf. This was the first time I ever saw the director called in and a boy expelled from

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school, but his father came a few days afterwards, and by pledging responsibility for the boy's behavior had him restored again. Yet the big boys had become so disgusted with their erratic and worthless teacher, all kinds of pranks and disorderly conduct became general. He would sit the water bucket down at the end of the bench, but all to no purpose he did not dare to doze, and had to be constantly on the alert for either water or a bent pin, until life became so miserable he quit and left for parts unknown.

One Friday night a big spelling school was going on at the old "Shaw's school house," now "Pleasant Ridge." The house was full of boys and girls having a great time in the old-fashioned way of "choosing up and spelling down." Amos — a big, overgrown youth of about 16, was the champion speller, and before recess had spelled the opposite side down. During recess, many of the boys were out on the playground enjoying their moonlight sports. Amos being of an egotistical nature had incurred the ill will of some and they began picking at and taunting him in the most unbearable manner. He seemed to take it all without resentment until another boy about a year his junior took it up for him, just through sympathy. About this time "books" were called and all rushed in the house to resume the spelling, this boy, Wm —, and another we will call "Jim" being the last ones.

Just as they reached the door Wm asked Amos why he didn't "knock some of them boys down? I wouldn't act the coward that way!" The words were not more than out of his mouth till "whack" Amos took him nearly lifting him off his feet. Stunned and wild with rage Billie sprang at him raining the blows in at the rate of two for one, the battle was on, while Jim danced around gleefully clapping his hands and in low tones repeating "give it to him, Billie! give it to him!" But while Billie was far the quickest, Amos had the long arms, size and height that gave him such advantage, Billie was getting the worst of it. Suddenly he said he thought of the old saying: "If you want to whip a nigger kick him on his shins!" With this he began kicking as well as striking, and soon he had his foe on the retreat. As Amos turned to run he followed him up with kicks until he was out of reach and on his way home. Billie shouting after him "don't you stop to look back now!"

Billie had some blood drawn, but a few dashes of snow and it was all off.

The confusion in the house with the door closed, had kept all in ignorance of the Fitzsimmons Corbett exhibition going on outside, and as Jim and Billie entered, Amos' side was losing out of the contest and inquiries were being made as to where he was.

As soon as the boys came in the door the teacher asked them if they knew where Amos was. They said they did not, that the last they saw of him he was going towards home. Amos didn't come back again that night either, and that is why his side of the house got ingloriously left. Neither did the teacher learn why his best speller skipped out leaving his friends a prey to the enemy. Those three boys yet live, but are all old gray headed men now and should this meet their eye will doubtless laugh and recall details of the incident we have failed to mention. — *Done and*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

57. BY I. T. FLINT

The "Hunt Boys," for all around toughs, sports, &c., were generally conceded in the lead. My first recollection of them was at the beginning of the great Des Moines river flood of 1851. When the high waters inundated Iowaville, the old ferryboat was loosed from its moorings and with long poles men were kept busy many days propelling it back and forth from there to the bluffs, loaded with Iowavillans and their plunder escaping from the raging waters.

Every empty cabin and place of shelter was occupied. The entire Hunt family, except Jim, who was married and had a family of his own, moved into a log house on my father's farm near the Dornsife place. Their father and mother were aged near the "three score and ten" mark. The old lady was very proud of boasting her relationship to General Jackson, claiming to be first cousin, while her husband was a veteran of the war of 1812, who had fought the British and Indians under the leadership of her illustrious relative. This fact, in the estimation of boys who listened to his big war stories, made him one of the most important personages in the whole country.

There were four boys at home then; "Sim" was perhaps thirty years old, Tom about twenty-five, Bill twenty-two and Dave twenty. The latter was considered the steadiest of the whole outfit. They were all stalwart athletic fellows, and if half as well inclined to work as they were to play cards.

dried, swear and fight, they might have added much to the development of the country. But it seemed their devotion to the former, only made the latter a secondary consideration. They loved to gamble and run horses. This love for horses at last became such a consuming lust, it eventually became so strong as to breed a kind of instinct to secure them without returning an equivalent, for which two or three of the boys afterwards came to grief.

Jim, the elder one by some means came into possession of a fine bay mare that could outrun anything this country then had to pit against her. By the permission of Jim Jordan, the boys fixed up a race track in a large pasture he had about half a mile north of his house. Of course Jim encouraged them, through his natural love for excitement and fun, and never missed being present while the Hunt's skinned several conceited clodhoppers out of their little pocket change in scrub races. No one could even make it interesting for the "little bay mare!"

One day Jim Hunt had her in Iowaville (which he did every few days) bragging about how she could outrun anything in Iowa, when a rather tall unsophisticated looking fellow remarked that he believed he had a horse out there hitched to a wagon that could beat her. Here was another victim, and of course Jim wanted to see the horse that could beat his "racing filly." The fellow took him around and showed the horse, which stood as drowsily in the harness as though he didn't care whether his school days were over or not.

"How much will you bet?" demanded Jim as he gave an extra twist to the animal's tail to wake him up.

"Well, I don't care, anywhere from five dollars to five hundred!" complacently replied the stranger.

"When, and how do you want to run, and how far?" inquired Jim.

"Any place, any time and your own distance!" independently spoke the stranger with a swaggering air as one trying to play a bold bluff.

Such a good chance to win five hundred dollars in those days would never do to let pass, and as that was the country rustic's limit Jim proposed to make him "anti" up to the mark; stake holders were duly chosen, the day set and the track gone over and put in fine shape for a five hundred yards straight race, single dash.

This was the first and only "gambler's" horse race I ever witnessed. With my brother, I was down along the ponds near this track duck hunting that day; and noticing a crowd of

men gathering together about half a mile below us, through boyish curiosity, we went down to see the meaning of it. Of course once there we must stay to see the fun. The horses were on the ground, and a wild jabbering discordant excited crowd around them.

The Hunt boys were all alive, as well as their friends and rapidly betting and blustering. The stranger also seemed to have a few friends and sympathizers, while he was coolly covering all propositions. It was a singular incident. The Hunts were not flush with money, and I have always suspected Jordan loaned them some of what they did put up on the little bay mare. But while Jim Hunt had his son "Charley," a lad about eleven years old, leading his prancing bay mare around to show off, the stranger had a boy about the same age with his horse (also a bay) so sleepy looking moving sluggishly about. Tom Hunt bet one hundred dollars, "Sim" couldn't scrape up any money, but bet his only yoke of oxen—it did not matter what they had the stranger had the money equivalent to cover the bet. So sure were they of winning on the little bay that never was beaten, (for I don't suppose it ever run more than scrub races) the Hunts scraped all their possessions together, almost to pocket knives and staked on the result.

It took about an hour settling business and choosing referees, all excitement, until the start was made. The two boys clad in jockey suits were mounted, each armed with a raw hide. The stranger's boy had no sooner been set astride his horse, until its head was up and eyes bright and sparkling as if in anticipation, while its owner had to seize the rein by the bit to hold it for the word "go!"

Each track side by side was smooth and level as a floor for five hundred yards, and at the signal the stranger let go the bit when both animals sprang forward, each like an arrow shot from a bow. Both boys laid forward flat over their horses' shoulders. Charley rapidly plying his whip behind him from one side to the other, while the other one was not seen to use his at all. Never was such silence seen where bedlam had run wild, as was witnessed in that crowd the moment required for those two racers to get over the ground. But the "fine bay mare" lost right from the start, and as the stranger's horse sprang over the line at the end, forty feet ahead; the yells, shouts and groans that went up, we might defy Dante's pen or his artist's pencil to imitate.

The boys rode the horses slowly back side by side. Poor little Charley

Hunt, I could not help sympathizing with him. He rode up near the crowd sheepishly with head hanging, silent and ashamed, while the other boy was constantly caressing and talking to his horse and as he came up to turn the horse over to its keeper, fondly pulled its head down kissing him and gleefully stroking his foretop. The intelligent animal softly rubbed its nose against the lad as if returning the affectionate caresses he was receiving.

But quite different with the vanquished. Charley never raised his eyes to the "bay mare" and it did not get even a word or caress to comfort it in its defeat, but like its rider had lost all its gayety and was led moodily away. Many were the bitter curses from men who had staked and lost so much they and their families needed to support themselves. They thought they had a sore thing, and now their desire to take from their fellow man his money, without returning an equivalent had rebounded on themselves with terrible force—a just retribution.

As the stakes were turned over to the stranger and his friends the luckless ones generally yielded without a protest, but a few chagrined at their loss abused the winners because they did just what they themselves tried to do, and would have taken the last cent if they could. Some said Sim Hunt cried when he saw his yoke of cattle driven away. They were the only worldly possessions he had, while one young man was so enraged he followed the stranger swinging his fists and wanting to fight.

But the man only looked at all those demonstrations in a cool business like manner as though he thought nothing of them. He showed up different on the race track to the clodhopper appearance he had when working up his side of the affair a few days before. The whole matter no doubt was planned weeks or months before. But from whence he came and where he went was never known. He may have been the same chap who played a similar trick we have mentioned, in Jefferson county.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined!" "Bring a child up in the way he should go, and he never will depart from it!" may not always work out just that "way!" but if "the way" is a vicious one, it is sure to succeed. Charley Hunt who rode the "bay mare" grew up among gamblers and sports, stabbed his school master before he was fifteen years old, and went to the penitentiary for stealing horses by the time he had fairly reached the age of manhood.

Just after the family left my father's farm, Bill Hunt married a beautiful young wife, and some thought for awhile he was going to change and be useful. During the latter part of August 1852, a primitive Baptist Association was held on the "old Cummins farm," in a groove north of his house. As a large congregation had assembled, Robert Perkins obtained permission to run a lunch and refreshment stand near by. Of course this was a resort for young men and Perkins did a little "bootlegging" on the sly.

While manipulating this attraction, a regular old tough by the name of Andrew Jeffrey; or as the boys familiarly dubbed him "old An Jeffrey" imbibed a little too much corn juice and came over into my father's yard about the dinner hour, swaggering and using obscene language. About that time Bill Hunt and his young wife came by him as they came in. Bill became what now is termed "hot!" "Doctor," he exclaimed as soon as he entered the room, "there is a fellow out in the yard blackguarding the ladies; may I go and put him out?" "Certainly, we don't allow that," came the answer.

Out went Bill as though on springs, grabbing up a couple of brick bats with ejaculations about his maker not of the most prayerful style, he started for "old An." who never waited to ask "why" struck for the yard fence, but Bill's right boot was striking the seat of his pants every other step. Andy made a four foot jump over it impelled by the lift he got in the rear, but Bill went over just as clear impelled by will power to make Andy think twice hereafter before speaking once.

He followed him about a hundred yards out to the end of the lane, and never did an old sinner get such a well merited booting. Those who at the time blamed Bill for picking up the brick bats in the yard changed their minds about his precaution, and admitted that he knew more about his man than they did before night. "Old Andy" seemed to have a grudge against a young man named Boler Dotson, whom he happened to find at Perkins' stand that evening, attacking him instantly. Boler knocked him down, but in the melee Andy gave him two or three stabs with a knife he carried, that made him look "or awhile like some one was calling for his checks.

There may have been other commendable things the Hunt boys did but this one enacted by Bill is all we know of. The whole outfit went west somewhere. Rumor says some died, some went to the pen and some were hung by vigilantes &c. But none who

Even the "Alpha" cared enough to search to the "Omega." For our part whatever became of them, we can reverentially and hopefully repeat the old threadbare expression "requiescat in pace!" — *Issued for May 12th 1905.*

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

58, BY I. T. FLINT

About the year 1845 or '46 Benjamin Morgan bought the claim of 160 acres, now known as the "Daniels farm," a mile below Eldon, on the Keokuk & Des Moines railroad, from Ebenezer Tolbert. To be closer to timber the latter moved over on the hills south of the river, and Morgan moved his family on the premises. He came here from Indiana, where it was said at one time he stirred up the wicked as a local Methodist preacher. But by his eccentric habits from the time he first reached Iowa, he must have not only woefully fallen from grace, but taken a number of tumbles by the wayside before getting here, also.

His family consisted of three sons and two daughters, Ed, the eldest, about 18 years of age; also a young wife—step-mother to the children about 22, while the old man was about 46; who, if the Des Moines river water had been whisky, would have swam in it perhaps twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four. And yet one seldom saw him beastly drunk.

As we have previously stated, the conditions of brotherhood and hospitality was among settlers in a new country, so did Morgan, though of a morose and sullen nature himself, find the people when he came here, ready to assist or exchange work or accommodations to meet each others demands. He, with his son Ed, by the help of his wife and the eldest girl, Ellen, had dug a well in the yard finding plenty of water, and not skilled in the stone business had a neighbor whom we will call "Joe," to come and wall it for them. They had the same old-fashioned windlass they drew the dirt out with to let the rock down in one of the "dirt" tubs. The cross roller had several long inch and a half wooden pins or handles at each end, Ed manipulating one and the old man the other.

At the time Joe had the wall above water, the old man had been slipping back and forth to his jug in the house until the result was as usual with a fellow when he gets to thinking he is the whole thing, he could manage things without Ed or anybody else; so he ordered him to the house to cut wood for his mother to get dinner with. He got the empty tub up all right, filled it up with

broken stone, then raised it with the windlass, but in kicking the board from under it with his foot, from some cause unexplainable—as usual with a man full to the brim, the windlass got the start of him, one of the arms striking his head with such force he was sprawled out "hors du combat." Luckily Joe had the last stone at the bottom adjusted and was standing looking up and waiting. Hugging the wall as close as he could get, when he saw what was coming, the tub struck the stout puncheon across the wall with such force as to fly into splinters scattering the stone around more forcibly than enjoyably.

Knowing Morgan's propensity for liquor, although naturally a good natured two hundred pound specimen of manhood its prime, Joe got mad for once, he seized the rope, climbing sailor-like hand over hand to the top furiously determined to pound some of the whiskey out of "old Morgan." About the same time Ed who had seen the occurrence and as Joe reached the top of the well breathing vengeance and slaughter, he was down over his father bellowing "pap is killed! pap is killed!" which soon brought the balance of the family. Joe sat down silently watching the scene and half way wishing he was killed.

Soon Morgan began to kick around and try to get up, which by the help of his son, he eventually did considerably sobered up, with only a gash cut back of his left temple, and some bad blood oozing out, but ready to go to work again. Then it came Joe's turn to read the riot act to him. Not another stone would he lay while he (Morgan) was within a hundred feet of that well. Mrs. Morgan and Ed had to let down every stone until that well was completed. It yet stands there in the yard as the only landmark and witness on that farm of this incident and the days it was constructed there near sixty years ago.

The last year of Morgan on that place he utilized in creating the biggest scandal sensation of those days. Like many other old codgers of the past, present, and doubtless will be future, who marries a young wife, the old man nurtured and fed the green-eyed monster until the woman could scarcely look at her foster sons, especially Edward, without invoking his ire. Her being so near the age of his son, and a quarter of a century younger than himself, of course was enough within itself for one with snakes almost flopping out over the tops of his boots to surmise things were upside down all around him.

One day taking his rifle down and calling Ed, who was then a great big strapping young man, he told him to come and go out with him in the orchard to help dig out gophers that were eating

the roots off the young apple trees. Little dreaming of a projected tragedy in which he was to figure as the subject, Ed readily went along. As they came near the north side where the east and west road now runs, his father stopped him and began questioning him about his relations with his stepmother, at the same time bringing down and cocking the gun.

Frightened almost out of his wits Ed sprang like a deer running north for the fence. With the command to "stop" Morgan took quick aim and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire, only the percussion cap exploded. Then determined Ed should not get away, he ran for the stable, hastily bridled and saddled his horse, mounted and scurried off to overtake him. By the time he was under way Ed had covered three-quarters of a mile of ground, and was rushing into our house for protection. There was heavy brush and timber back of the house then, and father in severe tones ordered him to make for it, as he didn't want any shooting going on here.

Just as Ed had safely got under cover in the thickets, his father came tearing up in front of the house with his gun on his shoulder, and crying with rage and disappointment. After giving father a synopsis of his discoveries and sorrows, he said he had and get his two children, Sallie and Henry, out of school, or Ed would steal and leave the country with them, Miss Mary Coleman was teaching in an empty cabin on our farm then. He guessed about right too, for in less than two hours Ed came there with another young man to get them away. Morgan called father out and talked an hour longer about his griefs which were not yet to end.

Ed went up into Wisconsin, and it was only accidentally his father several months after this, learned of his whereabouts. It seems during the interim, the old man had investigated and brooded over the matter until convinced that Ed was entirely innocent of all the things he accused him of, and remorse for the injustice he had done him worked so strong he resolved to go and confess to him, heal up the breach in his domestic life, and bring his son home.

As soon as this resolution possessed him, he saddled up two horses, one for himself and one for the accommodation of his boy, and set out for his long ride to Wisconsin, leading one and riding the other. He found Ed all right, and glad to find his father so changed from frenzy to exuberance of affection for him. About the only moments fraught with unfeigned enjoyment between them though was on that long wearisome ride homeward. The greetings of the step-mother alone was enough to set the old man's teeth on edge again.

Soon afterwards he filed charges and had both of them arrested and under trial before Squire Ping, of Ashland. Just as such cases now, this drew quite a house. The "Hunt boys" were just in it. The whole crowd escorted the Morgans back and forth, all on foot, morning and evening to the seat of justice and returned to their homes. It was a big thing in which lawyers, court and jury were in clover—all except the miserable principals.

Morgan, always suspicious, carried his long heavy rifle on his shoulder, and ever cursing and abusing his wife and Ed on the way. One evening while coming home, Ed got so wretched under the disgrace and the old man's constant abuse, he tried to suicide by dropping down on his hands and knees and butting his brains out against a tree. The father seeing him painfully failing in the work, was only restrained by Tom Hunt snatching his gun out of his hand to do Ed a good turn, exclaiming as he was bringing it to his shoulder, "Oh, I can bert that!"

The result of the trial was that Morgan had no case—the lawyers got a lot of his money, as they mostly do in lawsuits, and the parties were acquitted. Soon after Morgan sold the farm to Eli Daniels and moved down into Missouri, taking his wife and children along, except Edward, who refused to go. The latter died unmarried a few years later, at Aaron Edwards' home a mile east of the County Line station. From the total lack of evidence; all the domestic trouble was supposed to be simply the result of a crazed brain, rendered so by the use of strong drink. It seemed almost providential that Morgan failed in both attempts to murder his boy. This was one object lesson to us then, about the effects of evil habits and influences that are sure, sooner or later, to bring their fruits to maturity.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

59. BY I. T. FLINT

The march of progress, inventive genius and enterprise, is so easy today that people seldom look backward one and two centuries ago at the arduous difficulties and dangers encountered by the hardy pioneers and adventurers, whom we should honor for the perils and hardships they invoked and endured in opening the way for our present conditions. The first pioneer in the mining industry of our present state of Iowa was Julien Dubuque, who ascended the Mississippi with a small band of adventurers, landing at the present site of our city now bearing his name, the spring of 1788. The

journey was a long tedious one from New Orleans by the only way of navigating our streams in those days—the Indian canoe. When one considers the muscle and labor required to propel one of those boats day after day and perhaps months, to make such a journey, and they loaded with provisions and supplies, he can form some opinion of how many young men we could find nowadays who would volunteer as voyagers on such an expedition, especially when only armed with the old heavy muzzle loading rifle, and about a dozen in their squad, they were liable to hear the blood curdling yells and see hundreds of savages crazy to get their scalps, at any time darting out in their canoes along the banks of the river after them.

Julien Dubuque was a veteran trader, having almost a life-time experience in the employ of the different fur companies of those days, and understood Indian character, as well as having acquaintances among the principal tribes and chiefs up the river to his destination. Thus with the exception of a few unimportant incidents, he reached there without serious difficulty and began prospecting for minerals. To his surprise and joy he discovered rich deposits of lead—then in great demand, and upon the great father of waters easy of access to the markets of the world. By that cunning sagacity and smoothness proverbial to the successful trader, he obtained a concession from the Sac and Fox Indians to several thousand acres of land now partly occupied by the city.

Here he opened up mines, erected a smelter and successfully operated quite a business for years, until age began to creep on and the realization that his fortune was made, with a longing for retirement and rest, he sold out his possessions and returned to civilization. Afterwards, as "a meddling hand and lying tongue are always doing others wrong," so the Indians became stirred up to recover those grounds, and a long litigation in the United States courts was the result. By technicalities found in the cession to Dubuque, the United States, true to its policy from our independence as a nation until recent years, of never taking lands without the owners consent, reverted the property back to its rightful owners again—the Indians. Soon the improvements were destroyed and all traces of occupation excepting the abandoned mines, were obliterated.

Over forty years elapsed before another settlement of those grounds was again attempted. The Galena

mines in Illinois had drawn a horde of miners and speculators there, among whom were Dr. Jarote with other daring adventurers. The stories of Dubuque's mines on the west banks of the Mississippi had become a familiar theme, and expatiated upon until a company was formed to go there, Indian or no Indian, and take possession. Their commercial value right on the shores of the river with a clear waterway down to St. Louis and New Orleans, seemed incalculable. The expedition was fitted out, and traveling overland crossed the river camping on the site of Dubuque's settlement about the middle of May, 1830. The next morning after becoming satisfied of the location they assembled around an old cottonwood drift log at what was known as the old "Jones Street Levee," held a conference, and went into an organization or form of government for mutual safety and protection.

Five men were elected as a committee to draft a set of rules or laws to be submitted to popular vote and approval. This council consisted of J. L. Langworthy, H. F. Lander, James McPheters, Samuel Seales and E. H. Wren. Their laws were pointed and simple, as they had no lawyers or courts to profit by their verbosity or entangling verbiage, and received the unanimous vote of the people. Dr. Jarote was elected president of this little republic, clothed with authority to choose a board of arbitrators to settle all difficulties and misunderstandings between the citizens.

For two years this little colony of intruders upon Indian soil got along fine, in spite of protests and invitations to "quit" by the Indians. Our government had not progressed quite so far in fine discernments of "justice" then as it has in recent years

when speculators hopped onto the poor natives of Hawaii, and our government bought the Filipinos from their master, Spain, as so many chatels. Although by purchase, France had ceded all this Northwestern territory to us, yet we only bought France's claim; only by purchase from each Indian tribe did we take possession of the land. Were this little group of miners living today as well as thousands of other pioneers of those times, they could tell the credulous following of demagogues now by their actual experiences, this truth, they so often were made to bitterly feel.

In 1832 Col. Zachary Taylor (whose subsequent history as a general in the Mexican war and afterwards president of the United States) was ordered to visit and set those intruders back a

peg or two to where they belonged. So one early spring morning while busily engaged, some putting in their small crop, others hauling ores—in fact each to his trade, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a company of dragoons dashing into their village. Soon everything was confusion, the men gathered like so many cattle in a herd, their government was dissolved by military power, and they ordered without ceremony to recross the river to where they belonged. No plea about savages not knowing how to utilize their lands was allowed to stand, much less that we could govern them better than they could govern themselves. It was the "rights of man" then to be observed.

But in June following, those troops were ordered back to meet Blackhawk, who had determined to break our former treaty and retake territory east of the river. As all our readers know, in a single decisive battle this sanguinary chief, who, against the protests of Keokuk, Wapello and others, broke faith with the government, was defeated. Immediately after the negotiations were entered into by which the first purchase of Iowa soil west of the Mississippi was made. Now the recent occupants of Dubuque thought, as government owned the property, they could return, possess their former claims and proceed unmolested.

Ignorant of the fact that purchase does not always imply possession, like some suffered who entered the "new purchase" prior to the first day of May, 1843, they had to take further lessons in the costly school of "experience!" The treaty and purchase had scarcely been completed until those miners were again back in Dubuque, re-inforced by recruits, each one having a friend or two he wanted to see enriched, also. This, of course, started mining upon a larger scale than ever. They built comfortable cabins, moved their families into them, built furnaces, and everything assumed an air of thrift and prosperity that old Dubuque, had he been living, might well have envied.

But they were yet, according to the terms of the treaty by which the Indians still held several months possession, according to present slang "disreputable sooners!" and outlaws. Col. Taylor a second time swooped down on them and drove them out. It seems they had some premonition or warning of this visitation, and still it may have been precaution in case of such an event. The Langworthy brothers had 300,000 pounds of lead stored on the east side of the river; in fact the productions were mostly kept

on that side and thus escaped capture by the troops. But their houses, wagons, camp equipages in fact everything was burned, and their furnaces and works were destroyed; not a vestige of improvements were left.

This brutal and inhuman treatment was beyond and outside of governmental orders, and in consequence of Col. Taylor's return down the river at the time, Lieutenant Covington, whom he left in command, was made the scape-goat, if not responsible, to bear the blame for reducing the country to its primitive condition. The bulk of the settlers rendezvoused on an island upon the east side of the river and returned as soon as the limit of Indian occupation expired; but many disgusted and disheartened immediately left to never come back. Lieutenant Covington was sternly rebuked for exceeding his orders and inhuman destructive brutalities. Soon he was superseded in command by Lieutenant Wilson, under whom, by authority of the government, a system of permits were given to the miners and license to smelters. For further regulation, John P. Sheldon was appointed Superintendent of the mines, and regulations were made for the operation and control substantially the same as at Galena since 1825. They were along the same lines as those adopted by the little group around the old cottonwood log. And this time permanently with the knowledge that Uncle Sam was with them. Those miners set to work, prospered and laid the foundation of one of the first cities of Iowa. One can hardly credit now the city of Dubuque had such a stormy beginning.

EARLY DAYS OF IOWA.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE STATES'S HISTORY.

THE STRUGGLES OF PIONEERS

How! the Territory Grew Into One of the Great States of this Republic.

60. BY I. T. FLINT

If we have stated formerly that James W. Grimes with General A. C. Dodge were the first United States Senators' we were in error, for by investigation we find the two first men to represent Iowa as a state in that august body were A. C. Dodge and George W. Jones. And the two first representatives in the halls of Congress, were Clinton Hastings, of Muscatine, and Shepherd Leffler, of Burlington.

General Dodge stepped from the regular army in which he was born, bred and lived a soldier, into the councils of his nation. His father—a soldier and commander of the United States troops throughout the then great northwest, or Louisiana purchase, after his marriage lived in fort, field and camp, suppressing turbulent uprisings among the savages along the frontier, protecting settlements and fighting battles. As soon as young Augustus reached the age of sixteen he was over by his father's side.

Of a sanguine temperament, with a cool, calculating disposition, he was a natural born soldier, fearless of danger and by military etiquette and training, surroundings in which he was reared without exposure to outside influences, he imbibed the ease, elegance and graces that the blue blood of his country princes might well admire and envy. All through life straight as an Indian, fine in form, expression and figure, intellectual in cast, extremely courteous to the poor and humble, as well as rich and haughty, about six foot in height and two hundred pounds in weight, dignified, courtly and commanding, in the early days he was the most popular and central figure in Iowa politics.

A lifelong democrat, yet his pleasing address and conservative demeanor so won from the whig party, admirers that dispelled every breath of slander and disarmed the tongue of calumny, in constant use against opposition in the heat of political campaigns. Unlike those who succeeded him, he lived and died a poor man, but one whose whole life was spotless and un sullied by a single act of intrigue or betrayal of public trust.

This was General A. C. Dodge, and as a duty we owe to the memory of one of the greatest of early pioneer statesmen, we may at some time in the future give a biography of him who was the only figure known in all our natural history to have occupied a seat side by side with his father as legislator in the United States senate. Iowa was democratic until 1855. After the civil war broke out General Dodge retired from political life and lived quietly at his home in Burlington.

The first house in Burlington is said to have been built of round logs about fourteen feet square, chinked with wood and plastered up with mud, the fall of 1832. Although we have heard General Dodge tell of living about that time near there in a similar building with a blanket hanging for a door and a raw deer hide tacked over a hole made by cutting a log in two on one side for a window. This though as he was then an officer in the army, may not have been on the site of the city. Simpson S. White is accredited with building the one in question.

Other settlers soon followed, until

things begin to look like the Indians would have to vacate whether they wanted to or not. About this time their chiefs began to make loud complaints and threats until the troops swooped down on those settlers just as we have related about Dubuque, and they had to skedaddle back to Illinois. White's cabin with all the others was burned, but its owner was not to be baffled this way. He knew the inevitable for the red man was coming, and bided his time. Just as soon as time of treaty expired when possession was ceded, he was back on his claim as large as life hauling logs and rebuilding his cabin. So it was that Simpson S. White recorded his name as the first settler of the city Burlington—the first city in Iowa.

His brother-in-law, bearing the euphonic name of "Doolittle," and a lot of others of his wife's people followed, and they laid out the site of the city. In those times people knew a good thing when they saw it as well as we do now, and the little town in less than two years contained several hundred population. Soon a municipal government was established. From that time forward it was the commercial center of southeastern Iowa.

The first dry goods stores established in Burlington were those of Dr. Jeremiah Ross and Major Jeremiah Smith. As we know nothing about the antecedents of those two gentlemen we cannot assure the reader that the first had ever been a "doctor" or the latter a "major." In those days, as it yet common in some localities, the appellation of "Doctor," "Captain," "Major," "Colonel," &c., was applied by admirer to friend with such frequency that one can hardly throw a stone or club without knocking down some dignitary. Those stores which had to carry at first general merchandise and groceries, by the rapidity of progress were soon merged into dry goods exclusively, and Burlington rose to the distinction of the seat of government of Wisconsin and Iowa. But this exultation did not last long until Iowa was lopped off from Wisconsin, and the seat of government established at Iowa City. Burlington wilted, but didn't dry up. Although stripped of her artificial plumage, by her commercial advantages on the great "father of waters," the all-important artery of western commerce, she soon proudly rose from this humiliation until now prosperous, great and mighty, she can look with pity upon her little rival upon the banks of the Iowa River, that sank to a little burg to never recover from the shock occurring to her when the legislative halls were taken away from her and moved to Des Moines twenty years later.

Shortly after General Dodge settled

up with the fighting Indians under Blackhawk in the war of 1832, several white settlers by the names of Zackariah Hawkins, B. Jennings, Aaron White, Augustine Horton, Samuel Gooch, D. Thompson and Peter Williams, ostensibly as employes, but in reality as settlers, went over to the government fort Madison and built their cabins on the site of the present town of Fort Madison—in fact secured claim rights. A year later two brothers titled, as we have before mentioned, "General" John H. Knapp and "Colonel" Nathaniel Knapp, came there and bought those claims, locating on them and engaging in agriculture and supplying the fort. But a couple of years afterwards seeing Burlington blooming as an "oasis in the desert," with a consuming desire to be founders of a great city also, they pitched right, cut their land up into town lots, and heralded their bonanza far and near.

The sales of lots began as soon as spring opened in 1836. As it was on government reservation the government resurveyed it almost immediately after the "general" and "colonel" got through making quite conflicting corners to the supposed ones but correct and established. The lots were disposed of by the lucky owners so rapidly that in less than two years Fort Madison was a booming river town with over six hundred population, and bid fair to outrival Burlington. But railroads brought the falling away of river transportation, and with their overland commerce from Chicago to the great west journey in and through here, Burlington eventually doomed Fort Madison to a commercial inferiority.

Fort Madison was the first United States fort built in Iowa. Fort Edward on the east bank of the river where now stands Warsaw, Illinois, was the most advanced military station in the west until in 1806 this fort was built on the west side of the river, and named in honor of President Madison.

The movement of soldiers across the Mississippi immediately aroused the jealousy of the Indians and almost precipitated a general Indian war. They held a council and sent a delegation to confer with the "great chief," (President of the United States) who assured them it was not intended as an encroachment upon their territory or rights, but for their protection from intrusions by our people upon their hunting grounds and territory. With this assurance and subsequent treaties, the Indians were appeased and the government's obligations to them were jealously guarded by the soldiers, which the results as we have shown will testify.

In 1805 General Zebulon Pike was detailed to take some troops and explore the Mississippi, and Captains Lewis and

Clarke with another force to go to the headwaters of the Missouri. Each one immediately made ready and started on their laborious work, which meant a geographical and geological survey, including making maps and reporting all their discoveries and work for the information of the government. It is with General Pike's work along the eastern boundary we have to do.

He was also like our most trusted soldiers, highly intellectual, cool headed, totally fearless of danger, young and ambitious. While in the prime and vigor of life this daring adventurer and commander fell during the war of 1812, while leading his men in the storming of the British works on Queenstown heights, in Canada. Yet while he thus died for his country's honor and glory, yet his name will exist to the close of time as one of the busy pioneers in establishing boundary lines and opening for development the settlements of Iowa and Wisconsin.

Near the present site of Keokuk Gen. Pike met with three chiefs, fifteen warriors and a French trader. Employing the Indians as guides and the French man as interpreter, he proceeded on his march about eight miles further up the Mississippi to where in later years was built the town of Sandusky. Here he found a large band of Indians encamped and halted several days with them, in friendly intercourse and conference in regard to the work assigned him. The young chiefs Keokuk and Blackhawk, it is said, were present and took a deep interest in the council—the former so won by the diplomacy and bearing of General Pike that his friendship and devotion to our government could never afterward be shaken.

During this conference, Wm. Ewing, the government agent arrived and gave official sanction to the negotiations of General Pike, who was clothed with authority by the Indians to proceed to the northernmost limit of their territory, until he reached that occupied by the most powerful of all tribes—the Sioux. From here with his troops and guides he went on until reaching the present site of Burlington. The commanding position of this place and its convenience for communications decided him to locate it in his reports for military occupation as a fort. But from some misunderstanding by those sent to do the work, it was built farther down the river and named Fort Madison.

After their line of march began again up the river, General Pike, for recreation and to break the drum of "tramp, tramp, tramp," selecting a few of his men and left command for a day or two's explorations westward and to hunt

wild game, expecting to rejoin them farther up the river. But cloudy weather and rains setting in without either sun or stars to guide him, he lost his course, and for nearly a week he and his companions wandered over unbroken prairies and forests before finding the trail of his caravan. Hungry, tattered, weak and footsore, they straggled into camp where the soldiers had stopped and gone into quarters at Dubuque to wait for him. As Ewing afterwards remarked, "We didn't know which to do, go on and find the new country or go back to find our general!"

Great were the demonstrations of Dubuque when he first realized the approach of government troops. He gleefully danced around the officers with overjoy to be again among such numbers of white visitors, but disappointed to find them an army without a general. They assured him that General Pike would overtake them, and they were going to remain there until he came. Julien Dubuque was of the same patriotic stamp as his fellow countryman General Lafayette, and having an old six-pound brass cannon in his possession, he immediately went to work burnishing it up, secured a squad of men who agreed to act as artillerymen, rolled out a keg of powder, etc., and had everything in readiness waiting the approach of the lost general.

At least success was assured, but it was a very sorry undignified and forlorn looking outfit for such tumultuous proceeding to honor, as the general and his worn-out companions came ragged, lank and tired, trudging into view. "Fire!" cried Dubuque to his men as he ran to meet the first American official that ever set foot on that part of our soil. By the time he had led Pike to his house, the repeated discharges of that old field piece had exhausted his ammunition and it was rolled back into the shed to be ever after christened by those who knew it, as the "General Pike!"

After quite a rest and recuperation from the social proclivities of the old Frenchman, mingled with much sampling of his rich old brandies and wine, the General again moved on, reaching Fort Snelling in September. Here he met with considerable difficulty in getting the consent of the Sioux to proceed any farther. Hostilities existed between them and the Iowa and Sacs and Fox Indians. The Indian guides who had gone with the troops as far as the danger line would permit, had left them several days previous, and the Sioux, jealous of Pike's intimacy with those implacable foes were hard to win over. But with that tact so valuable in diplomatic dealings among nations, by presentations of the necessity on each side for friendly

relations and mutual interests, Pike so far overcame the objections of the wary savages they consented for him to proceed, but sullenly refused to lend aid to his enterprise. And yet, after all this, on his return homeward he stopped among them and persuaded them to grant the Government a hundred thousand acres of land in Minnesota for military purposes.

Thus, in less than a year did General Pike explore the Mississippi river from St. Louis to its source, establish forts, enter into treaties, establish boundaries, delve into geological investigations, prepare maps, make exhaustive reports and return to his starting point without a single collision with natives or mishaps to the expedition. His little misfortune of getting lost with its consequent privations and hardships to himself and companions, were the only dangers that he endured. Lewis and Clark's expedition up the Missouri encountered more adventures with hostile Indians, and although equally successful, yet required twice the time in execution.

EARLY IOWA

The Early Struggles of the
Hardy Men and Women
in the West

A GLANCE AT LONG AGO

I. T. Flint Writes Entertainingly of Territorial Times.

The Pottawattamie Indians occupied the southwestern part of Iowa until 1846. Council Bluffs derived its name similar to our town of "Agency," as the last council closing our treaty with those Indians at which they met near the big spring that flows from the foot of the bluffs received their annuity afterwards under the leadership of "Billy" Caldwell—their principal chief, they migrated to Kansas. There many of them still reside, having abandoned the wild nomadic life of their ancestry, dividing their lands

into allotments, each family separately located, farming, stock raising and prosperous.

Upon a high hill on the present eastern part of the city of Council Bluffs a "block house" was built in 1839. One who never saw or heard of a "block house" can have but little conception of that institution or what it is for. To give an idea of its construction we will describe one as we have seen them. All our older readers remember the primitive hewed log houses of Iowa. The first story of a block house is built just like one of them; but the second story is set upon it diagonally so the corners project over on each side of the first one. This is for a purpose as we will show.

Each story is floored with heavy puncheons made from split lags. The sides all around have port holes cut, through which men inside can thrust the muzzles of their rifles, also the floor of the second story have holes cut through where the corners project over the sides of the lower room so no enemy can creep up along any side under the guns below to fire the building and get away alive. Were it not for those projecting corners above where a sentry lay every night gazing down through one of the port holes savages might crawl up under cover of the dark during a close siege fire of the building and massacre the garrison by the blazing light of their own structure.

As Indians never knew how to use and never possessed artillery, the block house was seldom attacked unless by some subterfuge they could take its occupants by surprise. They were used along the frontier in all our then modern warfare by settlers as well as soldiers. At the first report of Indian signs in the early days of Ohio and Indiana a whole settlement would stampede for the stockade and the block house. A stockade was built of split logs set as close together as dressing the edges would admit, in the ground resembling a high close board fence with loop holes about five foot above ground in which men could lay the muzzle of their guns and send death to any "poor lo" who became too eager for scalps.

While perhaps all this precaution was needless among Iowa's first settlers, yet so many of them remembered the stories told by their fathers who were among the first in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, they realized should such emergencies come, they would need them bad. The old fashioned long barreled rifle with powder horn and shot pouch hanging on wooden forks over the door or conspicuously leaning up in one corner of the room was more in style and keeping with our household goods than now the piano and organ.

While Council Bluffs had long been used as a trading post no considerable settlements were made until Orson Hyde with his bands of retreating Mormons, came up the river from Missouri where they had been rudely dealt with and settled about five miles above the present site of Omaha on the west bank of the river. They had sent a hardy band of stalwart men early in the spring to prepare a crop for their subsistence, the caravan of two or three thousand emigrants reached there during the summer. The soil on the Iowa side proving better and more easily reduced to cultivation the bulk of the crop was planted there.

Orson Hyde was the right man in the right place to lead such a fanatical gathering. He was the head and front of the procession being high priest, law maker, editor and president of the "twelve apostles!" Imbued with the belief that they were the chosen of God to inherit the earth and that the possessions of the gentiles was by right theirs, and if faithful to the cause the Lord would bless them in taking all such needful things unto themselves. But the frequent thrashings they got from unappreciative wordlings, imprisonments for larger offenses and the incarceration in a common jail of their great prophet Joe Smith and his brother Hiram, winding up in their being shot to death, was a terrible setback to their calculations.

Yet wasn't Christ crucified by a mob and didn't many of his apostles suffer martyrdom! Thus can the most criminally lewd and lawless of all peoples conjure up arguments from the most sacred and divine of all incidents relating to mankind to throw over and conceal human depravity and wickedness. Such was the work of Orson Hyde in 1848 when he issued his first number of "The Pioneer Guardian?" By this time people in Illinois, eastern Iowa and Missouri had got after those sectarian brigands so sharply that Orson Hyde, the editorial great high priest, had thousands of skeddaddlers seeking refuge under his sheltering wings, and was making his paper as well as his priesthood a blooming success.

Although a wide strip of wild territory lay then between them and the gentile world, yet they could not fail to realize the inevitable when the "carnally" minded would again be upon them. Thousands upon thousands of Mormons had settled in Pottawattamie and adjoining counties, yet the strip between them was rapidly narrowing. Their "Danite" band of "avengers" could not build up in a few short years to even hold the ground for "the salt of the earth." In 1846 from this incongruous multitude along the banks of the Missouri river five hundred volunteers en-

listed to fight under the stars and stripes throughout the Mexican war

Under Mormon regime Pottawattamie county was organized in 1848 and 1849 after thousands of Mormons had left there to locate with the new prophet Brigham Young in Salt Lake yet 6,552 remained, and within the next year (1850) they had increased to 7,828. In 1852 Brigham Young issued orders that all of the "Latter Day Saints" gather with the faithful at Salt Lake. At this a general hegira commenced for the promised land, and God so blessed the banks of the Missouri they all "gathered."

There is one truth indelibly impressed throughout all ages and periods of history beyond the reach of successful controversy, as one great fountain from which flows religious fervor and contention. That truth is the blending together or intertwining of the natural with the supernatural, the carnal or wordly with the spiritual and eternal, the sensual with the righteous, and the environments and enjoyments of the things of this world translated from its sorrows here to and throughout all eternity. This kind of religion is inherent in any who believes in an eternity, from the rudest savage to the most enlightened statesman of the forum.

Mormonism may be only one step higher than the Indian's belief in his "happy hunting ground," but the zeal of its followers cannot be excelled by that demonstrated from the most classic pharisee down to the poor untutored hindoo who lays his life under the wheels of the car of his god. Overwrought imagination and credulity is a clearer definition of the motive power behind many among the multitudes of conflicting religious movements in the world than righteousness, and the worse and more sensuous the cause, the more frantic, zealous and crazed its adherents.

Those poor deluded thousands who could not dominate over the advancing pioneers of the border, with patience and devotion worthy a better cause, soon again had to fold their tents, desert their cabins and fields along the valleys and among the highlands of the Missouri, and follow their self imposed vice regent of God to Brigham Young's new "city of Zion" beyond the "Great American Desert." Mohammedanism with its millions of devotees in a semi-civilized part of the world, with all its absurdities established and propagated over twelve centuries ago, ranks superior in morality and consistency to this religion of "latter day saints" that now lives and thrives in free and enlightened America. If zeal is an index of truth, the sufferings and devotion of those dupes then along the Missouri river were right. And when Orson Hyde and his twelve apostles gave the

command "onward march," large numbers of those settlers had decided one acre of good Iowa soil was worth more than all the gods their "city of Zion" beyond the great desert could hold, and gave him the "shake" for good and forever. Many of their descendants still live on their old homesteads, perhaps now oblivious of how the duping of the fathers had proved a blessing to the children.

63.

Quite a number of litigations occurred after eastern Iowa was opened for settlements in 1836, over Indian titles granted to white men, among which were those of Julien Dubuque, granted in 1788. Louis Honori is about three square miles where Montrose now stands, granted in 1799. Basil Girard to 5,860 acres granted in 1795 and others. The supreme court confirmed all titles made by the Indians, they being the lawful owners. By the same right of title James Jordan owned from the first settlements over two thousand acres below Eldon to the day of his death. As he came in possession long after the Indians right of cession had been settled, the validity of his title was never questioned.

The Sioux being the strongest Indian tribe of the Northwest, our government in 1806 established a neutral strip forty miles in width through the center of Iowa, east and west placing boundary lines inside of which each and all had a right they respectively should hold inviolate. But during our war of 1812 with England while Blackhawk was away fooling the British, the treacherous Sioux crossed the line and almost annihilated a band of Sac and Foxes. Keokuk then a young chief immediately rallied a force of warriors, and before they had fairly dried the scalps of their victims fell upon them so unexpectedly and with such vengeful fury but few ever recrossed the forty mile strip to carry news of the disaster to their friends.

Such was the bold, dashing spirit of young Keokuk, cool, deliberate in planning, and quick and fearless in execution, traits that mark the man of fame whether civilized or uncivilized, through all ages and all conditions. Blackhawk, like strategic politicians of today, reached out too far by going over to the British, he lost his opportunity and Keokuk was proclaimed war chief because he returned with the scalp of a Sioax chief slain in single hand to hand combat dangling to his belt, while the former only brought home the stores he had cheated English bribe-givers out of,

While Blackhawk was the statesman of his tribe, yet Keokuk was the more

ingenous, dignified and honorable. Despite their rivalry for honors, they were always close friends, but Keokuk would have disdained to play the deception Blackhawk did upon the British. His loyalty to friends or enmity to foes was never hidden under a bushel. He loved the pioneers of the west and realized our red coated invaders—our foes, were his foes. His tribe, knowing by taking sides in either event would have to suffer the consequencess, he counselled neutrality. But Blackhawk, whatever his design, led his warriors over into the British camp, was equipped and supplied and then marched home again. Whether he found he had bit off more than he could chew, or did it to get a lot of booty without fighting for it or not, the joke was on the British.

In 1842 Keokuk moved his village from South Ottumwa up on White Breast in the vicinity of the new garrison, or rather the new encampment, prepared for the reception of soldiers as soon as occupation by settlement no longer required their presence at Agency. The late Judge H. B. Hendershott who was here among the Indians about those times gives the following description of them and a rude mimic of tragedy in which Keokuk acted a leading part:

"The Sacs and Foxes like all other Indians, were a religious people, in their way; always maintaining the observance of a good many rites, ceremonies and feasts in their worship of Kitchie Mulito, or 'Great Spirit' Fasts did not seem to be prescribed in any of their missals, however, because, perhaps, by forced ones, under scarcity of game or other edibles were not of impossible occurrence among people whose creed plainly was to let tomorrow take care of things of itself. Some of these ceremonies bore such resemblance of those laid in the book of Moses, as to have justified the impression among biblical students that the lost tribes of Israel might have found their way to this continent.

"The writer was a witness one delightful forenoon in May, 1841, of a ceremony that seemed full of mystery, even to those of the Indians who took no part in celebrating it. A large lodge had been set up for the occasion on the level green, near Keokuk's village, and its sides left entirely open, that vision of the proceedings conducted within was entirely free. Close around was a circle of guards or sentinels, evidently in the secret, as they were close enough to hear, but at a distance far enough to prevent eavesdropping of the low tones used in the sacred precincts. Inside of those guards was another and much larger circle of sentinels who restrained all outsiders (of whom the writer had to content himself with being one) from

crossing within the line. Keokuk seemed to be the chief personage among the performers, and the performance to be designed for the exclusive benefit of one old fellow of some importance in the tribe, who was mainly distinguished from those about him by being in a much scantier pattern of raiment. Sometimes they would place him on his feet, and sometimes on his seat, as they powwowed and gesticulated about him. Finally, while in a sedentary position, with a large pile of blankets behind him, Keokuk approached in front, pistol in hand, apparently aimed at his forehead.

There was an explosion quite audible to us outsiders, and a no small puff of smoke, and the old savage went over on his back in quick time, where he was covered up and left among the blankets; while a good many 'long talks' were held around and over him, until at length Keokuk taking his hand, brought him to the sitting posture, and soon after to his feet, apparently none the worse for being used as a target. The outside multitude of Indians gazed with marked awe throughout the entire performance, and maintained withal, the deepest silence.

Weapons or utensils manufactured from metals were absolutely unknown to this entire continent prior to its discovery by the Spaniards. Nowhere in either either north, south or Central America have any relics of this nature ever been discovered to indicate the use of anything of the kind among the Indians, but as soon as the whites introduced blacksmithing and firearms an Indian would barter even wife and babies rather than forego the possession of a gun, powder horn and ammunition. Blacksmiths followed the advance of civilization and penetrated even beyond to Indian villages. Aside from his gun, tomahawk and hunting knife, his squaw must have her hoe, oven and frying pan to provide his grub at home. The relics yet frequently picked up, of flint arrowheads, stone axes, tomahawks, &c., prove this continent was the last spot of the earth from which the stone age took its flight for good and forever.

With an Indian everything is stoical and realistic. Major Beach said once in 1837 he was detailed to accompany General Street and a party of thirty Indian chiefs to Washington to confer with the "Great Father" (President). While on their rounds they visited Boston. The Major said: "There were two theatres then in Boston and a struggle ensued between them to obtain the presence of the Indians in order to "draw houses." At the Tremont, the aristocratic and fashionable one, the famous tragedian, Forest, was filling an engagement. His great play in which he acted the part of a gladiator, and always drew his largest

audiences, had not yet come off, and the manager was disinclined to bring it out while the Indians were there, as they always insured a full house. General Street, being a strict Presbyterian was not much in the theatrical line, and hence the writer, who had recently become his son-in-law, took these matters off his hands; and, as he knew this particular play would suit the Indians far better than those simple, declamatory tragedies, in which, as they could not understand a word, there was no action to keep them interested, he finally prevailed upon Mr. Barry, the manager, to bring it out, promising that all the Indians should come.

"In the exciting scene, where the gladiators engage in deadly combat, the Indians gazed with eager, breathless anxiety; and as Forest, finally pierced through the breast with his adversary's sword, fell dying, and as the other drew his bloody weapon from the body, heaving in the convulsions of its expiring throes, the whole Indian company burst out with their fiercest war whoop. It was a frightful yell to strike suddenly upon unaccustomed ears, and was instantly succeeded by screams of terror from the most nervous of the ladies and children. For an instant the audience seemed at a loss, but soon uttered a hearty round of applause—a just tribute to both actor and Indians.

64 Dr. Samuel C. Muir, of the United States army, was the first real settler upon the present site of Keokuk in 1829. There is a beautiful romance to this part of his life history, around which the imaginative writer of fiction could wreath a story that would beat many of the most sensational novels of the period. We shall simply recite the fact as near as we can recall them as related in the "long ago," and leave the dreamer to weave in the mesh.

The Doctor was a dashing young government surgeon among the troops then stationed at the point on the Mississippi river where since was built the little town of Sandusky, about six miles above Keokuk. About the year of 1820 a French trader named Le Moliere established a trading post there, and upon the east bank of the river opposite was quite a village of Sac and Fox Indians, while wit those on the west side the Frenchman was quite centrally located. Also after the troops were quartered near him, he did a big trading and commercial business.

All this threw the whites and Indians into mixed company, with all

the variety of incidents thereto. The whites, isolated from their own race, occasionally got rather socially mixed up with the primitive Americans, and young Dr. Muir with all his fine accomplishments and personnel fell into an ambuscade and was captured by one of the exceptions to her race—a beautiful Indian maiden whom the admiring soldiers had learned to call him "Bright Eyes!" She had been favored with a partial English education, and although claiming she had never seen her lover, yet whether this was true or not she worked the "Latter Day Saint" vision scheme off on the young doctor in a way, that even in this day, would do credit to the apostles of Mormonism.

One night she lapsed into a trance, and had a glorious vision that should mark her future destiny. A beautiful young white man with curly hair, beautiful dark eyes, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, came to her on the banks of the river. He fell upon his knees passionately declaring an undying love for her, offering to bear away as his bride, &c. Frightened she drew back asking time for acquaintance and preparation. He would not listen, saying she must go now; his canoe was ready to bear her away to happiness and home with him upon the other shore. He vowed eternal fidelity and love for her if she would now forsake all to go with him. Again she refused, asking more time for thought. At this he grasped her in his arms to bear her away when she woke up. The dream was so intense and realistic his every feature was imprinted on her mind. For days she was absorbed in thought and became deeper in love with the face and form she saw in her dream.

At last she decided the dream was portentous, and springing into her bark canoe while the birds were warbling their notes of spring and the morning dew drops were still on the forest leaves with paddle keeping time to the pulsations of her light young heart, beating with love and expectancy, she was out on the wide river for the trading post. Once there she soon found other Indian maidens as well as warriors strolling around in idle native curiosity among the soldiers tents. With these she joined apparently as unconcerned as those with whom she mingled. But her sharp quick glance into the eyes of each white man she met, might well have betrayed an unusual interest.

She was gaily costumed in her native garb, and with her wild vivacity and Indian beauty, many were the admiring glances returned, but there was only one ideal she sought. Un-

like her more civilized sisters, the Indian maiden stoically indifferent and unconcerned in general appearance, yet is ardent, outspoken and frank in the tender affections of the heart, when once stirred by the inspiration of love. Suddenly the little group of maidens with "bright eyes" were startled by a partially suppressed exclamation of surprise as she darted toward a young man pensively standing as though in deep meditation, at the door of a tent. Oblivious to all surroundings she clasped her arms around him in ecstasy.

One may well imagine the consternation and embarrassment in public view, such an introduction to an unknown sweetheart and an Indian squaw at that, would place a proud, spirited, educated, refined and intellectual young man into. Dr. Muir had foresworn society, heart and hand free, to devote the remainder of his days away from its frivolty, shams and hollow mockeries as he supposed forever, in the army of his country to care for the disabilities of those in its service. Without a dream or thought of love for women, and deeply engrossed in mind over a difficult case then on his hands, he was bewildered, stupefied and surprised at this fervid outburst of affection of a strange and beautiful Indian girl. As one dazed and awakening from a dream, he gently loosened himself from her embrace with the thought that perhaps she was demented or had indulged in too much "firewater."

Fortunately his comrades were mostly not in view, and only one or two with a few Indians were spectators of this singular scene. The young surgeon secured a camp stool bidding the girl be seated. Tears of a fearful bitter disappointment and a mistaken zeal sprang into those bright eyes that made their expression more lovely than ever. With accents of pity for one laboring under a strange aberration of mind, he began inquiries regarding her singular conduct. In answer to those, she related her dream, vividly describing him as the character in every lineament and form, who came to her fathers wigwam, made his love known and forcibly carried her to his abode across the deep river.

The surgeon listened to her story told with the natural ease, modesty and gestures of a "simple child of the forest" with rapt attention. She was pretty, fine in form, and those eyes radiant with hope and lips eloquent with emotion, like a magnet true to its kind and nature, cast around and within him an irresistible charm. In truth his heart was won, before she

completed the story he was irretrievably in her toils. The audacity of enacting such a scene in public by one of her white sisters today, would make a young man wild with disgust, but with the guileless simplicity of Indian life, such strong and earnest emotions in human character thrown into action, the effect is quite different.

This incident changed the whole current of the young surgeon's life. When the young Indian girl arose to return to her home those tears were gone and a still more pleasing lustre was added to the brilliancy of those eyes. The young man regardless of the curious gaze of his comrades accompanied her to her canoe on the bank of the river, kissed her farewell with the promise of an interview the next evening in her home on the other side. True to his word he was there. It is the old, old story; moonlight strolls, sentimental romance and a plighted truth, although the blending of the caucasian with the savage, yet lovers were never more ardent, devoted and true. She was so frequently seen in his company his comrades first astonished, next began to chide him, then to persecute and make life intolerable.

Amidst it all, the beauty of the apparition of his dreams and wakeful hours was constantly in his mind. Every sneer about "Indian squaw!" only intensified his love for her because she was so unfortunate as to be of that race, when in truth she should rather be classed as a bright angel of simple purity, perfection and beauty. Indeed "love is blind," as the sequel of our story will prove. She was only human as all other mortals, but by nature of a happy disposition which shone forth in action and look, but which disappointments, care and afflictions through practical life so often seats and harden, in a few short years all the happy dreams of those two strange lovers had disappeared, and but few of the pleasures of life remained.

Six months had scarce elapsed from their first romantic meeting—months of bliss, and the priest was called who closed a ceremony that united them as man and wife. The surgeon was everlastingly disgraced in the eyes of his fellow officers. And above all things an Indian is the last of persons to depart from their traditions and customs. The girl had exacted a promise from him that however they lived, she should never be denied the native costume. He took her to his home arrayed in her bright beautiful blanket hanging from her shoulders, her beads and silver ornaments—she

was an "Indian squaw." The officers would sneeringly allude to "Mrs. Dr. Muir!" while the troopers alluded to him as "Doctor squaw man!" all of which would reach his ears until his position became intolerable. Had his Indian bride discarded her native costume for that of his race, and her simple forest manners for the culture and refinement of ladies in our society, she with her beauty and natural intelligence would have proved creditable to his choice. But with that love for her as he first saw her he would not yield to that while she was happy to find him willing for her to retain the dress and ornaments suited to her Indian tastes was ever seen and only known as "an Indian squaw!"

The young surgeon became the helpless victim of the severest "boyestt" by the society of his former friends ever seen on the border. His proud spirit was broken, and within twelve he resigned his position in the army, and with his young Indian wife who had but recently presented him with his first born, he secured a wagon and team and moved into the woods, where the city of Keokuk now stands. Here he began his first pioneer work by cutting logs and building his cabin. Often his old comrades (who with all they had said merely in jest, but coming to him second-handed picked like arrows, they still admired him as an old comrade) would come down to visit him. They always found his wife true and faithful engaged in domestic antics clad in the same style as "an Indian squaw!" Her graceful, pleasant and simple demeanor, vivacity and happy nature added so much pleasure to the guests that to a great measure it disarmed ridicule and secured respect. Her meals were cooked to the satisfaction of the most fastidious taste, and the neat cleanliness of her domicile was above criticism.

But the Doctor's proud spirit was humiliated. He felt his rash act in the greatest event of one's life—choosing a life companion had made him an outcast and exile from his race forever. In eight long years he imagined the eyes of his Indian wife were losing their brilliancy, several children had come into his cabin, while domestic cares and toil had so worn upon her once happy temper that she was not just the same, while that wild romantic beauty of her youth was fading, and soon people would soon point to her as "the Doctor's old Indian squaw!"

Brooding over those misfortunes and future possibilities, the husband grew desperate. Although she had clung tenaciously to him with fidelity of a

worshipper at the shrine of her god, he had determined to forsake both her and the children she had borne him. The soldiers were to be moved several hundred miles down the Mississippi and up into Arkansas. He had decided to steal away and join the expedition. Before their departure he was guessing. The first place of her search was among the troops, but no trace of him could be found. After weeks of weary search and waiting in which her kinsman joined, he had so deftly concealed his flight, not the slightest clew was found, and he was given up as the victim of misfortune and death.

He had slipped away through the forests down the river, joined the flotilla at its first landing place, and gone on with the soldiers to renew his old vocation. Long weary months went by. The abandoned wife had been given the treasure of her heart up for dead, with her four little children broken spirit returned to her father's wigwam which was then moved westward, and gave her truant unfaithful husband up for dead.

At last one old Indian interpreter returned from the government service where those troops had been transferred. Learning that the once beautiful and popular "bright eyes" had given up her husband for dead, and was again with her parents, he hastened to inform them that he was as much alive as ever and with the soldiers at their new quarters. Instead of applying for divorce in accordance with the more modern and civilized custom and the custody of the children as soon as possible with a new life and determination, gathering her supplies and few earthly belongings together, which with her four little children in her canoe one bright autumnal morning with strong arms and cheerful heart, she launched out in the river for a long laborious voyage down the stream to follow the course the troops had taken as described by the interpreter.

65
Upon hearing the god of her youthful dream was yet much alive, instead of vengeful feelings for his heartless and cruel desertion of herself and children, "Bright Eyes" pondered long and debated earnestly as to another bold and difficult task—regaining the truant husband and father. She knew the odium of an "Indian squaw for his wife" in the sight of his people had driven him by a wild frenzy, to desert herself and the four helpless children

she had borne him. Yet with that passionate love born of the vision of a dozen years previous, against the pleadings of parents and protestation friends, she resolved to take her children and go to him.

Provided with her trusty canoe laden with her little family and provisions for a voyage down the river, she bid those loving ones on the shore goodbye, and launched out in the stream. Occasionally she would lift her paddle from the water to cheerily wave it at her weeping mother and sad faced father, who stood watching her tiny craft receding from their sight. It was the same throbbing affectionate scene, only clad in aboriginal simplicity, so familiar in the separation of kindred among higher types of civilization.

Hundreds of miles must be passed; the canoe would float only a few miles per day,—she must propel it by physical labor, and must stop at frequent intervals to rest, refresh, cook, give the children exercise, supply herself with game, &c. For the latter purpose she had taken her bow, arrows and spear. As her white sisters would with her keepsakes, she had hoarded away as mementoes, her beautiful blanket, ear ornaments and trappings which she wore the first time she went in quest of the ideal of her vision, met him and won his affection. Her mother had insisted on her leaving them as a useless burden, but she replied if she could not win him back with them, she wanted them to be buried in. By this it was apparent she intended to take his children to him and end her life if he refused to return with her.

She had never been over the route before her, and although realizing the dangers and privations, yet had not thoroughly considered time and elements. The heat of the days miasmatic odors of the water and the storms to be encountered, with pestilential insects wherever she chose to land and camp throughout the nights. Her supplies were exhausted before her journey was half made. Worse still before she reached her destination, two of the children were victims of malarial fever. With hunting in the forests along the river for game and berries for food, gathering herbs for medicine for the sick children, the poor wife was wasting to a skeleton.

The soldiers had been taken up the Missouri river a couple of hundred miles. Here she had to row her canoe up stream, and at last exhausted, two of her children moaning with fever, she landed at the stockade, wan, haggard and half starved. Hastily dressing herself in the costume she prized

so high, with which she had worn and won him as if in rebuke for his inconsistency, with a sorrowfully sad lustre in those "bright eyes," and sunken cheeks, she left her children on the banks of the Missouri, to find their father.

Although a poor forsaken Indian, the soldiers, many of whom knew and remembered her in the long ago, were deeply interested and sympathised with her in such distress. Soon they had her in the presence of the army surgeon—her husband, Dr. Muir. Never had army life witnessed a more affecting scene. As soon as she caught sight of him she ran screaming with joy, and clasping her arms about his neck fainted away. When restored to consciousness she told her pitiful story, while he sat by her and wept like a child.

Such a sublime and superhuman demonstration of devotion and affection overcame every thought of caste and condition. The doctor was now impelled by but one thought—duty to her who seemed as an angel of love in his eyes, compared with his own ungrateful self. "My children, where are they?" he eagerly inquired. Sick and famishing down on the bank of the river by her little boat; in her excitement and joy she had almost forgotten them. Left to themselves by the group who had gathered about in respect to the sacred nature of such an interview hastily supplying himself himself with food and medicines the doctor with his overjoyed Indian wife soon hastened to minister to their wants. Tender and affectionately they were taken to his home; but after a few days of nursing the next to the eldest, a little girl—the picture of "bright eyes" was laid to its eternal rest beneath the forest trees while the other one soon recovered.

This decided Dr. Muir irrevocably for all his future. He told his comrades nothing again should intervene but death, to separate him from such a grandly pure and devoted wife as the mother of his children had proven to be. Although an Indian, he loved her now dearer than ever and the most costly jeweled scepter and crown of the mightiest nation on earth could never lure him to desert her again. He said "your sneers once possessed a sting, but as soon as my family rests, recuperates and are able for the journey, I shall bid you goodbye forever. One day with them, especially this faithful wife, is worth more to me than all the months that I have left her to provide for them and herself alone. May God forgive me for the terrible sin!"

He had many warm friends who besought him to remain and keep his family with him. But to all such he would reply: "I know your prejudices against the Indian race and do not want my wife and children kept in contact with them. Far better that those children so dear to me now, shall grow up in equality and the independence of their tribal relations, than to be treated with the contumely of "half breeds," and my wife scoffed at as age creeps over us, as "that old Indian squaw!" She is far better than I am; I shall prove faithful to her hereafter, and I hope be a blessing to her children!"

He kept his resolve. Within a few weeks he resigned again as army surgeon, and prepared to return with his family to Iowa. Health and strength also, with the complete fulfillment of her most ardent wishes, even beyond what she had hoped for—all had changed the sad eyes of Dr. Muir's forest wife back to their wonted brilliancy again. The old, hopeful, cheerful and happy nature revived, and they each had many plans and new ambitions for the future to propose and discuss on their return.

They did not locate in Keokuk again. He often said his old home was in other hands, and the fact of his temptations and heartless, unprincipled desertion of his family in consequence, revived such painful memories he preferred another location where that much of the past would not haunt him. They settled above Sandusky where, about the time of the first settlements of the whites six or seven years after the events described, the doctor was stricken down with typhoid pneumonia and died.

He like many other people, although vigilant and industrious, had accumulated but little wealth, and left his widow and now fatherless children but little means of support. She did all her domestic duties to his complete satisfaction, and in every hour of need was ever at his command. In his last hour of sickness he could not endure her out of his sight. It seemed she was the chief object of his love. One day just before the stupid lethargy of approaching dissolution came he called her to his bedside, and gently stroking her long black hair, he said: "Sophia (a name he had given her) I consign the children into your hands. I must leave you. I hope we may meet where you and I may live together in a better world forever!"

At this the nurse with a proper sense of propriety withdrew as she fell with arms about him sobbing to almost distraction. Within two days the end

had come. Now "Bright Eyes" was indeed without a husband. She saw his body shut up in a coffin, laid in the earth and covered forever from sight. No voyage in her canoe, no privations nor hardships could ever take her to him alive again. One more child had been added to the little group since her re-union with him. What should she do now? She was "only an Indian squaw!" Her days of romance was over. The only god she ever knew was gone to never return. There was but one course left—and that was to go back to her people, There trusting in the "Great Spirit" to be husband to her and father to her fatherless children she returned. There she united her destiny with her kindred again and faded away from all connection thereafter with Iowa history.

What a pity none ever learned the further history and fate of this noble Indian wife and the children of Dr. Muir. They lapsed back into the nomadic life of her people, and according to the laws of nature, she, if not all the children, have long since found the common level of all—the Mother Earth. True, she was only "an Indian squaw," but such sublime affection, sagacity, courage and constancy should inscribe her name high upon the scroll of purity and virtue indelibly, as a model worthy of emulation by the highest types of women and motherhood.

Although her husband, the proud spirited army surgeon, was made to feel and repent his unnatural alliance with one of an inferior race until impelled to forsake her and their children, yet he averred they were never off his mind to the day she came to reclaim him. To realize her life was so intensely wrapt up in his, kindled anew the love he bore for her when in the resplendent Indian beauty of her youth she confided her future life to his care and protection. All his old vows to her he pledged over and over again with the addition, "Dear Sophia (that was the name he gave her) I never knew you was more precious than gold 'till now!"

28.66
The county of Mahaska derived its name, similar to that of Wapello, Keokuk, et al., from an Indian chief. Chief Mahaska at the time of our territorial occupation in 1832, was already beyond the prime and vigor of manhood. He was the Ciceronian statesman in the councils of the Indians. Unlike the majority of chiefs who were not known

For their much speaking, Mahaska was ready always, not only to give a "good reason for his hope," but for his fears also. Although "an untutored savage," he possessed native forethought, prudence and the courage of his convictions. Did such men today mould the destiny of our mighty nation of people, the uproars, confusions, strifes and dangers now besetting and disturbing public tranquillity and paralyzing justice between man and man would be unknown.

Mahaska may have been influenced by what, in comparison to his nation, the invincible numbers of the whites, to shield his tribe from any possibility of hostilities with such an overwhelming power. We have never heard of his integrity being questioned upon any policy for either peace or war, but always by act and deed he seemed to court the confidence and affection of our public men, and was to Blackhawk in the ridiculous flop he made over into the British camp, what Cicero was to Cæsar when he plunged the republic of Rome into imperialism. But more fortunate than that world renowned orator of the Roman Forum, it was the Dictator and not the orator who was brought down. Doubtless that was because he was only leader in the council of a tribe of ignorant savages, instead of "the most mighty and intelligent nation on earth!"

When Blackhawk and his warriors returned with the arms, accoutrements and stores he had defrauded the British out of by his perfidy, and his display of what seemed in the red man's eyes such an immense amount of booty, Mahaska scowled and refused him countenance. In the light of present history when a man who masks his treacherous work under the same guise of friendship, reaches an enemy's camp famishing with hunger and thirst, claiming himself and warriors were brought to this condition in their zeal to join forces in a common cause with them, is fed to life and strength again; then watches an opportunity when his chief benefactor who confided in his honesty to thrust his person unprotected in his hands, springs up and binds him, carries him back to his enemies to prison and perhaps death, and nearly a hundred million of "the most intelligent people on earth" applaud it and reward the betrayal as the most worthy and valiant deed of modern times, the ghastly phantom in such sharp contrast with the honor of an Indian, suddenly shoots up in the path before us, is it not high time we "about face" a few steps backward, and see if we cannot pick up a thread or two we have

dropped out of the warp and woof of our "progressive age?"

With Mahaska, the greater the trust the more damnable the betrayal. The man who in any guise whatever would betray another to prison or death, is a thousand times more contemptible in the sight of God and justice, or even the savage, than the man under the guise of friendship, who secures another one's property to never return it. The latter only robs him of possessions, while the other takes life, liberty and all, as well. Such honor, such "Christianity" and such methods of assimilation over which at home we go in ecstasy, must recede in the shadows of the purer honesty and rude lofty manhood of many of those chiefs in the primitive west.

James Madison was president of the United States when our grandfathers were making the British redcoats who came down upon us over the Canadian frontier singing, "look boys behind every tree and stump, see the cussed Yankees jump! We're too far from Canada, boys, we're too far from Canada!" Blackhawk had almost plunged his nation into this war as British allies, but was checkmated by Mahaska, Keokuk, Wapello and other chiefs whose counsels so curbed the war spirit and preserved neutrality. Many at the time believed Blackhawk thus left alone with support did what he otherwise would never have done thus betrayed the British when he had such an opportunity of getting so much from them as a brilliant trick and play upon their credulity.

Patriotically devoted to his people his diplomacy among the various surrounding tribes was always invoked and in every emergency required employed for the peace, safety and prosperity of his people, as the faithful, vigilant friend of the whites, many where the hatchets lying buried during the war of 1812 that would have been reeking with the blood of defenseless victims along our border had it not been for the friendship, sagacity and diplomacy of Mahaska. President Madison ever showed this eminent chief the warmest friendship, and during one of his visits to Washington in 1825, John Quincy Adams, then president of the United States, presented him with a beautifully finished silver medal, which with native pride and pleasure he always wore near his heart as the seal of devotion to our country.

The date of his birth we have never learned any farther than that it was supposed to be about the close of our revolutionary war; and the time, place or manner of his death has ever been shrouded in mystery. He had in-

curring the enmity of some of the Indians of a neighboring tribe upon account of wrongs, perhaps more imaginary than real, they accused him with inveigling them into, and it was supposed by many while traveling on one of his long, wearisome hunting expeditions he was met, assassinated, and his body hidden away from all knowledge of friend or foe.

Years upon years rolled by, his name and fame lived on, but had the sod over his grave ever shown the work of hands, is became coated from all distinction by the green carpet of nature. Not until about twenty-five years ago, could any one even surmise his resting place. A gang of workmen from Des Moines were digging a cut for the North Missouri, now the Wabash railroad, when one in lifting a shovel of dirt uncovered part of a human skeleton. Startled he called the overseer who had the dirt carefully removed disclosing the bones of a full-sized Indian in a good state of preservation.

It was "only that of an Indian!" but being intact was well worth preserving, and carefully taken up. While at this the precious medal was found that established the identity of the bones as those belonging to this noted chief. Upon this medal was inscribed, "Presented to Chief Mahaska by J. Q. Adams in 1825." We are uninformed of the final disposition of those remains, or their last resting place, but our neighbor county of which Oskaloosa is the capital, can boast of being christened with the name of the noblest Roman of them all.

A simple nomadic type of the human family born and reared among the wild and rugged scenes of nature, with few ambitions to gratify, there is not the corrupting influences attendant with higher grades of civilization. Thus we find Solomon's proverb "much wisdom increaseth sorrow!" verified. The sorrows of an honest incorruptible wise man only affects himself, while those inflicted by a dishonest one affects proportionately every one over whom his influence and power extends. Mahaska's life, although obscure, was filled with noble deeds not only for his people, but also for ours, that drew admiration and regards, as was demonstrated towards him, from the most noted of his pale faced brethren. While he never signaled himself with the tomahawk and scaping knife, except in self defense, yet perhaps thousands of husbands, wives and children of our frontier owed their lives to his persuasive mediatorial power for peace among the red men of the forest.

Thus, Almighty God with plastic hand moulds creature gifts to always stand, while centuries sweep grandly by fresh memories still before the eye.

67.
There was one notable in our immediate neighborhood for his excellence of character, mingled with some of the most amusing eccentricities, we shall never forget—that man was whom the boys seeming, irreverently called "old Silas Garrison!" Yet whether old or young, upon account of his jovial joking nature and fondness for spinning yarns, everybody enjoyed his presence.

When he came here in April, 1843, he was about forty six years of age, blessed with a numerous family among whom were son-in-laws, daughters-in-laws, &c., as well as single sons and daughters and grandchildren. His first abiding place was an old abandoned Indian wigwam mostly made of bark peeled from green hickory trees. Its location was about two hundred yards north and slightly west of where the old two story brick house now stands on the Remington and Baker place east of Eldon.

There was another deserted wigwam about one hundred and fifty yards northwest of this one, in which his son Harmon ensconced himself, wife and child, while the other married son, William and son-in-law Jerry Shephard with their coming generation circled in wagons and tents around the old man. The first essential was water. To secure a temporary supply, so sure were they that Father Garrison was here permanently, they sunk a well about twelve feet deep and got an abundant supply of water, the ground being full at the time, but had they remained there a few months longer, sixty feet further down would not have given as much.

After the hurley burley on the morning of May 1st, 1843, he found himself, progeny, and four other fellows claiming the same piece of land, and each with as good right as the other. With that abounding jolly good nature for which he afterwards became known, he said: "Well boys, I guess this ground is no better than other brush and timber land; there is plenty more as good, we'll dig out in time to get some of it!" and that very day staked off another claim. This land is the "eighty" lying east of the north and south road running through Dr. Bilby and Kyle's farms three-fourths of a mile northeast of Eldon. His son Harmon opened up on forty acres east of the north part of it, now the farm of Mr. Crouse, but sold out in a few years and moved to Madison county. Mr. Garrison's married children all left him, also locating elsewhere.

He was a large muscular man and well built for a pugilist, but by nature abhorred every form of ruffianism. "Brutes," he said, "are much stronger and dangerous than the most able-bodied among men, and tear each other, but man's intelligence is given him to rise above and reign over the animal kingdom. If by this he conquers beasts let him always be able to conquer himself, help his fellow men instead of beating them!" He was a model frontiersman, and if such was "backwoods philosophy", it is still worth recalling.

He was always found in good humor and ready for a hearty laugh—never perhaps getting into a rough and tumble scrap, except the time formerly mentioned, when he had to fight his way out and escape from the Jordan gang at Heaton's house raising. In politics he was an inveterate whig until the "know nothing" or "American party" swallowed that party, then he was a "know nothing." And in 1856, when politicians found that move would not pan out and swallowed it up under the cover "republican" he was a republican.

Eccentric in almost every phase of his life, he was a Methodist, and sometimes would call meetings and try to preach. A great reader and lover of education but a poor student. He could get ideas into his head, but could not practically find a way to evolve them out of it. The winter of 1844-5 the father of the writer of this sketch was teaching a three months' subscription school and taking his pay in rail making as well as other kinds of "truck and turn over!" Silas Garrison subscribed for his whole family of school age, including himself, and mauled the rails out on Saturdays to pay the tuition.

He never missed a day. Then nearly forty years old, he always lined up on the old hewed benches in the cabin of Nicholas Wycoff with the other boys. But the teacher had a riddle in that one scholar he never could solve. How a man's head could possess all the elements of an ordinary education without a rule or single explanatory idea of their utility. In mathematics—for illustration, the teacher would propound to him for solution the hardest problems he could find, and he would work them out in the teachers presence in less time than that person himself could, and then turn the slate over to him for inspection. There was the correct answer, but as void of any rule to justify it by, as Ben Hafed's prayer written in a dead and forgotten language.

It was to learn mathematical and

practical rules to understand himself was what he said he wanted more schooling for, but the longer he went the more confused and densely impractical along those lines he seemed to grow. He worked hard for the purpose both physically and mentally. His strange mathematical powers thus were tested in every conceivable way, and invariably brought a ready and correct answer.

In 1846 he sold his farm to James Lanman, and located on sixty acres cornering with it at the northwest on the west side of the road. Here the remainder of his life was spent. During the summer of 1850 Judge Flint hired sufficient hands, moulded and burned brick for the old brick house. Silas Garrison became so much interested in the work while it was going on that he was almost an every day visitor—"stealing the trade," he said. Immediately sure enough he went to work and by the help of his three sons and a son-in-law, he did make and burn a brick kiln, then with trowel and mortar built himself a one room brick house, and moved into it before the carpenter work on Judge Flint's residence was half completed.

He was one of those optimistic kind of chaps who are always looking more for "good luck" in some shape to drop gold in their right of way, instead of buckling right down to rigid economy and hard work to get it. For two years he had been reading of the wonderful fortunes grabbed up without any apparent effort in California, and early in the spring of 1851 while the freshets that were to make the old Des Moines river famous, were beginning to creep up its banks, on the old "Jenny Lind" as it weighed anchor to leave the port of Iowaville for down the river old Silas Garrison was seated upon its deck, chewing his tobacco and spinning his jokes and yarns equal to old Sinbad the sailor. He had bid the old woman good bye, and was on his way down to New Orleans, out in the gulf and around Cape Horn for Sacramento, California. The process of the "forty niner's" with their ox teams was too slow for him, and who cared for expenses when a man could bring gold nuggets home in two bushel sacks!

With his versatile humor and knack for cracking jokes, he made good company, but after he embarked on the old fashioned sail ship at New Orleans bound for California he said sea sickness reached his "innards" so retchingly that for two days all speech was gone and he doubled up like a bacon rind; he prayed for God to save him to get home but once more and he would never leave the old woman

again for all the sacks of gold in California, and the proverbial mines of Ophir thrown in to boot.

After this was all over and he began to fill up again from the Captain's larder, he soon forgot his dependence and desired help from a higher power. He was away out on the ocean enjoying the "old long green" he had amply provided himself with before leaving home, and having a big time with his many new found friends—all, like him self, just going to see the world, pick up a few tons of gold and come home to have a good time. All bent on the same journey, filled with plenty of the captain's good things, and one purpose in view they were congenial company for each other.

As for his long green "Uncle Silas" had all that to himself without a beggar saying to him "give me a chaw!" Yet to every offer of his companions "take a chaw!" he was polite enough to never refuse. At home always a great tototaller, but he said when one of those southerners aboard drew out a flask of "old-fashioned Kentucky Bourbon" he did not know what caused him to do it, but it must have been that southern latitude, and he just had to surrender every time.

He said as he now was farther away from home, from God and from the old woman than he had ever been in his life, the ship being away out on the sea not a sight of land in any direction nor a sail, cloud nor breeze, the sun pouring its heat down on deck like a reflector, especially directed at them, they lay panting under canvas sails overhead like as many pigs on a hot sand bar, he heard in startling tones that made him jump as though Gabriel had called: "A storm! a storm! every man to his post! take in sail!"

The rattle and clatter of hurrying feet, yelling of officers, and jumping around over and through rigging by the sailors looked like a sudden awakening of the dead sure enough. He said he looked for the storm, but could see nothing larger than a little black cloud about the size of his hat away off to the northwest, and as he had always wanted to see and be in a storm on the ocean he felt as if the boatswain and crew were playing a cruel joke on himself and his fellow "land lubbers!",

With his mind thus made up, and seeing the others likewise similarly affected, he stood amusingly watching the sailors with their antics, when he was again startled with another angry and uncomplimentary command profuse with profanity, for them to get down in the hatchway and do it—quick. A glance over his shoulder

decided him immediately that the captain now speaking was using good logic, for that little small cloud covered the whole northwest, and was black as ink. Now the "land lubbers" were a mass of humanity struggling and tumbling over each other to get down into that dark yawning hole. The captain and mate were standing swearing, pulling back, jerking and howling to keep them from choking the hole up, so they would all go down the chute straight right end foremost,

He said he was about the last one in, and as he reached the bottom of the hatchway he heard the huge trap door overhead come down with a bang, and felt the big ship careen when the storm struck her as though she was going to turn bottom side up. All in the dark tumbling around back and forward as the vessel plunged and rolled, every one frantically grabbing for something to hold to, some swearing with rage, others crying with rage, and still others praying that never prayed before, and all scratching and bruising each other until the captain came down with a lantern to guide them to berths and fastenings for individual safety.

For twenty hours they were fastened up there, and with all his lifelong desire to see a storm on the ocean, also having bought a ticket in full, supposable that all side shows were included, he was shut up in the dark, until this only one during his voyage was over. Yet during the remainder of the trip he carefully nursed a few bumps as melancholy reminders of what he paid for and didn't see.

Once on land there then, what he saw was far different from what one sees now; wild land, wild people, Indians, Mexicans, and whites of every nationality, and without law, only as clubs for self protection made and enforced them. Everybody crazed for gold, lived in camps along the gulches and foothills of the mountains. The primitive methods of mining, and the few little grains of gold dust panned out by a hard day's washing, did not come up to "Uncle Silas" expectations of scooping it up in nuggets. He worked until towards the following spring securing perhaps three hundred dollars. Life at his age was too short for this slow process of securing a fortune—the ox teams of the "forty niners" were lightning in comparison. But there were no ox teams used to get home with; so two of his three hundred would have to tarnish before he could see his little brick house again; but it went, and he came.

He could tell enough more than we have written about his gold fever, and all the incidents thereto by which it

was worked off, to make a dozen volumes, and then have only finished one chapter. The writer of this used to get him started, and while listening to his word pictures feel as though we were taking in all the sights from here to New Orleans, around past Havana, then South America, then California, then back across the isthmus of Panama, on back by New York, then overland home; we were shook up by storms, slept out among Indians, Greasers and Mexicans, ate all kinds of diet, had the scurvy, chills, jaundice, and every disorder "Uncle Silas" told about. For years there was one boy that could tell more about the topography and geography of that country than any living man except "Uncle Silas" himself, but for the sake of brevity we will give the reader a short rest till next time.

68. THE OLD BRICK HOUSE.

The first two-story building erected near the city of Eldon was the old brick yet standing half a mile east of town on the Remington & Baker farm. That was the preemption claim upon which Judge Flint pitched his camp to occupy while the Indians were still here, and afterwards obtained. By the year 1850 strange to say now when people believe the word "prosperity" is of such recent origin, but it is a fact though, that prosperity had so touched the pocket of the Judge, that he decided he could expand by some effort, to the possession of a more commodious residence than his primitive double log house. With this thought, early in the winter he began to "assimilate" his assets accordingly.

First he engaged choppers to cut about a hundred cords of wood and haul down, ricking it up near a quarter of a mile south of the house, on the west side of the road. By the time frost was out of the ground he had two sets of brick molds for "slap" or "slop brick" made; each mold to contain four brick, with a sliding bottom. Then a huge trough or tank to be filled with water into which each mold when emptied by the "off bearer!" was thrown at the left hand side in reach of the molder. A large mud mill was constructed with a log upright cylinder filled with pins, and turned by a sweep propelled by one horse like a cane mill. The dirt wheeled up in a wheelbarrow was thrown in the mill over the top, alternated with water and ground by the horse power into mud that oozed out of an aperture below in reach of the

molder standing in a pit and scooping it off of the platform with both hands to slap into the molds.

By the first of June he had all the paraphernalia of the brick yard ready, ground smoothed down hard as a floor for a yard to dry the brick on, shed built and covered with boards and enough left for vard purposes. Then came business. Unlike the old method of molding "sand brick" by wetting the molds and then dipping them in sand before using; the "slap brick" style was to take them out of the water, lay them on the table, then scoop up a ball of mud double handed, and slap it in the molds with such force that oftentimes the escaping slime from the sides would fly several feet in the air at each slash.

Doctor Flint (who had not yet at that time risen to that distinction of having the handle "Judge" tacked on his name) did all the molding of a hundred and ten thousand brick for that kiln. "Ye gods and men!" he and all about him was a sight to see. Think of water and mud that flew up four times in succession as he brought his two hands filled with mud each time in a chamber of the mold and kept two young chaps trotting all day carrying and turning them out on the yard to dry in the sun. And he kept all the hands busy, occasionally stopping to claw the mud out of his eyes until he had molded, set in the kiln and burned his hundred and ten thousand brick. And they are still in that house as good as when placed there by his hands fifty-five years ago, yet for inspection and comparison with those of this "progressive" day.

He employed four hands—all young chaps, on his brick yard. Robert Cummins and Ephraim Cummins, (nephews of the late Ephraim Cummins who made the Sharp's place east of Eldon) and William McDivitt and Thomas McDivitt. While at work one day William McDivitt who was wheeling mud and emptying into the mill collided with Ephraim Cummins' wheelbarrow tumbling it over and breaking a lot of raw brick he had on it taking to the kiln. At this Cummins blurted out, "I wish you had sense enough to watch what you are doing." This was enough for Bill who did not love him overmuch any way, and with a big oath, "I'll pound enough brains into your cocconut that you'll keep out of the way hereafter!" he made for him and they went right into business at once without any ceremony.

Both were about the same height, but Bill was a heavy stocky muscular built young man, while "Eph" was slender, bony, but wiry, and was making it more interesting than pleasant

for his opponent, when the "mud dauber" leaped out of his pit and separated them. Bill had a bunged eye and nose partly peeled and bleeding; while Eph had some bark knocked off one cheek and a bump over his right eyebrow, otherwise, with the exception of short breathings of threatenings and slaughter, neither one was much the worse of the scrap. While Bill was quick to fly into a passion he was soon over it; but Eph never made up with him, and would always allude to him as that "red-mouthed Irishman." He was never very choice whether he was present or not either. They never became friends afterwards.

While the kiln was cooling after four or five days and nights constant firing, teams were absent on a trip to Keokuk for pine finishing lumber, and others were hauling lumber that had been sawed that spring by the Soap Creek mill. Ebenezer Tolbert with his "fro" and drawing knife made the shingles from red oak timber, that put the first roof on the building, cut from off his own land now belonging to Sloan across the river south of Eldon. Those shingles cost just four dollars per thousand. Mahlon Godley, then living in Old Ashland, with his son Lewis did all the carpenter work.

Lewis was then a young married man, who afterwards in his prime served during the civil war, held county office, improved a little farm adjoining Eldon and died only a few years ago highly honored and respected—an aged gray haired man. Still the work of his busy hands survive him. His father died thirty-five or forty years ago in Old Ashland. He had a fine residence for that day, there but like the town itself, the last vestige had disappeared. Time and death has swept all his children away also into that fathomless ocean of eternity as well as all the others whose hands had to do with building the old brick, and it soon must disappear also.

The men employed by Dr. Flint in its construction were John Seay, about 25 years old, brick mason; Robert Cummins "cub" or apprentice, and himself, brick mason. He worked on the west half of the walls and gable, and Seay on the east half and gable; while Bob Cummins worked "filling in." Jim Oldfield, and William and his brother Tom McDivitt mixed the mortar, carried brick, &c., for the masons. Jim was a great wag, and always having his fun at somebody else's expense. Bob Cummins was, in present day parlance, "badly mashed" by Catharine Tolbert, a pretty miss whose parents lived scarce a quarter west of where the work was going on;

while John Seay was suffering from the same complaint he had contracted for another one of the same persuasion not quite that far east of the new house.

Each one seemed to have it bad to o and Jim Oldfield was not long taking in the situation. It seemed the two girls also had an understanding between themselves about the ailment of the two young men, and visited each other frequently to exchange confidential talks. To make those calls they had to pass where the love-lorn swains were working. One day Miss Catharine was tripping by with a bright clean white sunbonnet concealing her face, and head thrown back unobservant and independent as though young men were not worth five cents a dozen. Jim Oldfield had his eyes open and just about the time she got even with the house he yelled at the top of his voice: "Say, boys, what's Bob looking at?"

Miss Catharine didn't faint, or even look around, but it seems disappeared from sight in an incredibly short time, while Bob delivered a very impressive lecture to Jim that evening, but was so frequently interrupted with such repeated ejaculations by the latter, that brought roars of laughter from the boys until in disgust he "sawed off" and retired.

In those days we knew but little about buggies, as now, when a young fellow can scarce get his sweetheart two hundred yards from her papa's gate with hitching a horse to a buggy and hauling her. Every young man kept his riding horse that could afford one, and those who didn't had to go on foot or borrow. And "papa" generally had one on his farm that his daughter could ride, and oftentimes she had no ladies saddle and had to ride on his. John Seay kept a fine young filley which for convenience sake he frequently left in the log stable at the place aforementioned east of us. The "convenience" under consideration to him was of burning importance. Every time he went to feed and care for his animal he could exchange smiles and sometimes sweet words with the prettiest girl of the neighborhood. One evening after his day's work was done and supper over he started as usual eastward. Of course the boys took in the humor of the situation and one called out: "Where are you going, John?" "Oh, just to the next house to rub my filley down!" was the reply. "Be careful, John! be careful!" yelled Jim with the voice of a fog horn, "that you don't rub the wrong filley and get your fool brains kicked out of you!"

One time while the masons were up near the finish of the building Jim spied this young miss coming to pass by and yelled out: "Watch John Seay now see! Look at John Seay see! His eyes are now rolling in perpetual motion! See John Seay! What's the matter with John Seay?" &c.

Bob's wooing was more successful than John's, for within a year or so he married Miss Catharine Tolbert, and was happily mated but two years had scarcely passed until she sickened and died. John, although a fine looking young man, failed to throw a sufficient charm around the one he so highly coveted, was turned adrift, went west, married, and became a well-to-do farmer, and has long since passed to that beyond whither all are drifting. Those I believe are all the romances whose memories cluster around the building of the "old brick house!"

The brick work was completed too late for finish and occupation until the next year—1851. The season had been pretty dry, and now that the walls of the house were up, roof on, and carpenters enclosing it, the owner began digging for water. The old double log house stood about sixty yards west of it, and the second year of its occupation he had dug one well to water sixty feet deep putting gums made from the trunks of hollow trees like we now put tiling down. It soon filled up as far as the water lay with quicksand, and was abandoned. The next he dug and walled with stone. It also did the same, and was filled up. The third—the one under consideration, he dug sixty-one feet deep, curbing thirty-one feet from the bottom with oak plank two inches thick. The water lay in sand and gravel and was fine. He then walled inside with brick to the top, and put a pulley and two buckets on a frame to draw with. The rains of the spring of that celebrated flood of '51 were gentle, frequent and heavy; and the ground became full and soft. A bulge in the wall about half way down began to appear, and each day increased a little more, until at last it extended a third of the way out over the wall. The next morning while on the porch watching the tears of the sky gently falling, we were startled by a low rumble and saw the tall well curb going down into the ground out of sight—the well upon which we doted so much had caved in. That was the last time we ever dug for water—then a large cistern (yet there) was constructed.

SINGING SCHOOL DAYS AND SPIRIT RAP- PINGS.

Our singing school days! How many of the few survivors are left of early Iowa times, to yet vividly recall the old halcyon days of the first singing school? Some young man with a smattering knowledge of music, a tenor voice and a "tuning fork" would call the young people together at some spacious residence. (double log house) cabin or log school house, to organize a "singing school." Of course the commencement (they had no bills or bill posters in those days) verbally, soon went from house to house and always insured a good crowd of merry boisterous boys and girls, as well as some whom Time had borne beyond this romantic era in life.

As our observations, experience and memories were confined to the neighborhood and immediate surroundings in which we were reared, we can only relate incidents of this nature which transpired here. But we confidently assure our readers that they are fair illustrations of those times, not only in Iowa but as far back east as Indiana and Ohio. There were no fine churches, with grand swelling "pipe organs" orchestra or choirs, to furnish music for the worshippers of God. Each one with a voice and knowledge of tunes in such assemblages, was expected to join in the singing as much as though he or she belonged to a choir. This gift and knowledge was regarded so highly commendable for both church or social gatherings, it inspired an ambition among the young people, that instrumental music of today has thrown into the background.

'Tis true we had our violins even more generally in proportion than now, and sometimes one would hear of a banjo or guitar twanging, but few knew what an organ or piano looked like. Instrumental music in church service, was such a novelty an old fellow while on a trip east at one time, was so shocked by hearing two fiddles and a choir furnishing all the music at a church meeting in the city, he never entirely recovered from it. "Why," he said, "two young fellows set up there on the rostrum or whatever you call it, when I went to church, and commenced tuning their fiddles; then four other fellows with their gals walked right up there and sat down. I tell you if I hadn't seen the preacher setting there with the bible on his lap studying his lesson, I would have bet ten dollars the set was made up for a cotillion. They were all epick spike span spicy new looking crittars, just like they had fixed up for the business. After whispering and showing their books to each other, the fellows with the fiddles got up and they

all got up, the fiddles began squeaking and the young men and women commenced singing. And bless my soul, instead of the old Arkansaw Traveler, if they didn't sing that good old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus name!"

But he always declared there was more genuine religion in one Iowa log school house meeting where fiddles were not allowed, and everybody did their own singing, than in all the whole state of Indiana. Poor old man he died long before our present theatrical entertainments came. If he had lived to hear one of our great roaring pipe organs, like old Peter Cartright, he would jump up stiff legged and shout, "if you don't stop that great hellowing thing I'll kick it out in the street!"

Just across the road at the end of the lane running east of town, was built our first log school house, a place of general resort for religious services once a month, and singing schools on Sundays and sometimes during evenings. There are a few survivors here yet—old men and women who met and participated there at such gatherings, young and joyous as the young of today. The first frame school house was built where the present school building now stands half a mile east of "County Line." Local teachers taught in almost every district. Some were fairly well versed and qualified, while others could not even pitch a tune correctly. But what did young people care, so they could get together and have some fun? No matter who started with his subscription paper, twelve lessons for one dollar; to the young man with his girl, half of them expecting arrangements for double harness at the end of twelve weeks, such a season for blissful words and thoughts made the price wondrous cheap!

A man named Biddle who lived at Absecom "taught at the frame." If one has not read our description of the above city a year ago, he will just have to guess at it. His name was not only Biddle, but it was Nicholas too! named after that old sinner General Jackson sat down on so hard in 1836. He sang for money, also, but as he never got any more out of all his work than to pay ten dollars an acre for twenty acres of land, unlike the older "Nick," he never aspired to crush the life out of the democratic party.

But he could lead a singing school, and had his scholars trained to march back and forth, each young fellow with his girl's right arm folded in his left, and their other two hands holding the book watching and stepping time, and at the end of each measure curtsying by dropping on one knee half way to the floor. There were sometimes more visitors to see those performances than could get standing room even around the windows.

This just suited Biddle, and he would stand at one end of the room beating time, noting and correcting every blunder, and keeping everything strictly in order. The more perfect time his class would keep it seemed about every third or fourth step they took, the more comic their bobbing up and down looked. And if he did not make them curtsey on time, the irregularity of their "bobbing" was equally laughable.

Biddle was a little cranky on the liquor question, and would sandwich as many temperance songs on the youngsters as possible. There was one in particular on which he never failed. It was sung at a lively air. The first lines ran something like this:

"King Alcohol we have forsaken,
The temperance pledge we have taken
And all the land we will awaken
For in union now we stand."

Chorus: We're a band of freemen,

We're a band of freemen,

And we'll sound it through the land, &c

He could get the entire class to sing it with gusto enough to gratify the most fastidious of tetotaller, but when they came to the chorus, a lot of tenor voices would be heard going it "we're a band of women! we're a band of women!" &c. No matter how many times he would call the class down for correction, every time they would reach the chorus, those wag-gish boys would break out with "we're a band of women!" until he gave it up and told them if they couldn't "be gentlemen" they could be women. After this even the girls joined with them in the chorus, and halet them have it that way.

The "frame" always drew a crowd, but our log school house formed a combination with the "show" (now Pleasant Ridge) or rather the young folks in each respective neighborhood did, to meet alternately at each place. Sometimes they would have a teacher, and at other times they would elect a "king bee" to lead, and go it without one. One day when about twelve years old we remember seeing a tall strapping raw boned young fellow in shirt sleeves and bare-footed with an old fiddle tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief under his arm, come into the school house—he was a "singing teacher."

He bowed as graceful and unembarrassed to the hey of boys and girls (some of the latter giggling) as though he wore the most stylish of tailor made suit and stood in morrocco boots. His shirt and pants looked like they had been cut from the same piece of homemade linen and suspenders knit from home spun yarn, while his broad brimmed braided homemade straw hat might have been the first hat he ever had on his head. This latter appendage he held in one hand while making his obeisances

and introducing himself. Then laying it on the desk or board along the wall, he took the handkerchief from around a fiddle that looked old enough to have been at Belshazzur's dance, when the "Christian psalmist" dropped out, also. Picking it up and digging a "tuning fork" out of his breeches pocket, striking it on the desk and holding to his ear he began tuning his fiddle.

After getting the correct pitch he ordered all to get their books, be seated, and the school exercises were opened with a short talk about the staff, bars, beats and measures. Then he gave the boys something to do that stopped their comic side glances and the girls quit giggling and nudging each other about his gait and tapping up gainly dusty feet. Now the way he took them around through and over the rudiments of music was for the time quite exhilarating. He would scrap off a few notes with his fiddle and then "all sing!" Such a medley it was! With a tragic flourish he would swing his bow up in the air "stop!" Then they would all have to commence over again. "There, hold on!" All would be hushed, then a short lecture on time and notes, and another start. For two hours the time was used without any apparent improvement, cutting out all the real music and anticipated enjoyment, until even his ungainly bare feet lost their interest to merry interviewing eyes. He had a fine tenor voice and good knowledge of music, but put so much work in on the start he "blowed out" and didn't come back any more. Yet to a little boy of that day, his memory is still kept green.

About the same time "spiritual mediums" sprang up like mushrooms throughout the country, and created great interest in their peculiar manifestations. In looking back over those times, we incline to a great amount of charity for the folly and delusions among our ancestry during the days of the "Salem witchcraft." Men and women would congregate in little circles, sit around tables for hours with hands on the surface connected together by their fingers, and listen to the magnetic rappings induced to answer questions, as intently as though they were in fact communing with the mysterious spirit world. And yet while science has long since exploded those deceptive illusions as the mere result of human magnetism or power of mind over matter, yet a few still can be found who cling to the old superstition of those times—spiritualism.

The boys soon caught the contagion, and after those meetings would adjourn a score or more of us would enter the school house which never had a lock, and hold our "meeting!" The teachers table was utilized as quickly as possible,

lest the spirits our fathers had called in would get away before we could use them. We had watched their performances so that we knew all about how it was done, and as we generally on those days (mostly Sundays) had boys from another neighborhood with us, we wanted to display unusual precocity—be clear ahead of the old folks, and many were the pranks and sleight of hand performances that were turned out.

As for instance, we would call up the spirits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Jackson, &c., who invariably answered with unusually boisterous demonstrations, as previously arranged for some boy on to the trick who had heavy boots or shoes on to give the table a few vigorous kicks from underneath, so our visitors, whose attention was drawn to the top of the table would think the spirits were there in true life size. At one time we had it arranged for a boy with a long board to slip up at the north end of the house which had neither window or door, with a long board to answer one call by a vigorous whack on the side of the house and then skip with his board back in the brush.

After all our arrangements were completed for this demonstration unknown to our visiting brethren seated around the table, we announced that we were going to call up General Jackson and make him give an account of himself for killing so many men. Then in a loud solemn tone we called "General Jackson!" The fellow on the outside heard and with a thundering whack nearly knocked the mortar and chinking out from between the logs, and made our visitors jump with fright and astonishment. In a chorus they asked "What's that? what's that?" excitedly, with eyes bulging out in alarm "what's that?"

"Oh, that's General Jackson," was the answer. "That's the way he always comes when we call him!" "Be quiet now! He's here with us and we'll see what he has to say for himself." Then began the questions about this way: Is this General Jackson? the answer jarred the table so that we feared the boys with the heavy boots was going to overdo the business. Our visitors looked as if about ready to run, and we had to excuse the performance for a moment to motion him out for a little conference. After that his manifestations was proportionately reduced to a minimum.

"General Jackson you was a man after blood wasn't you?" (A decided whack). You got it too didn't you? (Another loud thump). You killed two thousand men at New Orleans? (Loud bump). You killed men in duels too didn't you? To this ques-

tion the answer was a little faint, as though he didn't like to talk of such small matters. "And you went to hell when you died didn't you?" (No answer, as much as to say that's none of your business, which we so explained to four auditors.) "And you scalped the poor Indians didn't you?" The answer here was so enthusiastic we thought "the spirit" would have to be called down again. "You would like to have our scalps too wouldn't you?" To this another jarring rap came that made the cold sweat stand out on the foreheads of our young friends, and reminded us we had better adjourn and go "hazel nutting."

This is only one of the many samples of how boys in those days turned into mirth and amusement, what was taken seriously by their parents. The writer of this had been eagerly devouring juvenile lessons in philosophy and materialism, and in blank ignorance of phenomena in nature regarded demonstrations by the invisible, as amusing impositions and fit subjects for jest and sport. And he had abundance of playmates ready to get all the fun out of it they could. Thus boys will be boys, no matter where they may be, or as for that matter in what age or part of the world they live.

One of the most singular cases of somnambulism or freaks of insanity occurred here in the present vicinity of Eldon during the summer of 1850 that perhaps was ever known in our state, James Lanman who then lived a quarter of a mile northeast of the site of the "Dixie" school house had a son "James" twenty years of age, who was quite an athlete, jolly, good hearted and ready for all kinds of fun and frolic. As a wrestler he wore the belt.

One evening several young men met in Dr. Flint's front yard, among whom was "Jim" Lanman. With all the life and boisterous nature of youthful vigor, among other things "Jim" had to throw one of them down in a wrestle to settle his championship. After doing this, another stalwart young fellow by the name of Baker, proposed to learn Jim a new "trip" if he would allow him. Unconscious of what was to follow, Jim said if there was anything to learn he was "right after it." So they took "side holds" and not expecting a fall while standing to receive the expected lesson, Baker suddenly threw him backward, the back part of his head striking the ground so violently that for a moment he lay unconscious.

This occurred about dusk in the evening. Recovering, he arose, walked into the house, seated himself in a chair not speaking a word to any one. Of course all noticed his strange behavior, and were watching him, some inquiring "what is the matter," &c. He sat moodily without answering with his head down between his hands. Presently raising himself up he replied, "I feel somewhat addled!" His eyes were closed like one asleep. In a few moments he arose without noticing any one around him, walked down through the yard to the gate, stopping only long enough to take a couple of pins from his vest to stick in the top of one of the posts. He was followed by his companions, to whom he never spoke a word or paid the least attention to their questions or presence. It was a beautiful moonlight summer evening and the strange conduct of the actor was regarded as some of his mischievous pranks to amuse his fellows. They followed him as they made their way direct to his "Uncle Eph's" (Cummins) about three hundred yards distant.

This place was one of the favorite resorts for the young people those days, and the young men following him supposed when he got there, he would wind up his performance by some kind of "a sell" at their expense. The folks there had all retired, but Jim without knocking or otherwise warning them of his presence, opened the door, walked right in as though the premises belonged to him, and sat down. Startled by the sudden intrusion, his uncle sprang out of bed, lit a candle, inquiring all the time what it meant. Soon the entire family were up and around him, but he sat there with his eyes closed, but bold upright without paying the least attention to the commotion, or a word in reply.

He had accompanied his father the day before to mill, having borrowed Mr. Cummins' wagon. The tire on one hind wheel had been so loose on the way that his father fastened it on by wrapping it to the felloes with hickory withes. This seemed to enter his mind as he sat there; and arising he walked out back of the house where his father had left the wagon upon returning it, he drew out his pocket knife and cut every one of those fastenings from the wheel, then returned to the house walked back into a little bedroom attached, took up a slate and pencil lying on the stand, sat down and begun busily writing. Seeing his eyes were closed, all light was withdrawn, the door shut, to see he was not shamming to deceive them.

In a few moments they heard him

singing the tune of "Hebron" in the "Christian Psalmist," the popular book of those days. The folks all re-entered with the light, and to their astonishment there he sat with the book he had taken from among other books on a shelf, had opened to the page and hymn in pitch darkness, and was singing the words as correctly as a person could with eyes open and abundance of light. Withdrawing the light made no perceptible difference to him, he sang the song through just the same.

Taking up the slate on which he had been writing, was found in plain chirography and even lines a statement of their trip to mill in Iowaville. It began a headline running like this:

"TWO DAMPHOOLS!"

"An old damphool and a young damphool started to town today in an old rickety wagon. The tires were loose, but the damphools were tight. One tire ran off and the old damphool run it on. Then to make the tire tight like himself the old damphool tied it on with "withes." Now the young damphool thinks it has been tight long enough and has cut them off, and we are all sobering up!" &c., with a lot of similar nonsense covering both sides of the slate.

Each one of the number present tried to converse with him, but all efforts were futile until Elizabeth, familiarly called "Betsy" Cummins, then a young girl of fifteen approached him. He seemed utterly oblivious to the presence of all others, but immediately engaged in conversation and was completely under her control. For this reason many formed the opinion that his conduct was more assumed to be in her presence, than real. And yet with all their suspicious and vigilant watchfulness never could they discover the least change or catch an eye partly open. Whether in pitch darkness or the brightest light, all his movements and perceptions were just the same.

Towards morning Miss Cummins persuaded him to dance, thinking by active motion he could be aroused from his trance like condition. A violin was procured and one played tune after tune until half past 4 o'clock in the morning which he tripped off equal to a perfect clog dancer, including the "devil's dream," "drunken hiccups," &c., hardly stopping for a breathing spell. At last all at once in the very act of a step he stopped short, eyes wide open in astonishment, exclaiming, "where am I, what does all this mean?"

He seemed dazed at the explanation and statement of his strange conduct, and could scarcely be made to believe

all that was told him. His friends as well as himself thought this was the last of it; but the next evening at the same hour and moment of the previous one, he went off just the same way into another spell, and in that as well as all those afterwards, he sought the same resort, his "Uncle Eph's!" There were no fenced pastures in those days, and all stock had free access to outlying timber and prairie lands.

As Jim went up the hill towards the house Cummins' cattle were lying around next to the timber and brush just back of it. Walking up close to a two year old steer lying there peacefully chewing its cud unconscious of any interruption or intrusion upon its comforts, Jim suddenly leaped astride of it. Such snorting, jumping and bellowing as that steer did, one herd of cattle never heard or saw before. It started tearing out into the dark woods and brush as crazed with fright as if "Old Nick" himself was taking both hide and tallow. The last seen of Jim for about one half hour was by the glint of moonshine enabling a glimpse of him lying stretched on its back feet hugging its sides and both arms tightly clasped around its neck, as they dashed into the brush out of sight.

All thought he would either have his brains dashed out or be crippled, and several followed after "the man on the ox," but the most of those who had been watching, remained. In about half an hour they heard him coming back making as much noise driving his one ox as though it was a breaking team. Soon they were seen emerging from the timber up the hill, the steer completely run down and tongue lolling out, staggering along with Jim sitting bolt upright on its back digging his heels into its flanks at every step.

He had not even received a scratch. After riding it up to where the other cattle were, he sprang off, went into the house to entertain his company with all kinds of tricks, similar to the evening previous. But to test the precision of the spell leaving him at the same hour as before they allowed him to carry out his own amusements and pastime without molestation, and again at the same hour he awoke. Now his case began to attract attention and his father grew alarmed as he saw he was so worn out and haggard after recovering. Dr. Flint was called to take him for treatment. A few applications of medicine satisfied the doctor that it was a case of disarrangement of the nerves acting upon the brain. Every evening at the regular moment with the precision of

clock work, the spell would come on, and go off the same in the morning. He became pale, haggard and thin. Skeptics who at first claimed it was all "put on!" began to change their minds. The Doctor tried electric batteries, and exhausted every resource until the patient becoming weak and emaciated, at last instead of his former boisterous, mirthful nature, he partook of a despondent suicidal frame of mind.

One night while thus controlled, he peeled some hickory bark, climbed a tree near the house, tied one end of the bark around his neck and the other to a limb and jumped off, but one of his friends had followed him, and as he went off cut the bark letting him to the ground. The next night he procured a long chain and started on the same errand again. This time something else must be done, and as thin and nervous as he had become, it took the combined strength of six stalwart young men to overcome and tie him.

Every remedy being exhausted, the doctor could think of without effect, as a last resort, having made considerable study of "Deleuze on Mesmerism," he proposed to test it. Each evening before the time for the approach of the trouble, he had his patient in a deep hypnotic slumber, to thus rest until the next morning when he removed the influence, and he awoke refreshed as much as though not affected. This continued regular each evening for months, the young man regained health and flesh until back in his usual normal condition, the doctor ceased his work, and James Lanman was cured. He afterwards married Miss Sarah Sumner, a bright pretty girl in our neighborhood, and when the civil war broke out enlisted, serving three years, came home without a scratch, moved to Nebraska, raised a family of children, dying a few years ago in good financial circumstances.

As strange coincidences so often follow one's life, we shall relate one in that of this man. In 1853 his father sold his little farm and migrated to Texas, locating near Bonham. He had only one son besides Jim, William, a lad of sixteen, as full of life and vim as his brother. He went with the "old folks." There were two sisters also, Elizabeth and Sarah Jane—the latter only 12 years of age. At this time several families related, had moved in here from Indiana. Among them was a man named "Arad Crist," who was quite a hunter, and we remember him by an old flintlock rifle with a hickory stock that he used. We have seen him shooting quails heads off several times without missing a shot.

Arad, with some others of this family moved with the elder Lanman to

Texas, and when the civil war broke out all communication with them being cut off, Jim, who had married and remained here, did not know a thing more about them until he with a lot of Iowa boys were captured in General Banks' disastrous Red River expedition. The company detailed to march the prisoners to Tyler, Texas, was the one to which Wm Lanman and Arad Crist belonged, and thus the two brothers met for the first time in nearly ten years. Those Texans were equipped with their old hunting rifles and citizens clothes. Jim said he first knew Arad by that hickory stock on his gun, and learned "Bill" was also in their escort. While they got glimpses of each other, and occasionally could exchange words, but rigid discipline did not permit of much intercourse on the way, and after reaching their destination, his brother with his company were taken right back to the front again. This was their last meeting on earth. It was truly a war of "brother against brother!"

71.
The first organized church to plant itself among the pioneers of Wapello county, if not the first upon the new purchase, met in an organized capacity on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in June, 1843, at the home of its pastor, Elder J. H. Flint. It was first organized on the western limits of the old purchase in 1841, and had been assembling monthly for worship at the home of Benjamin Saylor, where the late Abraham Hinkle resided, near Selma. But when the rush for the new purchase came, on May 1st, 1843, the majority of its members located upon and around this Village prairie, and thus came the change of location.

This church has ever from that day to this, though always few in numbers, continued its regular services, changing for the convenience of its pastor many years ago, to the first Sunday in each month as now observed. We remember one day (in that long ago) as a child, while playing around the log house where its meeting was being held, hearing three fellows standing at the window on the outside, discussing the date in the near future when the funeral of this (what they derisively termed "old hard shell Baptist") church would be celebrated. One of them said a number of hard things about it, and now (nudging one of the others) "look in there! you can count every one of them on your fingers and still have two or three left; three or four old women, a couple of men and the

preacher! When they are gone we'll not be bothered any longer with their God-dishonoring teachings!" That has been over sixty years ago, and the one who thus predicted the end of this little church has long since passed away, while it still goes on plodding along in the same old footsteps. That the reader may know its doctrines as then set forth with the honest fearlessness of all denominations who are neither afraid or ashamed to declare before the world in black and white what they believe their bible teaches, we append the belief of those old pioneers in the faith of their fathers as taken from the old church record:

"ARTICLES OF FAITH
OR

Our own views and belief and understanding of the Holy Scriptures."

"Article 1st. We believe all scripture is given by the inspiration of God and contains everything necessary and profitable for doctrine and instruction in righteousness.

— 2nd. We believe that there are three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one, and there is none other but He who is immutable, Immense, Allwise, most holy working all things according to the counsel of His own immutable will.

— 3rd. We believe all men by nature are the children of wrath, the servants of sin and subjects of death, and are entirely opposed to all (spiritual) good and wholly inclined to all evil.

— 4th. We believe God chose His people in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before Him in love. And He (Christ Jesus) was set up in the covenant of Grace to act in the office of a mediator for them, and as such He was furnished with every necessary prerequisite and relative qualification.

— 5th. We believe that in the fullness of time the Christ the Mediator did freely take upon himself a body prepared for a sacrifice, in which He did really bear all the sins of His chosen people, for whom He did suffer death, by which He did put away their sins, both original and practical, and obtained an eternal redemption for them.

— 6th. We believe the atonement of Christ is special—that is, it was intentionally designed for the elect of God, or sheep of Christ, who shall exclusively enjoy the benefits of it.

— 7th. We believe that Christ arose from the dead according to the scriptures, by which He destroyed death and him that had the power of death, which is the devil; and brought

life and immortality to light through the Gospel, and has given us assurance that we shall be raised in His likeness.

— 8th. We believe that the doctrine of election and justification is clearly revealed in the scripture, and embrace it as an important truth, that all who ever have been or ever will be brought to repentance and faith in the gospel, were chosen and justified in Christ before the foundation of the world. And in consequence of the eternal love of God to them, the Holy Ghost is sent to effect the work of regeneration in their hearts, without which regenerating influence none would ever repent and believe.

— 9th. We believe that Baptism and the Lord's supper are ordinances of Christ, instituted to be observed by the church; and that the former is requisite to the latter—that is, those only are to be received into fellowship of the church who upon the profession of their faith have been, immersed in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

— 10th. We believe it to be our duty to honor and support those that labor with us in word and doctrine as far as they maintain the doctrine of Christ—to relieve brethren in distress and use hospitality; also as a church to watch over one another and not suffer sin upon a brother or sister, but to warn, reprove, rebuke, exhort and admonish as occasion might require.

— 11th. We believe that all those who are renewed by the spirit shall certainly and finally persevere unto the end so that not one of them shall ever perish; but shall have everlasting life.

— 12th. We believe there will be a day when God shall judge the world by that man whom He hath appointed, and there will be a general resurrection of the bodies, both of the just and the unjust, and Christ shall pass the final sentence, when the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Thus in full have we given the belief of this little church the first pioneers of our vicinity attended. They still cling tenaciously to the doctrines of the London Baptist confession of faith of 1689 and accept no innovations they feel unwarranted by the scriptures, either in doctrine or practice. They oppose missionary, bible and tract societies as church institutions, for the reason that they are unauthorized by the scriptures; also a salaried ministry because of heretical teachings influenced by the covetousness of ministerial impostors.

Much abuse has always been heaped upon this little body of believers on

account of its doctrines, which we do not intend to discuss here, but to simply present the facts related, as a matter of our early history. The association of churches to which the little body united soon after organization was composed of six churches organized the year previous (1840) in Lick creek township, Van Buren county named "Des Moines River Predestinarian Baptist Association."

As perhaps many of our readers are informed about the great division of the Baptists that occurred in 1832 over the innovations of missionary work, bible tract, Sunday school and other societies. After this occurrence in which much bitter feelings was aroused, the popular and majority wing clung so tenaciously to the name "Regular Baptists" the majority first chose the name "Primitive" which many churches of this order yet carry. But as their adversaries claim that title too, the most of the western churches took up the broad title "Predestinarian" knowing that none of their opponents coveted that name hard enough to take it away from them.

After the great division of 1834 the amount of hard names applied to them was not only amusing but would perhaps fill a spelling book, and many of them linger yet—one in particular by which some only know them to this day, "Hardshell Baptists." To this accusing title as author of this article the writer pleads guilty of membership there. By attending a few meetings one will find the shell of divine protection around this little church is such that the Saviour could well say "the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it!"

72

Not only as a tribute of respect due the brave indomitable spirits who engaged in the early work that made Iowa's present greatness possible, but also to the memory of one whose name deserves especial mention, we reproduce from the "History of Wapello county" a portion of the biography of John Ford. From this, one can form some opinion of the daring adventurous class of men and women that were always impelled westward upon the border, to whom the present generation are indebted above all others, for the blessings of our great prosperous and enterprising commonwealth.

"John Ford was fourteen years of age when his parents died, and went to live with a gentleman by the name of John Palmer, with whom he re-

mained for about six years. He was treated with kindly consideration by this family, but realizing the inability of his employer to pay him the \$100 agreed upon when he should become of age, he left before it fell due. At the age of twenty years he began working at the blacksmith trade, and followed it from spring until the following January. In 1837 occurred "the McKinzie trouble" in Canada. (This was upon account of an Island in the Niagara river, or line between the United States and Canada, the national ownership being in dispute. It was called "Navy Island." An American by the name of McKinzie, with a few followers without the authority of either government, had taken possession of the island and began the erection of improvements.)

"Col. Applegate, of Buffalo, who owned a small steamer, the "Caroline," took a few sight-seers down to the Island tying up at Slusher for the night. That night a British officer named McCloud and a few soldiers, came over from Canada and killed all on board the steamer, which they set on fire and sent over the Falls.

"This inhuman act created a tremendous excitement, and many volunteered to take up arms against the perpetrators of the crime. About the last of December, about two thousand men gathered on the Island, equipped with 20 brass cannons, and among this number was Mr. Ford. After being there two weeks they disbanded with the declared intention of joining another gathering at Detroit.

Mr. Ford became a member of what was called the "Marching Rifle company," composed of 150 men, which took possession of "Point Pelee Island," a Canadian possession seven miles from their shore. They were there about five days when General McKnat sent over 1500 soldiers (ten to one) to effect their capture. They arrived early one Sunday morning and their force was divided, half of it swinging to the north end of the Island, and the remainder being stationed sixty rods from shore to prevent escape to Cunningham Island, which belonged to the United States. The "Marching Rifle club" had only twelve rounds of ammunition, but every man was spoiling for a fight.

They marched out in a long line, being placed some three feet apart, and when seventy five or a hundred yards away, the enemy opened fire on them. Dropping on one knee the company fired their twelve rounds with amazing rapidity and accuracy, and while the fight was in progress the baggage was taken away. After

the ammunition had given out, they beat a hasty retreat to the point of the Island, narrowly missing the other half of the enemy's forces.

They were not followed as the opposing force had received a severe blow, and presumably because they thought the Americans would be reinforced. Eleven of the brave members of the company, including Major Hoadley and Captain Van Rensselaer, gave up their lives in the fight, while the enemy (as afterwards ascertained) lost 100 killed. A circuitous route was pursued back to the peninsula opposite Sandusky City, where the "Marching Rifle company" was disbanded.

John Ford accompanied by James Scott, went to Michigan and hired to James Stewart, who was running a country dry goods store in connection with a large farm in Hillsdale county,

He was to receive \$15 per month for his work on the farm, and at the expiration of six months \$80 was due him. There was no money to pay him but "red dog" or "wild cat" money, which was good only in that state. He and another young man wished to go to Elkhart, Indiana, so the best thing to do was to spend the money for clothing. He purchased a suit, hat, boots underwear, and started with \$78 worth of clothing on him. He and Derial Brown, who had relatives in Elkhart, started for that city Oct. 1st at 2 o'clock in the morning, from a point seven miles east of Jonesville, and arrived at White Pigeon about six o'clock p. m., having walked 52 miles. They stopped at a hotel paying therefor in "Sandstone" money.

Upon arriving at Elkhart, Mr. Ford hired out on a farm at \$12.50 per month, and lived at Elkhart and vicinity until the fall of 1842, doing farming and job work during warm weather, and chopping in winter time. He formed an acquaintance with James Compton, whose son James, was studying medicine with Dr. Miles, of Farmington, Van Buren county, Iowa. He wished to go to Iowa and see his son, and Mr. Ford wished to view the new purchase.

Rigging up a team and a light covered wagon they started for Iowa in October, 1842, and arrived at Farmington on the Des Moines river just fourteen days later. Dr. James Compton, junior, wished to take a claim in the "new purchase," and the three men established headquarters at Bonaparte, where they sold the team, as there were no roads, and it could not be used. The United States government was to pay \$1,000,000 to the Indians for the right and title to this land, and in the contract the Indians

were given the right to remain until the fall of 1843; but the white settlers took possession May 1st, 1843. As the Indians were too lazy and shiftless to hunt, they as well as the white men had to depend on the "old purchase" for provisions.

X Mr. Ford and his companions concluded to build a keel boat, load it with provisions for themselves and others who wished to buy, as there remained five months before the opening. The boat constructed was 36 feet long and 8 feet in the bulge, having a capacity of about 10 tons. Mr. Ford established a claim in April about two and a half miles above the city of Ottumwa, in a timber bottom on the south bank of the river; James Compton, senior, taking the claim adjoining on the west and Dr. Compton the claim that afterward became the John Overman farm. He built a cabin and had it completed by the first of May, then blazed and staked out his claim as the law required.

He then with his companions built a raft and returned to the starting point, loading the boat with 25 barrels of flour, 40 bushels of corn meal, 1,000 pounds of bacon, two caddies of tobacco, and a few bolts of prints. They started for the new Eldorado with cleated running boards and two poles on each side. They crept up the river at the rate of 15 to 20 miles a day, and at a little town called Philadelphia, took on Paul Jeffries and his family, landing them at the month of Sugar Creek at the "Ewing trading post." Mr. Jeffries afterward became the proprietor of the property included in the original site of Ottumwa.

The main channel of the river then ran on south of Appanoose Island, there being only narrow rapids where the main channel is now. The place where Ottumwa now stands was a scattered timbered tract with a wilderness of undergrowth and grass, and it looked like anything but a town site. The boat was landed at Mr. Ford's cabin on May 24, and by June 4th everything was in good order.

Where the cabin was located the Indians for years had their winter camping ground, and had cut down most of the small timber on a few acres, to browse their ponies, and it was only necessary to burn off the underbrush and deaden the large trees to plant a crop. After June 1st Mr. Ford cleared about two acres, unassisted, and then made rails and fenced his land which he planted to corn. Mr. Compton had broken five acres of his claim, but had to go to Elkhart, Indiana, on business and lost his claim.

The Indians being more numerous than the whites at that time, were Mr. Ford's best customers, and came in crowds for provisions. Chief Appanoose and Blackhawk's nephews also came. They were dark large Indians six feet three inches tall. One day in July, two Indians came to the cabin, having come down the river in a bark canoe, which they presented to Mr. Ford, as they wished to join those in camp. One of them had 10 or 12 scalps to his belt, two of these being exceedingly fresh, and looking as though they had been lifted within a week. They had been at war with the Sioux tribe for years, but were not strong enough to seek a general battle, so killed each other as opportunity offered. The Indians had a strange and novel mode of burial. The dead were buried close to the surface of the ground, in which pickets were stuck about the grave and tied together at the top by grape vines. The chiefs

and braves each had a post placed at the head of their grave, with rings painted around it, each ring to denote a man killed.

Mr. Ford saw a dead Indian in a sitting posture between the roots of a cottonwood tree, apparently looking out over the river. In another instance a child was put into a trough, a lid being tied on with bark, and placed in a tree about 30 feet from the ground. Hundreds were buried where the town of Richmond now stands, and many on the river near Mr. Ford's claim, at a point on Bear Creek near the Overman place.

After the flood of 1851 Mr. Ford found 10 skulls that had been washed on his claim and lodged in a drift. He picked up a jaw bone and thigh bone that must have belonged to a giant equal in size to one of those mentioned in the scriptures. He could easily slip the jaw bone over his own, the inside measuring more than the outside of his jaw. The thigh bone from hip to knee was three or four inches longer than that of an ordinary man.

Mr. Ford has also found many interesting curios, one of which, a medal about the size of a saucer and as thick as a silver dollar, was plowed up. The figure of a bear was carved on it, and it was made of a metal, which when rubbed, became bright as silver. Game of most kind was very plentiful, including deer, turkeys, chickens, timber and prairie wolves, wild cats, and now and then a panther. Mr. Ford's dog at one time struck the trail of three wild cats, and he followed them up and shot all of them. Like the black bear, they could be treed by

any dog, although they could have killed the dog without any effort.

Mr. Compton's health began to fail in the summer, and by October he was unable to do any work on his claim, which was turned over to Link Vassar, the owner of the present site of Richmond. Mr. Vassar took Mr. Compton on Oct. 10 to Farmington, Iowa, and placed him with a nephew living there, in order that he might get better medical attention, but it proved of no avail, and he died the following winter.

There was nothing of advantage to be done during the winter, and being left alone without a relative and but few acquaintances, Mr. Ford concluded to go down to the "old purchase," and therefore sold his things. The corn raised on the ground he had cleared and fenced, was estimated at 80 bushels, and was sold to Mr. McCuppy of "Keokuk Prairie." The remainder of the property was sold to Mr. Vassar, to be paid for in cattle that were to be wintered by him,

Mr. Ford went to Van Buren county, and falling in with some acquaintances that were going down the Mississippi river to chop wood, accompanied them. He went 25 miles below the mouth of the Arkansas river, chopped 100 cords of wood at 65 cents per cord, and paid \$1.50 per week for board. He came up to St. Louis in February, and boarded at the "Old Dominion House" for 37½ cents per day including three meals and lodging. He returned to his claim in March, 1844, farmed it that summer and fed some cattle and hogs through the winter.

He became tired of living alone, and in the spring of 1845 rented the place and started in April on horseback for Michigan, where his four sisters resided. His three brothers lived in Cattaraugus county, New York; and after a visit with his sisters he left his horse in pasture and proceeded to visit his brothers. He went as far as Buffalo by boat and visited in that state until September,

His married brother disposed of his farm in order to move to Iowa also, and they took steamer at Buffalo and had one horse and wagon with them. The horse of John Ford completed the team, and they started to Iowa accompanied by a sister Mrs. Bishop, her husband and another sister, Juliet Hartley; the youngest brother having remained in Michigan. It was a light hearted and happy party that made their way to the new home where they arrived without accident. The only reception they got was from a large flock of wild turkeys, which had possession of the cornfield around the cabin.

Mr. Ford's brother and brother-in-law procured claims on which they built during the winter, and in the spring moved in their houses. The youngest sister kept house for him and his youngest brother. In the spring of 1846 Paul C. Jeffries got a contract from the government to sectionalize five townships in the eastern part of Wapello county, and his assistants were Judge Uriah Biggs, surveyor; C. F. Blake and John Ford, chainmen; James Laforce, cook; and B. W. Jeffries, camp mover and roustabout. They worked together without a hitch, and the season was well advanced when they got through.

Mr. Ford married Hannah Leonard, daughter of Charles Leonard, on November 8, 1846, and his sister Juliet married Sylvester Warner on the day following. His wife was born in Pickaway county, Ohio, her father having moved to Indiana when she was about two years old. Charles Leonard located eight miles south of Lafayette, where afterward he acquired a large farm and was quite wealthy for those

days. He reared a numerous family, and several of his children also came to the "new purchase" and established homes.

In the spring of 1850 John Ford built a house on the river bottom 32x30 feet in size, and one and one-half stories high; and this was nearly destroyed by the flood of 1851. The river over running its banks crossed the fields and when it reached the door Mr. Ford and his family got out in a canoe. The water was running like a mill tide, and the canoe was liable at any time to strike a stump and upset; so he got out and waded, or swam backing the boat down to eddy water.

He was unable to do any work on his farm until July 10. In building he had left an eight foot roadway and 80 foot front yard, and when the water went down he could step from the front yard into the river, the house being jammed on the cellar wall, the chimney was knocked down and the cabin and smoke house were carried off and landed in the bottom. There was a high ridge about a quarter of a mile back from the river, and while his family was living with neighbors, he cleared this ridge and planted a garden. He then hewed out a set of house logs, built a house and moved his family into it before the water left the bottom.

About July 10 he dug rails enough out of the mud and drift to make three strings of fence, planted 10 acres of corn, and sowed buckwheat and turnips. He raised a fine lot of fodder with "nubbin" corn; 36 bushels of

buckwheat and a hundred bushels of turnips. He found enough lead, bullets, etc., to start a junk shop, and also many trinkets and curios. The carpenters took the frame house in the bottom apart and rebuilt it on the ridge.

"In the fall of 1859, Mr. Ford bought a 36 horse power saw mill and commenced in 1860. He got a road located on the north side of the river following the stream to the mouth of Caldwell branch and connecting with Second street to the Caldwell place."

Mr. Ford after raising five children to each he married and left the old hearthstone, alone, himself and wife having a sufficiency of this world's

goods, moved to Ottumwa to end their days in retirement and rest. Their life struggle against all the adversities and hardships besetting the early settlers of Iowa were only their part of what all our pioneers had to encounter. Each life was full of similar incidents, that young people with their surroundings of today, would scarce invoke upon themselves. To even have to live in a one roomed log cabin isolated from every convenience as well as the comforts of society for long years—and those years of constant dangers and toil to provide and build up, without commerce or markets can never be understood only by those who have been there.

found in a new country, men watching for "snaps!" A squad of those men began early in the winter of 1843, and by running an air line from Fairfield (county seat of Jefferson county on the old purchase) found Appanoose Rapids twenty-four miles (half way through another county) west, and just on the most favored place—Des Moines river. Bright and early May 1st they were all there for muster roll: Paul C. Jeffries, J. R. McBeth, John Lewis, Thos. D. Evans, David Glass, Uriah Biggs, Hugh George, Milton Jamison, Sewall Kenny and William Dewey. They had the site and soon organized their town company. After surveying (Jeffries being a practical surveyor) into lots, a certain number were donated for court house and other public buildings, and enough sold at public auction to insure a success.

The first platting of the town site as shown, for Ottumwa, was on the 20th day of May, 1843.—just twenty days after the first actual settlers occupied the new purchase, and its first name was "Louisville!"

The first court house was a one-roomed rough round log cabin chinked, daubed with mud and covered with split boards held on as a roof by heavy weight poles. It stood between 4th and 5th street, near where the present fine postoffice building now stands.

The first organized county government met in the "court house" May 20th, 1844. The first board of county commissioners were Chas. F. Harrow, Lewis F. Temple and James Montgomery, with Charles Overman as clerk.

The first business before the board was to grant a license to David Glass to keep a grocery store in the county seat.

Washington township was the first organized township in Wapello county, which occupied the first meeting of the commissioners. The next were Center, Dahlonga, Competine, Pleasant, Columbia, Adams and Richland, at the second or June meeting of the board.

J. P. Eddy started the first ferry at Eddyville, and obtained his license from the board at its August meeting.

The first dam authorized across the Des Moines river was to have been built where Eldon now stands, but the undertaking was subsequently considered rather large for those times and the scheme fell flat.

The first final decision to change the name of the county seat from "Louisville" (in honor of the capital of Kentucky) to "Ottumwa," was made official by the board of county commissioners using the latter title quali-

WAPELLO COUNTY'S FIRST LEGAL HANGING

I. T. Flint in Reciting the Early Days
of Iowa Gives History of the
Execution.

MAN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER

Other Interesting Facts in the Article
Regarding the Early Days of
This County.

73.

The first laws of Iowa were "club laws." Of course the first exclamation of the unsophisticated would be "what in the name of common sense" (we use "common sense" instead of a broader and irreverent expression some incline to use) what is a "club law?" Well, it is equal, if not better than the historic "wet elm club!"

When the real pioneers first settled in a territory they find no law of protection for them. And there are always bands of horse thieves, robbers, blacklegs and swindlers, some in advance, some with them and others following up. Thus mutual safety demands that bonafide settlers locate closely in communities. Those com-

munities at the outstart would meet and formulate a rude code of laws, and elect from their number a committee and officers to enforce them. The community constituted "the club" and their law, "club law!"

Agency and Eddyville were the first towns in the county, then Dahlonga and Ottumwa. As the latter burg was determined to become the county seat, and has since so outgrown its breeches as to become one of the finest and most famous interior cities in Iowa, we shall simply name a few of the first things that paved the way for its greatness.

The site of Ottumwa was first known to the whites as "Appanoose Rapids!" There were then as always is to be

rying their place of business in November, 1845.

The second "court house" was built on the corner of Third and Market streets in 1846. It was "excelsior" over the little log house with its mud and stick chimney being, twenty-four feet square and two stories high, having two large rooms below and three above for offices. The lower part supplied the city as well as county for halls of justice. When court was not in session the lower part was used for school, religious meetings, etc. This was in fact the first real court house, and when the old brick was built the Christian church bought it for worship, and finally W. C. Grimes obtained it, when from its former high dignity it descended down to a common wagon shop, and at last old and battered and only in the way it caught fire and burned down in October, 1872.

The first ferry across the Des Moines river for Ottumwa was established by Anderson Cox at Richmond—then over a mile on the opposite side above Ottumwa. As we had obstreperous people those times as well as now, the board decided at their May term in 1845, to build the first jail. It was to be of hewed logs two stories high.

The first school taught in Ottumwa was by Miss Anna Norris, the winter of 1844-5, who afterwards married a preacher, the Rev. B. A. Spalding, and thus lost her identity in public affairs.

The first manufacturing business in Ottumwa was a steam saw and grist mill. Just like Ottumwa today, in offering inducements the Town company gave the manufacturers of material to make "corn dodgers," several town lots to put their mill on, and for a mill yard. But without "protection" it has long since pegged out and been forgotten.

Dr. C. C. Warden was the first doctor to settle with pill bags and apothecary in Ottumwa. Although the bone breaking chills and fever with every other ailment prevalent in a new country was rampant, Dr. Warden had it all his own way several years before the M. D.'s opened up any opposition in his territory.

The first school house built in Ottumwa was in 1850. Previous to this, its schools were held in the court house. Two frame buildings were erected, and the city classified by two wards.

The first church organized in Ottumwa was the Methodist Episcopal church, who, here like everywhere else—begins things early. The Rev. Thomas Kirkpatrick began preaching in a log cabin in 1844. He was an effective exhorter, and soon laid the

foundation for Methodism so firmly in his bailiwick that in 1845, with a good membership around him the M. E. church was permanently established.

The Catholics did not get their work in until 1849, when the Rev. Father Villars, of Keokuk, came up and did some pretty effective work and effected an organization. Rev. Father Hatzenberg succeeded him in 1851, who was also relieved in 1853 by Father Kreckel who continuously served until his death June 18, 1899.

The first Congregational church was organized by Rev. B. A. Spalding (who dispossessed Ottumwa of its first school marm) who came here with the "Iowa Band" consisting of nine young preachers of that denomination. With their assistance, by his own zeal and perseverance, his labors were rewarded by effecting an organization Feb. 15, 1846, with eight members.

The first Baptist church was organized in Ottumwa in 1855 and the Episcopal church in 1857. The "Church of Christ," now called "Christian," was organized in March, 1845. The African M. E. church was organized in 1867.

Of the two principal secret orders, the Masonic lodge was organized in Ottumwa August 18, 1848, and the Odd Fellows May 20, 1848. The Grand Army was organized in 1879. There are a number of organizations besides tributaries, we have no authentic dates in regard to.

"The Des Moines Valley Whig" was the first newspaper published in Ottumwa. J. H. D. Street and R. H. Warden were editors and proprietors. A number of years afterwards by change of owners and the birth of the republican party, its name was changed to the "Ottumwa Courier."

The first Democratic paper started in Ottumwa was by Jas. Baker & Co., in 1850. But after two years under a whig party administration it suspended. Then came the "Democratic Statesman" in 1857 by G. D. R. Boyd. In 1859 J. H. D. Street bought the plant and merged the name into "Democratic Union." Changing hands again it changed its name to "Mercury," then "Democrat," suspending last spring, 1905.

The first gas manufactured in Ottumwa was the erection and operation of a gas plant by A. E. Swift & Co. in 1870. They sold their franchise in a short time to the Ottumwa Gas Company which is still in the business.

The first Packing house was established by James D. and Thomas Ladd, of New York, in 1864. It stood near the present "Q" Round house. The

Ladd Brothers induced George Gil-laspay and others to take stock in the enterprise which eventually failed involving some in financial ruin and bankruptcy.

The first and only "gold fake" in Ottumwa was started by J. O. Briscoe, one of its citizens. He went out on Bear Creek and claimed to find nuggets rich with the precious metal soon had the gold excitement so high a company was formed, a stamp mill bought and set to work, a "gold brick" was made and land began selling at fabulous prices, of which Briscoe unloaded his hundred and sixty acres of hills and brush for mining lots. Then the "salt" petered out, and so did the victims.

The first legal hanging in Ottumwa was that of Benjamin A. McComb, for the murder of George Lawrence and Laura J. Harvey on March 28, 1860. The girl was only in her fifteenth year and had eloped with and was supposed to be married to Lawrence. Upon account of her youth her parents opposed the match which thus resulted. They were traveling in a two-horse wagon from Illinois and stopped for a few days in Ottumwa. McComb was acquainted with Lawrence in Illinois, and fell in with him on the way engaging to ride with them on their tour west. He was apprised that Lawrence, besides the team and equipments, had several hundred dollars in money with which to purchase a home. While stopping in Ottumwa, all three went across the river looking after a farm. On the way back about two miles south of town, McComb sitting on a seat behind the couple, struck Lawrence (who drove the team) on the head with a hammer killing him instantly. The girl-wife sprang out instinctively to escape (as indications showed) in the act of climbing a fence was struck on the head by the seat board on which McComb was riding, and also killed.

The fiend threw her body in the wagon, drove to Ottumwa, stopping in the middle of the river where he threw the woman's body in the water, where it was seen the next day lodged against a rock. He then drove through town on towards Agency, stopping about a quarter of a mile east of Sugar Creek, he carried the body of Lawrence down a deep ravine on the north side of the road a few rods, where it was not found for several weeks afterward.

The discovery and identification of the body of the woman the next morning after the murder aroused, intense excitement. She had been seen with the two men who could not be found, and the supposition became general

that she being so young and guileless, had been decoyed from home, betrayed and murdered by the two men. A reward was offered for them, and especially for Lawrence who was posing as her husband. But when his body was discovered by a man searching for cattle running in the woods, instead of a single, the facts proved a brutal and double murder had been committed, and the villain was noticed in the company of his unsuspecting victims by scores who had seen them, sufficient to identify him.

The villain, by haying all night to travel before the discovery of his crime, had made good his escape. When bounties were offered for volunteers in the civil war he began enlisting under assumed names, and receiving his bounty, would at the first opportunity desert, go to the next recruiting station enlist again receive the consideration, repeating the operation until when at last captured he confessed to jumping fourteen bounties.

His capture was effected we believe by a recruiting officer who had seen McComb while in Ottumwa with Lawrence. He was in Burlington with some recruits for the front when the man presented himself the 2nd day of March, 1864. He had him arrested and brought back. The testimony was positive, and he was sentenced to hang July 27th. But his attorneys appealed. Fearing he would escape the penalty, a mob took him out of jail down the Agency road outside of town in a wagon. They drove the wagon under the overhanging limb of a tree, but when it came to letting him swing, although the rope was adjusted, their hearts failed them, and they drove back and returned him to jail. His sentence was afterwards affirmed and he was hanged in jail the 17th day of February, 1865.

The first organization of Wapello county was effected the spring of 1844. Solomon Jackson, of Lee county, Joseph Randolph, of Henry county, and John B. Davis, of Washington county, were appointed by the Governor to locate the county seat. The first sheriff was James M. Peck, also by appointment; whose chief duties were to look after all matters pertaining to the county organization.

Paul C. Jeffries was the first elected Probate Judge, his term beginning Jan. 1st, 1846. This official was called "County Judge," a kind of half way station between Justice of the Peace and District Judge. All probate matters came before him, as well as civil

suits under certain amounts and restrictions, besides sometimes cases of a criminal nature. Our more recent statutes abolished the office, dividing up its business between the district court, County Board and Justices of the Peace.

Thomas Foster was the first elected County Treasurer, and Joseph Hayne the first elected Sheriff.

The first case to come before the County Judge was the estate of Thomas Crawford deceased. William Crawford was appointed his Executor, and filed bond accordingly. The first Will filed was that of William B. Woody, by his Widow, Francis Woody, in which she was made sole Executrix, the date of filing was Dec. 7, 1846.

One of the official duties and lucrative perquisites of the County Judge was the issuance of marriage licenses. The first visitor in that line of business was a beardless boy nineteen years of age named Andrew Crawford. To say that Judge Jeffries, who had a gruff comic way of putting things, didn't have a peck of fun out of this subject is but making a light estimate. The bride was "sweet sixteen." The second case of that nature was of a little more maturity and prominence—Dr. C. W. Phelps and Elizabeth Weaver, sister of our old Democratic "war horse" General James B. Weaver. Three dozen couples, though, was all the grist Cupid turned out the first year.

The first certificate of ordination and consecration to solemnize marriages as a Clergyman, was issued to Rev. Thomas H. Kirkpatrick by Bishop Morris of the M. E. church, August 29th, 1841. But the Rev. B. A. Spalding put on file the first certificate issued by the clerk of the District court of Jefferson county, April 17, 1844. The Rev. Robert Long, of the Christian church, filed his papers Nov. 9th, 1844. Others rapidly followed until parsons became more plentiful than sighing swains and the proverbial maidens with eyes askance.

The first Records of the District court held in Wapello county consisted of eight or ten sheets of foolscap sewed together in pamphlet form for the clerk to inscribe the proceedings of the court. The first Judge was Judge Mason of Burlington, and the first court held the 18th day of September, 1844. It was announced and everything ready except the court himself, to begin the 16th, and the first entrance on the official record says, "there being no Judge present, the time for the commencement of said Court is adjourned until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning!"

Then when "tomorrow morning" came there was another statement of failure, and the clerk recorded another adjournment with the same manner and form. But as the old adage goes, "the third time is the charm," the third morning, after a long ride, the Judge bobbed up on time and the hurdy gurdy was duly installed.

It must not be forgotten that we had no railroads, automobiles or even bicycles in those days. The extra qualifications for office those days over and above the present, were a muscular frame, good strong pair of lungs, and wonderful powers of endurance. Judge Mason often rode the circuit over all southeastern Iowa horseback; through rain, and sun, cold and heat, oftentimes ahead and oftentimes in consequence of delays, as in this case, behind his appointments.

Besides Judge Mason, the two greatest criminal lawyers west of the Mississippi river who yet have not been excelled. A. C. and J. C. Hall, always rode from county seat to county seat, frequently the entire circuit of the court in the interest of their clients. Wherever night would overtake them they would seek shelter in the rude but hospitable homes of the early settlers. Many are the stories yet extant of those extemporized visits by the wayside.

The first business before Judge Mason was the establishment of a Grand Jury. Sheriff Hayne returned on the first day (16th) and filed with the clerk the full complement which was accepted by the Judge and duly sworn.

James Weir, George W. Knight, Seth Ogg, Thomas Pendleton, Henry Smith, William Brinn, Lewis F. Temple, John Humphreys, John Murray, Isham Garrett, Shannon Hackney, Philaster Lee, Thomas Wright, William A. Winsell, Peter Barnett, Richard Fisher and Jacop Hackney.

The first indictment in Wapello county and the only one at this term of the Grand Jury was against Joseph S. Hendricks, for stealing. He was tried and acquitted. The first divorce case was Mary McKinzie vs. John McKinzie, of Jefferson county, where defendant, afraid of Justice, took a change of venue to the first District court of Wapello county; then in default, their separation was legalized. But following this came one at home—Amanda Hulin vs. Ira Hulin. As their case also was an aggravated one, the jury decided that as it seemed God little to do in joining them together, there was no harm in man parting them asunder, and they also were told to each go their own way and sin no more.

The first civil Jury trial was a suit brought against Demps Griggsby (of old Ashland fame) by James Woody, with Demps coming out on top. H. B. Hendershott (Judge) was the first clerk of the court and some of the members of the bar present, such as J. C. Hall, James H. Cowles and George May, were they living, would be worthy competitors with the brainiest of Iowa's attorneys of today.

The first known death among the whites in Wapello county was that of General Street at the Agency, and the first birth William S. Beach, son of Major Beach, and grandson of General Street for whom he was named.

The first Mortgage given upon land was where one Joseph McMullen, borrowed fifty dollars mortgaging half a section of land to secure payment to J. P. Eddy & Co. The first lawyer settling in Ottumwa was Wm. H. Galbreath.

The most atrocious murder ever committed in Iowa was one night in June, 1860, soon after the McComb-Lawrence tragedy. John Kephart, aged about seventy, and professed minister (as reported at the time) of the Christian church, living a few miles east of Fairfield, engaged with his wagon and two yoke of oxen, to move a man and his family named Willis, consisting of his wife and three children, from Missouri to Iowa.

On the way while in camp at noon near the north line of Appanoose county, Willis, while eating his meal, was suddenly taken sick and reaching a house near by remained. Kephart refused to wait for his recovery, and went on with the family reaching a wooded branch below Eddyville that night, where they stopped to camp.

Kephart had previously learned that Willis had several hundred dollars somewhere among his effects in the covered wagon, which, as the sequel proved aroused his cupidity to that of a fiend in human form. The woman was engaged in cooking before the campfire, and the children, a girl of ten, a boy of eight, and another little girl younger, were innocently playing by putting sticks and kindling in the blaze. The old white haired fiend incarnate approached the unsuspecting victim as her back was turned and crushed her skull with one blow from a hammer he had prepared, and she fell quivering and lifeless, as the eldest girl with a startled cry sprang to her feet, she received a blow also that killed her instantly. The boy was dazed with horror, but the smaller girl started to run, he instantly caught her as she begged piteously, he ended her life in the same brutal manner.

Then telling the terror stricken boy that if he stayed right with him and kept out of sight in the wagon under the cover he would not kill him.

Throwing the bodies of his three murdered victims in the wagon, covering them up with coverings from the household goods, he hitched his team and traveled all night. He came down through Ottumwa, then Agency, reaching somewhere north of Ashland about daylight, but kept on east, and about the County Line he turned north, reaching Cedar creek south of Abingdon about dark. Here he camped, keeping the little boy James, closely guarded. Before daylight the next morning he took the three bodies out and placed them under a pile of drift wood in the water of the creek. Then hitching up his team he again turned south all this time at intervals plying questions to the boy as to where his mother had put their money.

The little fellow was unusually bright, and as by instinct seemed to realize that his fate was sealed the moment the hoary headed villain found the money, and for the sole purpose of its discovery alone, he was spared when his mother and sister were murdered. He kept telling him he could not remember, and the murderer presumably thinking his fright would eventually wear off so he would call it to mind, still kept him confined under the canvas cover of the wagon.

That morning a farmer out driving up his cattle from the timber along the creek, noticed a part of the woman's dress skirt at the edge of the drift wood floating above the water. Wading in to investigate he was shocked at the discovery of the dead body. He soon aroused neighbors to the scene, when the three dead bodies were found. The terrible crime was revealed, and an excited posse started in pursuit following the trail of the oxen and wagon.

Word was instantly sent to the sheriff of Jefferson county, who also joined the posse. As the old villain had not gone far before daylight, he was easily followed by inquiries and descriptions made along the road. It seemed he was aimlessly driving about with the vague hope of inducing the boy to divulge where his mother had hidden the money.

He was overtaken in the southern part of Jefferson county, and with the team and little boy, were driven to Fairfield, where he was placed securely in a cell of the jail. After positive assurance that the murderer of the family would never be out to harm him, the boy clear and lucidly told the whole story of the crime in all its de-

tails, and that their money was all in gold, which his mother had tied up in a piece of cotton cloth and dropped in a keg of soap that was in the wagon, where upon investigation it was found.

The word spread like wild fire that the murderer had been captured and lodged in jail. That night over a hundred and fifty men from about Abingdon and Brookville suddenly put in an appearance, bound the jailer, smashed the jail doors in with sledge hammers and soon had the wretch in their hands. It was a wild and lurid scene of torches carried by men frenzied to demoniac jury by the sight so vividly impressed of the innocent victims of a demon's hand.

Tied and rudely thrown in a wagon, they drove for miles at a breakneck speed for the scene of Kephart's last vigil on the banks of the Cedar. On reaching there where others had rudely constructed a gallows with rope and a grave dug at the foot of it underneath the drop, he was carried up on a platform about ten feet high, the rope adjusted and the admonition to look down into the receptacle he was soon to fill, and told if he had anything to say to begin. Mute and defiant he stood when the trap was sprung, he fell a few feet and swayed convulsively for a moment and was dead.

The jeering had ceased, and in about thirty minutes the rope was cut, Kephart dropped in his grave, the dirt was thrown over him, and soon the lone woods and owls were all that were left as witnesses of the death of the most cruel pitiless murderer on whom justice had meted out punishment. Even the body of Kephart was not allowed to rest in peace. Such an atrocious criminal was a subject of intense interest to the medico's—a gaping hole soon told the story of its departure for some dissecting room. But where it will be found on the resurrection morn God only knows.

The husband and father recovered and came on within a few days after the tragedy. It was plainly evident that Kephart had dropped poison in his coffee or food in some manner, but overdid the matter, so that perhaps he threw up the dose before it had the desired fatal effect. He took his little boy and effects back again to Missouri, and amid the great sea of busy life their home and identity has been lost, but there yet remains hundreds of persons who remember this the most atrocious tragedy ever yet known in Wapello county. At the time, many thought that Kephart was insane, while others believed there was too much method in all his brutal work to admit of such a plea.

75 There are comparatively few of those residing here now who have any recollection of the once city of Ashland, only four and a half miles north and a little west on the public highway; which would have proved the "Eldon" of Wapello county, had the Chicago, Rock Island railroad company so ordained. Thomas Ping owned the land and had the town site platted and surveyed into lots in 1845. Being surrounded by a rich agricultural country rapidly improving into farms by the hardy enterprising settlers, the natural demand for a town or trading center made the locality attractive for men disposed for business.

A steam saw mill was erected and several business houses were built; a blacksmith and wagon repair shop, a cooper shop, two doctors, and with a good hotel conducted by Ping himself, Ashland began its boom. Thomas Ping was the promoter, and did a rushing business selling residence lots. For awhile houses sprang up rapidly, which made Agency (then the commercial center) seem like a widow preparing to don her "weeds."

The town had a public square, and as the times demanded money, Ping contrived for the accommodation of business men as well as "suckers" to even furnish that. On the north side of the square where the east fork on the road leading to Eldon runs, encased in a pretentious frame (pretensions for those days) was the "Ashland Bank," where one could peep in almost any day through the twelve light front windows and see the "President Thomas Ping" sedately busy fingering fancily tinted red and black bank notes, fresh and crisp, tempting to the needy as well as he who wanted to speculate or gamble.

Those were the days of "wild cat banks," and as Thos. Ping's responsibility was not of that order to insure perfect confidence in such a large issue as a reliable bank had to throw out in circulation, he craftily secured the permission of Thos. Foster, the largest land owner and wealthiest man in Washington township, to allow his name to be printed on one corner of the notes. Then everybody conceived that "Tom Foster" was stockholder, security and perhaps owner of the "Ashland Bank." Of course "the money was as good as gold," and nobody dare question, or hint in its presence about "wild cats!"

But according to the homely adage of "every dog has his day," so the day of reckoning came for this "wild

cat" among cats. The supposition was rumored and became general that anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars in bank notes were out without that many pennies, as assets to liquidate the indebtedness, in its treasury.

Seeing the inevitable, Ping closed and locked the doors without redeeming any of his obligations, and became a bankrupt. Thomas Foster was the only hope, but the luckless noteholder soon found he never had any interest in the concern, and only allowed Ping to publish his name simply as he would any public new-paper. Thus the "Bank of Ashland" fiasco, like the thousands of petty banks just before the civil war to the sorrow of millions of business and working people, ignominiously ended its existence.

As the founder and chief of Ashland, Thos. Ping deserves especial mention. About those times he was middle aged, in the prime of life, medium height, spare built, rather light complexion, blue eyes, with auburn hair, very genial and companionable. In fact with all his faults and troubles, his frank open countenance and expression bespoke honesty of purpose and good will to his fellow man. While in the hotel business, he was for awhile postmaster. During his official term it was discovered by the postal department that letters containing money had been opened and their contents missing. By decoy letters the broken link of the chain of transit was located in the Ashland postoffice.

Ping was accused and arrested for the robbery. Being one of the most prominent men in Wapello county, the news spread like wild fire and the excitement ran high. The United States as prosecutor was represented by its ablest counsel, while Ping secured the celebrated J. C. Hall, of Burlington, and after several days of a hotly contested trial he was triumphantly acquitted.

With all those shadows against him, his genial qualities and enterprising spirit was of that winning nature which held public confidence to that extent he was considered the victim of circumstances, instead of being guilty of dishonest acts or motives. But few thought he had anything to do in tampering with the mails, and the whole scheme was a plot to cover up somebody else's crime. When the civil war broke out he enlisted in company "E" of the 17th Iowa infantry, was elected captain of his company, serving as such through all the engagements of his regiment until the close of the rebellion.

Three years prior to this, work had commenced to build the Keokuk and Des Moines railroad up the river. By this time Ashland was at its zenith a promising village. Besides its other business houses aided by the untiring zeal of Thomas Ping, a large two story brick seminary or academy, was erected where now the present Ashland school house stands; which under the care of a good professor and assistants, was filled with a large number of students the greatest part of the year. Also a large brick Methodist church in which periodically every winter, held within its walls the greatest religious revivals known in this part of Iowa.

Ashland then seemed the central part of Methodism in Wapello county, and drew to its pastoral fold such able ministers as the Revs. Allender, Craig, Darrah and Mason—all able and filled with zeal. The first the most eloquent, second crude convincing and positive, third plain and exhorting, and fourth, deep reasoning and logical. Ping did not belong to any denomination, but looked upon these as well as everything else with favor that would make Ashland famous. The town was outgrowing his old hewed log hotel that stood on the upper corner at the east side of the plaza. So to keep up with the procession he decided to build next to it south. He had unfortunately sold the corner lot to Mahlon Godley (father to the late brothers Lewis and Lee Godley) and the purchaser had a nice two story frame dwelling occupying it; so he erected a large two story brick hotel that was considered for that day, a palatial affair.

About the time the D. V. road was nearing Keosauqua and had surveyed the route to Ottumwa up the river, Tom Ping was stunned with surprise and the madness of railroad men who would ignore such a city and commercial center as Ashland with its rich fertile surroundings, for such a barren desolate right of way. He immediately sought the aid of an engineer, and with a lot of his neighbors surveyed a line from Ashland and blazed a roadway through the brush and timber exactly where the Rock Island now runs to Eldon down the big branch, and on past the present stock yards east of the Fair grounds to intersect and divert the railroad men's work at the Daniels farm.

He saw the fate of his beloved Ashland was in the balance, making a complete chart of his survey with a plain showing of the importance of the route and its more economic accessibility, he hastened before the board of railroad directors for an interview. But he found a more practi-

cal set of men than those who engineered the Rock Island route down to Eldon. They laughed at the idea of engines pulling heavily loaded freight trains up such a grade as his engineer and himself had marked to reach the city. As much as they may have desired to gobble up the great commerce of Ashland, they had to leave his beloved city out in the great northern cold, and thus all his expense, trouble and work proved as puerile as the proverbial visitation of "a gnat on a bull's horn!"

In 1859 the road building was pushed on to Ottumwa and a flag station was placed at the wagon road crossing near the residence of Jere Keefe. Ashland had already begun to wane, and as if in mockery of its passing greatness this flag station was soon posing as an epitaph by the name of "Ashland crossing!"

"Squire Ping" (who was the first Justice of the Peace) was all "broke up." The following year (1860) the Burlington railroad, without deigning to look his way, passed an equal distance north on a straight line to Agency and Ottumwa. Ashland was then done up. The stage route to Ottumwa which made its headquarters at Ping's hotel, was abandoned, the bank was busted, and the business men were anxious to close out and get away. "Captain Ping," who had served in a number of petty offices, never regained prestige or enterprise. Ashland the "idol of his heart must pass in her checks. He did well his part, but fate was against him. He sold out what little was left him, and moved with his family to the then new town of Girard, Kansas, where he ended his days. He had two sons and two daughters. The eldest son P. B. Ping became a prominent lawyer in Girard, and rose to the office of State Senator. But he has also long since passed to "the great beyond!"

G. W. Nimocks—another one of the Ashland boys, graduated in law at Iowa City, went out to Great Bend, Kansas, in 1871, and as a lawyer, partisan and stump speaker, rose to that prominence which gave him several places of public trust. Among those were the offices of prosecuting attorney, and Judge of the District court. Several times though as a candidate he went down with his party in defeat, yet in all its councils he was ever looked upon as a chief and leader it could safely trust in the hour of peril. But his warfare has also ended, and we hope still better laurels crown him in eternity.

And yet there is another so near a product of Ashland as to come within

a mile of it, whom we cannot overlook—A. J. Israel. He never studied law like the two aforementioned schoolmates of his, but he graduated at the Ashland academy, trained in polemics, became a stump orator was elected on the democratic ticket to the Iowa legislature and served one term. After this he moved with his family to Salida, Colorado, where under Cleveland's last administration he was appointed United States marshal. After the expiration of his term he was elected to the State Senate. He now lives in Denver.

James M. Estes was one of the principal merchants of Ashland. His store was on the northeast corner of the square which democrats rather considered as their headquarters, while "Deacon" Smith kept store on the southeast corner, where republicans could confer without annoyance by the enemy. But it was plainly evidenced to all concerned, despite the combined efforts of both parties Ashland was nearing its last pegs, lots began to change hands, stores to close up, its saw mill was bought and moved to the "Ashland crossing," the hotel for want of patronage quit business. "Deacon" Smith moved out and soon the building was torn down with nothing but a hole in the ground to mark where it stood. Estes quit and went to Osceola. Squire Godley died and his residence disappeared, then Dr. Mingus came in and bought up the larger part of the ground, tore down the old brick hotel and built from the material the only house of any consequence now left in the place, where the widow recently died. Thus time leveled this once prosperous little village where ne'er a tragedy but many an incident, comedy and romance were enacted, of interest to the actors in those days, if not in ours.

It is a life we have witnessed both in its opening and close. When only eight years of age, each Saturday (unless the cold was intense) the winter of 1847-8 we had to ride horseback from home to and from the postoffice near Ashland. It was then kept by a man named Newell, where perhaps a remnant of the old building is still left by some trees where the old road used to angle through the present Allen farm. As the railroad station at "Stumptown" now Selma put the finishing blow on Iowaville, so did the inevitable "Ashland crossing," "Williamsburg" and "Eldon," take old Ashland in so completely that now the stranger passing by would never know a town and busy population had ever existed there.

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Towns, the indispensable products and dependence of a new country sprang up like magic in the first settling of Iowa, and but few remain today that ever attained any great importance, while many of those sites have relapsed back to farm lands all traces of their former use being lost. Eldon stands midway between two of those primitive trade centers that once gave promise of becoming flourishing marts of commerce—Iowaville and Ashland. The former was nearly washed away by the great Des Moines River flood of 1851, while the latter gradually flickered out in consequence of the Keokuk and Des Moines Valley railroad leaving it out in the cold, by hugging the banks of the river to Ottumwa.

It seemed too much like desecrating the memory of the noble tribe of Iowa Indians, who had lived so long peaceful and contented on the lower end of "Village Prairie," to turn the old site of their village into cornfields. Although their life blood was poured out in a death struggle for home and kindred against the overwhelming numbers of Blackhawk's warriors to enrich its soil, it was saved for a time as a village for the palefaced settlers. As our beautiful state immortalized those first known owners of its soil by christening it forever "Iowa," so did the builders of the new town on the site of their old village on the Des Moines River—then the western limit of the old purchase, "Iowaville!"

At first it began simply as a trading point occupied by the Avery's, Jordans, etc., whose customers were principally Sac and Fox Indians. Not a vestige of its former occupants was left. Even the Indian burying ground was lost in a wilderness of brush, tangled grass and weeds east of town, until the flood of 1851 washed out the shallow graves, exposing skeletons, implements beads and ornaments. For over a quarter of a century the merchants of Iowaville did a thriving business and busy throngs lined the streets.

But, alas! what the elements spared, like the savage invaders who wiped out the Iowa's, the iron monster of civilization decapitated at one blow their namesake, "Iowaville." The Keokuk and Des Moines Valley Railroad didn't so much as look at Iowaville when forging its way up the river in 1859. Perhaps because "Stump Creek" emptied into the Des Moines river a mile lower down furnished better commercial facilities, so it slapped

its depot down at Stumptown (now Selma) and "Iowaville" with its big two story brick school house, churches, store houses, whiskey shops, grist mill, gun manufactory etc, was "done up!" One by one its houses were pulled down, its inhabitants vanished away, the inevitable cornfields at last appeared, and for over a quarter of a century not a vestige remain, except the white man's "Iowaville cemetery" nearly a mile back on the hills e.

The last store to leave the place was about the first one to occupy it—that of John D. Baker. He located as an Indian trader after the "Towa's" were driven out by the Sac's and Fox's. For a long while his brother S. D. Baker was partner with him, but the California gold fever of 1849 struck him, and the following spring he fitted out a train of wagons, getting young men as teamsters to drive the teams through for their board and expenses. This left John D. alone in business, with his brother William as assistant.

Locating there as he did with a little means and being a man of very agreeable exemplary and economic habits, Mr. Baker rose to what was considered in those days, affluent circumstances; but fate was against him; he left the place about thirty-five years ago about as poor as he came, moved to Ottumwa, engaged in business and speculations, prospered rapidly, and at the time of his decease had quite a legacy to leave his children.

Among the amusing incidents we remember in his store was one that demonstrates how funny the force of habit becomes. John's brother William was behind the counter one day when a woman came in and asked him if he had "any fine combs!" Before even taking time to answer "yes ma'am!" he began scratching his head. A bystander seeing it inquired what he was scratching his head for? "What!" he answered, "was I scratching my head?" "Well, if I could see straight you certainly was," came the reply. "That beats me!" exclaimed William. "We sell lots of fine tooth combs here, and I don't remember having a comb on my head for over twenty years, neither do I remember of any one asking for a fine comb that I did not at that very moment, and I thoughtfully begin to scratch my old head!"

But few men held the confidence of the public as did John D. Baker, yet with all his endurance and pluck, the town had to go. Besides a commercial town in its day Iowaville was a "pleasure resort," especially on Sat-

urday afternoons for the rudder elements of our civilization. Whiskey was cheap and plenty. If they drained the last barrel, right across the river a wagon would go, loaded with thirsty booze guzzlers to Davis' distillery. Of course all had to go that the wagon would carry, to help roll in the barrels. If they had to wade back that would only sober them up to roll the barrels out again on their return, and replenish their tanks with a fresh invoice.

Those were days of free whiskey pure and unadulterated. The all around tough and bruiser was always at the front, and if one was requested "take a drink with me!" and refused the invitation, the chances were that a fight was the next thing in order. But as like the present day, the class of loungers about such places had too many months watering for such requests, to admit of many fights on that score. One cold day, as "Old King Dave" was sitting moodily before Sutton's grocery store feeling dry as a cork without a single penny in his pocket to "wet his whistle," a fellow stepped in exclaiming: "Well, well, this beats the devil, a lot of fellows sitting around here and nothing to drink; come boys it's my set 'em up! Here Sutton give us the best of old Andrew Jackson Davis Rye!"

With a vigorous oath "I believe the angels are coming down from heaven!" exclaimed King Dave, as he raised his six foot four herculean form perpendicular, "That beats any music since my old namesake hung his harp on the willow. Drink (another oath) I guess we will drink! If the river was run by A. J. Davis we'd cut the ice and drink every (blank) drop in it, fish, turtles and all!" With this speech King Dave emptied the first glass almost at a gulp and was reaching for more.

Among the rougher element "King Dave" was the terror. There was another "David" on the opposite side of the river below town, not so large as our bully, but more compactly built and active. He, too, was the champion pugilist on his side of the river, but like that class generally, always ready to pounce upon the weaker and more defenseless, they stood so shy of each other (though often together) they could never be induced to a test of championship.

Amid such influences even the boys became so infected to a certain extent with a spirit of bullying, that urchins from the country who happened in there, were not always safe from their insolence and violence. Such conditions engendered animosities between the spunky boys on each side, that

woe was to the luckless chap who fell into the hands of the Philistines. The boys who had a foe "laying" for him in town, most generally stuck close to "dad" for protection, unless with a squad of his fellows he was assured of "fair play."

Boys were worse those times for "scrapping," both in town and country than now, but seldom possessed the low down instinct to take advantage of hallowe'en or any other holiday to destroy property, tear up sidewalks, deface buildings, break street lamps and windows, or commit private injury upon individuals. Such work then instead of any one regarding as "smart," was by all classes detested. Tramps and petty larcenies were not so frequent. But all this may have been for the want of substantial to give, and "prosperity" to accumulate for boys and vagrants to steal.

The essential difference between the boy then and the boy now is where one displayed his meanness more in brutal rows, while the other displays his more in petty mischief and wrong doings. So after all in all ages and conditions we cannot do without the boys, and while bent on mischief to doing others wrong, the incorrigible should be punished and those led astray by vicious companions, be treated with charity and wise counsel.

Where Eldon now stands from the mouth of the creek to the bluffs above town, was our great resort for fishing, swimming, and other sports along the banks of the river. It was so far above Iowaville the boys from there seldom ever got that far from home to molest us, and now for the amusement of the boy reader we shall relate a funny incident or skirmish that occurred once on one of our recreative expeditions to those bluffs, which, upon account of the small cedar trees that grew in the ravines before the railroad was cut along under the then precipitous cliffs was called "Cedar Bluffs!"

With half a dozen other boys, each bearing a fishing pole on his shoulder, we were making our way among the brush and timber to our cherished resort above the ledge of rocks that extend out from the bank, when shouts and laughter of a lot of frolicking boys greeted our ears. Fearing results, we crept up near enough to see about twenty-five in number using our bath tub and having a boisterous time. We knew them. They were all from Iowaville, and that was enough; slipping back and up the branch where now the new brick plant is installed, we held a hurried council of war, filled our hats and pockets

with rocks. When thus prepared to do battle we crept to the top of the bluffs. There we divided into three pairs of "two" in each, leaving one as independent reserve to help where needed worst. Then setting our hats filled with the above described ammunition, at the head of the three nearest ravines, we had our hurried preparations for the engagement completed.

With confident step unseen from below we marched to the very edge of the cliff towering above the unsuspecting enemy, who were still performing all the antics of water dogs and let fly a volley of stones down on them that brought forth such frightened and hideous yells the old Des Moines had not heard since the exit of "poor lo!" As we fell back a moment for more ammunition they recovered from their surprise and were on the banks, but had no time to dress before another shower of rocks were pelting their naked hides.

Seeing how few in number their assailants were, like a swarm of frenzied hornets, they were soon swarming up the first ravine to wreak vengeance. And seven desperate boys who then felt their lives depended on immediate results we reserved fire until the foremost ones were about half way up. Then altogether we made the rocks fly so rapid and furiously that it seemed from the yells of rage and pain half the enemy was doubled up and rolling down among the brush.

Though repulsed they were determined on our capture and punishment. As we again rushed to the edge of the cliff to deliver our parting shots, we saw them vanishing around the point up the branch in a flank movement. Glory to the wind! we did not wait further developments, but took to our heels for the brush the opposite way, and by the time they occupied our line of works we were perhaps half a mile away in the brush and timber skedaddling for home.

Talk about Bunker Hill and old Ed Burke's epigram in the British house of commons, "God save us from many such victories!" The painful reminders from contusions, hide peeled off and bruises didn't give those young Iowavillians much to brag on that time anyhow; but doubtless the price of arnica and court plaster in the old town went up a few notches that night.

It was a wonder, with the advantage we had, and the number of rocks thrown some one was not killed or crippled. We saw one stone strike a boy fair on top of his head as he was

climbing or crawling up the ravine clutching at the twigs to propel himself forward. He fell stunned as dead, and rolled quite a way down the ravine. But as they beat a retreat we again looked and he was bringing up the rear with both hands holding the top of his head and bawling with fright and pain. Then we ran to catch up with the rear of our forces.

We dared not brag much of this, or any of our exploits, (some of which for obvious reasons we cultivated forgetfulness of as much as possible.) Our parents were very liberal with the rod for our funny propensities. We have been made so often since to wonder at the progressiveness in parental authority since then. If we took an apple without permission and the pater familias got to hear of it the chances were one boy got to dance a lively quick step that night and furnish his own music. Then over the door or some other conspicuous place was the proverbial "switch." But now it has vanished from the home and many the boy who can take a ton of coal or "swat" a playmate without fear of the old fashioned "dressing!" Oftentimes our parents, like in this case, by our keeping "mum" never knew the most of our escapades. But when they did get onto them there was a call to judgment. That's why we had to be very confidential.

Yes, we were bad boys then, and it's no use of old people now talking about boys being so much worse than when they were boys. All any of them need do is to jog up their memories a little. But still all this excuses no one. We still believe "Old Sol" was right when he said, "spare the rod and spoil the child!" A little of the old fashioned "hickory oil" has a wonderful healing tendency upon the spots of meanness all boys are more or less afflicted with, and we confess we never got our full quota of it.

As the story is told of a great Persian king in ancient days, while viewing from a mountain side his army of a million men parading on the plain below, he burst into tears. When asked by one of his courtiers why he wept, he answered, "Oh in fifty years where will those glittering hosts be?" We know of but few in this life felt to meet who were here "fifty years" ago.

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Boys of Eldon, perhaps, think the long old fashioned hunting rifle in the collection of curios by E. T. Roland at the postoffice represents altogether the kind of guns we used in the first settling of Iowa, but it is a mistake.

The percussion lock was rapidly replacing the old flint lock. The gun in question (flint lock) had undergone but little change for over two hundred years, and was still the same method for discharging by all nations at the date (1846-7) of our war with Mexico. Military men held on for a score of years, to the argument that there was too much time lost by the soldier in priming or placing the percussion cap on the tube of the new invention, while with the flint lock musket the ramming of the ball down the barrel of the gun forced the priming out into the "pan" of the lock, and thus it could be loaded and fired more rapidly.

But the majority of the settlers brought the new innovations with them for hunting purposes. I remember hearing frequent discussions among them about which bore the superiority, but invariably it all amounted to nothing more than the old "fog" or "crossback" against progress—the former claiming the latter gun for want of vent, or a touch hole in the barrel for part of the powder to blow out at (frequently as we thought unpleasantly near one's eyes) it did not shoot as accurate. While the latter often when the argument became a little heated would challenge the old "crossback" to a trial, and sometimes demonstrate that it did shoot accurate.

It would prove immense fun for our target shooting rifle clubs to get one of those old flint lock rifles in trim and try it all around for the championship. The fun would first consist in seeing the fellow jump as the fire flashed up before his face out of the pan, or lock; and next to find where the bullet struck after the "sh-bang." If it was his first effort the charge might be located in the ground forty feet ahead of him, or it may have sped skyward in quest of the new moon! In all events spectators for safety should be very careful to keep well back in the rear.

As a rule wild shooting seldom was the fault of the gun. The length of the barrel and distance between the sights gave them a superiority for accuracy over our shorter guns. They required more practice to get used to the flash preceding the discharge. I have seen my father and our nearest neighbor—Cummins, bring birds and squirrels from the topmost branches of the tallest trees, seldom missing a shot with their flint lock rifles. But their boys grew up to use the more modern gun of instant discharge, and could do perhaps equally as well. Yet with "pap's old rifle," if one of them could hit within the diameter of a

washtub thirty steps away, he was counted champion of the whole kit.

We remember that one or two of the first settlers had another gun—a kind of a compromise between the two—called “pill lock,” which, as near as we can now describe, consisted of a similar side bar lock as the percussion, but instead of the hammer coming down on a tube it swung over more and with a rather pointed bill struck down in a cavity or pan on the side of the barrel. The cavity connected by a small hole with the charge of powder in the interior and resting over this hole under the hammer was a percussion “pill” about the size and very much resembling some of the pills issued by homeopathic doctors. For this reason people hit very near the mark by calling them “pill locks.” The flint lock through centuries decided the destinies of kingdoms, empires, and the ambitions of warriors, but the improvement—the “pill lock,” didn’t even live long enough to settle a boundary line dispute, while its successor—the “cap lock,” after a brief half century is relegated to musty old garrets, or the stocks into kindling, and their barrels into horse shoes. The magazine breech loader and metallic cartridge is the only rifle now in demand. The old fashioned muzzle loading shotgun had to give it up to the breech loading double barreled guns, with their paper shells, which are now fighting vigorously against giving way to the magazine shotgun.

Our old style of guns have become so obsolete we doubt if we wanted ammunition to load one it could be found. First powder, next a bar of lead to mold into bullets (if for a shotgun it would require shot instead of lead) and lastly, “a box of caps!” Many boys today to know what the latter means would require a description, which we leave for their fathers to give them. Every owner of a gun had bullet molds with which to cast melted lead into bullets. To do this one had to possess either an iron ladle to hold over a blaze until the lead which he put into it melted, when one at a time by pouring it in the mold he would empty out a bullet with a neck to it. But the most of us would make wooden ladles by taking a piece of oak would hollow the flat part at one end make the other for a handle put the lead in the place scooped out, then with a few glowing coals of fire over the lead, which, by blowing a few moments, would melt the lead down, when by a slight groove or depression we had cut on the side for use, we deftly poured the metal in the mold. After all the lead was used up, with a knife we would then “neck”

the bullets. That means cutting the neck made in molding from the round ball. Then place the necks in the ladle go at it again and cast them into bullets.

Now the boys can understand how we prepared our ammunition. The caliber of our rifles had no uniform size, but ranged all the way from what now would be called 22 to 44. Lead cost us ten cents a pound, powder seventy-five cents, and a box of a hundred caps ten cents. If the least particle of moisture got in the tube of your loaded gun more often than otherwise, your days hunt was over, you had to take the piece all apart, take the breech pin out of the lower end of the barrel and remove the load.

Every hunter among us carried a small piece of thin muslin in his shot pouch. In loading his rifle he would set the breech on the ground, take the “charger” (a little tube made of tin buck horn or something else suitable holding just enough powder according to caliber to load the piece) pour the powder into it as a measure, and then empty it into the muzzle of the gun. Next he moistens a patch of the muslin with his tongue, lays it over the muzzle, places a bullet on it, forcing it down to a level of the iron with his knife, when he deftly gathers the folds of the cloth between the fingers of his left hand, and with his knife in the right, shaves the piece of goods off of the bullet even with the barrel. Here he draws the long slender ramrod from its sheath under the barrel, with both hands, gun clasped by left arm against his body, forces the ball down on the powder at the breech. He then withdraws the ramrod, puts it back in place, takes one of the shining tiny little brass “caps” out of the cap box, places it on the tube under the lock, and his gun is ready for a shot.

We have been thus minute because many boys who read this have never seen the old fashioned muzzle loading gun, and others who have do not know how they are used. The piece can be loaded much quicker than one can read our description.

We will now come back to old King Dave Fisher with all his love for Irish “seraps” and “bug juice,” he was a great hunter, crack shot, and loved to get with the boys. One day with a brother out hunting squirrels we met Dave in the woods. As all three of us had tramped three or four hours, and the shade of a near by tree presented an inviting place for rest, he said “sit down, boys; I have a funny story I want to tell you!” Of course that just hit us right, and we were soon in position, knowing King Dave

never opened up on anything in this line but what there was something lively going to come. Just about the time he was putting the finishing touches to his yarn, a squirrel ran out of a hole in the tree above us and up a large bough barking with all his might as though he thought the story as funny as we did. “Hold, on boys, hold on, it’s my shot!” exclaimed Dave excitedly, raising his gun to his face without taking time to get up. The squirrel had stuck its head over the limb looking square down at us.

The crack of Dave’s rifle (one of the largest size) made the forest ring, but to his surprise the squirrel didn’t tumble. It only skipped up a little higher stopping in a fork towards the top of the tree. “Run around over there boys and scare it over, I will get it this time!” he commanded, and hastily began loading his gun a few steps on the opposite side of the tree. I caught sight of the little animal’s head, and quick as flash the peal of a less loud but more effective shot startled him as the squirrel came falling through the branches. For the first and only time in his life Dave was in a towering rage at me.

I stood terrified at this sudden change in his demeanor looking at him without a word in reply. After he got through with his profanity, I told him I thought when hunters were out together they took their shots at game alternately, but as I was a boy perhaps I had no right of that kind of usage among men and that he might have the squirrel, that I just thought it would be fun for all three of us to get it before he did, etc. He looked at me in the queerest and most amusing way I ever saw on his countenance for a moment, when after cursing himself awhile he said, “Why, Isaac, you said you are a boy, but you ought to be a man!” then with a few more jingles in profanity, he continued, “all the — men in this — country can’t take me down like you have! Take your squirrel, and here is another to go with it!” throwing one down by its side that he had been carrying.

He sat down with us again under that tree, and in his own uncouth backwoods way demonstrated that he felt he did a wrong and sincerely repented it. “King” never seemed happier than when he got with a lot of us boys, and with his ready wit and comic stories would have all laughing. Years afterwards on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska with him, that friendship which had never been broken proved a blessing in more than one instance which we think began in this little episode.

“King!” as we sometimes called him,

for short, among his other traits would sometimes spit out couplets of backwoods doggerel that extemporaneously formed itself in his mind about something that presented itself. For instance, one day John Bates and his brother Nicholas were plowing with a yoke of oxen belonging to their father they called "Tip and Tyler!" Just as King was passing by one day where they were working while Nicholas was invigorating them to a more rapid step he yelled, "Git up Tip, go it Tyler! git there now or bust your biter!"

One sunny bright warm day in the spring, father was busily working at the fence in front of the house with his three boys assisting what they could when King Dave gun on his shoulder, and his son John about twelve years of age, with two or three defunct squirrels in his hand, was seen emerging from the woods approaching us. John like his father was a strapping robustuous fellow for his age, and also "a chip off of the old block" ever ready for a "scrap!" Coming up where we were at work, after a short conversation with father, during which John's attention seemed to be constantly directed wistfully to my two brothers, one of ten and the other eight years of age. His eyes looked gloatingly like some hungry animal that wanted something to eat.

The boys noticed him also, as he kept his eyes on them; the elder, William, being always good natured and peaceable paid little regard to him, but Wilson did not like him at the start and could hardly repress his anger that began to reach the boiling heat under such an impudent gaze. Doubtless King had been preparing John's mind on the way, to go by and thrash those two Flint boys, as he always took great delight in seeing boys take a rough and tumble, and wanted John to grow up like himself, a big bully. After cracking a few jokes he said, "Well, Dock, let's have a little fun and see the boys fight. My boys can whip those two both at once, can't you John?" "Yes, I can, —," eagerly shouted John, throwing down the squirrels. "I don't allow my boys to fight," answered my father, but his words were lost in the command of Dave, "go for them, Johnny, go for them!"

William being the nearest, taken by surprise, went down by John's sudden onset instantly, but dragged his assailant down with him, and as instantly, Wilson, with the fury of a little tiger flew at the "bully boy" as he was struggling on top, landing as terrific a blow with his fist as a young boy is capable at the butt of the ear, momen-

tarily so stunning John that he rolled off on the ground, and before recovering both boys were on top of him one trying to choke him and the other pummelling him as fast as his two little fists could fly. This was too much even for old King David's progeny, and he was soon bellowing "enough, take 'em off, etc."

From the very first of John's mishap, King Dave was swearing at John to "get out of there John!" while father disgusted was helplessly looking on, and I, who had taken so much pains in training the boys for such occasions, was dancing around gleefully shouting, "Hurrah, Will, give it to him, Wilson, etc!" At last seeing it was all up for John and he was getting badly punished, King sat his gun down and gently pulled the boys off of him, saying, "Why, Dock, — if your boys ain't regular bullies!" Why he did not have John hop on to me who was near his own age, instead of my two brothers, was accounted for by a tilt we had at school the winter before, of which perhaps his son had previously informed him. This was one fight for which father had no excuse to chastise his boys. And while he had to stand regretfully looking on and King was grieved no doubt at the pounding his precious darling was getting, I alone of the whole group was keenly enjoying the scene from start to finish.

John never liked the boys afterwards. The next winter almost the first thing one day at recess outside of the school house he had to give them another trial which ended equally as disastrous to him. After this he bid them ever to go their way in peace. John grew up like his father rough, profane, but not so addicted to fighting and drinking. Another evidence of strange affinities was his marriage to Harriet Chatman, who with her father and family of Ashland were very devoted Methodists. In 1862 they, with his father and family of children migrated to Nebraska, where his next eldest brother Isaac was killed in a fight with the Indians; King Dave was wounded from the effects of which he died two or three years afterward; his mother remarried to King Dave's brother Mart, and the last heard of John was that he had moved to Idaho and was making money in the ranch business.

When the Des Moines River Improvement company began operations to put in a lock and dam above Iowa-ville in 1855—over fifty years ago, people here thought we were strictly in it and speculating on future possibilities. Ten acres of land just below his house was bought of "Jim" Jordan at

the then fabulous price of "fifty dollars per acre!" A little shanty town went up almost in a night, teams and men employed at big prices to quarry and haul stone, and a home market sprang up, money began to get plenty, Iowa-ville again began to revive as also did the mercantile grocery and whiskey trade, and so did "the goose hang high!"

A man named Patingale had the contract for supplying all the timbers, and scores of men were employed cutting, scoring, hewing and hauling, while other scores, mostly Irish, were also employed in rock quarries cutting and dressing stone, etc. Here also was fun for the boys, Irish wit indulgence and pugnacity were drawing cards to catch "King Dave," Dave Gilbert, and the rough and tumble element generally. Great were the anticipations of people on the "Des Moines river navigation" that was to make Iowa-ville a metropolis, build up immense factories, and infuse boundless wealth over the country by endless blessings borne in on the angelic wings of a ceaseless commerce.

One cool November day after the beautiful autumnal weather had blessed the farmers with opportunities to have all their grain in the crib, my two brothers and myself were as usual with the Cummins boys at their home. While out near the barn jumping, wrestling or boxing—anything to have a good time, we spied one of those Irishmen coming with two big savage looking dogs following him, and he was heading right for us. By this time we had become a little familiar with their Irish tricks, and immediately sized him up as one of those "dog fighters" they had in camp.

Over at home I had an old English bull terrier. Although his fighting molars had become worn down to the gums, yet on account of his agility and peculiar tactics in battle with another dog he had as yet never failed to come out best. But the Cummins boys had nothing of the kind except a couple of hounds. Just as soon as Mr. Irishman came up his first query was, "got any dog that can whip mine?" Dan Cummins answered as spokesman. "No, but here's a fellow (pointing at me) has a little old yellow dog, take them one right after the other, can whip both of 'em!" "Bring him on! bring him on!" ejaculated the Irishman. "Be jesus we must have some fun; go-bring him on!"

As I had to go only about three hundred yards the dog was soon forthcoming. He was a long low bench legged insignificant looking thing, his under jaw projecting about half an

inch below the other under his short thick pug nose; short broad thick head bench legged was the "ornery" looking "yellow dog" himself.

As soon as the Irishman saw him he roared with laughter, while his two dogs each held by a small rope, looked as if the scrawny little bull terrier would scarcely make a mouthful. The terrier who bore the euphonious name of "Watch" was not only watchful as he came in sight of the two snarling bullies, but with flashing eyes, grinning teeth, and savage growls, he tugged at the rope I led him by, and without counting odds wanted to jump right into the ring at once.

The big Irishman gave the rope of one of the dogs to Dan to hold, then taking the other ten steps away he began loosening the collar from its neck bidding me to do the same with mine. He was in great glee as the collar dropped, and both dogs anxious to get at each other, were held by the neck. "Reedee?" he exclaimed with a shout, "Now see the dry bones rattle!" (meaning the terrier) as at the word "go!" which Dan as umpire gave. Quick as thought the terrier's tactics beat any curve of a base ball pitcher; it looked like a perfect system in pugilism. As they bounded straight at each other within a few feet he sprang sideways catching the bully by the hind leg just above the knee as they passed each other. He had the fiercest grip in his jaws I ever saw in creation, and when he got game between his teeth he would just shut them down like a vise, and such quick jerking, flouncing and steering his end of the machine out of all possible danger, no dog fighters ever saw in any other fighter. The yelps and howls of his victim was piteous, while the poor Irishman doubtless thinking his canine pet would have to do all his future dancing on three legs, was begging "take him off! take him off!"

At this juncture the animal twisted his leg from between Watch's snaggy teeth, and struck out for home on three legs yelping with pain at every jump. Watch did not intend for him to get away at that, but the slip was so unexpected he fell backward, then sprang to his feet so quick one hardly noticed the fall. His adversary passing the dog Dan was holding, Watch in his immediate pursuit doubtless mistook that one for the same dog, darted under him between his fore legs, had his hind leg in his jaw and was swinging him around in the same way. Between the yelling of the Irishman, the yelping of the dog, and the cheering and laughter of the boys, both owner and dog were having a

very sorrowful time of it.

He was for clubbing Watch to make him let go, but finding that about to precipitate a general dog fight in which with so many boys around him, some with clubs, he decided that discretion was the better part of value, by the use of a good sized hickory stick we pried the dog's mouth open, when the second dog with rope, collar and all, howling also with pain, struck out after the first one on three legs, over half a mile away, making for home and hash. The Irishman looked dumbfounded a moment, then gazing at his fleeing dogs he turned his eyes on the terrier exclaiming, "that bates the divil where did that little divilish ould baste come from? Why didn't ye tell me ye had a big fighting tog, and be jasus I wud a brought me tother one?" We insisted on him going home and getting "me t'other one," but that was the last we saw of the son of Erin. Watch stood licking his jaws and looking after his two rapidly disappearing foes as if he wished he had it to do over again. Dan tauntingly asked the crest fallen dog fancier how he enjoyed the music made when the dry bones rattled?

Besides dog fighting those Irish would occasionally gather in some roosters with which to have cock fights. But those and all other games were strictly among themselves. Inside of a year after getting the "lock" partly built, and an acre or more of the ground on each side of the public highway piled with large square dressed stone, and a large piece of ground on the other side of the river below the Caldwell and McClure ford covered with long squarely hewed logs, the business "busted." The land fell back to Jordan, who made various disposition of the stone, while the hewed timbers mostly rotted on the ground. The Irish village disappeared, and Iowaville soon thereafter passed in her cheeks also. *Druck for Dec. 27th 1945*

Boys! you have no deep, unbroken forests with their wild game to lure you into the excitements and sports we enjoyed once in Iowa. Yet we do not claim mankind is any the less happy now than then: nor will we admit they are any the more. The world always furnishes avenues for enjoyment to the full capacity with which man—all things else being even—is endowed. But the chapter for two following we present, that boys as well as men may understand and contrast with their present environments

and all their luxuries and attractions.

Many, perhaps, have heard of "deer licks!" Yet few fully comprehend the meaning of the term. In the beginning of the settlement in the timbered west, wild deer roamed the woods sometimes singly and sometimes several together. We do not remember seeing above seven in number together. As they were mostly exterminated before we became familiar with the rifle, the first sacrifice of the kind to our skill was in the "far west." But we shall never forget the wonderful exploits told by sturdy pioneers to whom we eagerly listened when a boy, and occasionally glancing up at father's long, old-fashioned rifle suspended upon two wooden hooks over the cabin door, earnestly wishing we were a man.

The greatest "deer lick" in this section was across the river somewhere on Salt creek, Davis county. Those "licks" are generally along a stream or marshy spot of ground impregnated with salt. As all the vegetarian portion of the animal kingdom highly appreciate salt, the deer is no exception but quite the contrary, keenly relishing salty substances. For this reason such spots of ground which were ever rare in Iowa, were as highly appreciated and as favorite resorts for those beautiful and artless animals as a slot machine to a gum-chewer or a gin shop to a husky old toper.

This Salt creek "deer lick" at last became so famous by the presence of huntsman and rifle, long before the sprightly animals had vanished from the country they had abandoned to their murderous foes. At first they became too wild to approach the spot until darkness protected them from view. The hunter then used a torch for artificial light. This was a wining card. Providing himself with a number of torches and picking out a suitable spot where he could take in the entire ground and be concealed, he would set a blazing torch above the ground just high enough over him that the light would shine full on the sights of his rifle as he would bring it to bear on the game.

Sometimes one, two and three, and sometimes all the torches would be consumed without getting a shot. Often times the deer in its eagerness for the coveted lick, bounds out unexpectedly facing the blazing light. In surprise and fright it stands as if dumbfounded and paralyzed, staring wildly at the glaring specter. Sometimes a deer will utter a low, shrill whistle. The hunter in the darkness in and around him sees nothing but

two large, glistening eyeballs, made so by the reflection of the light on their glassy substance. He takes as steady and accurate aim between those two glassy balls as if he had the light of day to direct him. A keen report breaks the stillness of the night and the poor innocent victim drops quivering to the earth. He leaps forward with knife in hand severs the arteries of its neck or drives the the knife to its heart and then after a few convulsive struggles it is dead.

For one night his ambition has been gratified. He generally has a way provided to take the game home—another deer's hide goes into his tanning vat, another two weeks the family feast on venison and another leather goes into the hunter's cap for him to brag about. But this description only applies to the hunter—not to the amateur or "tenderfoot," who, while the deer stands gazing at him, is shaking with the "buck ague" until the gun either drops from his hand or goes off with a "bang" pointing anywhere at random from his feet to the planet of Jupiter.

The "buck ague" is no joke; we speak from actual experience. When twelve years of age and possessed with a consuming desire for the distinction of killing a deer, once I had it bad, so bad I took a big cry soon soon afterward. I was returning home through the woods with a long squirrel rifle on my right shoulder and a string tied to several squirrels in the left hand, much pleased with my skill in bringing them down out of the forest trees or in other words, "feeling pretty big!" when suddenly a full grown buck with antlers on his head, sprang out of the brush and stopped broadside not fifteen steps squarely in front of me standing with his bright eyes excitedly staring at me perhaps half a minute, apparently as much astonished as I was. Each of us stood like statues. Had I possessed the least presence of mind my opportunity for the desired glory of lining up with big hunters would have been a certainty. Fifteen steps I could shoot a squirrels eye out, but here I was looking at a deer, and shaking with an ague unconscious of anything to shoot with being in my hand. A moment lost and the creature with a bound in the bush was out of sight. A moment more mortification and disappointment over my stupidity had dwarfed me, figuratively, to less than a contemptible cock-roach!

One day, I remember, Doc Stamper and Lot Blacker (then making their home with my parent) spent most of

their time moulding bullets, cleaning up their guns and preparing torches for a night at "the lick." Neither of them knew as much about deer hunting as a quack doctor does about medicine, and they made a sorry "fist" of it. I was small then but eagerly watched their maneuvers almost in anticipation of tasting fresh venison. Thus to a boy, it seemed a big event was about to occur, and when they started off with rifles on their shoulders to wade the river and bring down big game over on salt creek I stood thoughtfully looking after them until they were out of sight.

They located the place, each secured a small log to rest the muzzle of his gun on at a proper elevation so he could lay flat on the ground with the breech against his shoulder, a torch was fastened to a stick stuck in the ground so the light was several feet above where they lay. As the shades of night began to gather, the hoot-owls to toot their melodious lays and the bullfrogs of Salt creek to warble their melodies of joy, while in the act of striking a fire with the flint and and steel by igniting a bunch of tow sprinkled with gunpowder (for matches had not come in general use yet) a gleam of light suddenly attracted their attention about a hundred yards away.

Lot was a youth scarcely out of his teens yet, and had heard so many spook stories he was for digging right out while there was a running chance. But Stamper was a great big, two-fisted fellow who had footed it to this country all the way from South Carolina, had slept alone many places by the way side, through forest and field, and could not run much anyway. I was much older than Lot and shamed him for such foolishness. After a low, hurried consultation while the light still bobbed up and down about the same distance away they decided to investigate. Stamper strode forward with his gun on his shoulder while Lot crept along behind with his gun ready and finger on the trigger, to shoot and run.

Instead of facing the spook of a murdered Indian or ghastly hooded squaw they encountered the real flesh and blood of a white man and his wife, she bearing the torch while he was preparing to pose silently for the game. Each party desired to be alone, but to make the best of it the man advised our two nimrods to go back and keep very still. Stamper afterwards said: "By George, if that fellow wanted everything so very still what in the devil made him bring his old woman along!"

They did not get things fairly shap-

ed up until three boys came with torch and guns; instead of a "deer lick" with one hunter quietly lying in wait the place looked like a night parade among the pots and kettles of a sugar camp; as a place to secure venison it had become too popular. Before midnight there came from the southwest, one of the most fearful thunderstorms followed by a drenching rain that, as the boys said, "didn't stop long enough for a fellow to catch his breath." 'till ten o'clock the next day.

Stamper was a very high-toned and "lady's man," who loved fine clothes, and was always seen with head erect and the general appearance of a "turkey gobbler strut." That night for the time being washed all the starch out of him. Lights and fire were all quenched in a jiffy, they were in the forest darkness so dense, only the occasional flashes of lightening could they get glimpses of their surroundings while as closely as they hugged around the roots of the largest visible trees for shelter they were not only soaked with water but it ran down and off of them in miniature riverlets.

Strange as the custom may now seem in these days boys and young men wore high red topped boots in which was neatly tucked the lower leg of the pantaloons. Stamper's boast was that he would have nothing but the finest kip and they must be made to order. In proportion to population we had ten times as many boot and shoe makers as we have now. On the night of that unlucky adventure, Stamper was wearing a new pair of boots, fine shirt and suit as he knew nothing about "deer hunting" yet he was always ready for a "deer" catch.

The following afternoon the old man Lowe, then living about three hundred yards below the present fair grounds, heard some one on the other side of the river calling, "Hello!" That meant "come over with your canoe!" with which he was provided, and as usual at such calls, he paddled across to find two about as hungry, dilapidated looking wretches he said as he ever encountered.

Lot was a natural born wag, and the description he gave of Stamper as a "South Carolina a fop out in a rain storm" was a word picture one should hear to appreciate. He said his fine hat melted down over his face and shoulders like a wilted cabbage leaf, his linen bosom shirt looked about as limp and woe-begone as it's owner, while those kip boots resembled dish rags with red strings tied around his ankles; also to save his pants from

getting muddy he had rolled them up to his knees. The intermediate space Lot declared "was nothing but leg and Salt Creek paint." All Stamper could say regarding his tormentors fright about "Spooks!" could not turn the joke.

Wild turkeys, deer and prairie chickens with the beaver and muskrat have gone and now only the rabbit, squirrel and quail are left to remind the sportsman of early Iowa and those old hunting days, and so few forest trees are spared by the woodman's axe scarcely a thicket is left except along some gully, this game has very limited chances of salvation.

Our guns were generally the long muzzle loading single barrel rifles. There were quite a number of single and double barrelled muzzle loading shotguns in use. We knew nothing about "gun clubs," "glass balls" and "clay pigeon" shooting in those days. The boy who could step out in the yard throw a chip in the air and split it with a rifle ball before it reached the ground held the admiration of his fellows. But the fellow with a shotgun on his shoulder was considered of little consequence in the sporting line. It required such little skill to hit an object with a "splatter gun," as some nick named them, that the up-to-date chap in that line who could not use a squirrel rifle was generally ruled out when making up a party to go over into the dense forests of Soap Creek bottom for small game.

A well filled powder horn, a shot pouch full of bullets dangling by a strap across the left shoulder swinging under the right arm, and his trusty rifle, the boy taking his vacation from field and plow handles could ne'er be happier. All day he would tramp merrily a merrel to eat, through the forest alone, at intervals creeping up behind some tree to get a shot at a squirrel his quick watchful eye had detected on the bough of one just beyond. He had become accustomed to a stealthy noiseless tread so essential in those days for the successful squirrel hunter, and when the sharp crack of his rifle rang out seldom did he fail to add another ornament to the string in hand. Then so many of those old elms were hollow and full of holes in the top for which, at the least approach of danger the little animals affrighted would scamper from branch to branch until reaching of those trees to dart into one of those places of safety. In such emergencies the boy would either take his chance of getting him on the run, or stand quietly with his gun ready, for often the squirrel will stop a moment to look back

before bidding good bye to daylight. Then if the marksman is an expert, the "good bye" is sudden and forever.

We then had two kind of squirrels as natives of the forest—the fox and the gray. The former mostly occupied the timbered hill land, and the gray almost exclusively the bottoms. The latter were not so large as the fox squirrel, but we always thought they furnished sweeter and more tender meat. When making up a party of boys for a squirrel hunt, we would all go down to the river together, cross over on the other side, there separating agreeing to meet again at the same place about sunset; while if any one failed we would linger for all to get in till about dark. Here we would take an invoice of all the game bagged to see which one should be champion hunter. Not a dog was allowed on these excursions. No matter how clever and good a squirrel dog he was, nine times out of ten every squirrel he sighted during the day would never stop until he reached the inside of one of one of those hollow trees. Besides this if any other hunter was stalking game near by, it would also take the alarm and skip to its nest.

"How many are the old first residents of Iowa are left who can now sit and meditate over those happy boyhood days?" Those were days of pure innocent and helpful amusement, oftentimes linked with fishing, bathing, etc., that gave to muscle, lungs and body everything requisite to health and long life. Our guns were not of the little 22 target toy variety, but mostly the long bulky heavy old fashioned ones our fathers brought with them from the east. Once out in the woods the eagerness for game and fascination of pursuit so completely possessed us that a boy of twelve to fifteen seldom noticed that he was lugging a twelve or fifteen pound rifle on his shoulder the whole day. Such straining of body and muscle in the woods or field was fun, but the same exertion at work would require a long rest or breathing spell at least at intervals of every fifteen minutes. Once at home again, skinning and cleaning squirrels during which he would brag to the "old folks" and the others of how far he shot to get this one, and how neatly he knocked that one's eyes out, and how he barked the tree just under another to get him without breaking the hide, with such a rehearsal of exploits that illustrated how keenly we all took an interest in and enjoyed those sports.

I shall never forget one of these expeditions that to boys like we were proved humiliatingly disastrous. The river was low and we waded it near

the spring below our present fair grounds. About three hundred yards above our landing place opposite was an old deserted cabin with a small field back of it, also a log stable near by. Hogs ran out in the timber those times and a herd of them made this stable their roosting place at night, consequently it was alive with fleas. The skies were darkening with clouds yet bent on having our day's sport we paid no attention to the approaching storm until a keen clap of thunder with a few pattering drops of rain admonished us old probabilities was not offering any game or bluff that time.

The cloud was black and the wind roaring among the forest trees. A panic ensued among one gang of boys then, and we ran as we had never run before. All being in our shirt sleeves we were pretty well moistened before reaching the old stable. For a short time the rain simply poured, while for half an hour sharp peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning made one boy in the outfit quake with fear and long for shelter with the "old folks" at home. I think by the quietness of the group soberly, or anxiously looking out there was a fellow feeling along this line all around.

In about an hour of this unhappiness, I think aggravated by a presence none of us had hitherto noticed, the rain had almost ceased when a crawling creeping sensation was observed as it were all at once by every one present. Bill Weaver—a big lusty seventeen year old youth shouted as he noticed black moving spots on another boy's face, "Fleas, boys; fleas!" and made a bound for the door, out and leaping the fence he made for the old cabin. It was an inglorious retreat, but we were after him like so many sheep trying to keep up with the "bell weather" of the flock.

The fleas were just literally swarming all over us from head to foot, and such general doffing of shirts, pants, and brushing, shaking out and scratching, picking off and stamping around with shouts and laughter our performances beat any circus ring of acrobats and clowns ever witnessed. But while thinking we were having all the fun to ourselves we caught the sound of laughter elsewhere. Looking out in the road not four rods away the sight of three or four robust young women fairly shouting with mirth at the comic scene we presented turned all our frolic into a wild panic and stampede.

Each fellow grabbed up his garments, hat and accouterments, and made for the tall corn back of the house. In our blind eagerness and excitement to get out of sight we

fairly tumbled over each other, hills of corn, stumps or anything else that was in our way. In almost a twinkling all were on the jump to get there except that great big awkward Bill Weaver. He coolly stepped outdoors, and in his most scant costume and most persuasive method of speech exclaimed: "Come right in ladies! come right in, you will find the old man at home ladies! come right in!"

They had not expected any big boy in the crowd; the tables were turned and then there was a stampede of the other crowd. With furtive look and a sudden pulling of sunbonnets down over their eyes without even a parting "good bye!" the way calico cracked and mud flew was enough to make a wooden man split with laughter.

Bill walked back in the cabin and began donning his clothes. While before he completed his toilet we had dressed, the scare had subsided and we were ready to take up the flea question again. "No!" said Bill, "before I do another darned thing I am going to see where those girls went to!" seizing his gun he started off on the speed of one who had struck a fresh turkey track, with all the balance of us trying to keep up. About four hundred yards farther up the river we came to a little field, and not over a hundred yards farther, we caught sight of our feminine group of visitors near the front door of Joe Fane's cabin, who by the fun they were enjoying we knew the story of our circus and their free tickets was being told.

Bill stood and looked through an opening in the brush a moment, and then with a disconsolate "huh!" he said, "boys, let's go back, these darned fleas are eating me up alive!" Thus uncomfortably ended our day's hunt before it began, but we would not fear to wager that not a boy in town or country can guess how we got rid of those fleas without carrying one home with us. The water that time of the year is warm, and we just simply waded out to the deepest place and sat down in it where it came up to our mouths. Almost in a moment every flea that could let go was on top of the water, and the bulk of them floating away.

But over our faces, necks and heads, we could understand a large number had escaped to dry ground. By considerable brushing with our hands and frequent ducking under the water, in a few minutes the last one was on its way down to the sunny south to mix with the natives about New Orleans. Doubtless their posterity years afterwards during the unpleasantness, took sweet revenge on several

of that group of boys who followed after larger game than was found in the Soap Creek bottoms.

79 Coon hunting—an old pastime, is also now one of the lost arts. Occasionally some boy is found in possession of a "pet" coon that has been captured in hollow tree, but no longer do forests exist that often times in the lone hours of midnight, resounded with the excited whoops of a gang of boys and the resonant barkings of the "coon dog." No scene of boys holding torches while their fellows are plying axes at the roots of a tree, or the crash as it comes down among those around it, are enacted; nor the fight the little predatory animal makes for its life as the dog pounces upon it.

Sometimes if it is well ensconced in the body of the tree, it will not budge from its concealment, and has to be chopped out. In every group of boys, each seemed to not only have a pet dog, but determined that the dog should go along, sure by his prowess he would be crowned hero of the whole "dog-goned" lot of dogs. Consequently if one real "coon dog" was in the lot, before the tree fell he was held back by a rope and collar that it should be a free-for-all pitch in of the other dogs, to see which would kill the coon. But it almost invariably turned out that it was one thing to be a dog, but quite a different thing to be a "coon dog." Some dogs by practice could acquire the nature and art of tracking, catching and killing coons, but the regular "coon dog" seemed possessed with the nature and instinct for the business from his early puppyhood.

As an illustration: one warm winter day with a lot of boys we were out on the wooded hills when we spied a big coon lying in the forks of a large black oak tree about thirty feet from the ground, sunning himself, and seemingly asleep. The dogs (for each boy that day had his dog along) soon spied the fellow and excitedly barking awoke him, perhaps from pleasant dreams of home and kindred to a knowledge of a very desperate situation. He rose up and peered down at us, and the dogs that were fantastically jumping about trying to climb after him, to fall backwards barking, yelping and snarling at each other.

I had "Watch," the old little bull terrier along, and he was a "coon dog" with a big capital to begin with. He didn't join the others, but sat down a little ways off gazing anxiously at the

coon, and licking his chops every little while as if in anticipation of something good. The tree was large and not a limb between the ground and the fork. Intent only on the pelt, I was for shooting it out of there, but the whole outfit exclaimed: "no don't, don't, don't do that! let's have the fun of the dogs killing him!" I told them I did not think there was a dog in all barking outfit could scratch him, and that it would be no fun for mine to kill it. "Yes, they could, yes, they could!" was the answer. "We'll hold yours and see; let's club it out!" I again expostulated that by clubbing it, if we hit it hard enough to knock it out it would be stunned and have no chance in a fight. They were determined to exploit their pets with a fight, and were so eager that I at last proposed to climb the tree and punch it off with a club. If it went higher I intended following to the limit.

Cutting down a small sapling with a fork at the top, by cutting off the limbs for steps we improvised a ladder that reached within five or six feet of the coon. Resting the fork against the body of the tree with a selected and well balanced hickory club in the right hand, I was soon up to the top of the ladder. Instead of running higher so I could mount into the fork, Mr. Coon had no thought of retreat, but with bristles up he began coming over towards me as if determined to hold the fort, I was holding to an old knot with my left hand, only one foot in the fork of our ladder, and no chance to dodge without falling twenty-five feet to the ground. My only hope was to strike him a blow with the club heavy enough to knock him away from me as he fell. He was about as large an animal of the kind I ever saw, but at this particular time he looked as big as a full grown Cinnamon bear. When he got fairly over and was within about four feet above me I swung the club with all the power my limited chances gave, striking squarely on his side with the end of it, and quickly swinging my body as far around and as close to the tree as I could, he came tumbling down barely missing my left shoulder, and right among that pack of barking dogs,

They all piled on him as he struck the ground, but piled off almost as quick to dance around and bark. By the time I reached terra firma, with them all around him that coon was making for another tree, stopping between jumps to give them warning to keep their distance. One would scarcely believe a little animal like that would so completely terrorize in a moment half a dozen big lusty dogs until they would not touch him, but

this one did it. Fearing he would reach the tree I snatched up my club and headed him off, yelling all the time to let "Watch" at him. Seeing me between him and his port of expected safety, he turned furiously on the dogs who kept out of his way, and just as he had reached the root of the tree, Watch, who had been freed, nabbed him by the back of the neck and began shaking the life out of him. By the time we got him choked loose the animal lay as dead, which, had the dog's teeth been good he would have been. Then we had to kick and beat the other dogs back to keep them from literally eating it up. Presently it gained strength enough to get on its feet and glare around as if dazed at the prospect.

Here a general chorus went up, "let our dogs at him now!" Being well surrounded we let him be until he seemed normal, when with a "sick 'em!" the pack went for him again. How he did it we could not see, but he did it just the same, and the dogs again were at a respectful distance barking as furious as before. We had to let old "Watch" finish the job, which he did by springing right over the coon knocking him down and nabbing him again by the back of his neck as he was getting on his feet, choking him to death, without getting a cut or scratch.

The coon is a very cautious animal. Like the fox, the wolf, the owl and bat, he sleeps in daytime, and has his fun all in the dark. Unlike with other game, the coon hunter can do but little without his dog. In those days of coons, opossums and ground hogs, a good "coon dog" was a desirable possession. Then the trophies of this kind of sport were seen in the form of coon skins spread out and nailed on the smoke house door to dry, and piled in every back store room for the eastern market. It was no uncommon thing to see a fellow bring in the store perhaps a score of coon skins at a time to trade for goods, and many a big gulp of the Indians "fire water" went down old King Dave's throat that was settled for with coon skins. In fact the coon skin was not only a legal tender for all debts, public and private, but our warmest caps for winter were coon skins with the hair outside lined with home spun flannel. "Home made!" "Yes, everything we wore then was home made!" and beauty aside, was good, too!

Every thoughtful reader will agree with the assertion that the absence of resorts now prevalent, those active outdoor sports for boys was far more healthy, moral and conducive to their future good than abounds now in our

"progressive and higher civilization!" Of course with the tide and rush for wealth and luxuries everything from the first development of any new country must change. Even the method of worshipping the unchangeable God, has changed. All kinds of new inventions have been adopted, and many replaced the old, etc. Then none knew what an organ or choir in the church was. The minister gave out the hymn, the whole congregation, big and little, who could sing, joined in the music. We could enumerate all along the line the complete changing of all methods. They are called "progression," and if God Almighty has changed as much, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are obsolete back numbers; even Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, with Peter, Paul, James and Jude, must "go away back and sit down!"

There were but one kind of Methodists here then. Every summer they would come from all directions, some forty and fifty miles in covered wagons to camp on the ground three and four weeks while the meeting was in progress. Those meetings were always held in groves during the day and till far in the night. Could our present M. E. church members have visited their camp meetings and revivals, heard their exhortations, fervid songs, and beheld the scores of converts prostrate under conviction crying for mercy, while others were shouting for joy by the impulses of divine love and sense of forgiveness, they might well say, "free Methodists!" sure enough!

Their preachers took no thought of "how much are you going to give me!" but went everywhere preaching, the brethren invariably at the close taking up a collection; whether large or small they were content. They did not wait for church or even school house, but some good brother would open his house for weeks sometimes, and have quite a revival. We remember attending such a meeting several nights at David Ellsworth's residence (the old David Burden farm two miles east of Eldon) where religious zeal rose to quite a heat, and a number of conversions were made. This was the winter of 1860-61, on the eve of the outbreak of the rebellion. For this reason with the melancholy results to ensue, the shadow of sorrow to darken so many homes and so many playmates and schoolmates present there that ere long I had seen for the last time, by their expressions and zeal bids me hope they are with the God of their adoration.

Among them was a young English man—Frank Marsh. He came to this neighborhood in 1857 as a brick ma-

son, and built the Cummins house now occupied by C. D. Sharps. Young

genial and full of life he became quite a favorite among the boys. Having a fine tenor voice (I think he previously united with the Methodists) took quite an active part in these meetings. One song they sang in which he seemed almost as one inspired the chorus, being as follows, was beautiful:

"Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, he to the Lord on high

And we'll sing a happy song,
Angels don't believe it wrong,

For we soon will be done

With our sorrow's here below!"

Soon the closing words came sadly true, not only to Frank Marsh, but several others of our young friends who were present as worshippers with that little group, while nearly all in the lapse of time have since gone to their last resting place. There were no claimants then of being "wholly sanctified" and free from sin. But all were sinners dependent upon prayer and forgiveness for sin daily. In fact there has been so many improvements since then, we doubt if an old timer would come back he "could tell where he was at."

So "King Dave Fisher!" of whom we have had something to say and of whom for the part he had to play in the long "fifty years ago," he had devoted his part we may yet allude to, was one of the most rude and uncouth characters in this community. Had he been trained in early life to the ways and business of more civilized channels with the ready wit and ability he was possessed, would doubtless have been a different and more useful character and adjunct to this part of Iowa. In evidence we present an instance or two by which the reader can form his own conclusions as to our assertion.

Once he was subpoenaed on a trial in court in Ottumwa as a witness. Mounting his old yellow pony (there were no railroads then) he was there on time. Like court cases of the present other matters were on docket yet unfinished before this case could be reached, and he was detained over a week, and there he was, with scarce enough money to pay board and lodging; which to cheapen he would sleep in the barn with his horse. But at last the case was called, he was put on the stand, and under a rigid fire of examination and cross examination, as much depended upon his testimony. In the hands of such attorneys as

Judge Hendershott, May and Williams, representing each side respectively, the rough back woodsman looked like a veritable picnic.

He proved the "star witness" in the case, to the mortification and chagrin of the opposing counsel whose cross examination only drew out confirmative testimony and humiliating answers. In a couple of hours he was through; a week was lost to him and his money exhausted with not a cent to pay for livery bill. He applied for his witness fees, told the clerk in the presence of others of his poverty, night was coming on, and he would have to stay over, etc., to be informed that no fees could be paid until decision was given, judgment obtained and collected. As he came out of the court house to seek his cheap lodging a friend inquired how he was going to get his horse?

With an oath and fresh ejection of amber, he said: "I will get my horse and ride out of this — town on the same — road I came in by!" The next morning he applied at the barn for the horse which was brought out, saddled and bridled, with the bill of \$4.75 for its board and lodging—"but ye gods such a looking steed!" Its mane was notched and clipped close to its neck, tail cut and bagged in the most comical style and foretop bobbed square across even with its ears, while "King" cracking his huge fists under the proprietor's ears and swearing savagely, "that is not my horse! You have stolen my horse, but you can't put that — thing off on me. I will have my horse or put your — carcass behind the bars," etc.

After quite a speech of indignation, profanity and vulgarity, which attracted quite a crowd, and he stopped as though to supply his exhausted valve with a fresh supply of wind, the trembling horse hotel keeper began to explain and called in the stable boy to prove it was the very horse that "King" had left there. Here Dave began an investigation to finally admit at last that it was the same old yellow pony, "but what in the devil have you done to him you — old rascal? Do you think any gentleman would be seen riding such a looking thing as that out of town? You've got to pay me for that horse right here and now! And this is the kind of tricks you play is it? Seventy dollars or to jail you go, you — old hippopotamus?"

The poor liveryman was dumfounded. He knew the pony was all right when he took him in charge, and he was responsible for all damages while in his keeping, and that its owner had a clear case against him—

he must make some reparation, and immediately called his indignant customer to make some proposition of that character, stating that some one perhaps mischievously or to satisfy some grudge had thus disfigured the animal. King Dave calmed down at this exhibit of fairness, and agreed if he would call the bill settled, keep him and his horse until noon, and give him five dollars in money, he would call it square and set up the drinks, there should be no hard feelings between them.

Glad to get off so easy the "five dollars" was "planked over," the drinks forthcoming, which by the long unquenched thirst of the "Centaur" was prodigious. That afternoon with a well filled stomach he started for home, with the yellow pony gifted by a renewed vitality to grow another mane and tail. Years after he told the boys how he played the trick by slipping into the barn stall the night before and "fixing" the pony, cutting off the long hairs with his pocket knife.

Another time while attending court, the lawyers had put him through a pretty severe cross examination. Determined to have his "inning," just as soon as court adjourned he braced up outside the court house door and patiently waited until his tormentor with the Judge and the bevy of his courtiers came flocking out. Dogs were as plenty in Ottumwa then as they are in Eldon now, and two or three were crouched around as if waiting for the appearance of their masters. Grasping his victim by the arm as he came by him with the iron grip he was fully capacitated for, and pointing to an insignificant cur, he exclaimed:

"Say, Mister! can you tell me why that — dog always comes at a fellow with his nose pointing right up at your face when he barks at you?" "Why, no sir; I don't believe I can!" replied the disciple of Blackstone. "Why you — fool," retorted Dave, with a look of disgust at his ignorance, "don't you know that is the end God Almighty made for him to bark out of?" King Dave could play the clown to perfection, and the question with this retort, tone and action, completely upset all law and dignity with court judge and jury. The roar of laughter that burst forth did not subside until that crowd began to separate at the corner of Court and Second street.

We had another curiosity among early boyhood days in this particular vicinity whom to pass unmentioned would (to the few survivors) be almost unpardonable. That boy was reared to seventeen years of age several miles east of us "across the creek" when he

married "a girl" eight years older than himself and moved over "on our side!" From the time he was ten or twelve he would come frequently with his parents to attend church services held monthly alternately at the house of Mr. Cummins and my parents.

He was a "Fisher," too, a year my senior and a strong lusty chap, but from our very first acquaintance his droll ways made fun for the crowd, and we would plan some tricks for the next time "Jesse" came, for church and preaching had no interest for the boys. Long before service began the whole pack of us would break for the woods. If Jesse didn't get there on time we'd leave an escort to bring him when he did come.

If on Saturday, there would be hunting; but on Sunday's no dog or gun was allowed. With all our boisterous natures, through respect for parents we kept this day for other amusements which a few short stories here will illustrate. Our cattle all ran out in the woods, and it was my business every evening to start before sundown back in the timber and brush to bring the cows home. At this particular time I was twelve years of age, and particularly wedded to a small caliber squirrel rifle my father had given me. This favorite companion was sure to go along, and oftentimes diverted my eyes more to looking for squirrels than cattle.

One evening while dodging around through a brush thicket I plumped up against a hornets' nest suspended from a limb. As much has always been said about "stirring up a hornets' nest," this was not the first time in my life I found out how it was done, and I will deflect from my story a moment to describe hornets, their nests, and how I stirred them up. The hornet is gray about the thickness and a third longer than the honey bee, and when he attacks an enemy there is no waste of time in preparation by buzzing around your ears telling you what he is going to do; but his eyes look straight ahead and he takes no uncertain aim. Swift as an arrow he comes from his starting point striking proportionately as forcibly on the cheek, face or exposed part with the business end of his anatomy. "Say, boy! if that wouldn't make you howl about the time more or less of an inch hornets' sting would shoot through your hide, you'll do to fight "Injuns!"

After a few experiences I found that hornets did not molest one if he fell down among a thick clump of brush, as their method of fighting required lots of "elbow room" or space to "sail in." After this discovery, when find-

ing those nests I would get as close as possible without attracting attention, throw a club, sometimes knocking their paper house "all into a cocked hat," and turning them out into the cold pitiless world without home or friends. By the time they would recover from the shock to look after the cause, I would either be far away or lying among the sheltering bushes. But this time I had grasped an idea! The next Saturday and Sunday was meeting day, and Jesse would sure be here. I left that hornets' nest not only unmolested, but also with a prayerful heart that it remain so until I could bring a visitor from afar.

Sure enough, the weather was fine, and Jesse with his parents arrived an hour ahead of time. The meeting was at Cummins' this time, and I had divulged my discovery to the boys. We immediately went into executive council and had our line of action all thoroughly mapped out—for Jesse to walk right up to with a club and knock that hornets nest all to smash. I was to lead the way as though unconscious

of there being any nest, and commence bragging on Jesse's bravery, that he would not run from anything, and if he saw a stack of catamounts he would pitch right into them more eagerly than a hungry boy would a peck of ripe plums. Dan was to negate everything and declare he wouldn't fight anything; that if a toad would jump at him it would scare the life out of him, that "he even couldn't fight muskeeters!" etc.

As soon as Jesse came we lined him up with our squad for a time in the woods, and my argument with Dan began. But before we got half way to the spot something unlooked for occurred. Right ahead of us in the path all coiled up with its head aloft and forked tongue darting forth was a giant 'garter snake.' Familiar then as all boys were about snakes, we knew this species was not poisonous, and I proposed to kill it with the club I had prepared for Jesse to use when we found the hornets' nest, but Dan yelled, "don't do that! don't hit it, let your big braye at it! If he is not the coward I believe he is let him 'stomp' it to death!"

Jesse in total ignorance of our scheme to test his courage stood twisting his mouth and breathing hard through his nose as if in a great mental strain, while Dan laughing at me said, "I told you Jesse was a coward, look at him, if some of us don't catch him he'll run now!" and indeed he looked like it. In mock anger I got mad and told Dan he lied, that Jesse would jump right on it with his bare feet (we were all barefooted and he could cover lots of surface) then Dan got mad and returned the compliment and we both began to get in a white heat. All this time Jesse would look first anxiously at us and then at the snake. We saw our ruse was working and got even more violent until Jesse's hard breathing began to have a sonorous sound, when suddenly with two or three bounds he lit right on top of that coil, and in a twinkling it was flattened in the earth.

With a proud look of triumph Jesse stood alternately gazing at his mangled victim, then with an assuring look at me, and scornful glances at Dan who was still rolling on the ground

HISTORY OF ELDON--From a County

Beginning of Occupation by Section Hands, Wood Choppers, Te

and Present Conditions

In the first occupation of the virgin soil upon which the rushing, buzzing, enterprising and busy little city of Eldon now stands, no optimistic prophet arose predicting such greatness, and if he had, the proverbial thump to the nose gyrating fingers and the pulling down the eyelid with thumb and finger with the hint "see anything green?" that greeted old father Noah while reasoning with the natives for building his big boat would have greeted him. Even if the Des Moines river was large enough for steam navigation the mouth of the creek could not be used for a harbor while the banks were too precipitous for a convenient landing. Besides all this, Iowaville on the western limit of the old Blackhawk purchase absorbed all the commerce of the country. The flat wet forest lands here resounded continuously for half the year with the croak and mirthful songs of the frog, the quack of the duck, the hoot of the owl alone would make the stoutest hearted speculator feel faint

in his knees. Added to all those discouragements were the malarious atmosphere that proved the death of Wm. Growver and wife who first occupied the land, building their cabin on its driest spot near where the Round house now stands.

Besides chills and fever, mosquitoes grew so thick, fast and robustous, that people would have to spend too much time fighting for life, to ever build up a town anyway. The south breezes of summer that wafted them away from Iowaville, would gently bear them over the swamps and ponds between that place and this, with untold millions of recruits on the way to meet their friends from the Soap Creek bottoms for one continuously grand picnic until all the material here was exhausted.

For such reasons this particular cove bordering the upper end of "Village Prairie" did not show much development until in the hands of Judge Love nearly a quarter of a century later.

when he conceived the plan of divesting it of its brush and timber with perhaps three hundred acres upon the south side of the river and disposing of the land for farming purposes. Thus the soil that for the foliage of forests and brush never could be anything but malarious and damp, thrown unprotected under the sunlight of heaven would net only dry out but prove as it has of unsurpassed fertility and usefulness.)

He owned and controlled about seven hundred acres divided nearly equally on each side of the river, and negotiated with William Flint who owned the Ashland saw mill to move it to a spot just below where the present passenger depot now stands in the spring of 1865. Then the forests were soon ringing with axes and busy teams were set to work logging and piling up timber at the mill to be sawn into railroad ties, bridge timbers, etc., for railroad work.

Up to this time the Keokuk and Fort Des Moines road was the only one

convulsed with laughter. The rolling way of using his jaws as though he had a quid of tobacco to masticate and his deep breathing was subsiding. Intent on seeing him tackle the hornets' nest I picked up my club again to move on when Dan jumped up plucked me aside, and in a low tone said we had been having enough fun for one day, now to save the best for tomorrow. This was a hard strain on my impatience—but for the sake of "peace in the family" I consented.

"Tomorrow" came, a glorious August morning, and we met promptly hardly before the glow of sunshine had evaporated the crystal dewy drops from thorn bush and thicket. I cut a nice long hickory club with the sinister motive of giving it to Jesse for a war club at the proper time, but claiming I was going to do the next snake killing act myself. But from the time of Jesse's exploit we had all been extolling his bravery until his imaginations of his greatness were so wrought up that the war harness of Napoleon or George Washington would have been looked upon as small potatoes,

Unconscious of our intentions he was soon in line, and I was leading the van to the intended battle ground. Having previously picked the route all at once I called a halt by excitedly shouting, "Oh look! yonder is a big hornets' nest!" and started to run back. We all shied off a little and held a council of war; one proposed to all get up as close as we could with clubs and every one throw at once. This would settle the hash, but Dan loudly objected by claiming we had a hero along who could walk right up and maul the life out of them himself before they would know what he was about.

As it happened he never had much experience with hornets, and by the same old sonorous breathing and twisting of the jaws we knew his feelings were rising to the occasion. I handed him my club with the remark "this snake killer is the very thing, go for them Jesse! go for them!" Jesse grabbed the weapon, and with all the courage and daring due the warrior determined to conquer or die, he dashed at the fortress of the foe

while we, his comrades ingloriously scampered to a safe distance. Swish! whack! bang! and that bag of tissue and something less than perhaps a thousand hornets were sent flying in all directions, and "mighty soon afterwards" our heroic warrior was in the most undignified flight for home minus hat and war club and yelling for help, one ever saw since a charge of birdshot struck Sambo in the rear while plugging melons in a neighboring watermelon patch. "Dad! dad! dad!" on neck, cheek, hands and back, the outraged hornets took him, each time seemingly inspiring louder shrieks of quite a suffering nature.

Yes "boys will be boys!" Jesse was woefully used up, and his parents came to the conclusion, perhaps, that taking him so far from home was dangerous, for we never saw him any more until the next summer when he again came back, and in spite of all their watchfulness got into more trouble before getting back. The reader will say we treated him mean, but could one see and hear him swag and talk afterwards from the effect of our "taffy" about his manhood and heroism he would understand the reaction was doubly remunerative to him for all his sacrifices. — Jesse

Dec 27, 1945

Road Crossing to a Prosperous City

Stores, the Irrepressible Saioon Grocery, Post Office, and Store

and Opportunities

built here. The track ran just where it does now, with not a single switch. In 1861 there were three or four little houses up by the track about two hundred yards above where the railroad bridge spans the creek, containing the section hands and the boss Mike Curran. Jerry Keefe, Wm. Rirordan, John F.ynn, Timothy Ryan and Mrs. Berry, were respectively proprietors and boarded the hands—all Irish. But when several years afterwards the call for wood choppers and loggers began Jacob Parkhurst applied for permission to build still farther up the railroad track, which was given just above the two houses mentioned. His object was to board wood choppers and otherwise make what he could chopping and hauling. (The

same year Wilson and Wm. Flint built the only two houses now remaining of that day. Wilson Flint the spring of 1865 built the house that has now for over thirty-seven years been occupied by Pat Russell, and William, the house in which Jerry Keefe afterward lived

nearly twenty years and in which he and his wife died.)

The following spring George Christy took the contract of sawing all the timber in question on the opposite side of the river into lumber and ties, and moved his saw mill near where the present wagon bridge now terminates on the opposite side of the river. This demanded a ferry for transporting not only the lumber and ties, but the immense amount of cord wood to this side. Great ricks, eight feet high and several rods wide, were stacked hundreds of yards along the track from the mill down along the south side of the track. If we are not mistaken Millard Hughes, then a strong athletic young man, was employed as ferryman.

Charlie Hampton was the first merchant of Eldon. He was a bachelor about forty years of age, from Illinois, Wilson Flint, tiring of his place, rented the house to him in 1866 and went back to farming. He kept, perhaps, a fair wagon load of goods and groceries,

all told, in one room, but in a year or two of a precarious livelihood, he moved to Ottumwa. Just preceding this a man named Doud had established a grocery business in a shanty near where the Catholic church now stands. There were perhaps over a hundred wood choppers engaged here then. Doud was a very accommodating fellow, and for their accommodation whenever the whiskey barrel in the back room ran dry (which was frequent) it was so promptly replaced one could not distinguish the difference from a perpetual fountain.

From early twilight in the evening until about the time the old rooster flapped his wings and crowed the midnight hour, was one continual reception at the Doud headquarters. So popular and highly esteemed was he that sometimes his house would not hold the guests. Between the fumes of whiskey, the babel of profanity and vulgarity, the liquid ejections of amber, and the general make up of the proprietor, none could say he did not

keep "select company." Fights were so frequent they were only looked upon as common acrobatic performances. So much high living, popularity and prosperity finally shattered even Doud's nerves and he had to quit. But some slanderous tongue intimated that Iowa's violated statutory laws hastened his nervous and financial breakdown.

E. I. Cummins was really the first man to open up a respectable general merchandise business here. About 1870 he built the old frame store and a half building now owned by Joseph Hunnell adjoining Bagley's store. This was the first real store house built here and in which the proprietor continued several years, when disposing of his possessions he moved to Texas, where he now lives as a ranchman. Up to about 1867 the town site had not been platted and bore the name of "Ashland crossing" upon account of the wagon road from Ashland to Iowaville crossing the D. V. railroad here. Then Judge Love suggested the name of "Williamsburg" for the village, in honor of Superintendent Williams, of the Des Moines Valley road, which was readily adopted. For a number of years from 1864, A. Dornisfe carried on a wagon making blacksmith and repair shop on his farm by the roadside east and near here. He made excellent wagons, and soon new wagons for the wood haulers began to put in an appearance branded in plain black letters "A. Dornisfe, Williamsburg, Iowa."

The first hotel was erected by Isaac Hart the summer of 1866. It was built of rough native lumber, barn fashion, one and a half stories high, containing six or seven rooms, three below and several small bedrooms above, unpainted and unpolished, with a crude porch along the southeast L. This was used as a general boarding house and hotel. Periodically, as the railroad company bought all Judge Love's supplies of lumber as well as cordwood, a portable steam wood saw with seven or eight hands would be employed sawing up the wood including all the extra sabs from the mill. Then "Hart's hotel" was well patronized, Isaac Hart himself was very loquacious and one of Doud's best patrons. Sometimes when he became over enthusiastic he could entertain a crowd of the boys and create more hilarity than "any hand on the dump!" He was never seen drunk or unsteady on his feet, and yet he would get "how come you so?" manifested only by that "gift of gab" and good nature that one really enjoyed instead of deplored. Poor fellow! always busy but never accumulative, he has long since gone to that home from whence men ne'er reappear on

earth.

The first Blacksmith shop was built by Pat Russell near the railroad above the branch. Everybody knows Pat. Thus launching out in business he prospered, married Catharine, Jerry Keefe's daughter, bought Wilson Flint's house, and there brought up his family of children, where he still resides. His mother with his only brother Michael also moved from Iowaville as about the next early settlers in Eldon, building near the river above the mouth of the creek where she died many years ago. "Mike Russell" is another one who can truthfully claim to know about as much of the history of Eldon as any man in the city. He married Minerva Fox whose entire life has been spent here. The two brothers have spent the lifetime of one generation (thirty-three and a third years) in the employ of the Rock Island railroad company at this place. This is something no other two brothers can say, and goes a long way to establish one's real merits.

Dr. Wm. Brownfield was the first physician to locate here. He was one of the practicing doctors of old Ashland, and had an established reputation to begin with. He built the house yet belonging to one of his heirs north of the D. V. railroad track now occupied by 'Squire J. L. Youngker, and the office in which Dr. J. W. Bates has recently established his headquarters, was once Dr. Brownfield's office; but, he too, has long since been laid to rest. His estimable and devoted companion died a few years ago, and the old home thus has other occupants.

Burton D. Loftiss built in 1866 south of the railroad bridge and kept two teams and a hand logging and hauling wood. He died there the winter of 1868. His brother Thomas also built upon the hill some distance north and back of the railroad. His house was constructed in log house fashion of heavy lumber sawed four inches thick and twelve or fourteen inches wide, with two rooms and an L, making three in all, and it must be in existence somewhere yet.

In 1870 the scattering houses began to look like a village, and Judge Love acting as trustee had it surveyed and platted into lots Dec. 26, but did not file it for record until March 21st, 1871. The land a few years previous he had offered to the writer of this for twenty dollars per acre began to assume fabulous prices. But even that late, one can realize what a speculation lay open by the purchase of a few blocks. Then from the discovery of another "Williamsburg" in Iowa the name was dropped and the romantic "Merrie England" title "Eldon" was the re-christening title established.

That same summer the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad was surveyed, established and completed through here. But unfortunately for both railroad com-

pany and Eldon through incompetency of engineers, instead of running an air line from Libertyville south of the town site as the present company now so much desire, they climbed a grade from the Wapello county east line two miles to get to turn back again nearly half a mile to find the way to descend a steep grade two miles long down the creek into Eldon, cut the town in two sections through the center and established all their switches in the most dangerous and undesirable place, making the business houses since established look like a scattered flock of wild turkeys about dark looking for a place to go to roost.

Then, even with this great affliction, Eldon was profited by two more great railroad outlets, and when the Rock Island established this as division headquarters, building a substantial round house and repair shops its future was assured. One of its greatest blunders occurred when the great Morrell Packing company wanted to establish its works here. The town was replete with but little wealth, and the ground they desired belonged to Sol Hearn who refused to let them have it without a then fabulous price. A few acres was all they asked as a donation, and the money did not materialize to buy it. Without this encouragement, inducements came from Ottumwa which always has a mouth gaping for everything good that heaves in sight, and then to Ottumwa the Britishers went.

A man named Parks kept a small store down south of the railroad near the river for awhile in 1875 and '76, but the next store of any consequence after Cummins closed out was established in the same building by Joseph Parkhurst. I remember a lesson well learned in his store about too reckless a use of combustibles in starting fires, one cold day. He opened the stove door, and giving the coals a few punches with the poker, declared he believed he had let the fire die out. Going to a barrel he drew out a little oil in a quart cup and threw it in the stove, when the explosion that instantaneously resulted, blew the cup the full length of the room to the front door and singed his long auburn whiskers to a barber cut, shortened his eyebrows and brought the blood to his face. That was before the proverb came around "he didn't know it was loaded!" but he found it out mighty soon afterwards.

The whole country from the creek north, east and west, for miles before the logger and cord wood man came along, was one dense forest of all kinds of oak, hickory and elm trees. By 1868 the entire hillside, as well as the bottoms around, (except where the little field had been) looked like an inviting field for the agent dealing in "stump pullers." By

1869 the timber supply on the land stated was exhausted, and the gangs of workmen vanished, the mills were moved away, and the work of the artisan began.

Up to this time the D. V. railroad fired its locomotives with wood. Although it ran over and through an abundant coal field, that combustible was still sleeping in its primitive bed unconscious of the touch of use and pick. Thus the great wood supply gave additional commercial importance to this place as a "wood station!"

By 1872 with the addition of such men as James Bradley, Peter and Tom Mulvaney, Martin Dooley, John Donohue (section foreman), W. H. Cross, Ed Dibble and others, it was decided the infant town had grown large and lusty enough to doff its infantile garb and at least put on knee pants, so it was incorporated as a fledgling among the cities of Iowa. D. K. Taylor was its first Mayor, with John Donohue, Adam Blair, J. C. Nelson, F. K. Kopper as first council, Ed Dibble, Recorder, and Peter Mulvaney, Treasurer. It was yet too poor to afford a marshal and other luxurious appurtenances and accouterments that all knew then it needed bad enough.

The Postoffice was not really located here until 1870, with E. I. Cummins as Postmaster. He kept it in connection with his store. E. T. Roland, our present Postmaster, was his successor. The first newspaper was started in 1873 by a man named Moorehouse, called the Eldon Herald, but for want of support soon went to the wall. Still with the future outlook the temptation for pencil shavers was too great to lie idle, and in 1875 another man named Messick "prospected for oil" by starting the Eldon Messenger. In six or seven weeks deciding that he was the only "sucker" caught, he too silently folded his tent and departed. But Eldon was rapidly growing, and soon it would be a profitable place for a country paper, when Dr. J. E. Alverson, who had located here, decided he would rather be a newspaper man and started "The Eldon Times." But after a brief struggle the trials of a man without any practical experience with a printing office, he could not keep the wolf away, and sold out to Tunis Bently in 1876. He changed the name of the paper to that of "The Western News." But with all his efforts and his dropping the local name Eldon for the more extensive title "Western" did not increase his bank account, so the winter of 1877-8 he sold out to Jesse Markee, who suspended the following spring.

For the three following years Eldon was without a paper when E. H. Thomas put in an appearance, and in 1881 established "The Eldon Review." He was a practical newspaper man, and for four years gave the town a good, wide awake,

newsy local paper, selling out in 1885 to Chas. E. and L. R. McKinney. The latter firm continued its publication for nearly seventeen years. It was burned up in the big fire that consumed the hotel and other buildings on the present Eldon hotel block once, but prompt as "Phoenix" from its ashes, was soon on deck again seemingly better than ever by its baptism of fire. Charlie and Lizzie McKinney—devoted brother and sister, sold the plant over three years ago, which is now "THE REVIEW-DEMOCRAT," published by W. D. Davis, and the only Democratic paper in Wapello county.

In July, 1889, the first initial number of the Wapello County Journal was issued, and conducted near one and a half years by J. E. Murphy. It passed into the hands of receivers, and finally suspended in March, 1891. George W. Friend and M. P. Duffield began the publication of the Eldon Graphic July 25, 1891. In a couple of years Mr. Friend purchased Duffield's interest in the paper, and changed its name from "Graphic" to "Forum," under which title it has been known for over twelve years. Last summer Mr. Friend sold the plant to its present owner, Prof. C. E. Akers. Thus it will be seen the newspaper—the most valuable of all auxiliaries, by its wide-spreading advertising and drawing attraction to a town, of all industries, as a general thing, is often the least appreciated and encouraged.

"The Des Moines Valley Journal" was published by Seneca Cornell in 1886, which within a year he sold and entered into a law partnership with Thomas H. Asby. All the old settlers remember "Tom" Asby and his tragic death in an old house near the Turkey Scratch school house in Jefferson county many years ago. Poor Tom! he was naturally a gifted young man, but that mortal foe to all human happiness, love of drink, proved the terrible ruin and end of his life. First it brought the necessity of dissolution of his law partnership, next degradation and loss of friends, with the worst and last, loss of reason, ending in a miserable death. One day he was missing, and a few days afterwards was found dead and his body partly eaten by rats in a cellar under an old house in the above mentioned neighborhood.

The first M. E. church building was erected here in 1872, and the first lodge was the I. O. O. F., the same year. It was the old lodge organized at Blackhawk opposite Iowaville in 1850, and moved across to the latter place in 1852; then brought to Eldon and permanently located in 1872. The name was also changed, as it had been at first "Pulaski lodge," next "Iowaville," now it became christened the third, the last time, and

forever, "Eldon Lodge No 28."

Other orders, churches and societies rapidly sprang up, new church spires, one by one, as the stars appear in the vaults of azure blue at eventide in praise of their Maker, were soon seen pointing heavenward, the toll of church bells, the melodious tone of the organ, and zealous songs of worshipful congregations, bespoke the third and highest grade of civilization had been attained. The first was that of the trader, hunter and trapper, second, the pioneer woodmen and builder, the third and highest, the Christian, scholar and artisan. But, of course, Agriculture, upon which man with all his refinement, civilization and progression, depends for existence, has also kept pace with and even led the columns of industrial progression.

Although Eldon has not suffered (thanks to its fire department) from any serious losses by fire since 1893, yet previous to that time for a young city it has met such losses four times heavily. The first one of those disasters occurred November 22, 1875. The fire broke out in the Valley hotel saloon department. The Parker house, the two lower rooms used as grocery stores, caught and was soon in flames. The winds shifting carried the heat and burning floating fragments in the air like a shower on and around the Ashland house built by the Rock Island company as the "Depot Hotel" standing near where the railroad restaurant is doing business. This large elegant structure was soon a seething swaying mass of fire. The railroad freight depot and ticket office were the next to succumb to the fiery elements, and were entirely consumed.

The next visitation was June 13, 1876. The fire broke out in J. D. Baker & Sons store, and before discovery was beyond control. It soon communicated with Mike Shanahan's tailoring establishment on the southeast, and from there to William Huston's building sweeping on it struck the "Iowa Hotel," all the buildings on that part of the block adjoining were totally wiped out. In 1891 another equally as disastrous a fire burned out the business and property of R. Ritz, George Earhart, Dr. J. W. Laforce, L. Guggerty and Deford & Croddy. The next year, 1902, the Phenix block was also wiped out with a still greater financial loss to its owners, and the following year again the Depot hotel went down in ashes.

Among the first settlers of Washington township in 1843 was a very eccentric genius named James H. Cartwright. He was a cripple, having lost one leg just below the knee and wore a wooden leg. This leg was a rough weather beaten club rudely strapped to the stump on the outside. While Eldon was yet in its embryotic

stage this man located here and became "Justice of the Peace." Of a stern visage and general backwoods appearance, while holding court trying a culprit for some little misdemeanor, John Mulvany (an artist) who was visiting his brothers, Peter and Tom Mulvany, was present and caught an inspiration from the scene. On a rude bench sat the "Judge," before him stood the criminal, around him his accusers, and the motley crowd of onlookers, with the crude interior, and furnishings of the building, also, the rude contour of the assemblage—"Judge Lynch's court" was completely personated.

Characteristic of all great painters, the picture was complete and indelibly impressed upon John Mulvany's mind. Immediately on his return to the brush and easel he eagerly snatched them up and began transferring that scene from mind to canvas. It was completed with marvelous perfection. Every person that was in that assemblage could almost recognize himself and position. The culprit hopeless and with a guilty hang dog look was drawn to perfection, while the stern unrelenting "Judge Lynch" (Cartwright) in his rough apparel, wooden leg and big clubby cane leaning back and sternly gazing into the sheepish looking offenders eyes, was a vivid scene corroborative of the speedy dispositions we have so often read about how thieves went down or rather "up" and then down, out west before "Judge Lynch!" Every feature of Cartwright was painted so true even to the lines that furrowed them with wrinkles, that his friends knew it the moment they caught sight of it.

It was dedicated to the Loftus Club in New York City where it occupies the "Place of Honor," and is valued at \$8,000. But the artist did not find this country congenial to his romantic nature and sought other fields, while Peter sold his store, went to Colorado, where he amassed wealth in business, dying recently. Tom did well in Eldon, built a fine two story brick business house across the tracks from the depot where he died years ago, and now it is owned by his widow. Incorporated in 1872 now within thirty-three years, (a single generation) with a population of near twenty five hundred, and surrounded with a country of the richest resources yet almost undeveloped, with four railroad outlets north, south, east and west, one can easily forecast the future of Eldon. Stone, sand, water, timber, coal—all in abundance and surrounded by the finest farms and enterprising wealth producing farmers in Iowa, the rich

opportunities for manufactories cannot long be neglected. I. T. FLINT.

The Eldon of Today.

But so much for the pioneer days of one of the best little cities in Iowa. Those days have passed, and it stands now ready to meet and grapple with opposition from whatever source. Today Eldon has a population of over 2300 people—actual sworn count—an increase over the census of five years ago of more than 500,—and its not all according to the Roosevelt idea either,

for many men of good business ability, seeing the advantages our thriving little town offers, have moved here and cast their lot among us. Today we see Eldon with six organizations, and all in a prosperous condition. All the principal secret orders are represented, including the Bojacks. Two good banks, a fine electric light plant owned by the city, a splendid system of water works, also owned by the city, a fine public school system, two good public school buildings, etc. Pages of manuscript would be required to tell of the good qualities of Eldon and Eldon's best business men.

EARLY TIMES OF ELDON;

Or,

Some of the Life Incidents of Those Days

§ 2.

We shall deviate from our promiscuous stories of early times in Iowa for a few issues of the REVIEW DEMOCRAT, to stories from life of early times, characters and incidents in and around the earliest days of Eldon. As we gave for the holiday issue the main points in the beginning of our city, the youngest and the next largest town in the county, these stories may prove of local interest to the reader. Occasionally one will read them who can recall as either a witness or participant of the event.

In our outline sketch of the early history of Eldon we had no space to interweave the many characters, incidents and stories which constituted the life of those times. Before dropping back into the original bearings, we now propose devoting space in several numbers of the REVIEW DEMOCRAT to filling in with subjects leading one to a more thorough understanding of conditions then. As formerly stated Judge Love, of Keokuk, was really the founder of Eldon, but a large portion of the town now occupies land possessed at that time by "Sol" Hearn, Ephraim Cummins and others.

"Sol" Hearn was a character well worth "sandwiching" in our narrative at the beginning. He came to Iowa about 1849 and bought the place where he afterwards married, reared his family, and ended his days a number of years ago. After purchasing the farm he went back to his native state, Ohio, and did not return for two or three years. Then he took up his abode living a bachelor's life in a cabin down near the big spring that flows into the river a couple of hundred yards below the Fair ground. Having bought some five hundred acres of as good land as this section afforded, the little log cabin and the poor old log stable on the opposite side of the road

just above the spring was too unpretentious for an old bachelor of Sol's ambitions, and during the summer and fall of 1856 he built the two story residence (now remodeled) just below the Fair grounds.

We shall never forget one incident connected with the completion of that house, and that was the "house warming" old Sol gave for the benefit of "the youngsters." It was a "free for all"—and late in the fall of the year a regular backwoods ball was given in which all classes and conditions participated. Young people from Iowaville as well as all this surrounding country were on hand for a time, the house was full with two and three cotillion sets on the floor almost constantly from seven o'clock until two o'clock in the morning.

My parents were opposed to all such entertainments, and from the time of its announcement I had made up my mind to grace that occasion with my youthful presence. With a pretense of going elsewhere I prepared, and as the shades of evening gathered I went over to meet as previously arranged Dan Cummins, and we twain—each at that age when ver dancy mingled with self esteem makes parental counsels very arid and drouthy, were soon mingling with the boisterous throng at the new Hearn "mansion!"

Both "young and green" neither one of us went with the least intention of participating, but one of the mischievous Iowaville girls got an eye on me as soon as we arrived, and found just as good a thing as she wanted. I had to dance the next set with her. To say I was embarrassed is lightly putting it—I was frightened. I had never yet ever seen dancing, and told her so, remonstrating emphatically for time until I had at least

seen one "set" through. She was a perfect dancer, and with the promise of "the next" when she could soon have me dancing equal to any of them, left me.

Knowing that I was now in for it I closely followed all the charging and shifting of the dance which seemed so simple and easy, I was fully braced up. But verdant as I was, the peculiar twinkle in that young lady's eye as we took our place on the floor knocked out a big space in my self assurance. I soon began to wish I had stayed at home, and by the time she got through jerking, pulling and hauling, to get and keep me in place, sometimes confusing and sometimes amusing the others made me wish it some more. At the close, mortified and disgusted, I refused to try it again, but my partner stuck to me till 2 o'clock in the morning, and I had "learned how to dance!"

But while I was learning, Tom Hunt, then living on Sol Hearn's place, was dancing with a young married woman, and he learned something too. Mistaking her for a young Miss he proposed to escort her home. To this offer she advised him to go in the next room where her husband was taking care of the baby, and see what he would say about it. This answer was made audibly enough that all near them heard it, and the laughter following was very consoling to me as an offset for the fun he had been having at my expense.

There are perhaps one or two yet left who were present and remember the occasion, and will bear me out in the assertion that of all that boisterous promiscuously assembled mirth loving crowd of young men and women, not a single instance of rowdyism, vulgarity or drunkenness was seen. Our select assemblies can be so today, but dare we believe a free-for-all would be? We had the "Hunt boys" and the tough element here also, but they knew how and did act genteel where occasions required it. While it is almost a universal opinion that our civilization and morality is better today, as much as we would like to believe it, with our knowledge of the past in contrast on those points we are a confirmed skeptic.

But "Old Sol," as we familiarly called him, was of a very convivial nature, and while at this time perhaps past fifty, seemed oblivious to the nature of age, and was always a boy with the boys. He loved to brag about Ohio and its superiority over Indiana—especially if there were any "Hoosiers" around. One day with my father and a young man named Grayson Vandiveer (an Indian) we were resetting a fence between Sol's farm and ours, when in company with an old fellow named "Starkey" he came along. My father introduced Vandiveer to him as from Indiana. Sol in his long

drawing way exclaimed, "By jingo and another — Hoosier! Why these days every — old covered wagon that comes along with a tar bucket swinging under the hind axle is loaded down to the guards with — Hoosiers! Ask one where he's from and he'll sing out "From hoop pole township, Posey county, Injeanny!"

At this the old man Starkey (who was over sixty and also from "Injeanny") began to boil over and swear by "Injeanny!" He said that state had the biggest timber, the richest land, the biggest corn, and the best men of any place on earth, and otherwise got very extravagant. Also that that the buckeye's (Ohioans) were just like the worthless things they were named for. They looked slick enough, had but one eye, and would see nothing but themselves with that, etc., etc.

Of course this was all in good humor and in a bantering way, but too much for old Sol, while Ohio being my native state I stood indignantly listening to him truly typical of his description of the "buckeyes," and wishing I was a man, Starkey was a little larger and better built than Sol," but the latter seeing the laugh was against him, retorted that his old "poverty stricken state was so — poor — old rats like you, all have to come to Iowa to live" and I can soon convince you that a — old bullfrog from "Injeanny!" (putting a squeaking emphasis on the word) isn't a match for a tadpole in Iowa!" (laying one hand on his shoulder.)

This was enough, and at it they went in for a tussle. Of course such a performance looks foolish today, and for men of their age was foolish then, but while the audience was small, what it lacked in numbers it made up in noise and enthusiasm. Over and over, up and down, first one on top and then t'other they went at it, with Grayson Vandiveer jumping around on one side clapping his hands and shouting for Starkey, while myself and oldest brother doing the same on the other side for "Sol." Each contestant came there wearing clean white cotton shirts and blue pants, which as the ground being wet, soon made them a sight to behold. It took them a full half hour to "tucker out" when old Sol had Starkey pinned down completely limp and exhausted. Starkey after regaining breath admitted there was one buckeye had some substance, but had it grown a little farther back from the "Injeanny" line it would have been as "ornery" as all the balance of them.

For years after he came here Old Sol was perpetually engaged in lawsuits with some obnoxious tenant or neighbor, and almost invariably getting the worst of it

—but nothing daunted he was always up and ready for the next. Of course this kept him in debt, and he loved his whiskey equal to the zeal of a crawfish for water, and yet we never saw Sol dead drunk, or in that happy weaving way by which some want everybody in sight to "come up and drink with me!" Many a bacchanalian night did Jim Jordan spend with Sol in the "shanty" at the Ashland crossing to go home "full" the next morning.

"Jim" Jordan was to old Sol then what the eastern loan agent is to a disappointed financier now—a veritable bank. It was said at one time he had Sol in debt to him over three thousand dollars, which every time when they got full Sol would press him for an increase, while Jim would swear he had to pay what he already owed him or he would clean him up and put him out in the cold. This would always bring old Sol to humbly confess his master and for the time end further importunities.

One could always tell the effect of the Ashland river water on Jim by the swagger and stiff airs he assumed, while Sol similarly imbued in walking had to go on a short "dog trot" and whenever looking forward shaded his eyes with his right hand. But if he ever broke that trot in this top-heavy condition down he would go head foremost. When together they also kept up an incessant talk—Jim naming Sol to everything he could think of, and Sol answering only in humble apologies and "by jings!"

One morning while out after some cattle near the timber below the present town I caught sight of old Jim and Sol coming walking down the D. V. track—that is Jim was walking rapidly swinging his arms back and forth which momentarily he dare not stop lest he fell, while Sol was trotting along behind him. There being a little clump of brush near the track I concealed myself to catch the wisdom that Jim in particular seemed he wanted the world in general and old Sol in particular to know. His speech ran something like this:

"Yes, you've got to pay me—. I'll take every — thing you've got; you shan't have a — thing! I'll dump you in the river —. I'll take your house and every — thing in it; I'll take your horses, your cows, your corn, your hogs, your land — — everything you've got, you shan't have a shirt or pair of breeches, — — you've got to go! I won't have you around here!" etc.

To each of those threats for his total annihilation old Sol would throw up the right hand shading his eyes and look forward as if afraid Jim was getting too far ahead of him, and ejacu-

late, "by jings!" At the close of the short discourse he exclaimed: "You'll leave me Phebe, won't you?" "No, — —," Jim snappily answered. "I'm going to take Phebe too!" "By jings! You'll let me have the boys, won't you?" "No, — — I'm going to take the boys; I'm going to take every — thing you've got!" came back the same short jerky answer. By this time they had passed so far I could not understand the balance, and soon "Old Sol" turned off on the same trot for better company, while Jim continued straight ahead as though he never missed him.

He was married to Miss Phebe Coleman away back prior to the civil war, and they were well mated too. Being fond of the rough backwoods class, "shooting matches" where fifty or a hundred would gather at one time to shoot for turkey, raffle and also sandwich in the bottle spiced with oaths, and occasionally a fistieuff, put old Sol in his glory. On all such occasions "King Dave" was the right bower and hardly ever missed the entertainment. Peculiarly built with an inordinate love for "filthy lucre," old Sol was frequently incited to gather in a crowd of rough sports "for shooting and raffing off" phebe's turkeys.

With all of "King Dave's" precision in the use of his heavy ("blacklegs") rifle, he found plenty of competitors who carried off turkeys, too. Once when he discarded shooting for raffing he slyly tried to run in a count on John Justice, a medium sized but quick tempered athletic wiry built individual. John detected the cheat and told him of it. They were standing at a table opposite each other, and Dave leaned across almost to John hissing in his face "you're a — liar!" At this John's fist like a flash took him square on the "snoot" with such celerity and force that made the claret fly, and Dave suddenly clapped his hands over it and got the thing back out of the way.

Profusely bleeding he made for the door followed by Sol who soon had basin and water at his command. After a whole lot of bathing of the ornamented appendage the blood was stayed, and although swollen and not half so beautiful, Dave was soon ready to resume business again. Contrary to every one's expectation who knew him, instead of jumping on the offender as soon as he got back and thumping the life out of him, which he was amply able to do, Dave came in laughing about it as a huge joke. He joined right in with the game again complimenting John for his spunk and damning himself "for being such a

fool as to stick his nose clear across the table right against another man's fist!"

Along about the same time Sol Hearn came to this country his brother in law named "Fox" with his wife (Sol's sister) and two or three children came and occupied the "Cave's cabin" just south of where the stock yards now stand. Here we wish to state that the eastern part of Eldon now occupies eighty acres of land owned by "old Sol," and which like the old Beth Richards property in Ottumwa, would have been nothing but field and timber for a thousand years could he lived that long, and the "Big Four fair ground" where so many thousands are annually entertained for days at one time would have never been located on its most natural and perfect site of interest and convenience.

Fox lived there several years or until he died. He was a man after Sol's own heart, jovial, convivial and industrious, varying only in that he would sometimes get full beyond measure. He was larger and physically stronger than S. W. H. L. J. Hearn which, had he been combatively inclined when on a spree might have made him an ugly customer to meet, but I never remember seeing him excited and angry but once, and always believed the Hunt boys who brought him home one night from Iowaville quite mellow, put up the job on him. The next morning on sobering up he found on his gate post something like the following:

GRAND "FOX" HUNT.

"The neighbors of this vicinity are invited to meet in squads all around the Sol Hearn farm next Thursday night to form a grand circle Fox Hunt. We want one hundred and sixty men with all the dogs in the country. There is an old fox den discovered on the upper end of the farm to which

the animal has been traced and found with chicken bones scattered all about, where he has been feeding the she fox and her litter a long time from surrounding hen roosts. Upon the capture of this old fox and his brood depends all the future of chicken raising, and every one must turn out."

By order of Committee.

He excitedly tore it down and immediately came over to my father's for counsel. Father took in the joke with a good long laugh which puzzled Fox to understand. After a little explanation that it was only a pun and waggish joke played about his name Fox's anger partially subsided, but he vowed he never in his life stole a pig or chicken, and he would not stand such an imputation. He would not only go home and clean up his old rifle for Thursday night, but if he ever found out who wrote and posted that slander against his character "the skunk would find it the sorriest day of his life!"

When we consider all the odd names in every community some of which are good subjects for amusement, we all agree that "there is nothing in a name," but those fellows carried the joke a little too far. Although Fox never learned who they were, he undoubtedly would have made them feel "there is a hot old time in town tonight" had they done much bragging about it.

Nearly half a century has since passed by, himself and wife have long since moldered to dust, the children are (if living) scattered, and the little log cabin which survived until a dozen or more years ago was taken away, but we believe the same old rock walled well near the draw is still there. If so it is the last surviving relic of sixty-two years ago placed there by the first settler—"Brad Caves!"

Issue for Jan. 5th, 1906

EARLY TIMES OF ELDON;

Or,

Some of the Life Incidents of Those Days

By I. T. FLINT

43.

Old Sol Hearn doted on his two boys, and when they were small and he was "full" one could not be around where he was without hearing something about their beauty, excellence and cuteness. Once when his volubility was turned thusward a fellow suggested that they looked and acted "just like their old dad!" "No, sir!" Sol replied, indignantly drawing out

the answer, "if they looked like old Sol, by jings I'd just take 'em out and throw 'em into the river!"

While the Ashland crossing was still a flag station and by signal the D. V. train would stop to take on passengers opposite the place occupied by Jerry Keefe, one cold morning I stopped to wait for its arrival. Old

Sol having a "big jag on," with an Irishman was sitting at the table eating, talking, sputtering and "slobbering" as fast as his mouth and tongue could go all at the same time. The Irishman was trying to tell a story of the "ould country," but Sol overflowing with emotional affection for the host who was treating him so royally, threw his arms around the story teller in a rapturous manner exclaiming, "my father was Irish, an' my mother was Irish," and "by jings" "I'm Irish too!" while the audience encircled the dramatic scene.

Many ludicrous occurrences happened in and around those section headquarters too numerous to mention. In the river opposite them was a bed of coal about eight inches thick. This prize seems to have been discovered by everybody all at once, and about thirty or forty farmers from off the prairie hopped onto it about the middle of August, 1863, and began each one getting out and hauling their next winter's supply of coal. At that time no one but old Sol Hearn and Jim Jordan claimed any rights of property beyond the second banks of the river. There all right of possession ceased, and for the protection of the banks from washing away no one was allowed to cut a tree beyond that. The land holders on each side of the river to save their farms zealously guarded against such trespassers. But stone, coal or sand was considered common property for the use of all, the ownership of which was vested in the State of Iowa.

But Sol Hearn and Jim Jordan claimed everything where their land touched the river clear across if on both sides, and to the middle if only on one side. When men desired stone off of Jim's part they could get all they wanted free simply by asking, but Sol demanded and sometimes got twenty-five cents a load for them. One day my father set me to hauling rock to wall a well. At the same time while loading the rock Silas Garrison (junior) drove in with a wagon just above me for a similar purpose. About the same time old Sol put in an appearance exclaiming, "boys, go over on t'other side, there is lots of good stone over there; my land goes out to the middle of the river! But if you will pay me twenty five cents a load you can take all you want!"

Being somewhat nettled at Sol anyhow I answered back: "Sol, you get back on the other side of the road yonder if you want to stand on your own premises; this river belongs to the state of Iowa; I am going to take all the stone I want and you can't

help yourself." "Ill prosecute you," he answered indignantly, while at the same time Silas afraid of prosecution walked out and engaged of him several loads at twenty-five cents a load. But I got all I wanted then as well as ever afterward and old Sol never "prosecuted!"

Although Jim owned over two thousand acres including each side of the river whenever he got on a "toot" he imagined he owned the whole stream from the mouth to "raccoon forks" and further if necessary. To dispute his ownership would soon set him to acting accordingly. While steaming up one day at "the crossing" he was told of the rich find of coal in the bed of the river, and that scores of men were then at work getting out and hauling it away. Furious that anybody would thus desecrate and rob his domains of its hidden wealth, he mounted his horse and with the yells of a wild comanche Indian was soon among them embellishing the "King's English" with the choicest oaths and epithets at his command.

At first some were dumbfounded, while others took it as a joke he was perpetrating; but when he rode around among them brandishing a revolver with dire threats of what would begin pretty soon if they did not "git," somebody else got their "dander up!" Surrounded by twenty-five or thirty wrathful men some with picks and shovels, and others rocks enough were they all hurled at him would have left his anatomy too badly wrecked for a coroner to gather up enough for a good respectable inquest, for once Jim wilted. After being told that his possessions did not come within two miles of this place, and that mixed with a lot of good advice as well as spiced up with names like preaching but it wasn't, by their permission Jim withdrew his "bluff" and retired to again imbibe something more cheerful than a hot temper.

For years this coal quarry was worked, and there must be some remaining even to this day. There was another occasion upon which Jim acknowledged a joke on himself by extending his boundary lines too far. A fellow stopped at his house one evening looking for work. It just happened that Jim wanted a lot of rails made at that time and took him in to begin on the job the next morning. As soon as breakfast was over with the best axe and maul on the place Jim told him to go over the river in the woods and cut and split into rails the best white oak trees he could find. To this the disciple of "old Abe" lest he might get on some one else's land,

inquired how far over there he could go. "Oh!" ejaculated Jim, emphasizing it with an oath, "just anywhere between here and Bloomfield!" Years afterwards relating it he said, "he may have a whole lot of rails made by this time somewhere, but I've never heard a — thing from him, axe or maul since he got 'em!"

In human composition Jim Jordan was a strange paradox. Under some circumstances he had a sterner harsh unrelenting nature, while in others he was strangely tender hearted and sympathetic. One day a poor man with his wife and little children in a covered wagon drawn by two horses, had stopped near the river on the lower part of the present site of Eldon. They had reason to stop, for one of the horses had taken with a fatal attack of "bots" and died. As Jim came up for his usual visit at "the crossing" several farmers, wood haulers, etc., were standing around sympathizing with the unfortunate emigrant whose wife was crying and he was lamenting his poverty and inability to get another animal of any kind to go on. One would say, "it is too bad!" another would say, "I'm sorry," etc, to which others would chime in. Old Jim stood silently looking on a moment first at the unfortunates, then the dead horse, and next at the sympathizers, when suddenly jerking out his pocket book he took twenty dollars in bills from it, and walking up to the poor man placed them in his hand saying, "Gentlemen, I am sorry twenty dollars worth, now how much are you sorry?"

The spirit in which he did it struck every one present like inspiration, and in a few minutes the poor fellow had an ample sum to replace his horse and also further him on his journey to the "far west" where he was going for a home. The joy this one deed brought that family from suffering, despair and anguish, to the flush of joy hope and gratitude they so profusely demonstrated, no doubt amply repaid Jim as well as every one of their benefactors for double the sum spent, while a lasting monument was erected in the hearts of that family to them as "angels of deliverance" that death alone could ever cast down.

Eldon always loud and roaring with business may occasionally have a case of martial felicities and infelicities for minister, squire or court to settle it need strike no one with surprise, as in her very infancy she was built that way. There is one case of celerity in making matrimonial changes that is too good to miss telling, and yet borders on the grewsome so close that were it not a part of history clinging

close to more recent incidents that were better not told, we might omit, but this is the "c p sheaf" that can not be duplicated.

A fellow moved in here from Quincy, Illinois, the spring of 1868, whom for the sake of relatives that may reside in or around the place we will simply call Tom--well, Iochinvar if one wants it, but that wasn't it. He had a fine intelligent young wife in the last stages of consumption, and three or four little children by a couple of former wives. They brought with them a good hired girl. Two or three weeks before his wife died Tom approached the hired girl while on duty in the kitchen, lauding her softly for her many charms and virtues, and declaring his wife could not be here much longer until she would be laid away, he proposed that she would take her place as his future companion down the blissful matrimonial road.

He was about forty-two years old, getting gray, and she seventeen. Indignantly expressing her opinion of such a hideous proposal as well as its author, she flung a sunbonnet on her head and left for the shelter of a neighboring house there divulging the story. Soon her brether from Quincy came and took her home. "Tom" then for his rashness had to do his own housework, with what aid his brother's wife would render until the suffering one had passed beyond to a love more constant.

As soon as the remains were laid out Tom hitched his old horse to the buggy and started out for Agency to get the burial robes. On the way he met a young girl walking with a budget on her arm, and asked her where she was going. She replied that she had started out to find a place to do housework. Here was another chance! Telling her to stop at the next house until he came back he went on to get the dress to lay one wife away, with his old heart doubtless bounding with ecstasy at such a sudden prospect for another.

At any rate he brought her home, she kept house for him and "spooning" commenced immediately. She was plump and rather pretty. One day a neighbor woman wanted to know what she "meant staying there and lolling around with that gray haired old sinner?" She answered back, "I would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave!" The clods had not been three weeks on the last wife's grave until they were married. A few household goods and a few debts be never paid was all he had in the world. With a constitutional antipathy for anything like hard work

they soon starved out and for the good of the place left for--God alone knows where.

This we always thought an unparalleled hasty method of replacing a matrimonial partner, but once out west a young chap proposed to go me "one better!" He said his widowed aunt attended the funeral of a neighbor lady one day, and early the next morning the bereaved husband came over, proposed to her, and added, "I wanted to speak to you about it yesterday, but couldn't get a chance!"

Yet while in those days we had numbers of such cases of an exceptional nature to ferment the community with gossip, we also had many exceptions that not only call up pleasant memories, and were living benefactors around them. There is one incident that I often recall with pleasure, which could have proved disastrous to my financial interests had the adverse parties proved unconcerned or enemies instead of friends. It was a lawsuit between two parties upon account. The case had been tried before a justice, and taken up to the district court on appeal. The appellant came to me as a friend to go on his bond, giving me a chattel mortgage on his two teams, wagons and harness for security.

The case was called just after he had been stricken with typhoid pneumonia and went over until the next court. His illness proved fatal, and before the next session the widow with her family disappeared so completely with all the personal property no trace of them could be found. The case thus being called twice with about twenty witnesses each time, went by default leaving me "the sack to hold!" I had sold my little place and bought a larger one in Decatur county to which I was preparing to move, and of course being responsible for costs it created uneasiness of mind.

"Lee" Godley at that time was clerk of the district court. We had been old time friends, although antagonized politically, and doubtless the memories of boyhood days at spelling schools, parties and intimacies of youth impressed him to that extent, unknown to me, he went to judge, jury and witnesses who magnanimously released me from all costs. Knowing I could not leave until this matter was settled which amounted to near three hundred dollars, I went to Ottumwa to get the statement, and found the docket cleared of all costs. One can imagine how a young man in the early start of life for himself could thus be impressed. I accepted such manifestations of true sympathy and

substantial friendship from all thus interested as more precious than any professions man can give. But this were not the first nor last of kindly unasked favors I have received from that generous, honest, noble hearted friend, L. M. Godley, who now sleeps with the just.

As seldom two witnesses on the stand repeat the same incident alike, so we find with the occurrences in the minds of even eye witnesses are not remembered alike. And had we stopped our narratives at the first contradiction the first issue would have been the last. To repeat any one thing in detail known to a number of persons to some aroused by envy or animosity, is to invite denials often mingled with the vilest personal epithets and abuse. So far to give the reader glimpses of the life of those days we have ignored such trivial matters with the conscientious feeling the events are truthful, and if the description is faulty or memory of details are not accurate, they are the best we or perhaps any one of that day can do.

Where a character has figured on the comic or serious side of life and we incline to use the occasion we shall do so. And wherever we wish to withhold, that is also a writers privilege. So far as our person is concerned, not being a candidate for office now or ever desiring or expecting to be, those who wish to vituperate, villify and abuse us have a free field. If it will do them any good we acknowledge to always being a "tough cuss," "bad egg," from the start, which all who have known us so long will amply verify, and we are only too grateful the people of Eldon allow us to live in town. Also to please many of them who want to hear it, the story shall go on to the "finis" page. To those who desire it for six months or a year longer, we will say, stick to the REVIEW DEMOCRAT.

EARLY TIMES OF ELDON;

Or,

Some of the Life Incidents of Those Days

By I. T. FLINT

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As soon as the Ashland saw mill was moved here and put in operation work began sawing lumber to enclose it under shelter and erect a boarding house for the hands, as well as residence for the proprietor. This boarding house (which we have spoken of as the first hotel, was built perhaps fifty yards east of the present depot, and about the center of where the railroad tracks now lay. The principal lumber sawed for the railroad was bridge timber and ties. One to look at Eldon now can hardly conceive it was once a dense forest and next a booming lumber camp. And yet at least four men reside here, Isaac Johnson, Robert Cummins and Dr. J. W. Bates, before even the lumber camp was thought of, who with the writer used to hunt and shoot wild pigeons and squirrels out of the branches of the tall forest trees along the big branch and northern hillsides of the town.

To one of us, the transition is of deeper interest and recalls memories of the past more vividly than any other people. We can well remember the great flood of 1851, and with the disputes about the next great one fifty-two years later, upon account of the greater change of environments, it is next to impossible to determine which was the greatest. Without the kinds of amusements of the present, boys along the river made of themselves swimmers. About the time the flood was at its highest, one day seeing the great lake of water between a point of land where the Fair ground now stands, over a quarter of a mile wide eastward a number of us decided to have great fun swimming across it. But to our surprise the deepest place on the way was only up to our waists. Yet lower down on the prairie it grew deeper.

Again at another time we left home with another crowd and came down south of the big branch to the Groover cabin just west of where the round house now stands, and the water lacked perhaps three feet of reaching the top of the bank. Here all had a rollicking time trying to dive to the bottom of the creek. After a number had tried until they gave it up "Bill" Wycoff, a strapping young fellow of

twenty-three or four years, said he could learn us little fellows how it was done, and went down out of sight as long as he could hold his breath, coming up with an oath declaring he had reached the bottom.

With that the smaller boys began to hoot and yell at him "we're green, but you'll have to go down and fetch up a hand full of gravel. Now git for the gravel or we'll paste you for a cheat, coward, etc.," ending up with yells and laughter which several young men who were alone joined in. Poor "Bill," for a moment he looked hesitating and mortified. He had been out of sight long enough and doubtless had touched bottom, but had no evidence to show for it. After resting a few moments, all the time of which the laugh and jeers were kept up, he deliberately swam out and turning head downwards went out of sight. At first we only watched curiously expecting him to come to the surface, but there was no sign of Bill. Soon it dawned upon our minds Bill was out of sight too long for human endurance. "Bill is drowned!" and every face grew solemn and pale.

Then all felt a certain responsibility. By taunting and jeering at him, we had goaded him to desperation, and he had made his last dive. The young men who had partly dressed, stripped and plunged into the water and labored perhaps half an hour diving and searching without finding him, while Bill's two smaller brothers, Joe and Tommy, were crying, and the balance of us trying to console them. All at once he leaped among us shouting with laughter. Instead of anger at the fright he had given, the reaction came too strong for that, and we were all too rejoiced that he was indeed alive in the flesh. The water divers were soon around him with questions and congratulations.

He had not only completely turned the tables on all of us by a trick original with himself, but set the joke on the jokers. When we were chafing him about bringing up gravel next time he caught sight of a big log and some drift lying partly across the lower side of the mouth of the creek in the water just below us. The balance of his scheme was easy. Swim-

ming out as we stated he dived out of sight, but instead of searching for the gravel he swam under water coming up right on the lower side of that log, then with just enough of his head out to breathe he hugged close to the bank until down the river out of sight of us. Then all he had to do was to crawl out and slip back near enough to take in the fun!

In proportion to improvements there was greater damage done than during our last flood, and people could less afford the losses. Hundreds of houses, furniture, and stock implements were swept away. Many were lodged in drifts along in the timber and on the banks. The first shotgun I ever fired and my favorite for wild pigeon shooting was a single barreled English piece picked out of one of those drifts after the waters had subsided. But alas the wild pigeons have long since ceased to be, and with no use for the shotgun it was traded for an old fiddle which now unstrung perhaps in pieces sleeps with Rip Van Winkle in the dust of his primitive age.

But the raging spring freshets of the Des Moines always had its attractions. The point below the creek and also below the "Cedar bluffs" above it were places frequently resounding with the racket of a lot of roystering boisterous gangs of boys. The great trees uprooted and floating down the stream were sometimes ornamented with several young chaps climbing on the body and out on the branches to make it turn over so we could see how the other side looked. We know of several narrow escapes from drowning and the drowning of two or three grown persons, but perhaps because the good go first, not a single boy in all this section ever met that fate.

Isaac Hart was employed to superintend the wood chopping and hauling at the very first of clearing up the forests here. He also loved his "toddy" too, and always affable, each drink made him more so. One day after his morning bitters and he was feeling the hilarious effects a little, while talking with a group of workmen one of them asked him if he was made boss over the whole business here? "Yes, sir! yes, sir!" he replied vigorously and quickly; "I've got the whole thing sir! I've got the whole thing!" From that time on he bore the title of "the whole thing!" and if there was anything going on they did not think best for him to see the word was passed around "look out there now," yonder comes "the whole thing!"

But there was one thing that transpired here that for somebody was a big thing which "the whole thing" did not see. The whole winter previous a whole lot of woodhaulers were hauling cord wood from across the river (beyond "the whole thing's" jurisdiction) and ricking it up eight feet high about twelve or fifteen ricks wide and five or six hundred feet long, from where Whetsel's store now stands, by the side and down the track. It amounted to several hundred cords, solid looking and close together. In the spring as usual the railroad company had their man to meet Judge Love here to receive and settle for all ties, bridge timber, lumber, etc., he had ready for its use. This wood was measured and receipted for with the balance.

Within a month or two afterwards the railroad company's steam wood saw came to saw all the wood ready for use. After finishing up all the balance they struck this. But lo, on passing the outside end to the depth of four feet they struck a cavity, and with exception of the two outside honest ricks to conceal the dishonest ones, and the pillars that upheld joists, about six feet above ground it was all "cavity." Upon those joists was laid in regular order cord wood from end to end of the ricks and from center to circumference about two feet thick to bring it up on the same level with the honest ricks on each side eight feet high.

Here was a pretty "kettle of fish." Although beyond his jurisdiction but having caught many cheats, the "whole thing" looked on this revelation of stupendous fraud with open eyed wonder and astonishment. While the wood saw was ripping and roaring away making firewood of the covering of what seemed one interminable cavern, he would frequently come around through curiosity to investigate. He would frequently walk in under the two foot depth of roof, look up and ejaculate, "don't t beat the devil!" The men who cut the wood and the men who hauled it were unknown and gone. They had received their pay two or three months previous and scattered to different "pastures new!"

But Judge Love was not gone. Being a United States District Judge it would not have looked well for him to skip out. But doubtless he felt small enough at the thought of how he got "took in" by a lot of ignorant wood haulers to the tune of several hundred dollars which, when he came to account to the railroad company for, doubtless made him wish he was gone too, and feel it would not require a very large hole for him to hide in

either.

When "Douds Grocery" first started south of the railroad near where the present wagon bridge crosses the river, business soon began to assume a more sanguine hue. It required five hands to run the saw mill. One morning at the time the fireman should have had the steam blowing off and the whistle sounding my brother and I came down to find everything cold, and still with not a hand in sight. He went to work firing up while I went to investigating to find every hand up at Douds, and the fireman instead of the mill, was firing them up with about the worst bug juice Doud had in stock.

At first I requested them to come and go to work, but they only leered, jeered and laughed at me. I expostulated, but that only made matters worse; they already had become too rich for any further use of work. Then I threatened to discharge them when one belligerent fellow told me to go or he "would put a head" on me. For awhile things looked like I was going to be thus ornamented.

We had a constantly increasing pile of logs in the yard and could not get a hand to work that day. When I returned my brother had everything in readiness, and we immediately began cutting logs up into railroad ties. He did the work of fireman and sawyer while I managed the carriage turning and setting the logs and offbearing the slabs and ties, while both combined to get the logs from the yard on the carriage. If one thinks I had a soft snap of it he should pick up a green white oak railroad tie and walk over twenty steps with it and up on a pile from six to eight feet high and throw it over on the other side and then think of taking three hundred more. We thus ran the mill that whole day sawing out and putting on the track over three hundred railroad ties.

But we were only too glad the next morning to see all the hands back to their places. The lecture was short but effective. They had only taken a little wild "tantrum" and already felt bad enough over it. Not one of them had been in the habit of drinking, and that being their first it also proved their last spree, at least while they worked in the mill. All being lusty industrious free hearted fellows they well made good their promise to make up for lost time, and were always on time afterwards.

Talk about Jack O'Brien and Fitzsimmons! We had our Pat Acres McClurg and Cooper, heavyweights; Grundy, Huffstetter, Goodin, Stover, etc., middleweights, besides almost innumerable lightweights—all san-

guine and athletic and some one always with "a chip on his shoulder!" Pat Acres was about thirty-five and a regular giant, all bone and muscle, six and a half feet in height, 240 pounds in weight, who it was said could chop and cord up on the ground seven cords of wood in a day from sun to sun. But for the welfare of all about him he was of a good humored, pleasant nature, only using his combative powers when extreme necessity demanded it. While oftentimes "with the boys" of evenings at Douds Grocery, we never heard of him being drunk. But occasionally while acting as mediator in some brawl he had to trounce some of the bucolic brethren.

Henry McClurg was of a different built make up and about twenty-six years of age, six feet in height, and a fine bunch of muscular action weighing 225 pounds, and frequently got boozy, just enough to want to whip somebody, but never got angry enough to hop on to Pat Acres. He most generally picked his own man when he wanted to fight, and being active as a cat always came out on top. With him discretion was never lost sight of, and also he was one of the best natured fine looking and interesting men on the works when sober. But when he got with the boys at Douds Grocery of evenings there was pretty apt to be something going on before he left for home.

He had rented a house and stable on the lower part of the Cummins farm, which ground is now owned by Jim Casey, where he resided only about two hundred yards above where I lived on the opposite side of the road. Thus as a neighbor we had become very familiar. He had a handsome good little wife and two small children, the oldest a boy about three years of age. He had a large fractious team of horses with which he made his livelihood hauling wood. Knowing his habits his wife was constantly in anxiety, and if he did not get back for supper she could not rest until she heard from him.

Numbers of times the poor woman would leave her children and come down to our house crying and get me to go a mile and a quarter after him. I shall never forget one of those trips. It was a bitter cold night the northwest winds sweeping down the railroad which I had to face all the way, and after a January thaw ending in sleet and freeze making everything a glare of ice. It seemed when on "one of his tears" I was the only person who could safely interfere with him, and he would never give me an angry word or look in return, but

meekly yield like a most obedient boy. Why this was I attribute to our intimacy as neighbors. This time I found several men outside the Grocery, his team standing tied to the rack and an uproar going on inside with other men dodging out at the back and front door. I knew by the commotion that McClurg was right in business and rushed in just as the last man except Doud himself was going out the back way. As I got to my man he had one leg over the counter going after the proprietor, when I grabbed his arm to pull him back.

"What on earth are you doing here?" I shouted lugging to pull him back. Looking down at me with a broad good humored grin he said, "Oh et me alone, I want to get that — black rascal (Doud was dark skinned) by the heels and swipe this room with him!" I informed him that his wife was frightened and crying about him not coming home and sent me to find and bring him back. "Well, well, that is too bad, but let me put a head on this — before I go!" he insisted. "No!" I told him I wanted him right now, he could put that job off until some other time.

Thus leaving the promise with Doud of seeing him again, he left that fellow still shaking behind the counter and went along. We unhitched the team and he got on the wagon taking the lines in a sober fashion and started off crossing the railroad all right, but his horses being cold started in a gallop down the road winding among stumps and trees. Had I not caught the lines frequently there would have been a smash up and runaway to beat all records. Each time he would lie flat down in the wood rack, kick up his heels and laugh at me being "a coward." Then he would raise up, grab the lines again, give his horses a slash and yell, when away they would go with me catching the lines to guide them again, when he would lay back for another big laugh.

We kept this up all the way home going down along the north side of the railroad at breakneck speed, and as we made the turn at the lower end of my place the wagon came near getting ahead of the horses; by this time my patience was exhausted, and in front of my house I lit off the wagon, and let him go on without my company, half wishing he would break his fool neck right where his wife could see him; and he came near doing it too.

There was only a deep ditch in front of his house then where now is a wide creek. This ditch was spanned by a bridge in front of the stable lower lower down, but only a "foot board"

opposite his door. Unmindful of the bridge, "whiskey being in and wits out," he drove to the "foot board," wheeled his horses over it with a crack of the whip and a yell. Both animals in attempting to jump across fell down in the ditch with the wagon and the drunk man on top of them. But the big fellow crawled out about the time his frightened wife got out to him crying, "Oh, Henry, are you hurt, are you hurt?" With frightful oaths he sent her in the house, and strange to say he got his wagon off the team, got them out all right and put away without breakage or injury except to the harness.

When I came home and told my wife the condition I left McClurg to go home in, she went out and heard the racket going on. Coming back with alarm for his safety she begged me to go to his assistance, but I was too badly angered to do anything of the kind, and declared his horses might tramp him in the frozen ground to death before I would do another thing for him. Excited she ran up there to find everything in a mess, while he had his two horses out and was vig-

orously giving them the beating he deserved himself. She exclaimed, "Mr. McClurg what's the matter?" "Oh, nothing, Mrs. Flint," he replied. "nothing! I'm jist training my horses!" never stopping his blows with one end of a broken tug.

By morning, which was Sunday, I had relented and went to see how he was getting along. He looked guilty and sheepish. We had a long talk about the matter and he promised to lead a better life, which I believe he did to a certain extent, for he never gave Doud the basting he promised that night when he left him. McClurg never though fully recovered from his combative propensities, and in two or three years moved out west to never return. Rumors came back some time afterwards that he undertook to lick one man too many who shot him to death. Be that as it may, the ruffian and bully before getting through over life's thorny road, sooner or later must find "the way of the transgressor is hard!" which we will show by the sad ending of another one of those pugilistic athletes in the next issue.

EARLY TIMES OF ELDON;

Or,

Some of the Life Incidents of Those Days

By I. T. FLINT

85.

Wm. H. Stover, commonly called "Bill Stover," moved here from about Brookville, in Jefferson county in 1866, and while at times he did some chopping, yet he often spent his evenings drinking, card playing and sometimes scrapping with "the boys!" He was of a heavy muscular build, medium height, and quite active, weighing about 190 lbs., perhaps 25 years of age. He and McClurg were boon companions, who sometimes when imbibing too freely became unwelcome visitors wherever they happened to be. And amid the heterogenous class of men composing the woodmen and loggers about "the crossing" those days, they found a congenial place always open for their business.

And each of them lived through all the excitements here to slash up against fate elsewhere. About the time the timber supply was exhausted Bill Stover got married and moved to Lowaville which the natives thereabouts soon became aware of. Of course Lowaville at that time consisted of only a few old tumbledown houses, Selma being the trading point. After

work had ceased here and the forces all vanished, no longer having any foes to conquer, he and McClurg well fired up for the occasion one night went down to Selma to paint that town red and do a general acquaintance business. A dance was in progress when they got there, at which the man Cooper (our woodhauler) was engaged as violist. Hearing a racket in the front yard and being told his old friend from "the crossing" was the principal actor, he quietly laid down his fiddle and deliberately walked out there, knocked his former pugilistic neighbor down and kicked him out of the yard. Cooper had such a crowd of athletic young fellows to back him McClurg had to stand back powerless and see his companion take his richly deserved castigation.

At the conclusion of this performance Cooper returned to the house, picked up his fiddle and the dance went on. Humiliated, the two bullies went home, one for repairs and both vowing they would get even with those fellows down there next time for thus interfering with their hilarity.

Soon after this, each one with his hide full of the spirit of war, they were back late one evening with big chips on their shoulders for some Selmaite to knock off. Finding no one hankering after the job they tried a lot of fellows lounging around the depot without success. Finally the telegraph operator came out to cross the street on some business. Just as he went to pass Bill Stover the latter let fly a right hander that sent him reeling to the ground.

Though undersize compared to his assailant, stung with such an unprovoked assault the little operator sprang to his feet with half a trick he had snatched up hurling with such force into his assailant's face with a dull thud he fell doubled up to the ground. Stover jumped up as the crowd was making for them and whom McClurg was trying to fight back. Missiles were flying thick and soon were the two big fighters "flying" too. It was said, as bad as Stover was hurt, the two did some big running and the pursuit ended at the bridge above town.

This proved to be Bill Stover's last encounter. Before reaching home his face all battered by that one blow out of recognition, was swollen beyond all proportion. Surgical aid was obtained as soon as possible, but blood poison ensued, he lost articulation and breath ing became difficult. It was said that for twenty-four hours before death relieved him from his suffering that respiration became so laborious and difficult one could hear him struggling for breath a long distance from the house. With features black and distorted out of all human semblance and the awful sufferings and death he brought on himself, the lesson should have been an effective one on those prone to vice and violence.

One evening here while engaged in a brawl and knock down one of the pugilists struck another on the point of the chin a blow with his fist of such force the vertebrae of the neck was dislocated, and he fell as dead as if he was shot. The card table and gambling for from "the drinks" up to a hundred dollars, was mostly the stakes. One young man named Bussey came in here from Ohio as generally stated with \$30,000 he had inherited, and in less than two years was digging coal at "old Alpine" a few miles up the river for a living. But it was the only big bonanza we ever heard of in that line striking this place.

One day while we were all "gone to dinner" the construction train pulled up in front of the mill and began loading ties and wood to take up towards

Des Moines. My brother and myself hastened through our meal and got to the mill just in time to see a fellow with his back toward us, "going through" our tool chest. He was so busy rattling the tools about and sorting out from among them he did not know any one was near until my brother laid hands on him, at the same time shouting "what are you doing here?" He offered no resistance or excuse, but stood as a prisoner sullen and dumb.

Soon the balance of the mill hands came down, and seeing he had a brakeman's badge on his cap, I went in quest of the conductor of the train. He looked staggered with surprise when I told him we had his brakeman sure and fast for breaking what he was not employed to "brake!" and that a couple of us would have to speak for passage to Ottumwa with him and land him in jail for burglary. He immediately went back to the mill with me, and there sure enough was his "right supporter" with the evidence—the chest staple wrenched out, lid thrown back and tools scattered about.

"What in the name of God Harry did you want to break open that tool chest for?" demanded the astonished conductor. The fellow sheepish and sullen could not answer until the question was repeated, when for the first time in broken accents he replied by saying, "I don't know! I saw no one about the mill when some strange feeling took possession of me to just pry the staple out that held the padlock and hasp, and see what was on the inside." "Did you intend to take anything?" demanded the inquisitor. "No!" he answered, "I cannot tell what I did intend or whether I intended doing anything. I just came in here to look around and see the mill, and seeing this chest, something unaccountable made me want to see inside. I don't think I wanted to take a thing away, and you know I could not have well done so without you or some one else seeing it. I knew it was a mill tool chest and I just wanted to see what kind of tools they used; I cannot tell what else made me do it."

The conductor told us he had always been a faithful good employe and he would regret having him taken away from him and punished, for this he believed was his first offense, and under such strange circumstances too, that if we would let him off this time it would be a great favor and he would watch him hereafter. At this reasonable request we released the fellow. The next time that train stopped here the conductor told us that brakeman

gave him the dodge on getting to Ottumwa, and he never saw or heard of him afterwards. Doubtless the old adage, "the guilty flee when no man pursueth," possessed him, a fear that some one would follow him up.

One evening just after dark, hearing the rapid firing of guns, tooting of horns, and the rattle of bells mingled with volumes of war whoops up in the direction of the Doud Grocery, we knew the old serenade or charavari (shiyaree) business was going on. Always of an inquisitive turn of mind this had to be looked after. Hardly taking time to clap a hat on we took the nearest cut at a 2:20 quick step to get there. It was beyond the Doud institute at "Burt" Loftiss' though. A friend wood chopper who had been boarding was married and brought the bride home with him. Some one had placed a heavy charge of powder well tamped in a two inch auger hole bored to the center of a stump, with a fuse burning, which just as I was passing by reached the charge blowing that stump into fragments with the roar of a 24 pound cannon.

Whether I was struck or not I never could tell; but my first impression afterwards was with a confused roaring about my thinking apparatus I was picking myself up near the railroad track quite a distance away. It seemed like a hundred and fifty men and boys were in the procession prancing around the Loftiss domicile, but that explosion had cut short all the hilarity I intended to throw into the play. Yet as a human being drops out forever, with the regularity and speed of the heart beat, unmissed and unknown by the human tide, so was my disappearance from that noisy crowd that evening. Whether the happy groom set up toddy, whiskey stew, candy or the cigars that night, I did not stay to find out.

But that was the first, and we will venture the biggest thing of the kind that ever broke loose in Eldon. The mail then came by way of Iowaville and Ashland, and Burt Loftiss' house was made the distributing point for everybody on the works here. The then happy groom has long since passed to the beyond, and the once gay young winsome bride who reared their three or four children, now a gray-haired careworn woman lives with her second husband, both old and waiting the summons also to cross over!

The Irish with a gift peculiar from all other nationalities as the quickest witted people on earth, sometimes got a big laugh at our expense. Once early in the summer the river like

some people nearly every day about "the crossing," got bank full, and the back water in the creek nearly ten feet deep against the railroad. One day while in this condition eighteen or twenty of us young fellows came down for our accustomed swim, and as below the track against the grade being out of sight of "the shanties" and a dry place to lay off our clothes, we soon had them doffed and each one's in a separate pile for future convenience.

All being full of youthful vigor and life we got too busy with our aquatic performances in the water to take in surroundings, when all at once we were startled by a feminine voice shouting, "Oh you dirty loggers! you dirty loggers!" and looking saw Mrs. Keefe with a couple of full suits, one in each hand, scaling the embankment and running with them for home as though for dear life.

To say there was excitement in camp was but mildly putting it. We all made the water splash for shore. Eph Cummins and myself whose clothes she had captured, in our primitive costume was first out and sprinting after her as fast as we could fly, but she beat us quite a distance and into the house she slammed the door shut. Several of the men were in the front yard among whom was Jerry Keefe himself. They were all laughing and cutting all kinds of Irish antics which made us the more desperate.

That scene, and the boys not knowing what kind of a scrape we were getting into, running like wild turkeys to our relief, some with only their shirts on and others without even that much of a shield from the bold stare of man and woman added to the group, with the two central figures cavorting around with their fists and making dire threats if those garments were not immediately forthcoming, could have made a snapshot kodak picture which now would sell in Eldon at two dollars apiece. But alas, the kodak and up-to-date artist was born forty or fifty years too late for the occasion.

By the time the boys had all gathered around us in the yard and we were getting ready to batter the door down, Keefe came up still laughing and said he would go in and bring our clothes out to us, which he did, and while he could not conceal his hilarity he mollified us with the assurance that it was all only "an Irish joke!" But still we felt like the the joke—or rather our clothes had been carried too far, and never did enjoy the laugh over it as they did. Even now, to

think how those Irish "paddies" put up such a fiendish job and worked it to humiliate and laugh at a whole squad of us young "smart alecks" makes us made yet.

In 1868 all the saw timber being used up, the saw mills were moved to other timbered forests giving way to different industries. To then look at the hillsides of Eldon and across the river at the vast scenery of stumps, old rotten logs and heaps of brush, briars and thorns, weeds and marshes, seemed to the grubbing agriculturalist like indeed "Jordan is a hard road to trammel." The metamorphose from a dense forest to such a condition none but those residing here then can realize; while now the broad smooth beautiful and fertile farms the full length and breadth of Soap Creek valley can well be hailed as a happy transition. Now not a stump is to be seen, and domiciles and fine palatial residence of a city looks down upon the scenery from the eastern slopes of the river.

About 1872 the Methodist erected the first church edifice here. It was dedicated and the remainder of the money to liquidate the indebtedness all raised at one meeting by volunteer donations from the zealous congregation that filled the building. Quite a rivalry and enthusiasm was stirred up among the brethren as to who would excel in showing their faith by their work! As the sermon preceding the collection was well fitted to put men in the humor of going down into their pockets and about seven hundred dollars to raise, the Lord loving "a cheerful giver," I believe nearly every dollar in that crowd went in the coffer, and the full amount made up with some for internal conveniences to boot.

But the parable of the widow with her two mites always copiously illustrated on such occasions, was demonstrated all around in that congregation. The poor gave freely of all they had, while the wealthy gave comparative to their ability, but a pittance. But there were some exhibitions of vanity also that deserved little sympathy and much ridicule for the victim actuated by that silliest of all vices. The first round of the solicitors hardly raised half the needed amount.

As each large contributor handed in the money his name was enrolled with the amount donated and sometimes called out. Of course that impelled others to keep up with the procession by giving sums they would not be ashamed of. One old brother worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars handed the collector ten dollars. His name

and amount had no sooner been announced than another chap as poor as the proverbial "Joo's turkey" jumped up yelling "here's another ten!" so eagerly, I thought he was going to make a mess of the flower garden of ladies hats in front and between himself and the man gathering in the shekels.

The results being announced, the pastor gave a vigorous exhortation and appeal to the liberality of every one, all just and right too, and the second mission started around. The good old brother at the shrine of "Demetrius," went down in his pocket again and deposited another ten dollars in the hand of the "good samaritan." "Bro. — has given another ten!" announced the recipient of his dearly loved dollars. With the air and self importance of Carnegie now flinging his millions into public libraries to ease a guilty conscience and make a name, "here's another ten!" shouted our poor disciple of the cross. Whether he had another ten left or not, as the amount was then complete, will never be known. But while that old model brother he tried to imitate could go home thankful that such a small pittance donated from the wonderful wealth the Lord had showered upon him, would so inspire the ambition of his brothers and sisters to pay off the big debt of the church, we have no doubt his less fortunate competitor was equally as happy by showing his "filthy lucre" off on the church, with the assurance that "blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven!"

By the rapid growth of the place this building proving inadequate for the accommodation of the church, was eventually torn down and the present edifice erected a number of years ago.

The Catholics had organized a church under the management of Father Kreckel of Ottumwa, and not to be outdone by any other people, purchased the ground soon after the Methodist began the initiative and built the present large commodious edifice. They met with one discouragement at the start that to any less zealous people would have proven a damper to their enthusiasm. About the time the frame work was all up but before being properly braced a furious windstorm threw it all down into a broken splintered mass of ruins.

This was a big loss at that time to the people and discouragement to the new town. But the promptness with which it was rebuilt was not like a similar calamity I witnessed several years afterwards at Great Bend, Kansas. The colored population there

had quite a good sized cheaply constructed Baptist church building out in the suburbs on the north side of town, where they often held uproarious meetings. One morning, after a furious windstorm the night previous had swept over the country, I came in town past the sign, and saw a great mass of broken lumber with the old darkey preacher alone with his cane in hand and an old plug hat on his head standing looking disconsolate over the ruins. I stopped and addressed him with, "Well indeed, the storm blew your church down last night?" Edging up towards me as

though glad of consolation in that much attention and sympathy he replied, "Yes sah! yes sah! de Lawd hab smote it wid a heaby hand!"

Unlike the whites in Mississippi, the people of Great Bend actuated by the old adage "every tub stands on its bottom," let the colored church pose in that attitude also, and it was not rebuilt. But the Catholics here took a view more akin to Job in his calamities, and began doing their work over again. The present church stands yet as a monument of their faith and doctrinal tenacity.

road from Keokuk to Ashland. Father left there in 1852, when we moved down in a log cabin where the stock yards are now located.

We rented uncle Sol Hearn's farm that year, and uncle Sol made his home with father. During that time father built the house that Minear lived in and sold to Mr. Harry Wood, and after the house was completed we moved in it, and Uncle Sol lived with us there. We stayed one year, and then from there we moved in the log cabin where the round house is now located. This was in 1854. We farmed a small place where part of the town now stands, and on March 26, 1856, my father died. He was laid to rest in the Ashland graveyard. After my father's death we remained here until we moved to Kansas in 1858—four years. During the time we were here my older brothers Joe, John and Sam, would frequently go over on Soap Creek hunting deer, turkey and squirrels. They would take a boat across the river and make it fast to a tree until they could get what game they wanted, and then they would come home in the evening. They would always stay together while hunting, for in those days over in the Soap Creek forest a fellow could get lost very easy. I remember mother had a tin horn about five feet long which had a good mouth piece. Of a still evening a person could hear her blow on that horn over a mile distant. And when the boys were over on Soap hunting, if they didn't show up about sundown mother would take that long tin horn and go out to the river bank and almost deafen a person close to her. Should the boys be in hearing distance one of them would raise his gun and pull the trigger, and the report of the gun would be heard at home. This was always the signal for the boys and the direction for them to take to get back. If lost or not they always came when they heard the horn. I always thought it was a good scheme in case a person was lost or not.

In the spring of 1854 I remember Tom Hunt and Bill Hunt, brothers. They had several deer hounds, and on Saturdays they would take their hounds and horses and start up a deer. When they would jump one up you could hear the music begin, for every hound would have a different tone of voice. Sometimes a person might think they were a steam calliope or some one a singing Yankee Doodle. Presently you could hear them coming nearer. The river where the deer had a regular place to cross in order to get over in the Soap Creek bottom where

MIKE SHANAHAN'S SALOON DESTROYED

I. T. FLINT WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ELDON SALOON IN THE EARLY DAYS.

JOHN FLYNN WAS KILLED

A Mob Raids the Saloon and when They Leave Nothing But a Pile of Lumber is Left of the

"Booze" Shanty.

*Story for Feb. 2nd, 1906.
86.*

Meeting with one of our old boyhood associates here the other day Isaac Johnson, whom all old settlers know, at my request he gave me the following article for insertion among the "Early Days of Eldon!" Over fifty-four years ago, before a railroad, town or anything better than flat land, frog ponds and woods were ever thought of were the city now stands the Johnson boys Joe, John, Sam, Polk and Isaac—five rollicking, wide awake full of fun boys. Often then did we meet along the river bank, in the forest and in the old log school house. Rifles were our playthings, and the largest bag of game our rivalry. Only two of them, and they with features like ourself, marked with the lines of care, Joe, the eldest, of Ottumwa, and Isaac of Eldon, are left of the five to greet us now. We give his statement as follows:

"By looking at me a person would

not think I was the oldest actual settler that lives in Eldon, Mr. Isaac Flint is one of the oldest in this vicinity, but I mean that I am the oldest resident here at this time that lived where Eldon now stands. My father moved from Ohio in 1851 and we came by water those days. We came down the Ohio river to Cairo and then up the Mississippi river to Keokuk. There we unloaded from the steamboat and loaded up our wagons starting overland from there to this county. We had a very hard trip of it; for in 1851 we had plenty of water and rain all the way from Keokuk until we located about one mile east of old Ashland. There was not any bridges across the creeks and small streams, and when we would come to a large stream we could not cross we would have to stay there until the water would go down so we could ford it. I think we were four weeks on the

the timber was thicker and they would have a better chance to dodge the hounds. The deer had a regular place to cross the river, and this place was just where the wagon bridge is now located. As stated B. W. Johnson (the father of Joe and Isaac Johnson, of Eldon,) lived in the old log cabin where the Round house stands now.

About 8 o'clock one morning Joe was out feeding the stock, when looking across the river he saw two deer on the opposite bank at this regular place in the spring time for them to get across. Here was a splendid chance for deer pudding. Hastening in the house he got his old squirrel rifle and started up the bank of the river to get one if possible. He got there before the deer reached the shore on this side, and as the first one got out of the water Joe took deliberate aim, and at the crack of the gun it fell dead. The other one came up out of the water not the least excited or afraid and began smelling the body of its mate. While loading up the old gun Joe shook with the "buck ague" so bad that he could hardly get the old gun ready. During this time the other deer stood around waiting as if for its companion. Joe at last got ready, the ague fit stopped long enough for him to take good aim, and at the report of his rifle the other deer fell to the ground also dead.

Joe ran back to the house excitedly telling father he had killed two deer. Then father, Joe and myself went up to take in the trophies of his skill. There lay the deer dead sure enough. After looking at them a moment father said, "boys these deer are pets." Joe inquired how he could tell. "Why, look at their necks," father replied, "Do you see those red ribbons around them?" Somewhat surprised the boys saw sure enough the ribbons were there all right.

The old man then advised Joe to take them off and bury them in the ground or he might suffer if caught with them in his possession. Dead deer without any marks no one would know anything about their being pets. Rest assured Joe took his advise that time, taking those telltale ribbons he drove them with his heel away down in the soft mud.

This settled all danger of suspicion. The three of us went home with our game, but were all excited over the business fearing some one would find it out. But we had plenty of good venison for a few days anyhow.

About three weeks after this uncle Tom Deford came along one day and said to Joe, "My two pet deer strayed away!" He had about given them up

for lost. Joe said that he had not seen or heard of any person that had seen anything of the pet deers. Uncle Deford at that time lived up the river in a log house on what is now called the Robert Cummins farm. There has been a great change since that time up to the present."

The first evidence of a manufacturing spirit here, aside from the hydraulic pressure that converts the Des Moines river liquid into first class "fire water," was the Dornsife wagon factory. Dornsife whose widow still owns the old homestead east adjoining Eldon was an industrious hard working blacksmith and wagon maker. About the time work commenced here forty years ago cleaning the timber up for the railroad, he built a wagon shop on his farm by the roadside perhaps two hundred and fifty yards east of the eastern limits of the present city. For a number of years he manufactured and turned out an excellent quality of substantial up-to-date wagons. In painting, striping and embellishing them, he never missed his trade mark upon the hind axle "A. Dornsife, Williamsburg, Iowa!"

He began this business too late in life to continue it to the merited fruition. Before the then town of "Williamsburg" (now Eldon) arrived to a place of consequence, broken in health and approaching age, he closed his business and retired to farm life again. Wood haulers and loggers had given him all the work he could do, and it was nothing uncommon to see an old broken wagon piled out by the side of the road and the wood rack ornamenting a new "Dornsife wagon!"

At this day with all the hustle and bustle of Eldon she is not a manufacturing town. The new brick plant is all we have to boast of, unless we include certain twists of the wrists by which restricted portions of river water is still converted into a highly inflammable fluid. Dornsife always was "old foggy enough to believe that God Almighty knew more about what good river water was, than those modern scientists whose improvements only added to the vice, poverty, ignorance and miseries of their customers. Like all of the human family he had his faults; and perhaps this ignorance of the most approved methods of keeping up to date was one of them. Yet with our knowledge of the man we confidently believe if he had been born forty years later Eldon now would have a vividly popular No. 1 wagon manufactory running by him in full blast.

He belonged to the M. E. church and was a very active Sunday school worker in his younger days, and very

tenacious in principle. On this old homestead he raised a large family and died many long years ago, while all his children are scattered and gone except one of the younger Mrs. S. L. Murray and her husband who still reside in the old home. For over twenty years not a vestige is left where the old wagon shop stood, and no one has ever taken up the trade here since.

Among the early excitements of Eldon was in 1872 the wiping out by an infuriated mob of Mike Shanahan's saloon, an incident we cannot overlook. It was a long low box built concern facing westward on the east side of the present alley between the Eldon hotel and the building west of it, and a general resort for tough characters. The rear or east end of the building was a reservation—well, "card parties!" etc., etc. It seems like Mike and his wife were both rather looked down upon by all the peaceable people of the place as though a smaller space—say 2x6 would be far more profitable for them to occupy, so far as the name and peace of Eldon was concerned, than so much territory above ground.

With this laxity of character, general feeling was ripening to receive a request to get out of here while the coast was clear. But an unlooked for event occurred that quickly "busted up" their business and landed its proprietor charged with a great crime, in jail for trial. This event was on the morning of Feb. 5, 1877, the finding of the body of John Flynn, one of the most peaceable and inoffensive Irishmen of this place, lying on the saloon floor supposedly murdered.

The Saturday evening previous on returning from their work Donahue had instructed Flynn the first thing Monday morning to go down the road to the end of the section and see that everything was all right, while he himself would go up the track to the Betterton crossing to intercept a railroad train with ties that were to be scattered along the track. That morning Flynn who had imbibed a little the day previous, induced another man to go in his place while he stopped at Mike's saloon with the result as stated.

The news spread like wild fire and soon the place was thronged with people eager to learn the facts. There sure enough lay the poor fellows body. None but Shanahan and his wife were present when he died, and they declared he came in there and while standing at the counter fell dead. But knowing their reputation and the kind of a house they kept few believed anything else but that they murdered him, and those few no doubt wanted to believe that way bad enough

too. Some declared he was struck on the head with some heavy instrument, others that they choked him to death, and the finger prints were still on his throat—in fact there was a diversity of opinions and assertions but nothing decisive only that he was dead.

Mike Shanahan was arrested and without bail lodged in the Ottumwa jail for trial. Dobahue says he did not know of Flynn employing another man to take his place, and being belated upon account of the distribution of the ties until awhile after the usual dinner time, he was somewhat astonished that Flynn was dead. He had not been drinking for a long time, and that was the first he knew of his beginning it again.

That night a large body of men met and debated as to the final disposal of the whole business by order of Judge Lynch, but could secure no one to lead and dispersed; the next night they tried it again but could not agree. Persistent though they met the third time when Judge Lynch ordered the destruction of all the contents and then chopping of the saloon building into a ruin, but leaving the District court to attend to Mike. This time with the greatest enthusiasm they agreed and went for that old shanty in the most refreshing style. The villainous bug juice that rolled out in the front yard was enough to almost make the ground squirm in a drunken fit. And then axes so rapidly plied all around on the boards and scantling supports up to about half way to the roof soon brought the thing down to look like a hog house settling to roost.

That brought one saloon in Eldon to a far worse, and one might pretty truthfully say, a less deserved fate than its proprietor. Some believed that for a little provocation, perhaps Mike or his wife had struck Flynn over the head with some heavy weapon and killed him—in fact they had the weapon as a beer "bottle," while others had it that Mike had choked him to death—in fact, so many surmisings were advanced that but one fact could be established beyond question, and that was that he was found dead in Mike's saloon. In the absence of any positive proof of even circumstantial evidence against them, and the fact that men frequently drop dead with apoplexy and heart trouble, the wretched pair were acquitted. But public feeling against them ran so high that they had to skip the town.

There being two or three other grog shops running, a shrewd old toper like many others of the kind whose tank got empty and dry as well as his pocket book, soon got an idea in

his head, and a certain gnawing near the center of his anatomy, induced the early putting that idea to a practical utility. Knowing E. I. and Robert Cummins who then kept store here, were among the foremost of the woodmen who slaughtered Mike Shanahan's roost, he resolved himself into a "committee of the whole," and went to those fellows with a request that for the benefit of the community, they go with him as right and left supporters, and he would notify the keepers of those other resorts to close up and quit before they were made an example of also.

Of course this was just the proper thing, and full of zeal in a good cause, the two brothers closed up and followed their file leader bent on business. The first day they entered said, "file leader" spoke to the proprietor and addressing said two "supporters" he said: "boys you remain here (then with a stern look at the proprietor) while I talk with this gentleman for a few moments in the back room!" Then beckoning to the guiding star of the house he said: "come back here a moment I want to speak to you!" They both immediately retired from observation a short time, but the con-

versation was so low the two auditors did not get a word. Presently the old "bellwether" came out wiping his lips, saying: "Well boys, I've fixed the business here, now we'll go for the next!"

Then they followed to the next, and it was a repetition of the first, and then to the next and the same thing again, their chief coming out of the back room ahead of the boss and wiping his lips. Justly indignant at the outrageous trick by which he had duped them into bulldozing whiskey men into giving him his drinks not even having the manners to divide, Epn broke loose on him with a promiscuously chosen volley of words in-biblical lore too inelegantly thrown together to look well on paper. The trick was a sute one well played, but a mean one demonstrating what devices mind can invent to gratify that beastly and deadly and consuming thirst for strong drink. But doubtless those two brothers (right and left supporters) felt the trick looked still meaner each time he came back ahead of the proprietor out of the back room wiping his lips. At any rate they dissolved all partnership with that "committee of the (w) hole."

HISTORY OF EARLY CHURCH DAYS IN ELDON

I. T. FLINT TELLS OF THE TRIALS OF THE PIONEERS
IN ELDON IN FOUNDING THE DIFFER-
ENT CHURCHES.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS

Who Were the Pioneers in Church Building in Eldon is
Told in This Article, and Many Are Still Alive
and Reside Here.

87.

The Congregational church was the third religious organization in Eldon, followed closely by the Christian as the fourth, then the Baptist, and lastly "Free Methodist"—six in all. The first society meeting of the Congregationalists met early in the year 1881 when a zealous young theological

student from New Hampshire by the name of Benjamin St. John came with several others and began the work. Their first meeting was held in the hall over Peter Mulvaney's store, and an organization perfected in which St. John was ordained to the ministry and chosen pastor.

Employees of the Rock Island railroad principally with their families and friends comprised the congregation. From this fact the organization was more largely known until recent years, as the "Railroad church!" Immediately the question was sprung about providing a church house for worship, when a railroad conductor rose to his feet saying he wanted to see one building in Eldon with a steeple on it, and pledged himself to a fifty dollar subscription to start the work. The enthusiasm was contagious, and before the meeting adjourned upwards of seven hundred dollars was secured.

Then such railroad men as T. C. Boorn, Roundhouse foreman, A. J. Sheffer, engineer, and others went to work with a vim that never knew "fail." The ground where the building stands was donated, and the erection of the structure began. Before winter the house was completed at a cost of \$2,700 ready for services, including seats, furniture and other facilities. The seats cost \$300 and the bell \$150. The first time that bell rang for service it tolled the sad announcement of the funeral rites to be held within the walls of the structure over the remains of S. M. Wright, familiar among the early settlers of Iowa as "Milt Wright." And now since the recent death of George Wright, the only survivor of his family is engineer Emory Wright of this city.

The Reverend St. John now being so satisfactorily ingratiated into the confidence and graces of his newly organized flock, also with the assurance of a good salary, doubtless (a worldly mindedness excusable among even much older men) thought he had struck it rich enough to grasp a long coveted earthly prize. At least excusing himself for a vacation, with face for speeding eastward and coat tail for streaming westward he was bound for his "faderland," and if not actually singing that carnal song the cadences were palpitating around his heart just the same, "Oh the girl, that pretty little girl, the girl I left behind me!"

At any rate with the claim that he had found her he brought her back with him as his wife in time to not lose his job, nor the particular part, his salary. He was a man of fine address, genial and the church grew under his pastoral care, but after a couple of years he resigned and returned east, the Rev. Emerson succeeding him who was also married soon afterward. Like newspaper men, those preaching to get a living must be certain they have a sure thing in a business way before taking risks on getting married. But

sure two young preachers got their first important starter for business that way in Eldon.

Those two incidents one following the other so closely stirred up another question. That was, if those eastern young chaps coming out here to preach had to get married the first thing, the only way to keep one of them was to provide himself and new mate a place to roost. So the "Ladies' aid society" got right down to business and soon had that necessary appendage ready. They procured the donation of a lot next to the church, put about eight hundred dollars into a neat little dwelling, and got the two—the preacher and his better half, into it. But time has done enough since then to prove the old adage "man proposes but God disposes" cannot be gainsaid. Within a year they broke out and winged their flight for more sunny skies.

The Congregationalists like all other denominations have had such changes frequently, but have prospered under all circumstances and for Christian zeal and enterprise among our foremost workers. With only seven hundred dollars to begin their building they never lagged in their determination, and before it was completed they had the money to dedicate it free from all debts; the result was just the same with their parsonage. In whatever way one inclines to differ with them in faith or practice there is one accusation we cannot pile up against them—we cannot say they don't show their "faith by their works!"

The Christian church is another religious order that has been a great blessing to the people of Eldon. And right here we want to impress a thought. Let every reader ask his own heart, "how would you like to live in any land and people where church spires, bells, ministry and songs were unknown?" There is a chill in even the suggestion that appals the stoutest unbeliever. The Christian church more sharply differs in doctrine than any of the others do with each other, but the most extreme orthodox doctrinarian and moralist would gladly embrace their faith rather than the dreadful conditions suggested.

The "Christian" church is built on different tenets antagonistic to all other denominations. Instead of formulating a declaration of their belief and placing it in white and black upon paper as to what the bible teaches, they assume the whole book as their creed and rules of practice and baptism by immersion the way and plan of salvation. They began with but few members here, and through a faithful ministry have built up a following

that well compares with the most prosperous churches.

The present house of worship was built in 1889. Its location is the most convenient of any in Eldon, and to the size of it very practically and artistically arranged. The "Free Methodist" also have a good organization and pleasant house of worship upon the hill overlooking the main part of town. Many people unacquainted with the differences between them and the M. E. or Protestant Methodist may imagine they could all live in peace together. But their doctrines are widely apart. One fundamental belief alone among all others—the purification of man in the flesh to holiness, is an insurmountable obstruction to their unity.

The M. E. and M. P.'s neither one have yet been able to find the connecting link by which they can hitch on to a higher purification from the inherent sin of mortality than God's chosen fountain for inspiration than His apostolic authors of the holy scriptures. They each teach and work zealously to live in accordance with righteousness as taught under the law, but after all at last carry the prayer of the poor publican to their Master's feet. Their theological differences are wide and uncompromising both in doctrine and practice. When man becomes perfect we will all understand the scriptures alike which can only be when freed from our earthly prisons—these natural bodies.

There is an earlier resident (and the only one) of Eldon than Isaac Johnson, and that resident is John B. Hughes, the father of William, Millard and R. G. Hughes. He moved here in 1847 with his wife and two little children locating with his father-in-law, Gideon Loftiss (who had several children yet with him) in the same identical little log cabin near the present round house site that Mr. Johnson speaks of where his father lived and also died in 1856. Seven years prior to this Hughes came from Ohio and thus lived in that cabin. The following year 1848 he also cultivated the same little field east of the house Johnson speaks of.

His experience as a railmaker almost duplicates the story of Abraham Lincoln who when nearing manhood made twelve hundred rails to get three yards of butternut colored homemade jeans two make himself a pair of breeches—four hundred rails for each yard of coarse cloth. If the average young chap of today had to earn his clothes that way he would give up the ghost. But Mr. Hughes furnished the timber, cut and maulled out the rails ten feet in length on the site of Eldon near

where Joe Hunnell's residence now stands and sold to my father for fifty cents per hundred to pay for his first cow. Now one could not hire a man to cut and split six foot fence posts for a dollar per hundred, saying nothing about furnishing the timber also.

Mr. Hughes can relate many amusing as well as interesting incidents of those times, but there is one, a joke upon himself, too good to be lost, and we must toss it out on the reading public regardless of the laugh some may indulge over his lack of "business tact" nearly sixty years ago.

"Van" Caldwell, father of the celebrated jurist of Arkansas H. C. Caldwell, then lived on the present Manning farm a mile down the river. He was about forty-five, tall raw boned and often irreverently compounded strong emphatic scripture words in his philippics. One not closely observant might accuse him of preaching did his language not imitate the other fellows so much. One day passing along he saw Loftis and Hughes out in the field at work, and of course to be neighborly as all the people here were in those times, went over to them for a chat. "Old Vaa" could chew as much tobacco, shoot the fluid as far and as straight as any man that run the woods, while perhaps Hughes could possibly do the consuming act to keep close communion with him, did it not cost nearly two hundred rails to buy one pound of tobacco.

He had just been to Iowaville the day previous and bought himself a bran new ten cent plug which in order to make it reach as far as possible with the idea when he did bite it to take off very small chunks, but he had it still in his pocket un nibbled at. Just as "Van" turned to go, the very thing he stopped for perhaps made him wheel back again as if forgetful exclaiming, "do either of you chew tobacco?" Loftis replied that he did not, "but John here does!" "Well please let me have some," eagerly spoke the visitor. John keenly realized how hard he came by it, but knowing western hospitality, with genuine heartiness, yet trembling for consequences, handed his new plug over with the usual invitation "help yourself." Van seldom missed a good good thing if he got a chance at it, so at one bite he took off enough to last an ordinary man all day; then sticking the balance down his breeches pocket strolled off from the poorer but wiser generous John, while rolling the chunk around in his mouth as independent as if he didn't care a scripture word whether his victim ever made another rail or raised an ear of corn or not.

Of course John's mouth watered

then for a taste of that plug, and doubtless he was so dumbfounded at "Van's" audacity as well as "capacity" he could not formulate words until too late, to call him back and ask him if he had not forgotten something? To a man now the joke would be worth "ten cents," but if he had to cut and hammer out twenty green oak rails ten feet long besides go three miles and back for the "joke!" once or twice played he would feel like sending somebody in for repairs. The first cow Mr. Hughes got was thus paid for with rails as stated at fifty cents per hundred.

Mr. Hughes lived here a couple of years, then moved across the river several miles where he reared his

family. One by one they left the parental roof, the faithful partner of his life was called to her eternal home and now aged and feeble for years he (with the blessed privilege of home with kindred attendant upon many surviving parents) made his abode with those left which are nearest the old home life, his children in Eldon. Yet with him as with all of us surviving the early days of our present beautiful grand state, the eye brightens and the careworn face beams with pleasure as he recalls the times in his early youth and manhood when we underwent privations and toil clearing away and building the foundation for others to complete the structure for future generations.

INTERESTING STORY ABOUT ELDON'S FIRST PRINTING OFFICE, ALVERSON'S ELDON TIMES

A FEW FACTS REGARDING THE FIRST JOURNALISTIC VENTURE IN ELDON.

SOME OTHER EARLY HISTORY

Regarding Eldon's First Physicians—An Interesting Letter by
I. T. Flint Who Is Furnishing Forum Readers
Weekly With Good Stories.

The first printing outfits of Eldon now would attract more attention and curiosity among the Typothetae than E. T. Roland's curiosity shop in the postoffice. When one comes to printing a newspaper upon the old fashioned hand press at this date it is rather a hard proposition, but we have plenty of old newspaper men yet living who have spent years of their lives at such work, and some country offices yet doing so. But even as far back as thirty years ago when J. E. Alverson was publishing a little three column folio he called "The Eldon Times" he used an antiquated old job press that I had never yet seen or heard of.

Alverson was a physician, but whether that profession was too slow an old treadmill to fame, or a natural panting for the literary field, was

something known only to himself—but he had about as much knowledge of a printing office as a hazel splitting porcine of a church sanctuary. One day while in Eldon I decided to call and see the new printing office, get acquainted with the proprietor and include his paper in my general write up of the town.

J. E. Alverson was editor, compositor, foreman, pressman and devil—all combined. As I entered the office I found him occupying a stool before a case slowly turning over one type at a time, examining the nicks, looking to see the letter was right end up, and putting it in the stick. By the side of him was another stool on which were lying several pine splinters and a pocket knife. At first I

was puzzled to know what use he applied them too, as at that time of the year one did not need kindling for a fire. As he seemed busy I told him to go on with his work that I was just looking around, etc., which he did, and I kept furtively watching those pine sticks for future developments.

After awhile he completed the line which lacked an "n" quad of justifying. As he picked up one of the sticks and began tapering it wedge fashion, the idea dawned upon me and was confirmed as he drove it down on the right hand side of the stick, that he was economizing his spaces and tightening the type in their places all right. But then I could not stay long enough to find out how they "lifted." There were a number of scraps of paper lying around with one side printed, which upon examination I found were "proof sheets." There being no such a thing there like a proof press or galley, I had the audacity to inquire, "how do you print these little papers?"

With genuine hospitality and liberality he slid off his stool glad to learn an unsophisticated granger how printing was done, he took a little cheap hand proof roller, run it over the ink stone, then over the stick of type in his hand, laid it down on his two by four imposing stone. Then placing a little blank paper over it with "planer" on top of it by a few light taps, there he had his "proof sheet." To say it was "dirty" is no expression. But I would rather "set" twice as much matter as to correct that "stick." Alverson "pegged along" some way until he got to dispose of the outfit to some one that knew more about the business.

In looking around for something like a printing press, and not seeing a resemblance to anything of that kind, my curiosity was aroused by two long 2x4 scantling standing upright in the center of the room and some kind of iron toggery fastened upon them about the center on the opposite from me. With all the cheek and impudence of our profession I ambled around to investigate. "Well sirs," it was discovery! There sure enough, they were two flat pieces of steel hinged together at the bottom that opened and shut by running a foot treadle down on the floor just like an old settlers inverted fly trap. It was the bed and platen of his news and job press.

The forms 8x72 were placed on the bed, and once the thing started in motion, when by means of a belt pulley as the trap opened a couple of rollers from up near the ceiling would swoop down over the ink plate and then over the form like a flash, and as the trap began to come together again

they would flash up back towards the ceiling just as rapidly as they descended. I got onto the trick, and it being a curiosity, I had him explaining things to me with the plea that I had thought sometime I might want to learn the trade.

The office was in an old frame building not far east of the railroad, and outside of that wonderful news press a couple of news stands and cases, stands, and a few fonts of old advertising type and news, the room was virtually bare. There may have been two or three old chairs with the two stools. It is needless to say the usual guy about a greenhorn from the "rural districts" called to tell the editor how to run a paper, of course had to have a little of the precious space of the three column folio weekly of Eldon.

But the paper was equal at that time to the size of the town, yet Dr. Aiverson soon found like many others get by experience, this road to fame was not only full of briars, but the gnawing of an empty stomach accompanied every scratch. In a few months he sold out to Tunis Bentley and stepped down and out forever. We have seen lots of primitive methods and machinery and once owned and run the Judge Claggett's hand press that was thrown in the river at Keokuk by a mob during the civil war, but it was reserved for us to be carried back to the primitive days of Gutenberg, when prying into the interior of Eldon newspaper work in 1876.

About where the city reservoir now stands in the first settling of Iowa the old government road from Keokuk to Agency passed out of the present limits of Eldon. It entered going westward about a hundred yards east of the new school building striking the branch perhaps seventy-five yards below the stock yards. The banks now so steep on the west have been made so by the wearing away and changing the bed of the creek westward during the past sixty years. Then the road went up a gradual ascent crossing the ground owned now by Samuel Murphy, D. W. Allman, Crow, Huckelberry and others winding through the timber to intersect the present highway on the hill.

The white covers of freight and movers wagons could be seen almost any day passing and repassing each other hauling supplies landed from steamboats at Keokuk for the settlements along the Des Moines river and towards the plains westward. Those trading posts and settlements demanded large number of teams long since supplanted by railway transportation. We can remember this road as a great thoroughfare when as a boy we fre-

quently stood in the cabin door half a mile away watching the white topped wagons passing out in the open prairie and back to the timber lined river, where now stands the amphitheater of the Big 4 fair ground; and wondered at all, what then seemed to me a wonderful artery of commerce and where it all was destined and when (if ever) it would cease.

One day when about sixteen years of age, while shooting wild pigeons along the creek, I met a couple of the Johnson boys in the same business just below this road crossing, and had a little experience by which I learned a lesson in handling firearms that seemed miraculous at the time I escaped going to the "happy hunting ground" like many boys I have heard of since then. We were all standing talking and I was leaning on my gun with the muzzle under my right shoulder. In shifting my weight from the right foot to the other I raised it letting it down in a way it caught the hammer of the gun throwing it back, and before rebounding, its catching in the half cock notch saved the discharge. By the incline of the gun had it not been for this the whole shoulder and perhaps my head would have been blown off. I relate this incident as a caution to boys with the hope they will bear in mind that before the muzzle of a loaded gun is a dangerous position at any time. In that case I thankfully then and ever afterward remembered this object lesson for carefulness.

The creek that flows through Eldon we used to call "the branch," and the one a mile above on the river "the big branch." The one here had a number of brush thickets on either side of its course through the timber, composed of plum, plum, briar, and hazel bushes. Those often sprang up in clusters around fallen decaying logs and tree tops. This branch I always thought (perhaps from a little boyish adventure) was the most thickly populated snake region in the state of Iowa. Thus unlike peopleless acquainted with its past, I never felt much surprise that rattlesnake extracts still flow down to mingle with the waters about "Sunny Brook" and load the air with their fumes which break out in occasional eruptions making things dangerous for pedestrians to loiter thereabouts.

The summer I was eleven years old, with a younger brother I was gathering blackberries in a briar patch just below the oak tree yet standing near the creek outside the Weist slaughtering pens, stepping on a log intent after some luscious ripe berries along on each side, I was startled and frightened by the sudden shrill whirring

rattle of a large snake on the north side of the log not more than one step in front of me. It was a bouncer, and as I caught sight of its head seemingly reaching up at me, eyes gleaming and forked tongue darting out, none of the present generation except victims now with snakes in their boots, can imagine the effect and the agility I made in getting to safety.

Determined, like the old Latin conqueror "veni! vidi! vici!" I had come, had seen, and I was going to conquer. Although humiliated by a retreat I would return to conquer or die! Disposing my forces (my brother) to beat about the brush and keep the foe in position I withdrew down to the creek bed gathered enough stones to fill my hat and with the ammunition thus loaded returned to make a general assault on the enemy's works. The engagement was short and decisive. The rattler soon gave up the ghost. We hauled him out of his intrenchments for a post mortem. He was a timber reptile of the old fashioned large yellow and spotted variety. Some boys in those days would carry in their pockets perhaps a dozen rattles as trophies of that many big rattlesnakes they had killed. This snake measured as near as I could determine nearly five feet and had just eleven rattles. As each rattle or button meant one year on its growth it was eleven years old. Seeing this coincident with my own age I soon had its rattles off and in my pocket also, so as to show and brag that I had killed a rattlesnake as old as myself.

The rattlesnakes were the most dangerous of any we then had, and I want to say to the boys, if you would escape the danger of being encircled by the ghostly phantoms of their spirits that impregnates every drop of intoxicating liquors shy away off around every place in which they congregate. It would seem that though the ground now teeming with houses, churches and people, would not be so inviting a field for their spiritual abode now as it was then for their natural bodies.

We knew a fellow who lived a little east of Eldon during the wood chopping days who could not enter "Doud's Grocery" without putting himself around a whole lot of this "extract." Flour in those days came in fifty pound tough paper sacks. His wife sent him over one evening on foot to get a sack. Of course to rejuvenate himself with energy and muscle sufficient for "toting" a fifty pound sack of flour home on his shoulder required a little more of "Doud's best" than usual, and by the time he got across the branch on the road just below where the stocks yards now stand near the

edge of a hazel thicket his load got too heavy. There after wobbling a moment he humbly went down in the dust.

Realizing like many another unfortunate drunken booze pilot, that the rudder of his life steamboat was just then too badly out of whack for further navigation, he cast anchor and went into camp for the night. What a fortunate condition! That paper sack of flour made such a good pillow for his head. No doubt he chuckled with satisfaction over his good luck as he adjusted and reclined his receptacle of visionary delights upon it. Then and there amid the balmy cool summer breezes, with moon and stars softly beaming down to keep vigil over his slumbers he was soon snoozing oblivious of what might be.

Just after midnight a heavy rainfall came up soaking into mud the dusty bed he occupied, and melting the pillow to pulp and paste under his head. Of course in his drunken stupor he would frequently turn as the rain drops would cool one side, to let them take the other. About daylight some of the wood haulers going to their work found him staggering along towards home covered with mud and with the worst looking "swell head" even seen on mortal shoulders. About all the flour of that fifty pound sack was done up in a round ball of dough and mud for him to carry home on his head. Ever after that to designate him from his kindred of the same name he wore the lordly title of "Pasty —!"

Persons coming here about 1854 and afterwards know nothing about the road crossing the branch where I have mentioned; for about that time it was fenced out and diverted below the present Round house and along down the river. After the D. V. road was built, upon account of a better crossing of the creek above the railroad the road gradually changed until about the time the Chicago, Rock Island pushed in. Then the present crossing east of the depot was made and the old one on the D. V. track below permanently established.

Dr. W. B. Brownfield was the first permanent resident physician in Eldon. He bought a quarter of a block (familiar to every old resident) north of the D. V. track and east of the Rock Island. He built a house on the southeast corner about thirty years ago, that the present generation can yet look at and form a conception of the finest residence then in Eldon. Dr. Brownfield was one of the early pioneers about Ashland and a successful practitioner. He outlived that town and moved to Eldon when he struck a

place no Methusaleh in his profession can outlast. The old home and the little office on the opposite corner so dilapidated that Dr. Bates its last occupant would not have it, doubtless will soon pass away for better buildings.

He and his wife have long since gone to their rest. They left two daughters and one son. The eldest daughter Ruth married Henry Springer, brother of our old former fellow townsman Geo. W. Springer, and died in Ottumwa many years ago. Mary, the youngest, married a man named Carr, a railroad contractor now in Indiana; and William, the son, never married, but makes his home with his sister and her family. He run on the Rock Island for quite a while as fireman, but unfortunately in jumping from an engine to save himself in a collision he injured one foot so that he has been a confirmed cripple ever since. The company proposed a settlement on terms he thought insufficient and a lawsuit ensued in which he was beaten, never recovering a cent.

The first round house in Eldon was built about where the old "Ritz mill" now stands. It was made of a heavy frame and mostly native lumber boarded box fashion up and down. It was a sight to behold. Two engines could get in it while the balance like some farmer's cattle around a calf house, stood apparently without owners on the side track. The experience of one winter decided the company to erect a comfortable as well as spacious brick on the present location. Of course the extension of the road and consequent increase of business demanded more hostelry room and much additional improvements, which have been made since.

Mrs. Pikeus! don't be too hard "on the old man!" Perhaps the fellow nom de plumed with asterisks is as poor in mathematics one way as he is in the other. By reading my description of the mishap to Mike Shanahan's saloon you will see the date "1872." Now before getting too hostile about poor Pikeus deceiving you regarding his age have Mr. "Asterisk" explain how he deducted 1872 from 1906 leaving "62" as remainder? If he can do that successfully, then he is the chap to tell us "how old is Ann?" and you can wade right in to jerk Pikeus bald-headed for obtaining you as his spouse by such outrageous false pretenses and and lying about his age. But keep that little precocious youngster in the background, and don't get too sanguinary yourself until the fellow self branded "Asterisk" has fully and satisfactorily completed his job! As this "Asterisk" has so ruthlessly stepped

over your domestic threshold to destroy its felicity, go right after him with a club until he makes his words good or the air resonant with repent-

ant noises for "a let up!" Now Mrs. Pikeus we sympathize with you and hope you will rise at once to the occasion.

hotel block was wiped out in 1891. The Eldon Review at that time went up in smoke, except the hard material that went down in Babbit metal and scrap iron. Although it immediately rose from the ashes hardly missing an issue, yet it never refitted as it was before.

EARLY DAY HISTORY OF THE BLACK HAWK SPRINGS

TOGETHER WITH MORE HISTORY OF ELDON'S
NEWSPAPERS IS SUBJECT OF THIS INTERESTING SKETCH.

FOUNDING OF BIG 4 FAIR

Is Also Told In This Article on Early Days of Eldon By
I. T. Flint. Other Interesting Items of Days
of the Years Long Ago.

89

The FORUM publisher by my description of the "Eldon Times" supposed it was the first paper published in Eldon and placed the headlines to the article accordingly, which were erroneous. The first paper was the Eldon Herald established by C. H. Moorehouse the summer of 1873. Although he was a practical printer the town was too small then to afford the luxury, and after about three months struggle for subsistence it "petered out." Two years later (1875) a man named Messick with hindsight better than foresight launched another paper in the literary field here called the "Eldon Messenger." This was a more dismal failure than its predecessor, lasting only six or seven weeks. But I think it was the third, for there was an "Eldon Bee" buzzed around a little while during warm weather that sandwiched itself in somewhere between the final roosting places of those two "early birds."

The paper we described by this would appear as the fourth one instead of the first. Tunis Bentley about a month after its purchase (which would have been dear as a gift) changed its name to a more deceptive one—"Western News!" But he did better as a hind runner than the other three all combined as forerunners, for he ran the paper more than a year and a half selling out in the winter of 1878 to

Jesse Markee who laid it out cold and flat the following spring. Eldon then lived in literary darkness for three years until 1881 when E. H. Thomas, of South Ottumwa, came down and started "The Eldon Review." This was the most permanent and successful of any Eldon ever had. Mr. Thomas was an energetic and practical man who made a lively little journal. In his hands it lasted four years when he sold out to C. E. and L. R. McKinney who stuck to their job over eighteen years, finally disposing of it to the present management that consolidated it with the Forum taking up the latter name. George W. Friend and M. P. Duffield in 1891 purchased the Eldon Graphic of a young man named Murphy who had started the office two or three years previous. Within two years Mr. Friend purchased Duffield's interest and changed the name to Forum. He recently sold to Prof. Akers, who in turn sold to "The Review" publisher, who, more favorably impressed with that name for his paper, the title Review-Democrat was dropped out to assume the "Forum!"

Now if this much of which we have repeated is not enough newspaper history for a town no older than Eldon, we leave the subject for others to supply the missing links. There has never been but one paper damaged by fire, and that was when the Eldon

Previous to this the gum rotted out and the herds of cattle had licked the surface away, including cement around the gum, until nothing but the hole was left out of which the water continued to come forth. The Doctor was a schemer. He reopened it replaced the gum with a well, walled with brick about six feet in the clear. Then ingeniously with underground tiling put in twelve or thirteen smaller wells supplied from the same source, labeling each with different curative names so as to fit all diseases. Thus the afflicted patients could each find a remedy to just fit his case. To say thus for a long time the mineral springs boomed was mildly putting the case, while liberal advertising still further lined his pockets.

The strangest sequel to all this is that after he got everything thoroughly advertised the flow of water began to fail—perhaps because he overdid the thing. There was woe written on the Doctor's countenance. The fountain of his prospective wealth kept on drying up until at last an empty hole with even dust at the bottom was all the hope of future prosperity left that he had to look at. It simply went out of business—joined the procession of the dead never to be seen emerging elsewhere leaving him to hold the sack. Thus it seems nature prepared a trap for Dr. Martin's "get rich quick" scheme that caught him in its jaws as the sorriest victim of them all.

In an early day this spring was a great resort for cattle running in the woods which on account of the salty substance of the water made it a favorite resort. A company by the sobriquet of the "Illinois Salt company!" was formed with the object of erecting salt works. They had Josh Miller there for weeks boiling the water in big iron kettles to test the value of their find. To begin with they dug a hole in the ground six or seven feet deep, secured a gum made from a hollow tree and stuck it down in the hole, then cemented all around it leaving three or four feet above ground to dip the water from.

It proved a failure. A whole kettle full boiled away only left a thin crust about as thick as a man's thumb nail incrustated on the kettle. It was a dismal failure and was abandoned.

The land was abandoned, part was sold for taxes, and it was divided up among adjoining owners. When Dr. Martin came in with his scheme and bought up the spring with adjoining grounds and started his great sanatorium.

The once famed Blackhawk Mineral Springs considered then a valuable adjunct of Eldon, although located three or four miles away over in Davis county, has long since gone in the procession of the other once roseate but now defunct Eldon enterprises. The craze to rejuvenate by drinking water with a natural nasty mineral taste has found out at last is not half as effective as a few "good snorts" from snake rum. Hence patronage dwindled away to be doubled up on something surer nearer the business center of the city. Thus rapidly sliding down the scale of adversity Dr. D. O. Martin sold his mineral plant and skipped out to better fields where snake bites were not so numerous.

Recently the once magnificent hotel and fine laboratory was sold to be reinstated by a farm house, the lawns, walks and trees are mostly converted into fields and garden, fruits and orchards. For awhile by persistent advertising Dr. Martin had numbers of afflicted people alighting from the trains at Eldon zealous to try the wonderful curative powers of the Blackhawk springs, while hundreds of others who couldn't get here were ordering it shipped to them in barrels, kegs and jugs. If there was any curative powers in imagination Dr. Martin by his special methods of cheap gab and advertising alone, without a water saving virtue has cured his thousands. He was a very useful man also in a general way, talented and energetic. Whatever we may say about the virtues of the mineral springs we cannot accuse him of getting rich from them at least.

The celebrated "Big 4" Fair Association was organized in 1890 by a small coterie of wide awake citizens who met in J. E. Houghland's office. They immediately set at work procuring subscription for stock, purchased the present site on the river adjoining town and held their first "Big 4" Fair. The term "Big 4" was adopted because almost in the corner of Jefferson, Van Buren, Davis and Wapello counties it represented the four, and received its patronage and attendance from all of them. Herein lies the strength and support of the "Big 4". There is not a prettier or more naturally convenient Fair ground in the state of Iowa. The cool clear waters of the Des Moines with its timber lined banks, the pleasant grove, blue

grass sward and romantic agricultural scenery presents the most inviting spot the fastidious heart could wish, in which to meet our friends and the great throngs that annually assemble there. Eldon can well thank the men comprising the Association as well as its founders who so wise and promptly pounced upon this Elysian spot to permanently locate the greatest of any of Eldon's institutions. Its Annual Fairs have no equal except the State Fair, and all, both young and old, have grown to look forward wistfully for each annual recurrence of its meetings.

Beside this the grounds are so convenient and are used for celebrations, parades, gun-club shooting, in fact various ways for the public good. The first celebration of Independence day was held there in 1892 under the auspices of the G. A. R. Ever since, Eldon has and perhaps ever will under the present management use it whenever needed for such purposes. At that time it was estimated over ten thousand people were in attendance. And year by year such assemblies increase.

About 1892 J. E. Houghland and others organized a development company or association, with the object of "securing and locating various manufacturing," etc. This association has worked hard enough to put Eldon to the front, but has been very unfortunate in not securing the needful support of public interest as well as being the victim of circumstances, yet there has been much good also resulted from their methods.

The first brick plant in Eldon was erected and put in operation in 1882 by W. D. and J. E. Houghland Brothers. They came here in 1879, and soon became interested in speculative enterprises. Brick being so essential in the building of the place, after close inspection of the material essential for their manufacture the site upon which the present fine brick plant has recently been established, the two brothers sent off for the machinery, presses, etc., and established a press brick factory. Joe Hunnell's brick store building, the FORUM office, and a number of houses now standing were built from the material manufactured by this yard.

Eventually by changing ownership and ill luck, it gradually deteriorated until at last it closed out and quit work. For several years it remained a lot of scrap iron and decaying timbers, until falling into the hands of the Trott Brothers the debris was cleared away to erect a firm second we believe to none in the state. The present owners who have invested a large

amount of capital in the enterprise obtained the best experts to be had to test the clay around the site of the city, and after every essential test was tried decided this was the best quality to be had. Such work proved that the two brothers knew what they were doing when starting the work a quarter of a century ago.

The same year the first Eldon Silver cornet band was organized with J. E. Houghland as leader. This organization became at once the great attraction at 4th of July celebrations and Soldiers' reunions; also some years later indispensable for the Big 4 Fair association. From that day to the present, although constant changes necessarily go on yet the "Eldon Cornet band" is an institution that has developed into a state of perfection which we all feel a certain degree of pride in, and it need not take a back seat for any.

While E. H. Thomas was publishing the little Eldon Messenger in 1879 he agitated the river bridge question here until the county board granted the petition and the present site located and on which the old bridge was built that since has been replaced by the present substantial iron structure. Many years ago the old soldiers organized, purchased the lot on which the Baptist church now stands, and built a Grand Army hall. It did not prove a very profitable investment, and eventually was sold to J. E. Houghland who converted it into an Opera hall. But later on, after David McHaffey built the large brick store structures on the corner and constructed the spacious "McHaffey Opera house" above them, Houghland's business in that line was "in the soup," and he sold the whole thing to the Baptist church for \$300.

The first organizers of "Hotel Eldon" were E. P. Howard and W. C. Linton. Bradley's Bank (now 1st National) was established here in 1891 and the Eldon Savings Bank several years later. W. G. Crow was the most conspicuous in the formation of soldiers organizations, G. A. R. reunions and other interests here. As a conspicuous leader he is always to the front. He also had much to do with the building and maintaining of the M. E. church (as we understand) superintending the construction of the building and its later additions and improvements. Always active at the "Big 4" for a long time he was president of the association, also representative in the state legislature. The late George Earhart, Joe Hunnell, Rhinehart Ritz, and men of capital who foresaw the future of Eldon have devoted their capital and energy to

making what it is have had much to do in its march of progress. When J. E. Houghland of the "Development company" returned from a conference with the aged millionaire banker Bradley, they pitched into subscribing stock and soon the charter came that merged the "Bradley" into the "First National Bank of Eldon." The same enterprising spirit gave us the second (Savings) bank.

There is too much of a seemingly studied disposition coupled with an inherent nature in man to ignore the merits and sacrifices of progressive pioneers of progress—so much so that their labors go unrewarded and forgotten. The Saviour thus gave as a heaven born adage: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country!" And a great philosophic statesman of the past century exclaimed, "Republics are ungrateful!" There has been many misdirected efforts here as are always displayed in the growth of towns. "He ought to have known better!" is about all the sympathy the unfortunate gets for his loss and consequent failure. No matter how laudable his intention he is never thought of afterward except with derision and ridicule.

Numbers of such failures on those lines are contained in the history of Eldon. Conspicuous among them were the "Eldon Roller Mills!" Those mills were erected by Rhinehart Ritz from the material of the old "Selma Flouring Mills," torn down, moved here, and the latest improved machinery for the Roller process placed in the building. The mill was fine and costly enough for a prolific wheat country, but in a locality where a wheatfield would look as strange in contrast to its surroundings as "an oasis in a desert," though ever so splendid it was "dead property," and was soon dismantled and the flouring interior works shipped to Oklahoma where the material it masticates into flour is produced. At last the building is destined to pass away as old rubbish.

Another scheme of a similar nature was the Ax Handle factory which the Development company induced to be planted here. It began in 1898 under the most favorable auspices seemingly but in a few years the supply of material was exhausted, and it also skipped the town. The Pickle factory still lingers, but in these times of strenuous prosperity people do not like to bend their backs in the hot summer suns raising and picking pickles, and it begins to assume the hues of a doubtful longevity. Even the "Chinese washee" eked out a living until the rapid whirr buzz flapping and cracking of the steam

laundry set up its fumes and music. This was too much for "Wau Ling" who struck out for the less progressive west to escape, but the Melican man's dishrags and soap were soon

right at his heels. Now they are both over the divide, one about as rich as the other, and both lucky no stray bullets are catching up with them.

HOW FARM LANDS HAVE INCREASED YEAR BY YEAR IN VALUE NEAR ELDON

A COMPARISON OF PRICES NOW WITH THE PRICES
NAMED IN THIS ARTICLE SHOWS A WON-
DERFUL INCREASE IN VALUE.

SHORT STORIES OF EARLY ELDON

Flint Tells of His First Political Discussion and of the First
Mail Order Business Done Here.

90.

Long ago the banks locating here here affording easy facilities for people to obtain money, the Loan and Building associations—pioneers of the banking enterprises, have about all gone out of business. Besides this the methods of some (like the "Fidelity") through gross corruption of an official or two scalped the poor debtors so completely they are in too great a disfavor to ever get a very extensive grip on Eldon again.

As a curiosity for comparison in the price of farm lands then with present times, we will quote from a few farms J. E. Houghland had on his list advertised for sale once. Many who read them will perhaps recognize their locations and can compare what they were offered at thirteen years ago and what they would sell for now:

No. 68.—40 $\frac{1}{2}$ acre fruit farm; 2 story house, all fenced, half mile from depot. Price, \$50 per acre; a great bargain.

No. 69.—170 acres; improved with buildings; a fine farm for stock raising. Can be had at \$30 per acre if taken soon.

No. 70.—248 acres; a choice stock farm; can't be excelled anywhere; living springs; all necessary buildings. Price, \$37.25 per acre. Three miles southeast of Eldon.

No. 71.—122 acres; will be sold in two parts of 56 and 66 each; one mile north of Eldon. Price, \$26.50 per acre.

No. 72.—112 acres; a choice farm; has buildings needed; all fenced; plenty

of water. Price, \$31.25 per acre

No. 73.—196 acres. This is one of the best farms in Iowa; bottom land and timber; good large house and barns; a splendid location. Don't fail to see this farm. Price, \$45 per acre.

No. 74.—139 acres; a stock farm, 35 acres in timber, 10 in plow and balance in grass. Price, \$41 per acre.

No. 75.—12 acres; fruit farm; adjoining the town of Eldon. A bargain at \$24.50.

No. 76.—75 acres; a small farm that will suit a person with small means; five miles south of Eldon. Price, \$20 per acre.

No. 77.—190 acres; 120 under plow, 30 to grass, 40 timber; good house, barns, fruit, etc.; one mile of depot, Laddsdale, and three miles of Eldon.

No. 78.—160 acres; one mile of Eldon; part under plow; a splendid piece of land for a farm. Price, \$25 per acre.

We believe Harry Flint is the oldest of Eldon's native born engineers on the Rock Island railroad. He was born here near the last day of December, 1867. Notwithstanding the fact that his parents moved first to Ottumwa, (his father being an engineer on the "Q.") by the time he was entitled to his first vote, as a fireman he was off in the big strike of 1888, married, and living here firing for the Rock Island, and cast his first vote in 1889. As the local candidates on each side were in painful suspense as to final results, and all doubtful of which side he was going to vote, for he was

promptly challenged. A certain friend of his had been there bright and early to tell him how to vote. To him this was rubbing it in a little too strong. He was decided from that moment, and went to a fellow distributing just the opposite party ticket, he procured one, and in the face of the challenger stated he was born within fifty yards of the polls, and had two or three witnesses to prove it. To this one of the judges replied, "and I am another one!" his vote was dropped in the ballot box. That was the result of one overzealous party worker rubbing the wool the wrong way.

Harry began work firing on the C., B. & Q. as soon as he was large enough to shovel coal, and comes as near being a veteran railroader for his age, as any one who pulls the throttle—never having followed anything else. Of course we have older engineers here, and men who have been much longer in the employ of the Rock Island. We know of two or three who worked on the road in the days when they made steam by burning wood instead of coal. There are many railroad men nowadays to whom the manipulation of that kind of fuel, and coming down grades without airbrakes as well as checking and stopping trains without those appliances also, would not only be interesting but the way it sometimes got the manipulator "in a pickle" would be quite amusing. If our railroad friends will keep an ear close to the ground "one of these times now pretty soon" they'll hear something funny serious and dramatic "drap" along these lines.

The Eldon Stock Yards had considerable trouble in getting their boundary lines established. John Drake, (senior), had a residence up near where the office building now stands. He had to be placated and bought out; then the switch yards and grounds had to be considered while the city street east and west must be provided for. All this with the building of sheds, improvements, etc., made times pretty lively for awhile thereabouts. While under the control of Henry Baker the stock yards made a great demand for feed. But since then the railroad company having provided another place further on for shippers accommodation that business has considerably lessened.

The first "Male Order" package discovered in Eldon was by Nicholas Wycoff the spring of 1843, and that on "the branch" too, in the hollow of an old white oak tree on the north side of the first road crossing the creek a hundred yards or more above the Ritz mill. I remember when riding with the old man to Ashland as we

came to the old scrubby looking oak at the top of the hill he stopped, and after sizing up the tree a moment as though looking for some of the changes time might have brought, he told the story as near as memory now serves me, substantially as follows:

"I was returning from the Agency (Agency City) where the Indians had met that day in one body for the last time on the "new purchase" to receive their annuity, and bid farewell to their old homes. After crossing the branch just at the top of the hill I noticed a young rabbit hop around that tree, and intent on a fry for supper I dismounted thinking it had run in the hole there at the root and I could reach up and pull it out. On putting my hand in for that purpose I felt something soft which I clutched, but instead of jerking bunny out I brought out a package of articles done up in a new red cotton handkerchief. The largest and most suggestive of these was a quart bottle of whiskey (and Eldon is still Eldon!) another was red lead wrapped up in brown paper, a few beads and brass trinkets, etc."

Wycoff said the package looked too fresh and clean to have been in there very long, and at the time, he believed some Indian ahead of him who was also returning from the Agency had hid it there. Perhaps at this place his attention was attracted by some kind of game which to save carrying he hid in the tree and started out through the woods in pursuit. He said he thought it would fit his business better than a dirty Indian's so he took it home with him.

I asked him if that was right. "Yes my boy!" he replied. "Indians steal, and it is right to take anything you can get from an Indian." As I did not then know how to overcome his frontier logic he went on; "That miserable redskin would have gone home, got on a big drunk from the bottle, beat his squaw, perhaps mauled his whole family and perhaps laid around a miserable wretch for days! While I—well I just needed it to cure ague, colds and snake bites! etc." "What about the handkerchief, paint and trinkets." "Well," he said, "don't you know everybody needs paint for plows and wagons? I just took that too; and the trinkets don't do an Indian any good, my children needed them while the handkerchief might have helped him a little but he could wipe his nose on his breech clout!" There my queries were exhausted and I gave it up.

Memories of boyhood days to the average person is more interesting and

enchanting than any period of one's life, and its transpiring incidents more deep and firmly impressed on the mind. In my narratives of early days in Iowa, because I have frequently woven preceding history leading up to certain events I have inadvertently set some to amusing themselves by guessing at my age. For their benefit before going any farther and to save lots of figuring and conjuring up dates I must refer them to the old family record kept by my parents, which as an heirloom I have in possession yet, and they are welcome to come and examine it any time singly or as a committee of the whole.

By this I was born April 18th, 1839, in Butler county, Ohio, and as they seem good in figuring, they can now cipher out my age to suit themselves. If they want to go back to the beginning of Time, as their method seems for settling one's age because he writes historical events, they can put me back in the garden of Eden with Adam himself; which, of all my follies I was the biggest fool in the world for leaving and coming to this place. But if they will read why Adam got lifted out of a good thing they can easily account for why I had to settle in Eldon to live.

Unfortunately after I reached this spot as soon as I began to read the history of our nation, its early struggles for liberty became to me a fascinating study, and here one night in the little cabin where Loftiss then lived in 1848 (now figure my age again) I had my first dispute on politics. (Poetic evidence of presumption and precocity). Loftiss was a whig and my people were democrats. This was in the fall of the year. He had a boy four years my senior named Daniel, to whom I was greatly attached, but I don't think he was any kin to the old prophet, or else I was a very wicked boy to take issue with him. General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was the democratic candidate for President of the United States, and General Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, the Whig candidate.

One of those beautiful autumn evenings just before the election. Daniel came up to our house for some medicine and brought me a "Rough and Ready Songster (Whig Glee club song book) to read. It was filled with ditties about the Mexican war in general and General Taylor in particular. About the time I became absorbed in the glories of "old Rough and Ready" my father spied me reading the book and asked to look at it. Turning the leaves over a moment he broke out in a big laugh: "Where did you get this?" he inquired. I told him. "Well," he

said with a broad grin: "My boy, I think you are beginning to study politics a little early? Don't you think you could find something more instructive than this for the present? (still turning the leaves of the book.) "Here!" he said, as he opened to a certain ditty. If you are going to sing for the whigs let's here you open up on this song!"

Of course it was all fun for him, but I felt very much like Escop's fable of the poor frogs, it was death to me. I soon got very inquisitive though, and before Daniel came back again had "pumped" all the information from my father I could get on his side of the case, and was loaded for the prophet himself. Daniel came for more medicine one evening about a week after that, and insisted on my going back home with him to stay all night. My parents consented and we went away as happy as two boys could well be. But I was so impatient to outlimber my democratic batteries of information on him regarding the merits of "Rough and Ready" that I could hardly wait a fair chance to begin.

But Daniel's mind was so intent on play and fun it did not strike that lead until after we had gone to bed for the night. About the time we had crawled in and pulled the covers over us he inquired if I had read that book through yet and what I thought of it. Then I cut loose rather mildly at first to which he replied until the debate was opened in earnest and we both grew a little warmer until our animal heat grew so intense we didn't need any cover and the tone of our voices made it a bad night for sleeping. The old man called us down to moderation, but we soon forgot and the night became hideous again. Had he not threatened to get up and spank both of us there has never been a doubt in my mind we would have presented the first theatrical entertainment in Eldon by trying something of that kind ourselves.

But like all boys quarreling about things they know nothing about as well as those they do, we had to quit, feeling much worse mentally than we would have felt physically had we tempted the old man a little farther. We both tumbled around restlessly a little while and went to sleep. With a loud whoop right in our ears early the next morning Loftiss awoke us for breakfast so suddenly we sprang up each staring at the other so comically both had to laugh. Our boyhood affections went on just the same, and thus early we learned the lesson which some older persons yet find hard to understand, that though wide our dif-

ferences of opinion man's worth to his fellow man consists in what enjoyments he can afford him.

Before the age of manhood this one of my dearest loved playmates was taken away by him who never returns his gains, and now the face and form that was my ideal is only clay again of the earth. Yet there will linger while life remains many sweet memories of

the pleasures his devoted friendship gave incidentally to my early surroundings. Sociability and kindness thus always leave memorials remembered with gratitude; while vice and turbulence remain in recollection only with disgust and contempt long after the actors have moldered back to earth again.

MANY ELDON CITIZENS RECEIVE A SEVERE SHAKING UP

STORIES ABOUT HOW THE EARLY SETTLERS OF
ELDON AND VICINITY SUFFERED WITH
THE AGUE

NOBODY WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED

I. T. Flint Pen Pictures Some Laughable Incidents Regarding the Vexations of the Pioneers of This Community.

91.

We could present instances of the health and food capacity of the early denizens in the first days of Eldon that would be amusing as well as interesting, without excepting even the writers modest self. Such things prove also our natural advantages and gives the foreigner an idea of the health invigorating qualities of the Des Moines river water and is a good advertisement for the location of our robustuous rapidly growing young city. Consequently without mentioning names (for the writer does not wish to have fellows go to work proving him to have been the chief hero in the comedy himself) here goes:

A certain number of ladies engaged to raise a benefit fund by holding a ten cent lunch supper, consisting of a cup of coffee, a sandwich, and some other bon bons and nicknacks, each furnishing a certain part. As they were to meet at the house of one of the good members of the church, the lady host baked a lot of light bread and saved a pile of large light biscuit for her part of the sandwiches. Before the other ladies got there with

their supplies quite a number of guests had collected in, and among them was our hero whom for his sake we will call Tom Toodles.

Toodles had a wonderfully elastic "stretch and give" for good grub. At the mention of the table being ready down he sat as though especially cut out for the place. One of those sandwiches nearly six inches thick, around a big slice of sugar cured ham went at about two bites, with half a cup of coffee floating each one down to their final destination before the other astonished guests had began to fairly nibble at theirs. Then another soon followed suit interspersed between acts with a quarter of a pie or more and cake, jelly and preserves to give them a moderate ballast.

There is always some fellow at such a place with a curiosity that looks after other people's business more than his own. Struck with such voracity above that of the average Eldonite he took out a memorandum book unobserved and kept tab on the disappearing supplies of material sliding off so rapidly by the roadway to health

and longevity of our hero. Retiring afterwards to foot it up he made the following showing: "Nearly half loaf sandwiches, seven! Full cups of coffee, four! Pie, seven quarters. One whole cake, jells and sweet meats, one quart," etc., etc.

At the conclusion Toodles leaned back rubbing his stomach down with one hand and a self satisfied grunt, wiping his whiskers and stroking them down with the other, he exclaimed: "Well, such a supper as that for ten cents is cheap enough for anybody, and I believe everybody ought to go there and help the ladies out in their laudable work for church benefits!" As no one could say a word in objection, he departed undoubtedly feeling that he had established a reputation as one of Eldon's foremost benefactors. But the hostess was credited after he left with saying, "the most of people here always have good appetites, but I hope the next time Toodles gets around our way he will leave at least three-quarters of his at home!" We mention this incident that people abroad who invite an Eldon man to dine with them may know how to provide for coming events.

There are few people about Eldon now who ever fell right down in a regular old-fashioned ague fit. Some may have known such things to happen, others have heard of it, but nobody's jaws chatter with it now, nor is any victim doubled up like a jack knife emitting groans, contortions and sputtering outbroken fragments of comedy and vivid snatches of elementary elocution from its attacks. One has to fall in the arms of the real thing before he knows how good are its feelings.

Away back in the early 60's a robust young fellow we shall call "Bill" married a girl nicknamed Mary. That summer Mary took down with this popular malady called ague. When her teeth would begin to chatter, no matter how hot the day Mary would have to go to bed and cover up to keep warm. About ten o'clock every other day Mary would take down with the chill to be followed by a high fever. By night all was right again except weakness, and when Bill came in from the field, put his team away, did his chores and got in for supper Mary had everything "just right" and seemingly as happy as ever.

There is but few plagues more distressing than one of those short ague "shake 'em up," and a few hours of bone break fever that follows, yet none die from it until it merges eventually into something else. One day things out doors did not go just right

with Bill, and coming in for dinner he found it was his wife's "off day," and she was in bed groaning with the ague, while he had to again fix up his meal. All out of sorts anyhow he went to work, but the continuous complaints of his wife so tried his patience he exclaimed, "Why, Mary, there is no use making so much fuss about the ague, it never kills anybody!"

Mary was in no condition just then for a satisfactory retort, but knowing that what he said about ague never killing anybody was true, she also knew "it is a long lane that has no turn!" she bided her time. And it came sooner than Bill himself expected it. He had been looking forward for quite a while to take a night with one of his chums with a trot line and skiff and set the line across a hole then six or seven feet deep just above the mouth of "sunnybrook" or the "branch." At last the time came so also did the two merry fishermen with their half gallon angle worms and line. It was a gay old time they had and about twenty-five pound of fish to carry home at the finish in "the wee sma' hours of the morn!" But the fermentation of river water then didn't kill ague germs.

Soap creek bottom was one dense forest, and undergrowth shading big ponds and sloughs breeding ague microbes by the ton, while this side just then was little better, and the low sluggish Des Moines river the best catch all for malaria in the whole business. They each wended their way home the next morning proud as warriors with the trophies of their skill—enough fish for a whole week. But alas, for poor Bill! He came in from the field about ten o'clock the picture of distress. "What's the matter, Bill?" inquired the anxious wife. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I am so cold and feel shaky and sick all over. I must lie down! I just feel like I will die! Oh, my head! cover me up, Mary, cover me up! oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Vengeance is sweet, especially with a woman who has in any way been scorned. "Oh, hush up, Bill, hush up; it is only the ague!" was the quick retort and total want of sympathy when he so needed the attention, consolation and affection of the former "joys of his life." But it was only "hush up Bill; why the neighbors will hear you taking on so! It's only the ague! The ague never kills anybody! For mercy sake, don't act the baby that way Bill! Such a little thing as that to fuss about, why I'm ashamed of you! Why you'll not die. Who ever heard of anybody dying with the ague?" etc., etc.

It was a take down Bill never expected, and cured him good of saying "the ague didn't kill anybody!" It is like the jumping toothache that never kills, but while it lasts it makes one feel almost like in his case he wishes it did. Bill got medicine at last that cured him, and has realized they both told the truth about its effects. He is still living, but Mary after reaching her three score and ten years of a pleasant life, was laid away during the early spring of last year near the home of her married daughter by the side of her first grandchild in the far west, where they had followed migrating children, the son as a lawyer, and the daughter whose husband is a prosperous cattleman.

James H. Cartwright, John Mulvaney's ideal for "Judge Lynch" was a curious composition of human nature. He lost his leg by its being shattered during a Fourth of July celebration in New York in 1826. This resulted from too much knowledge and consequent rashness in the artillery business. The piece he was handling burst and thus crippled him for life. In the "Rule of Three" experiences he could stack up with any ordinary competitor.

His leg was amputated three times and he used up three wooden legs. Three times he ventured on the matrimonial stage, and three times lost a wife, and left here with the declaration that he was yet good enough for three more wives. Was city assessor here three times, had been recorder in Agency township three times before coming here, and was "justice of the peace" in this place three times since then. Notary public three years, and past his three score and ten. Wherever he went, doubtless he still went by three's, and if yet living we will wager he still lives by absorbing his three meals a day.

SOME NAUGHTY BOYS RECEIVE PUNISHMENT FOR SUNDAY SWIMMING

THOSE WHOSE BACKS WERE NOT BLISTERED BY
OLD SOL GOT BLISTERED BY THE OLD MAN
WHEN THEY GOT HOME.

BOYHOOD DAYS DOWN ON THE FARM

Story of a Hunting Trip In Which Tame Turkey's Were
Killed For Wild Ones. Boyish Pranks of Early
Days—By I. T. Flint.

92.

The summer of 1850 was one of unusual interest to my father and his immediate neighbors, for there was something doing that attracted attention. We had decided to build the grandest palatial residence ever dreamed of by the whole country around. It still stands half a mile east of Eldon on the present Remington & Baker place, (though considerably the worse by wear) so the reader can see what it took to make "the grandest palatial residence" and one of the most talked of sensations of the day.

As I have before mentioned about the old brickyard, my recalling this now is simply because being in my twelfth year I was utilized to perform (what I then thought under a boiling hot summer sun) to do about the most laborious of all the mechanical work—"edge up brick" on the yard. Milton Garrison and Bill Lanman, three or four years my seniors did the offbearing—that is, in alternating turns picked up the molds containing four "slap brick" each, carrying them at the proper distance and by a sudden whirl landing the mold bottom side up, drawing or sliding the bottom off, raising the mold and leaving the four brick in the long rows thus made on the smooth yard. After drying to a certain stage my business was to turn them up on edge so they would dry through.

There was a certain adventure I got mixed up in that for one solid week made the work to the three boys of us, painfully interesting and instruc-

tive lessons. On Sundays our parents would go off some place to meeting, generally leaving their youthful sprigs to look after things at home. Like union men of today we were pretty well organized, and on those occasions came a general meeting of our own in the neighborhood, when we would all go off on a strike. But we always managed to be in our places innocent as the proverbial lamb by the time they got home. But the one now in question, instead of to the woods climbing trees, etc., the proposition was to lave in the sparkling waters of the Des Moines below Eldon, which were then softly rippling over stones on its pebbly bed in sweet cadences, an accompaniment to the chatter of thirty as mischievous fun loving urchins as ever gathered along its banks.

The sun was hot, but the shady trees were so cool and inviting while the water seemed dancing in delight as if inviting us to "join in!" That was just what we were there for, and it did not need frame words to that effect for we soon had doffed our uniforms and "joined in," making the "rippling" into such unearthly splashes of boisterous ingratitude and rudeness to our host as it had not enjoyed since the spring freshet. The water was very shallow, and in the deepest places we could only get our entire anatomy out of sight. As we had several hours and then get home on time, we made good use of it. The larger boys would hunt out the deepest places while the smaller ones would lay on the sand beds with backs above water splash-

ing and throwing sand over each other, etc.

We kept an eye on the movements of the sun about what time to don our garments and make a sure thing of getting home before the old folks got there, and from the sequel the sun kept an eye on us so as to leave certain painful "re-marks" on us, so the old folks would be sure to know that he had not entirely forgotten his business connection of taking care of bad boys away from shelter and home corrections.

As stated we were all home and in our respective places on time our parents temporarily none the wiser by our escapade. The ancestral part of the household awakened though about the time in the night slumber becomes the soundest and sweetest, by the cry and moans of the smaller urchin.

(The larger ones could "grin and bear it" rather than risk consequences). "What's the matter there?" usually came the demand from pater familias, who was angered from missing part of a pleasant dream or such a sudden jerk out of the arms of Morpheus. But the loving maternal partner of his was out instanter with the consoling query: "What is the matter with my poor darling boy?" etc.

The "poor darling" boy was found lying on his face with his naked feverish back that had better taken the rod red, as a boiled lobster, drinking in the balmy cool summer air and a piteous voice calling for more. It was not a bad case of sunstroke exactly, but a corker on sun burn. Then mother was soon bathing with the best cream in the house the affected part, that a little hickory oil perhaps would have done more to thoroughly conquer rebellion against home rule. The paternal Dad stopped snoring just about long enough to take in the situation and simply (to us soothingly), articulate, "Well that just saves me the job of having to make their backs sore in the morning!" and rolling over again on the other side with a self satisfied grunt he went to "sawing wood" louder than ever.

The next day, could that drove of boys been gotten together, for numbers we could safely defy the universe to match such a doleful looking and ridiculous gang of country gamins. Each one's entire back from the neck clear below the spine was from perhaps five hundred to one thousand and one blisters ranging in size from a pin head to a walnut. As I could not get around to count mine, by imagination each one seemed as big as a bucket. But with all our painful feelings, expressions of countenances, and silent

demeanor we could safely challenge anybody to lead any straighter or more upright walk.

But the reason for this was not as one might suppose because of pride or goodness of heart. We all wore home-made suspenders in those days, and when you met a boy the day after this swim leaning backward as though he was liable to fall the way he was leaning, you could safely bet that he was one of the gang. Each boy had to tie his suspenders around the waist of his trousers, and that also was a constant painful reminder of what had been, but otherwise they were still harder on the back, and even sitting down made one often start up with painful reminiscences.

But the offbearers and myself did not stand half the chance to escape affliction some of the other boys did. We had to be on the brick yard and bent to our work by 7 o'clock a. m. until 6 p. m. By night the larger blisters had yielded to the pressure, and for myself the continuous smarting sensations almost made me bellow right out. Father was awake to the situation, and by the exchange of glances and amused looks between he and the men on the job, I easily imagined I was the boy furnishing the fun. At night as we quit, on the way home he called me up to him and asked me what was the matter. I "looked so mopey all day!" I told him I was not well and wanted to know if he could not "let me lay off tomorrow?"

"Oh, no, my boy!" he answered mildly, but I think I can fix up some medicine tonight that will fix you up all right!" When supper time came he advised me not to eat much for he wanted to give me an emetic, and it would be so much worse on a full stomach. Here I found I was up against it, and protested that I was hungry. If there was anything that would ever make a hungry boy give himself away this did the work. "What!" he exclaimed, "sick and hungry!" "How's that? Whereabouts are you sick?" I had not only to confess up, and before the whole crowd he examined my back, saying that was better than he could have done it himself.

It was the most painful humiliation and punishment I ever had in my life. I did not entirely recover for fully two weeks, and "as misery likes company" my only comforters were the two offbearers who were in the same fix. But with all our gambling and ablutions in the Des Moines through after years, we never gave "Old Sol" another such a whack at us again, and hope our experience may prove useful to younger

kids of today.

Receiving a letter from my youngest brother W. T. Flint (who is a passenger engineer on the M. K. & T. road from Smithville to San Antonio, Texas,) the other day, his interest in the "Early Days" awoke reminiscences of which he jotted one or two down that without consulting him I shall have to give as one of the amusing tricks boys sometimes played. Elviah Garrison who lived in the woods a mile and a half east of here, although at the time about fifty-four years old, was always a boy with the boys, and as full of tricks as any of them. Consequently the boys did not hesitate to turn the tables on him whenever opportunities presented. Here I shall let the narrator's story begin in his own words:

"And there is another circumstance or piece or mischief that I was connected with. I expect I have told you about it. Jim and Dave Fisher and I went turkey hunting one moonlight night. I had an old musket, and the Fisher boys each carried a rifle. I shot the first turkey, a large fellow. It being a hard matter to get the moon and the turkeys in range the boys had no success with their rifles, so I loaned the musket to Jim and he got one.

Dave swore he would not go home until he got a turkey too. By this time we had got in the vicinity of Elviah Garrison's. Dave swore that Elviah had raised some turkeys from wild eggs and he was going to have one. We went up to his barn lot and could see the turkeys in a tree about thirty feet from the front door. Dave took the old musket and crept up under the tree.

It was a still, frosty night, and the gun had about four fingers of powder and the same amount of turkey shot in it. When he turned it loose one would have thought it was a forty pounder. The turkey came straight down and Dave caught it on the bounce. He made about ten good jumps and was outside the lot where we were lying.

About the time he fell on the ground to escape sight the door opened and a white object appeared. We would probably have taken it for a ghost if it hadn't been for the long gun it had in its hands. We laid low until it went back to get its pantaloons, and then just split a road through the brush getting out of range.

I often heard Elviah relate the circumstance about how somebody shot and got away with a big turkey off of his roost. One day when we all happened to be together, he said that he would like to know who the fellow was that had the sand to play him

such a trick. We told him it would only make him mad at the fellow if he knew who it was. He declared up and down it wouldn't, but it was a good joke and he would like for pure curiosity to know who could play it so well. Then we told him, and after a good hearty laugh he said, "Well, boys, I would certainly have got a hide could I only reached the door in time before he got under cover."

"Jim Fisher" resides in Eldon now, and related this same story to me years ago. One to look at him would not think as a boy soon after this event, he would be employed to trudge on foot from here to Boise City, Idaho, with a long whip stock and heavy lash on his shoulder, driving several yoke of cattle to a freight wagon in an ox train of nearly two hundred wagons. Then from there to Salt Lake to work for Brigham Young, and from there on foot and alone, "hoof it" over the desert plains and prairies back to Iowa again. Yet this in brief is the way three years of his early life was spent.

From the time we built our "big brick house" in 1850 Ephraim Cummins who lived only about three hundred yards east in his log cabin with frame addition, could not look over our way without evident feelings of envy. But we had gotten the start of him, and there was no way for him to get brick to build a house without just going to work like we did and burn them. And at that time any kind of a big house but brick was counted but second class. The brick was the whole thing.

Cummins bided his time and with the help of his boys gradually got his cordwood cut and hauled to the chosen spot about where C. D. Sharp's coal shaft is now located. By 1856 he had the brick burned and ready to commence building the next year. He said if he did have to wait longer he was going to have the biggest house anyhow, so he came over and carefully measured the dimensions of ours and built his walls one inch larger each way. Ever after that if any of us mentioned with self satisfaction about our house he would say: "Well boys, your house isn't as big as mine, just measure it and come over and see!"

Mr. Cummins was full of eccentricities, but always a good honest neighbor, although outspoken his droll and amusing way of putting things was so commonly understood by his immediate neighbors nobody took offense at him. For illustration we will relate an anecdote of him that occurred about the midst of the civil war early in 1864 when public sentiment was up to fever heat and all kinds of abuse

and epithets were rife against a man who dared open his mouth against the administration.

To obtain revenue everything was taxed almost that man had to buy or use, in some form, and all notes, deeds mortgages, etc., had to come under the tax. Cummins had an instrument to place on record—I think a deed, which necessitated a trip to Ottumwa. The county officers always kept the recently established revenue stamps on hand for such purposes. Cummins entered the Recorder's office where several were lounging around, and after the usual salutation with a merry twinkle of the eye for fun. At that time everybody who took issue with the president was called a traitor to the government, and this incited democrats to style the president in returning ridicule as "the government."

"Have you any Lincoln scabs?"

"What!"

"I say have you any Lincoln scabs?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean!"

was the reply of the astonished custodian of the county records.

"Well I mean just what I say. Have you any Lincoln scabs?"

The Recorder looked at him in a dazed kind of a manner, while the bystanders seemed pityingly watching him as though he was a hopeless lunatic that had escaped from an asylum or had become loony after coming into town.

At last recovering his composure the Recorder asked him what he meant by "Lincoln scabs?"

"Why," (replied Cummins after he saw the success of the joke had created the desired effect so far) "isn't Mr. Lincoln the government? And didn't the government make a law for us fellows to pay so much tax on every trade we made? And didn't the government make a law that we had to buy stamps from you to put on all the contracts we made, and didn't the government put paste on one side for us to lick and make it stick? And is not every one of those we lick and stick then dead? Doesn't a scab stick? Then isn't every stamp a Lincoln scab?"

Here amid a sudden uproarious laugh and clapping of hands he concluded his speech by saying, "Now give me a Lincoln scab!" The Recorder then understood him.

mouth of Bad Ax, on the east side of the Mississippi river, where that noted warrior was defeated. Black Hawk was then in his prime and the chief of his tribe in Wisconsin. He there described the defeat of his people, under the leadership of his uncle as a merciless affair on the side of the white soldiers. Many Indians were shot and killed in the water while defenseless and trying to swim to an island.

My brother settled at Black River Falls, Wis., and Black Hawk was always near there and they were always friends until both died a few years ago, not far from the same time. I had been connected with the state fair board and my friends on the board were looking for attractions. I suggested Black Hawk and his band. The board requested me to write to my brother and see if he could induce them to come to the fair. Brother succeeded. With half a dozen camps, their gay attire, war drums, etc., big and little, agreed to come. I think this was in the fall of 1898.

They started in time to stop over several days at Black Hawk's Tower, near Rock Island, and were there several days as an attraction. One evening brother took the old Chief aside, (he was then ninety-four years old) and asked him if he had ever been there before.

BLACK HAWK'S STORY.

He said he used to be there with his uncle when he was about ten years old. His people used to assemble there each fall in great numbers and would stay a number of days and have a great turtle feast. They called the place "Turtle Hill." The young people had all kinds of sport, feasting, dancing and running horses. The chiefs and big men would hold long talks, planning how to care for themselves their people and hunting ground, against their old foes, the Chippewas, and to arrange good signals and teach them to the people so that they could speedily bring all the warriors together.

"Maybe far up the big river Chippewa he come over on Winnebago's land, kill deer, elk, bear. Winnebago no like it; make heap trouble, maybe somebody get killed. Then Winnebago man he go on top of hill, tell Indian at Turtle Hill he always watches, he makes fire quick on top of hill, he tell all warriors come quick. Warrior he sees em fire or smoke in daytime, he get war paint on, he run horse, come fast as he can far down big river. far off towards the bog lake, across the big river and towards sundown another big Indian call him where two big rivers come together. Osceola Indian

AN INTERESTING STORY

TOLD BY NEPHEW

REGARDING BLACK HAWK

TRAITS OF CHARACTER; BITS OF HISTORY AND ANECDOTE TOLD BY THE OLD CHIEF'S NEPHEW

INDIAN'S METHOD OF TELEPHONING

While The System Was Not Completed it Was Very Effective and Always Brought Results—Other Indian Customs.

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—Issue for April 20th, 1906.

A page of unwritten history of local interest, as given by Black Hawk, the nephew of the "Great Black Hawk."

I first met Black Hawk in the spring of 1827. My older brother had become acquainted with him some thirteen years previous. He was then, and un-

til he died, the chief of his tribe, the Winnebagoes. He always said that he had never fought the whites, but that he had been a runner, or carrier, of dispatches for his uncle, during the Black Hawk war.

My brother first met him at the

he build fire there, (this, no doubt, meant Signal Hill, near Iowa City) fire down river, every big hill have fire. Indian he make horse jump fast, come to river, make horse swim, come to big river, swim to island, rest, swim to island, rest, swim again, pony swim good long time, Indian hang on tail, on mane." Next morning all around the hill like a big army were a thousand braves with ponies and war paint, all ready for a big fight.

Black Hawk said that in daytime they signaled with smoke, four Indians would hold a blanket over a fire, covered with grass, green leaves, anything to make a dense smoke to signal. They would move the blanket away three times, sending up three little clouds of smoke in quick succession; at night they would hold a blanket before the fire and then move it away. Such was his story, told half in English, half in Indian, all of which brother could understand.

Brother readily recognized the two rivers that came together as the Cedar and Iowa and the high bluff north of Columbus Junction, near the two bridges, as Osceola, for we lived just across the river in sight of it, two months, sixty four years ago, when we were boys, and it was then called Osceola. At that time tradition said that Osceola was a great chief and that his squaw was buried there.

The time of which Black Hawk spoke was close to 100 years ago and, no doubt, about the same signals had been used for ages upon the hills.

Twenty-five years ago I was camped, with my family, ten miles north of this hill by the Iowa river. I had written to my friends on the Cedar, some eight miles across the valley, that if he were there I would signal them with a fire on top of the hill and for them to meet us at a certain hour. I lit my pile of brush on top of the hill and my friends answered by swinging a torch from the top of a windmill tower. Did not think that we were following an almost forgotten savage custom.

The old chief's story showed that they were men of brains and well organized and their system of signals was not far behind the telephone. The last time I saw him was at the state fair. At 84 years he stood very straight, was quite dark, had a kindly intelligent face and a very large head, much like the descriptions of the head of Daniel Webster.

At the state fair it was the time when the automobile was a new thing, and he was asked to ride in one, he looked it all over, then turned to my brother and said: "You ride, I will." He always reasoned with his people

not to use strong drink and plead with the whites not to sell it to them and never touched it himself. Could we but have a correct history of this one tribe for four hundred years back, with a detailed story of their customs, their laws, and ways of living, their love and hate, it would no doubt, be more interesting than any book of fiction.

E. F. BROCKWAY, Letts, Iowa.

Human frailties, selfish, ambitions and desire for power, either in the financial, political or social world, is a weakness characteristic in the human family from the savage races to the most thoroughly enlightened and cultivated. Black Hawk's, as we have formerly stated, was for the fame and glory of war. He did not seem endowed with any high regard for justice when standing in the way of his desires. This was demonstrated in his readiness to espouse the British cause in 1812 and subsequent desertion of them. In various affairs since then to the slaughter of the poor Iowa's and pos-

session of their territory and homes the cruelty of the remorseless savage nature inherent within him was too plainly manifested.

But in later years like the more cultivated savages of our own race and times, who have through legal protection, robbed the poor and defenseless of people of thousands of millions, he became remorseful (liberal) and gave the Iowa's 300 ponies and a thousand blankets. But like our class of "benefactors" all this might have been done to pacify and thus prevent future trouble in some other schemes he had in view, but did not live long enough to carry out. But with all this Black Hawk was the greatest Indian of his times. There was one trait though that ever stamped him higher than our greatest white chief of this day, he was utterly fearless and scorned the cowardice of such men who would hide from "service seekers." He was always found in the front whether to meet friend or foe.

HOW HORSE THIEVES OPERATED IN EARLY DAYS

IN THOSE DAYS HORSE STEALING WAS OPERATED
ON A LARGE SCALE BY ORGANIZED BANDS
OF OUT LAWS

JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT WAS BUSY

In His Court Alibies' Never Went, A Quick Trial, a Short
Shift and all Was Over. However It took Pretty
Smart Work to Capture the Rascals

Issue for May 25th 1906.
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Human nature in a general sense is as unchanging as all other forms of God's natural law. Man's disposition is manifested continuously through all ages varying only as circumstances conditions and surroundings bring them into different trials and contacts. We had bandits in the early settlements as well as "toughs" of different kinds similar to the present. But while their methods were along different lines from this day of train and bank robbers down to the gambler and his "cappers," yet they were

more to be dreaded and more frequently met with retributive justice under the crude dispensations of Judge Lynch's decisions.

While "the bandits of the prairies" were bad enough, they were not as common nor as much feared as the prowling horse thief. The poor emigrant with all his possessions consisting of his team and few effects under the white-topped cover of his wagon, was liable to wake up any morning in camp by the roadside and find the horses gone. One can imagine the

dismay such a loss to a man perhaps with wife and several little children—all in a strange new and only partially settled country, would place him in. One would think it impossible for human beings to be so heartless as to follow a regular organized system of thus bringing loss and sorrow to poor hard working people in quest of a home in which to provide for their future lives. But it was no more heartless than the professional gambler who studies every trick and deception to lure railroad and other hard working men into resorts and fleece them out of their hard months wages that should go to creditors and families. Neither was the horse thief as bad as the modern slugger for he did not take the life of his victim or leave him senseless bruised and beaten—he just quiet and adroitly stole the property and skipped out with it.

This class of outlaws would often get into a community as settlers, too, apparently with the best intentions. Thus scattered all over the west they had their posts and organizations, while the emigrant was only the casual sufferer the honest settler was the most common victim, and always apprehensive. Now as to conditions and chances of regaining the lost property, they were so meager that perhaps nine-tenths of the stolen horses were never heard of afterward. The horse thief members in one neighborhood was supposed to keep those in another posted as to opportunities, etc., while vice versa the others did the same with them. Then should suspicion point to a neighbor the night the horse was stolen, (for they invariably chose darkness,) that neighbor could prove an alibi—that he was at home with his family sleeping to all intents and appearance perfectly unconcerned and innocent, although, he may have been the chief instigator of the whole business.

The reader will remember that this was a long time ago when we had no railroads, telegraphs or telephones, and beyond the western limits of Appanoose county there was one continuous wild unsettled country (except a scattering population along the Missouri river) to the Pacific Ocean. This was a wild boundless territory for thieves and bandits to rendezvous in, and they utilized it, although Sheriff Gallagher, of Jefferson county, at one time with his deputy followed a thief two hundred and fifty miles, captured and brought him back with two stolen horses in his possession, had him tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. Occasionally where persons could immediately follow them up the property was recovered, but seldom

the thief captured. It was generally found in the hands of an "innocent purchaser," or turned loose on the prairie. A good night's ride carried a man beyond settlements, and he had so many brush thickets, timber, etc., for concealment, all open and unfenced, he could, if he wanted to, pretty safely take two or three nights or a week of nights getting out beyond reach.

No secret bound society is more sure to keep the oath of its membership as inviolable as that of a lawless banditti. Where betrayal insured punishment for complicity upon the one hand and a terrible vengeance from former confederates upon the other, even detectives employed like Bonney himself were so appalled at the false oaths to be taken, and the fearful dangers with death threatening every footstep, it was only isolated cases in which a man could be induced to accept the perilous position. The sharp suspicious eye of the bandit always on the alert would more frequently detect and bring down the secret emissary of the law than being captured himself and brought to punishment for his crimes.

As immigration rapidly kept pushing westward filling up and bringing into cultivation the country between eastern Iowa and the Missouri river, hiding places were broken up and the outlaws eventually had to move their stations farther west. The last one broken up here was near the line between Monroe and Appanoose county. A man named Thompson was so strongly suspected of harboring thieves and their stolen horses, making his house their regular resort, that one night a large number of his neighbors went to the place captured and after a few short preliminaries before Judge Lynch in which none of his gang got a chance to swear to an alibi, he was left hanging at the end of a rope.

This was perhaps about the year 1859, but yet withal, while their dens and places for security and concealment were broken up in Iowa, yet the temptation to steal good horses here was so great that for several years afterwards it was no uncommon thing to hear of the occasional disappearance of a fine animal. The last case of this kind happening around here that we can recall, was the theft and recapture of a fine young filley belonging to Mr. Haydock at Ashland the summer of 1864. It was taken from Mr. Haydock's pasture one night by Charlie Hunt and concealed in a brush thicket south of where Mr. Shearer now lives northeast of Eldon.

At this time I was engaged assisting

Wm. Pence who had taken the contract and began building the house (now occupied by Wm. Sarver) for Alex Shields. The morning after the theft word reached us, and it was observed that Charlie Hunt, whose father had formerly owned and partly reared him on the very place Shields occupied, was visiting his old schoolmates in the neighborhood. As the entire Hunt family had an unsavory suspicion hanging over them of a little too much admiration for the equine, we immediately began surmising and suggesting conditions and things that might be.

W. H. Crawford then lived on the west side of the road a quarter below us. He first brought us the news, and said Charlie was seen with Abraham Bull's boys next to his place, and he believed the fellow knew where the animal was. The next morning while out looking for his cattle he accidentally run on to both Charlie and the filley he had tied to a sapling and was feeding, keeping it thus hid doubtless until its owner would give it up for lost, and then some dark night he could skip out with it without so much risk of being caught.

The two saw each other about the same time, but with a few jumps Hunt was out of sight and gone through the thickets and under brush, but Crawford led the prize away and back to its rightful owner. Why the thief did not immediately get out of the country can only be accounted for by the supposition that he thought Crawford did not recognize him in the encounter. That evening word went out that he was at Perry Shaw's visiting the young people there. This was the farm north of M. C. Israel's. We soon had a band of about thirty resolute farmers who met at Hezekiah Creamer's place, go to capture and lynch the culprit.

Jim Shaw who had been to Ashland that afternoon and heard the full story of Charlie's crime returned soon after the fellow had put in an appearance at his father's house. Knowing the indignation of the community and the meeting of neighbors to capture him, he made it a point to watch and keep us informed. And a little after dark he came over to tell us that he had gone to Pat Henry's to stay all night. Implicitly believing him the entire crowd went to Pat Henry's and searched everything and everywhere, Henry and all his family protesting they had not seen him.

There is little doubt but that his stating his intention of going to Henry's for the night was simply a ruse to get out and make his escape in the darkness. Where so much talk

was going on he could not fail to take the hint. The whole outfit had long previously vanished westward, and the old exclamation, "the last of the Mohicans!" well applied here, for this was the last of the Hunt's.

After the close of the civil war, John Mael who owned and occupied the present George Warren farm two miles north of Eldon, went to St. Louis to purchase some government horses that were thrown on the market. At this time he was constable for Washington township and accidentally met Charlie on the street. He arrested and brought him back for trial, and he was convicted and sentenced two years in the penitentiary. We believe this long ago incident closed the last deal without equivalent in horseflesh known in our vicinity. And had it not been for the timely escape of the culprit the night in question, it might have closed their work in a tragedy.

Before closing this we will just add that Mr. Crawford who regained the stolen animal taught the school Charlie attended, and knowing him, had reason to suspicion the result of his reappearance here. But the teacher Charlie nearly stabbed to death was named Lewis, we believe. This occurred the winter previous to Crawford's term.

Beside the Hunts, away back in the "fifties", there were a number of sporty fellows around here not noted either for manual labor nor visible means of thriving without it, and yet they seemed to get along and have a good time, better even than those who daily had to buckle down to hard work. They were generally young big stout fellows who could drink like fishes, swear by note, play cards and fight like the devil, but could not work a lick. People then just like now could only guess how such chaps got the good clothes they wore, and the bread and butter they eat.

As long as old Iowaville lasted it had to shelter the leading notables of this class, while people in the surrounding country had to suffer the consequences. But when the great Des Moines river flood of 1851 gave that place such a washing of regeneration that nearly half the houses migrated down toward Keokuk those fellows were supposed to take first possession of the old ferry boat to pole for the bluff. They mostly lost confidence by the desolate appearance of their former abiding place and but few ever returned—so much river water had a dropsical tendency of stagnation on their blood.

Ashland was high and dry and very inviting at that time for a few such men of enterprise in their line to set

up in business. Gradually one by one they began to locate. The effect soon became perceptible and a restless desire to rid themselves of such neighbors soon began to manifest itself in the community. At last a meeting was called to discuss the situation. Fearful as men generally are of being too rash and getting into trouble thereby, another meeting was called. In the meantime emboldened by each others powers and ability to terrorize if necessary, those fellows who had always had things about their own way, didn't seem the least concerned about a public desire for them to "eat their bread by the sweat of their own faces," and continued their polluting influences unmolested.

There seemed to be no way to find any penal offense they were guilty of, although every suspicion was afloat from that of common vagrants to the notorious horse thief became aroused. At last one night at a large meeting of principally farmers resolutions were adopted that they had to go, and a committee of three appointed to wait on each one and serve a written notice to that effect. Their immoral, profane and ruffian style and conduct had to the eyes of the good people of that vicinity put the last feather on the camel's back. They had not been so well accustomed to the card table, whiskey drinking, carousals, vulgarity and fighting as the border settlers in and around the more congenial old village of Iowaville, and had decided they would not submit to the innovation.

The toughs had been watching the proceedings closer than the participants had suspected, and like the noted old tough recently, who at the head of the high financial American bandits, has been eating the people's bread without earning a single bite by a drop of sweat from his rascally old face, when the "notice servers" came they were out of town. And still unlike him they had no visible wealth with which to dust the eyes of the people so as to return and joke them about how shrewdly they had played their trick. The people about Ashland couldn't see any profit in having them around, and the worst ones sought out pastures new, while others who had been less conspicuous laid low and kept quiet.

But the committee was determined that none should remain without being duly notified that their room was better than their company. One fellow had gone to work in the country hauling wood to town for a man. The very first load he brought in he saw one of the committeemen coming calling him to stop. "Oh, I know what

you want. I don't want to hear it. I'll go as soon as I get this wood off. I'll never be seen in Ashland again. I'll go. Don't read it to me, Bill, I'll go!" But "Bill" made him stop and hear it, and true to his word the fellow never was seen in Ashland again.

Thus with but little effort the town was saved from becoming a resort for hard citizens. Yet had they resisted, with the determination of the people to make them move on would undoubtedly have resulted in a jury of mob law and lynchings. In talking about it recently with this committeeman, who is yet living, he said one incident occurred that revealed the fact that several of their confederates were mixed in among those who wanted to rid the community of their presence, and one was through ignorance of this on the very "committee of three" with him to notify the rascals to "git!"

Dave Hunt at that time lived in a log cabin a mile north of the present site of Eldon on what was known as the "stump forty." The "three" went down to notify him, and it was noticed that this fellow never took any part in the talk, and was only noted as being along. But Dave flew into a towering passion, and supposing the fellow had betrayed him with bitter oaths, he exclaimed, "there is a d—d sight worse man than I am. What have you got him with you for?" And he never stopped his tirade of abuse until he had told all about his "cussedness" too.

But Dave packed up and was soon wending his way after the others towards the setting sun. The places so long familiar to him have seen him no more. But this false committeeman whom we will call "George" on his way back with the other two towards Ashland confessed that he had mingled with the gang so long that now they need not notify him; he would go as soon as he could get his traps together and load them up; and he kept his word. That forever ended what people supposed were organized thieves and thugs about here who could always swear each other free from crimes that were not too openly committed. It costs money to live, and money cannot be had without exertion, and this was one way the early settlers had of ridding themselves of drones who lived by helping themselves to what others had earned.

A FEW SPICY STORIES

ABOUT THE EARLY DAYS IN IOWA

BOYHOOD DAYS IN SCHOOL—HUNTING STORIES
AND ADVENTURES—STORIES ABOUT THE FIRST
CRIMES THOUGH THESE PARTS.

A SAD STORY OF SUICIDE BY DROWNING

I. T. Flint Recalls Some Incidents of the Past and Furnishes
the Readers of The Forum With an
Interesting Article.

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95. ↓

Notwithstanding the optimist is continually proclaiming the world is growing better and the pessimist vehemently declares it is becoming worse, every unprejudiced man of age and observation will agree with us that neither are right. The boast that "I am an optimist!" is no more creditable than the fling that "you are a pessimist." One can just as completely make a fool of himself on one extreme as he can the other. The whole truth is that depravity upon the one hand and virtues on the other, are just as firmly fixed and dominating today in the nature of man as they were in the beginning of time—fixed and unchanging as all natural laws.

Each generation is only the reproduction of the preceding one. The only changes are in environments and inventions. In the early days farmers worked with wooden log beamed plows and single shovels to cultivate, hand sickles and grain cradles in harvest, etc., etc., but their tastes, food, conversation, desires, feelings, affections, domestic relations and enjoyments, and afflictions as well as pleasures just the same along the same lines of general result. While men had the same lines of thought, action and purposes to serve as we of the present, boys were just as rollicking, mischievous and fond of sport, and just as tired, weakly and complaining when asked to work. Every person, perhaps, after the age of maturity until the last moment of life, in the lone hours of meditation, occasionally

find themselves pondering and living the past life over again. To us of the Iowa pioneer days, it is the wild flowers, fruits and foliage of the prairies, thickets and forests, the log cabin, its open chimney and fireside circle, milk and mush, corn bread and butter, pancake and pumpkin, molasses, barefeet and rosy cheeks. Our garb was simple homespun, homewoven and homemade, linsey and linen breeches and shirt, with an old straw hat or cloth cap from the same factory, and yet we were happy without a single care or sorrow, except when our parents would talk "work!"

We had not the slightest conception of "city life" only so far as Iowaville or Ashland demonstrated to us. Toy guns, firecrackers and bombs were unknown. The first actual experience the boy would get in the use of explosives was when "pap" would take down the old rifle from where it hung above the cabin door, lay it down on a chair, bench, or some other kind of a rest pull "the hammer" back and tell his little boy to pull the trigger with his finger, the flash and loud report made that little boy run to his mamma with eyes bulging out and terror stamped on his features equal to any victim of the California earthquake. Pater familia would fairly shake his sides with laughter while "mother," (oh, how tender the emotions of the heart are stirred by the memory of her,) consolingly puts her arms about the little fellow and tells him how mean it was for his father to frighten her "little

darling boy that way." Father calls him to him, he toddles over tremblingly looking at that "dreadful gun" as it still lay silent where it nearly frightened the life out of him. The father as if guilty of abusing his confidence tries to restore it by flattering words that his little boy was getting to be nearly a man and could shoot, but when invited to take hold of that trigger again, he ran as frightened to "mother" again as if the house was about to tumble down on him.

I well remember the above scene, and that is why I know. But that same foxy father carried the joke so far at last it came back on the joker, and the only way he could get his cornfields "tended" was to hide the guns and ammunition from the oldest and youngest one of his three boys. Then sometimes at noon or night they would search around until the treasures were discovered, and then instead of "the green squirrels," it was the gray and the fox that came to grief. The weeds and the corn had a free fight until "father" came home again, when a general "settling up" all around momentarily was the order of the day.

The difference now is the then called "father" or "pap," (now termed "old man,") used a freshly cut keen switch and took his "dear" boy's left hand in his left fist while grasped in his right that switch came swishing down far more rapidly than pleasant about half way below the knee on the calf part of the leg where his breeches did not quite reach down low enough to cover. We never had heard about woodsheds, and even "straps" were too scarce to be always picked up when wanted. Long since has it been since the rule was adopted by which "the old man" picked up his strap and took the "precious" juvenile sprout from his sheltering dome "out in the woodshed." And as the boys of today perhaps never felt the powerful nourishment in this line that made their fathers good men and women, doubtless they can no more understand its sensations on that different part of human anatomy as we can the trials upon theirs that are so much higher up.

We never knew what a circus meant until about ten years after the first settlements of this country began. Then what would be called now "a one horse show" put in its appearance. Its glaring pictures of the ring and glowing announcements all seemingly at once, were seen upon trees, cross roads, and at every conspicuous place. One can imagine the feverish desire to go, they inspired in every boy, big and little, to "see the show!" Every indulgent parent who could scrape up

the needful, partook of the same spirit and could not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of the young hopeful.

"We all turned out." The gaping astonishment and open eyes of the young urchin at his first sight of the athletes, somersaulting and vaulting through the air, combined with evolutions on the trapeze, were impressions too vivid to ever escape from memory. For years the ambition was aroused among the most active to grow up that we might be "show actors!" This consuming desire was so strong old stables were utilized where "pap," if not watching at any time bustling around providing his team with food, was liable to bump his head with a swing, trapeze or pole, erected during his absence, by the "dear boy!" Then the precocious youngster when slipping out to his beloved temple of devotions would find nothing but the pieces of his hickory bark ropes hanging to the joists and the sacred belongings gone.

Straw piles rounded up for winter's provender stood a poor show also. On Sundays the knowledge that "the old folks" were off to meeting was joyous news, and the invitation to practice somersaults was spontaneously responded to. It was glorious fun, and responded to with the liveliest interest. Here many learned to turn "the wagon wheel," handsprings and somersaults, to that perfection they soon could spring from their feet, turn and light again with as much ease as the fellows from whom they learned by observation in that circus ring, but many were the straw piles demolished the boys at home had to rebuild, and the bumps and afflictions the parental head belated at night, as well as other vexations the doting father had to endure for this kind of an education.

Never was a more truthful adage put in use than that "where there is a will there is a way," although with boys it is often a terrific strain on parental patience. Yet while those antics in efforts of summer education to excel each other in physical culture and exploits, our teachers in the three months of winter school allowed us, introduced practices that aroused and brought into development the innate spirit for things higher and far more beneficial had we been so equally devoted. Those were spelling schools and debating clubs. The first debating club introduced in our district was by that venerable old country teacher John Priest, then living a mile east of Ashland.

I was in my twelfth year, and I shall never forget the sensations of the first effort to make an extemporized reply

to my "opponent." The realization that every one present had their eyes on me, and one side wanted me to knock him off his feet, while the other was equally ready to laugh at every blunder, and I was nothing but an awkward boy never having tried to speak a word to a crowd of men, women, boys and girls in public, was too much. My knees wobbled and became so weak I feared I would really tumble down on the floor, and after a few incoherent words I got to my seat as quick as I could, completely "whipped out." My consolation was though, that among the others on both sides, we all had the same experience, and at last as "misery likes company" before the close it was truly enjoyable.

The rules were that the teacher presided appointed the pupils at the close for the next "debate" and allowed none to shirk; he made the rules and compelled their observation—in fine he was supreme arbitrator and dictator selecting three judges to decide as to which one of the opposing forces had produced the winning arguments. One of his rules was that in alluding to one of our opponents we must always use the expression "my cotemporary!" Just at that time this particular word, after we had become so free, by a few trials as to wear off the embarrassment and he had brought us under those rules was yet too big a word, and my hurry to get at "cotemporary's" argument before the "ten minutes" allotted had expired, I would often forget it, receive a public reprimand, which also was taken out of time, and throw me out of line of thought besides.

I will never forget one of those instances in which I was called to account three times exhausting all my time, and I had to stand and take the ridicule of the teacher with the whole school in an uproar of laughter at my expense. Linked with the words "my cotemporary" he required the complete name of the "cotemporary," including the middle initial if it had one. At one time I commenced a reply to a schoolmate—Milton L. Garrison. As playmates we had always only called each other by first names, and I began calling him up on a point he had made simply as "Milton." What! exclaimed the teacher; then followed a sharp rebuke. Still with the subject uppermost I again said "Milton!" "Stop!" exclaimed the irate pedagogue, didn't I tell you to never do that again? Now begin again "my cotemporary Milton L. Garrison!" I began right this time, but soon forgot and made the same blunder over again. This time he arose with the fierceness of a thunder

cloud in his wrath. Now this is the third time my young chap! I see that my words don't have much effect on your understanding! You just put in the balance of your time which is five minutes yet, right where you stand repeating "my cotemporary Milton L. Garrison!"

That at first seemed a worse punishment to me than if he had used his hickory (which reposed on a couple of nails driven in the wall) over my back the same length of time. Mortified. I began in a faint voice, "my cotemporary Milton L. Garrison!" amid the titters I could hear all over the house, when he shouted to me seemingly like the bellowing of a foghorn, "say it loud, sir, say it loud so everybody can hear it!" Although afraid, as well as mortified, I then got mad and repeated it as loud as I could yell. Soon the school was in such an uproar of laughter the teacher could hardly hear me, and had to keep his old bandanna going over his face to hide his laugh also. Finally, pulling out his watch, he exclaimed, "time's up!" By this time I had discovered the humorous side, and with the consciousness that the full importance of "my cotemporary Milton L. Garrison!" was proclaimed sufficiently to be properly understood, I sat down very well satisfied with the enthusiasm my speech had brought out.

For years the debating club was to us what the literary club is occasionally to schools now. The "literary" is a valuable adjunct to the school but too often neglected or faintly kept up. Educational advantages then so meager, at the present time seem to us unlimited. But the bent of human mind remains in the same old channel. About all the "classics" we had in literature in the form of romance and novels we then got in the weekly paper. As one reached that age when the dreamy period or impractical stage begins, here only opened an access to that beguiling field now occupying a high place of instruction in our public schools and libraries. I shall never forget my first gratification in this line. An excellent and highly educated young married lady lived near us (whose name I withhold, but many of an old-timer reading this will recall the sequel to her life) gave me after receiving and reading each week her copies of the New York Ledger.

I soon became so infatuated in its continued stories and romances that they were the main part of my thoughts to the exclusion of that which was solid information and permanently useful in practical life. After flinging one year away in that which was dreamy imaginations that

never was and never can be realized I awoke to the deadening influence it had to paralyze one's energies in facing stern realities and filled the pathway eventually with wasted energies and disappointments. Then I resolved to abandon such literature forever.

A few years afterward the lady mentioned removed out of our neighborhood whose life lapsed into one of despondency. One day while the Des Moines river was bank full she walked two or three miles with a woman friend to see the water. Sitting on a projecting log on the bank after a moment of dejected silence she arose

walked out on it over the water and without a word of explanation plunged into its depths to no more be seen alive. Her companion soon gave the alarm and the body was eventually recovered, but her motive for self destruction was buried forever when her life went out. This was the first person who suicided I ever knew and while it may not have been the rude contacts of life the realms of romance so unfits the mind to meet brought this fatal ending to her, yet I have always been impressed it had some influence to that result.

ciating agony of the judge. I was sometimes so diverted like they in their business, from the thread of more important problems and longing to be in a little closer touch with their surroundings. Some of them like their lineage, yet imagined it was the volume of thunder not lightning that killed and yelled so loud to the sleepy court I could understand thoroughly what was hurting them and many times of Saturdays and evenings after school hours I would slip up in the court room to enjoy the fun and wish I was a lawyer.

One Saturday the scene was so vivid and enjoyable I can recall it to mind as though of yesterday. Richard Fisher (father of John Fisher) of more recent date lived upon the hillside in Ottumwa, and was so familiarly known many of us called him "Uncle Dick!" He owned a farm over the river south of town, and had gotten himself into trouble with obstreperous tenants. There were a couple of young men, brothers, who had wilful and maliciously injured his premises, and he had them arrested for trespass and damage. We had no such officer then as county attorney. E. L. Burton, afterwards known as Judge, was then a boyish looking young man, and figuratively speaking, yet in his swaddling clothes. Fisher with blood in his eye had employed him to mete the high-handed justice or a violated law upon the culprits who would thus defiantly desecrate and destroy the sacred rights of private ownership.

Win. Lewis, brother of the late John Lewis, was sheriff, the two brothers sat together with him on the right hand side as guardian. When asked by the court if they had counsel to defend, the older one snappishly retorted: "We don't want any—I wouldn't give a d—n for all the lawyers in this d—n place!" "Hold on, young man, hold on!" exclaimed the court, arising from his sleepy posture as if awakening to his dignity. You just hold on! don't you know you can be fined for using profanity here? Now you just keep your dam's and other cusswords to yourself or I'll send you to jail for thirty days; jest keep cool and talk respectful sir! You can plead your own case, but we allow no swearing here!"

This rebuke and command wilted the transgressor, and as he subsided back into his chair from which he had so hotly risen with the simple remark: "Go on, Mr. Court!" But as the prosecuting witness arose to listen to the clerk, "Do you solemnly swear," etc., he was on his feet again in an instant. "Mr. Court, didn't you say

JUSTICE AS DEALT OUT IN IOWA IN THE EARLY DAYS

STORIES TOLD OF LAW SUITS AND "SICH" AS THEY
HAPPENED WHEN OUR DADDIES WERE KIDS
AS TOLD BY AN OLD SETTLER.

LAW WAS AN UNKNOWN FACTOR

Prejudices and Whines Ruled the Courts and Law and
Justice were Unknown With the Dispensers of
Blackstone in Early Days.

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96.*

There comes into memory many early incidents in the first years of Iowa, many ludicrous as well as serious scenes and incidents in life that have transpired that may be of interest only to refresh the mind of witnesses of those days long ago past but we cannot refrain recalling some of them that may occupy the attention of many of the readers. As one's school days are the most vivid and at the time Ottumwa had reached nearly the present size and educational advantages of Eldon, to me as a school boy it was the reappearance of the Athens of the world. And when one morning my father announced that he had decided to leave the farm for that as our future home, I immediately commenced to review my little collection of a backwoods boy school library wondering what there must be added thereto.

When preparations began for the

(to me) great change was to occur I realized father meant what he said. He had been elected to a little county office but it seemed to me then as big as the presidential chair. We were surely in the business and got there in great shape locating in the very outside east house of the city on Main street upon the hill nearly opposite the present Rock Island freight depot. The High school building was an old stone two story structure first built by the M. E. Church and changed for school purposes into nine rooms, one for each grade. As I have previously stated, we had a highly accomplished teacher Prof. A. Bozarth as principal, and as this building stood on the west side of the present site of the new courthouse and the old courthouse occupied the east side next to it I could frequently hear the attorneys preaching the law in the interest of their clients to the execu-

you would send me to jail for swearing, and now you are going to make this old hoochie swear right before all of us! I object Mr. Court. I have just as much right to swear as he has!" The balance of his protest was lost amid the roar of laughter, and the fellow sat down with the proud satisfaction gleaming on his brow that he had scored his first point, while the judge himself could not control his dignity from the humor and had to "join in."

This called forth an explanation, the difference between them taking an oath to tell "the truth, and nothing but the truth" and common profanity, with a brief lecture that to the one man seemed still inexplicable to which he added as the court closed the ceremony: "Then see that the stale old codfish tells nothing but the truth!" Here followed another uproar that the gavel of the court came into requisition before it was settled, and another gleam of triumph loomed up on the countenance of the self-improvised attorney. "I object your honor. I object to such interruptions by the defendant!" yelled the pale and excited young Burton. They should not be allowed by a court that possesses a particle of self respect.

"Hold on, Mr. Burton!" responded his dignity in a quiet dignified tone. You are an attorney. Unlike this man you are supposed to know your place and are also supposed to keep it. I will make, though, this allowance for you. But although excited you have violated the law, you as a sprout may yet grow up into something, but be careful how you hereafter make your flings at the court!" Although vigorously rapping to keep down enthusiasm, the defendant sprang up shouting: "That's right, Mr. Judge, that's right!" but amid the resultant explosion the court did not hear the balance of the sentence I was close enough to get, "make that d—d attorney attend to his own business too!" If he had the balance of the fun would have been lost.

Fisher gave his testimony in a straight forward manner and Burton did well his part of drawing it out on lines that made the defendants look like two small particles filed off of a one cent piece. They had marred his buildings, hacked the noted "cherry tree" or rather trees and orchard to perfection, but unlike their old predecessor of a century and a half ago, refused to "acknowledge the corn," and when the witness was turned into the hands of the indignant defender of his "sacred honor" in less than two minutes Burton was sitting trembling and aghast at the destruction of "the

house that Jack built."

"You contemptible old reprobate—" began the defendant. "Stop that! stop that!" interrupted the court. "I won't allow disrespectful language like that. Be careful to use respectful language, sir, talk respectful to the witness!" "You won't allow me to call him a reprobate! You won't allow me to talk disrespectful and here for the last half hour he has been branding me as a thief, a malicious scoundrel and villain! You won't allow that! What kind of a place have I got into anyhow?" asked the persecuted defense.

At this juncture only the threat of putting the crowd out brought silence again. "Mr. Fisher," began the young man. "You swore that we ruined some of your trees and tore some of the siding off of the house, knocked two logs out of the stable and a whole lot of other cussedness. How do you know we did it? You did not see us do this, did you?" "No! but your brother there said he and yourself did it. He told me so! He told me all about it and what you did it for!" "Nobody saw it done did they?" "Not that I know of, but I have witnesses to swear you said you would get even with me!" "All right sir you—" here he shut off the balance as looking up he discovered a dangerous gleam of the Judge's eye glancing downward in his direction. "Is my brother here one of those witnesses you speak of to swear against himself?" "Not by a—sight," exclaimed the fellow alluded to, "I didn't say it!"

It is needless to go through the details of the trial, although the Judge had the hardest part of his life to retain courtly dignity during the witty turns this country rustic took, while Burton as prosecutor was chagrined at his impending fate of being beat in a fair fight by an uncouth ignorant "country Jake." The fellow had perhaps unwittingly stumbled on the right track and stuck to it. Amid all the testimony there was nothing positive but all except the damage done only "hearsay". The culprit undoubtedly was guilty to the fullest extent, but like many cases of more recent date, one couldn't prove it and he had sense enough to use this advantage.

While sitting nervously twisting around once when Burton had the floor, his coat pocket by some means turned upward, and one of the old "pepper box" revolvers of that day fell out with a loud clang on the floor, but he grabbed it up and put it back so quick no one in the crowd could tell what it was. This shows how little officers those days thought of searching for concealed weapons,

and none paid any attention to it. While the trial was a continued farce and humor, the pleading of the defendant was the cap sheaf of it all. He was so rough and original that Burton's mild yet forceful manner of summing up the evidence was lost sight of. He was wrathful and indignant from the start and roasted all parties to a finish. The gray hairs of the prosecuting witness even did not escape, although venerated by every one who knew him. But when he turned upon Burton he was even demoniacal. He pictured him as "white and pale without, but as black within that charcoal would make a white mark on him."

I have often wished I could recall the name of that fellow, for he had a gift by nature to make a good lawyer, and perhaps may possibly be practicing in Ottumwa now. If impudence, ignorance and a good strong pair of lungs is the first essentials, my legal friends will surely excuse me for this illustration of the material in an embryotic state. And should he be yet living to see this he will recognize the scene described in all its fullness. He surely made a success then, and E. L. Burton, who afterwards rose to judicial distinction, then met one of his earliest defeats, and that too at the hands of a rustic plow boy in a way that he remembered to his dying day, for the prosecution was dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

IMPERFECTIONS OF IOWA'S FIRST CONSTITUTION

The Trials, Troubles and Tribulations of Our Early Law-Makers

AS TOLD BY I. T. FLINT

As in Later Days There Was Much Rivalry and Dirty Politics.

97.

Our first state constitution was so unsuited to meet all the unforeseen emergencies of a new rapidly developing country that by a direct vote of the people of Iowa on the first Monday in August, 1856, a convention was called by authority given the Governor from the legislature to decide whether the people wanted the revising and changing of the instrument. It carried by a large majority, and the next step was a call to elect delegates to another convention which met in Iowa City the then capitol of the new born state.

There was nearly a full representation from all the organized districts. The meeting assembled in the Supreme court room Monday morning Jan. 19, 1857—nearly fifty years ago. Mr. H. W. Gray, of Linn county, called the convention to order. J. A. Parvin, of Muscatine, was chosen temporary chairman, and T. J. Saunders, of Scott county, temporary secretary. As the Supreme court room was only surrendered for one day temporarily, and the convention seemed to be a homeless wanderer without an invitation for an abiding place of weeks and perhaps months at the then state capitol, of course the first question on a motion for an adjournment until one o'clock tomorrow was, "what shall we do for tomorrow?"

Here the sleepy authorities of Iowa City were aroused to a painful realization of their unwittingly stupid discourtesy, and had to act quickly to immortalize the first capitol of Iowa as the home of its new constitution. Resolutions were immediately pre-

sented from the common council of Dubuque and Davenport requesting the convention to meet at their respective places and promising them all kinds of a flattering reception in case they would adjourn for that purpose. Those propositions were referred to a committee of five to be acted upon immediately after a permanent organization was effected which of course was the only legitimate course to pursue. But while awaiting this, the council of Iowa City saw a hole just ahead, and they were going into it if they did not stir their stumps pretty lively.

As we will recall action upon this ludicrous neglect of courtesy by the Iowa City authorities and final decision further on, we now state the temporary organization had their time extended for the second day until permanently organized and a place chosen. After completing temporary work and the appointment of committees mingled with several debates and amusing embarrassments they adjourned. The next day first in order was reading of the report of the committee on credentials. That the reader may know who were the workmen originating our present constitution we present the names which represented the state by thirty-four senatorial districts, some comprising several of the more sparsely settled counties. But we shall give them from each county in which they resided at the time:

Edward Johnston, Fort Madison, Lee county.

William Patterson, Keokuk, Lee county.

'Squire Ayers, Bonaparte, Van Buren county.

Timothy Day, Winchester, Van Buren county.

M. W. Robinson, Burlington, Des Moines county.

J. C. Hall, Burlington, Des Moines county.

D. P. Palmer, Bloomfield, Davis county.

Rufus L. B. Clarke, Mt. Pleasant, Henry county.

James F. Wilson, Fairfield, Jefferson county.

George Gillaspay, Ottumwa, Wapello county.

John Edwards, Chariton, Lucas county.

Amos Harris, Centerville, Appanoose county.

Daniel H. Solomon, Glenwood, Mills county.

Daniel W. Price, Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie county.

Jeremiah Hollingsworth, Richland, Keokuk county.

Jas. A. Young, Oskaloosa, Mahaska

county.

H. D. Gibson, Knoxville, Marion county.

Lewis Todhunter, Indianola, Warren county.

J. A. Parvin, Muscatine, Muscatine county.

W. Penn Clarke, Iowa City, Johnson county.

Geo. W. Ells, Davenport, Scott county.

Robert Gower, Gower's Ferry, Cedar county.

Aylett R. Cotton, Lyon, Clinton county.

Hosea W. Gray, Marion, Linn county

Harvey J. Skiff, Newton, Jasper county.

J. C. Traer, Vinton, Benton county.

Thomas Seely, Guthrie Center, Guthrie county.

William A. Warren, Belleview, Jackson county.

A. H. Marvin, Monticello, Jones county.

J. H. Emerson, Dubuque, Dubuque county.

John H. Peters, Delhi, Delaware county.

Alpheus Scott, Strawberry Point, Clayton county.

Sheldon G. Winchester, Eldora, Hardin county.

John T. Clark, Wauken, Allamakee county.

Francis Springer, Columbus City, Louisa county.

W. Blair Lord, Columbus City, Louisa county.

Thomas J. Saunders, Davenport, Scott county.

Ellsworth N. Bates, Cedar Rapids, Linn county.

S. C. Trowbridge, Iowa City, Johnson county.

Francis Thompson, Iowa City, Johnson county.

Jas. O. Hawkins, Iowa City, Johnson county.

Francis Springer, of Columbus City, was elected permanent chairman, T. J. Saunders secretary, Ellsworth N. Bates assistant secretary, S. C. Trowbridge, sergeant at-arms, Francis Thompson, doorkeeper, W. B. Lord, reporter, and James O. Hawkins, messenger. The speech of acceptance as taken down by the shorthand reporter made by the presiding officer, Francis M. Springer, was brief but singularly courteous, explicit and democratic in the true sense of the word. We present a paragraph here from his impromptu address demonstrating one of the everlasting truths of liberty that is now being aroused with the deepest intensity in the final pending struggle for sovereignty of the people for mastery over the most damnable tyranny that ever cursed

the earth—the hideous monster concentrated wealth. Read and compare:

“With us the ‘sovereignty of the people’ is a conceded axiom. We are the representatives of that sovereignty, charged with the duty and clothed with the power of revising their organic laws. I am sure I need not remind the intelligent members of this convention of the high responsibility of this trust. The constitution of a state may be regarded to a certain extent as a fixed and permanent instrument, a higher law for the guidance not only of individual members of the body politic, but also a law by which the various departments of the government in their action must conform. It is the foundation upon which the superstructure of the legislation and jurisprudence of the legislation of a State rests. Upon its character and principles the prosperity and happiness of the social fabric may be said to much depend. It is looked upon as embodying the spirit and policy of the people. It is in a word ‘positive law!’”

Candidates for office in conventions even then would bob up proportionately as hot after the “plum” as now, and many were the names from among their “admiring constituency” did those representatives roll as sweet morsels under their tongues. George Gillaspay from Ottumwa had two names of close political and personal friends to present and fight for, and any one acquainted with the deep bass tones of his oratory may guess how he made those fellows know “something was doing” when he got warmed up, but to his mortification his two models of political sanctification were both turned down. The first was Philip P. Bradley of Jackson County for Secretary and D. F. Gaylord of Ottumwa for Sergeant-at-arms. This failure strained Gillaspay’s heart and some of the more irreverent of his jokers said he cried about it, etc.—all innocently to, as vulgar slang now gives it “josh him up!”

Politics between the democratic and whig parties at that time was up to at least a normal temperature, and the convention opened with sparks that indicated some future warmth. After all the election of officers were completed but the election of messenger boys, J. C. Hall, of Burlington, the wittiest and shrewdest lawyer of the state, got “sat down on!” in a manner that brought roars of laughter. He was the first one on the floor to nominate a little friend of his, Willis Canard of Johnson County. In a few impassive words he mentioned his superior virtues and that he was a poor orphan boy of fourteen concluding “he is poor and unfortunate hav-

ing broken his hips not long since,” etc. Then as a burlesque on the manner in which politics had been used instead of practical worth to determine the former selections he added that he had “tried to find out the political views of the young aspirant and after all now to be candid he didn’t believe he had any.” It was a happy hit and the clownish manner in which Julius Ceasar Hall brought out that closing remark contrasted with the boy in question made some blush to the roots of their hair while others roared with laughter.

But when it came to a vote the partisans got their inning and the cripple and non-partisan favorite of J. C. Hall was knocked down and completely out on the first ballot getting only fourteen votes out of thirty-five—James Hawkins receiving twenty-one. Still determined Hall again put his young friend forward with the plea of poverty and his helplessness and desire to get an education in a most touching manner. But it all fell on leaden ears, hadn’t he declared him non-partisan. As well talk now about “all governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed” as try to get a non-partisan in just then. Again it was fourteen to twenty-one and Julius Ceasar Hall retired to receive consolation from George Gillaspay.

Then came the crucial test of office by taking the oath all around. Mr. Todhunter offered a resolution “That the members elect of this convention be and are hereby required to take an oath to support the constitution of the United States and to faithfully perform their duties as delegates to this convention!” To this resolution Mr. Skiff offered an amendment substituting the constitution of the “State of Iowa” instead of the “United States”. As Mr. Skiff had aligned himself to beat the poor crippled boy for office here was a glorious opportunity for Hall to skin his head for its presumption. Springing to his feet he exclaimed:

“I differ with the gentleman from Jasper. I understand that we came here for the purpose of altering and violating the constitution of the State of Iowa, and I do not, therefore, feel disposed to take an oath to support it. We are here to alter it, break it down, tear it to pieces and build it up again. I am willing to support the Constitution of the United States. That I think is a very important (sarcastically) oath these times; but I want to be above the constitution of Iowa in this convention!”

One would not think there was any foundation left for discussion upon

those grounds but hours were thus spent before the amendment was acted upon and defeated. Among the most prominent of Hall’s supporters in the debate was the late James F. Wilson (U. S. Senator) of Fairfield, Clarke of Henry, and Johnson of Allamakee. As a final basis of settlement the form of oath was adopted and all sworn into office accordingly.

“You and each of you do solemnly and sincerely swear that you will support the constitution of the United States, and that you will honestly and faithfully to the State of Iowa discharge your duties as members of this convention. So help you God!”

After this Mr. Clarke who resided in Iowa City, was on his feet when the report of the committee upon where the future place of business should be held and announced that he was authorized by the proper authorities of the city that a suitable hall and conveniences would be furnished free if they would continue in session there. This knocked Dubuque and Davenport out of the coveted laurels and Iowa City still held her grip upon the Solons of the State.

While the question was up that Davenport had offered free transportation among other things if the convention would go there Mr. Todhunter (who was no small man himself) arose to consider this, and at the same time looking over and sizing up the averdupois of the assembly, especially such big fellows as George Gillaspay weighing between three or four hundred pounds, it is said he drawled out that among other nice things “they will give us a free ride over the railroad.” Of course this would be nice and clever. “But we might run off the track in consequence of the difficulty in traveling now. There are many weighty members here which makes this a heavy problem, and it is suggested that they may get in a very unpleasant condition in such an event. We can stay in Iowa City if we cannot all sleep three or even two in a bed!” Then he peered over at George Gillaspay before sitting down. The victim of his wit laughingly remarked what a comedy such figures as himself and others would present piled up in a snow drift on top and among a lot of spindle shanked lawyers and preachers on their way to Davenport.

At this juncture one member rose to a question of propriety, and commenting upon the desire of some to move the convention to Davenport and some to Dubuque, while all this time and perhaps for weeks to come, the country all over was snowed under and high winds whistling and swirling

the snow in such great drifts, not one of them could get outside of town. Amid all their eagerness to meet friends in Dubuque or Davenport, and besides that and the "free ride," they had not considered the pranks old probabilities was playing even up and around their door.

In a military phrase this might have been "a flank movement" for Iowa City, but it floored and completely covered up the enthusiastic admirers of Dubuque and Davenport in their last ditch. Their mouths might water ever so strong for the tempting fluid so plentiful along the banks of the great "father of waters," yet old Boreas in behalf of the more frigid zone of Iowa City had that body of statesmen thoroughly penned up and thus in their helplessness they had to surrender. The flag of revolt came down and they gave way to a more equable desire to digging the foundation, reconstruction and building a complete and permanent structure for our people's security and prosperity. To give the reader a full sketch of the arduous and important work they thus completed for awhile we must make this a continued story, and will promise to the student of history it will be well worthy of their attention from which they can get some interesting scraps of information.

The authorities of Iowa City offered the convention choice of either the Odd Fellows or Masonic halls, both of which were amply commodious. But as usual they were up stairs rooms, and to the amusement of the assembly George Gillaspay was on his feet objecting. He thought Iowa City stairways were not safe for such big men as himself, and looking around over the crowd pointed out two or three larger than he was; thus he proposed to stay right where he was, wait for the legislature to adjourn and then take that place.

He made a motion to this effect, stating that "climbing up and down stairs five or six times a day was hard on fat men, which after tacking on an amendment or two was adopted. Thus Iowa City had four hurdy gurdy's all grinding away on public utilities at one time—the senate, legislature, supreme court and Constitutional convention; the last to hold in subserviency all others. The next thing in order was to "invite a minister of the gospel to open the sessions each morning of this meeting with prayer!" which was adopted.

This reminds us of a story related upon the late Elder Isaac Blakely, of Davis county, who was elected to the legislature at one time, and when

concluding the organization of that body the same question of electing some minister to officiate as chaplain came up when Blakely (who was an old primitive Baptist preacher and always poking himself in where there was any fun) drawled out: "Is there anything in it?" "Yes!" responded the speaker, "there is five dollars a day in it!" "Well!" queried Blakely, "can't you give me that job?" Every one who remembers this legislator and the peculiar vernacular twist he could put in such an expression, especially if he thought he saw a wolf after a fresh sheep skin, can imagine how this brought down the house.

That was big money those times, and there were plenty of preachers after it without taking one out of the convention. After a spirited contest the Rev. Alpheus Kynett, of Iowa City, was elected to the "D. D." work for the convention. All reporters for newspapers were allowed free admittance in the hall, and a contract let to A. P. Luse to print a daily publication of the proceedings to be bound in book form in leather to the extent of three hundred copies for presentation including 25 copies to each member for distribution.

Before the adoption of this measure along and at times acrimonious debate occurred on the question of printing so many, some only thought a record for state purposes was sufficient, while others thought a few hundred copies was all public interest demanded, and the majority (as the final vote proved) thought three thousand copies was required. David Bunker declared he didn't want any, but to gratify those who did he would vote for twenty-five copies apiece all around. Mr. Palmer, of Davis county, pompously declared he represented three thousand voters, and what would twenty-five copies do "to inform three thousand men of what we are doing here?" J. C. Hall replied that ten or fifteen copies would furnish all that was necessary for twice that many he represented, and S. G. Winchester, of Eldora, said he represented five thousand, and ten counties of the state, and that fifty copies would be all that was necessary to go around. He was going to vote for twenty-five to each member, and the remainder of the three thousand to go to the state department.

This discussion occupied nearly three days—beginning Jan. 23d and ending Jan. 25th. when after "Cushings' Manual" was adopted as the standard for parliamentary use they voted for three thousand, and took up the work they had been sent to do. The organic state constitution had been the supreme law for nearly eleven years, and its defects had long been

the theme of Iowa jurists and men of legal talent. The propositions to repeal, alter and amend, were rushed forward in debate at first so rapid the speaker had to frequently call them back to the rudiments of backwoods figuring to tell "where they were at."

Edward Johnson, of Lee, was the first on the floor with a proposition to make nine alterations and amendments. Had the effort prevailed to have each member take an oath to support the constitution as at first attempted this would have made nine counts of disloyalty and perjury on Johnston. The first one of his propositions was for annual sessions of the legislature to begin every year on January 1st.

The second that our state elections should be held the same day upon which the presidential elections occurred, Tuesday after the first Monday in November in each year. Third, to insert "twenty one" as the eligible age for a person to be elected to the state senate. To support this he reminded the chairman of the wonderful precocity of himself for law making ability before he was "twenty-five" (the age limited by the old constitution.) "I remember that I myself was in the council of the territory with yourself before I was twenty-five (the age limited by the old constitution), and I think had as much wisdom then and was as well qualified to legislate upon the affairs of the territory as I am now!"

His fourth was for the "filthy lucre," to raise the pay of members from the old standard of "two" to three dollars per day until the next legislature met, which clinched it with a thundering approval. The fifth defect to amend was to repeal that part requiring only one subject to be contained in a single enactment of the legislature. Sixth that the census of the state shall be taken every tenth year beginning in 1865 so as to come intermediate with the national census, that we might know what strides we were making each five years separate. Seventh—making necessary a review, and if necessary changing the salaries of state officials each ten years. Eighth—that no law shall be passed except by a majority of both houses and entrance of vote upon the journal. Ninth—requiring a two-thirds majority of each house on appropriations of public money!"

After reading his resolutions, urging their importance and making a motion to adopt, I. A. Parvin, of Muscatine, quietly arose and informed the Fort Madison orator that he considered him a little previous. As it was usual in legislative bodies to refer all measures first to a committee to report,

and as the committees had not yet been appointed Mr. Parvin's suggestions seemed to imply that he might bring his proposed amendments back in a sweat box, where, as they seemed good, they would no doubt keep until the convention got down to business in regular order. Further than this he did not think Mr. Johnston's instructions and suggestions, or putting up resolutions would be necessary before a committee for surely any committee would know enough to attend to its own business.

As both Johnston and Parvin were members of the committee on "distribution of powers of legislation" with Parvin as chairman, this take down on Johnston aroused a stormy discussion. Edwards, of Lee, and Clarke, of Johnson counties, each hopped onto him with both feet. They were followed by Squire Ayres, of Bonaparte, who finished up what others had left of poor Parvin. All seemed to want an open reading of the proposed changes before the house, preceding their being placed in the hands of the committees. Mr. Ayres referred to Parvin's objection to this reading and consequent discussion and work as contrary to the very purpose his constituents sent him here for. "We came to work!" he exclaimed, "and to do it intelligently!" He pressed the argument that to fairly understand and intelligently act upon what the committee was to report upon, required previous thought and attention.

W. A. Warren, of Dubuque, had made a motion at the outstart that the resolutions of Mr. Johnston be referred to a committee of three for consideration, and as the matter now seemed to be merging into a maze of endless discussion, the motion was amended and the whole matter placed in the hands of the committee on "powers of legislation." As Parvin and Johnston both belonged to this they now had full power to retire to the committee room and fight out their differences to their heart's content.

As this settled the matter that any or all changes proposed could be introduced in the house first for discussion, Mr. Clarke, of Johnston county, introduced this measure: "Resolved, that the committee upon the Judicial Department be instructed to inquire into the expediency of limiting for a term of years the number of Judges of the District Court, fixing their salaries, apportioning the State into Judicial Districts and providing for the reapportionment every five years." This resolution was adopted, and to stop further wrangling Mr. Warren pressed a resolution to submit all resolutions to the several committees without

debate. As the rules would not allow immediate action, twenty-four hours notice being required, it was covered up by Mr. Traer slapping another one right down on top of it prohibiting conventions meeting to amend the constitution more frequently than ten years apart. By the time the labored oratory was expended the "twenty-four hours" had elapsed and Mr. Clarke's motion to refer his proposition was accepted.

The old constitution that one member wanted them to take an oath to support, was soon torn to such shreds by the fire of criticism they every one seemed to vie with the other in shooting it out of existence. For this purpose there were fifteen committees appointed of from three to five members each. Considering they must be filled out of a body in all aggregating only thirty-four members here was surely enough chances to get into positions the most fastidious office seeker could expect to find for gathering plums.

Among the resolves that it seemed each one had a pocket full, was one by H. D. Gibson, of Muscatine: "That the committee on state debts be instructed to enquire into the expediency of so amending the constitution that the entire indebtedness of this state shall not exceed \$500,000 for the next ten years!" To this there was manifested a desire for a free fight, but under the rule it had to go to the committee without debate. Next a proposition to let the legislature (then in session) have the privilege of proposing changes in the constitution during this convention was read, adopted and referred to the committee on amendments.

Mr. Parvin offered a resolution "that the committee upon state debts" be requested to inquire into the expediency of preventing counties and cities from creating a debt for the purpose of aiding incorporated companies in works on internal improvements. He added that he thought "if all our counties and cities become indebted it will be fully as bad as if the state had become indebted!" Let the reader ponder now in the light of subsequent events to realize that thus early in Iowa's history with prophetic vision this man beheld its future. This also went to the "committee on state debts!"

By resolution the "committee on legislation" was called upon to consider and report an article for the constitution so that a bill passing both houses of the legislature required the signature of the Governor before it could become a law. Failing in getting this it must be returned and repassed by a majority which was subsequently

amended to two-thirds majority. This also was adopted and referred for action.

Doubtless feeling ashamed, and that the many indiscretions printed in black on white, he and others had already been guilty of in heated debate on the propositions to move the convention away from the capitol, Mr. Clarke offered a resolution "that the reporter be instructed to omit from the report of debates all said upon this matter!" George Gillaspay was indignant at this, and rose with the thunder cloud of Mars on his brow declaring, "I certainly shall oppose this resolution. I want everything we say and do here to go to the country!"

Mr. Clarke, of Allamakee, declared himself for the preservation of the dignity of this convention, and how ridiculous a debate published on this petty squabble would look upon the very outstart of the record. He was for the journal giving it a more "dignified character," etc. By strange coincidence Mr. Clarke, of Johnson, was among the first to hop onto him, and he came down hard too. He said, "I am opposed to this resolution chiefly because it is setting a bad precedent. I have no doubt that during the discussions of this convention there may be a great many things said which members may not care to have placed on record—this is to be expected, but there was some admirable speeches made here which I should not like to have lost. There was one by my friend from Des Moines county, Mr. Hall, and also one by my friend from Wapello county, Mr. Gillaspay, who was so patriotic and unselfish that he said he would submit to pay ten or fifteen dollars a day for board here, if it was necessary for the public good!" After the storm of laughter subsided Gillaspay shouted: "I call the gentleman to order. He is indulging in personalities!" This, in Gillaspay's look and tone of mock indignation for the moment, tore up all the "dignified character," including even the chairman in one very undignified roar of laughter.

After a long windy discussion the resolution was voted down, and this ended all their first week's toil, and they in remembrance of a much higher architect, rested from their labors to resume it next Monday.

After preliminary work Monday, Jan. 26, the committee on suffrage reported that important part of the constitution relating to the qualification of electors, as follows:

1. "Every white male citizen of the United States of the age of twenty-one years who shall have been a resident of the state six months next

preceding the election, and the county in which he claims his vote twenty days shall be entitled to vote at all elections which are now or may hereafter be authorized by law.

2. "Electors shall in all cases except treason be privileged from arrest on the days of election during their attendance at such election, going to and returning therefrom.

3. "No elector shall be obliged to perform militia duty on the day of election, except in time of war or public danger.

4. "No person in the military or naval service of the United States shall be considered a resident of this state by being stationed in any garrison or barracks or military or naval place or station within this state.

5. "No idiot or insane person or person convicted of any infamous crime shall be entitled to the privilege of an elector.

6. "All elections by the people shall be by ballot."

This was to be assigned a place in the constitution as "ARTICLE 2ND!" After this followed the report of the committee upon "ARTICLE 3RD" which recommended the division of the powers of government into three parts—"the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial." It seems public men were more sensitive in those days about their official records going into print than at the present, and strange as it may appear, several vigorously opposed those resolutions being printed, especially the votes that were to follow. But if not those most important, what use had they to publish any of their proceedings? They were laid on the table for future action when each member must have every word said and every vote he cast for or against perpetuated as long as the early history of Iowa endures.

Next followed an introduction of one of the most important amendments entertained: "That property of corporations now existing or hereafter created shall forever be subject to taxation the same as property of individuals!" The late Jas. F. Wilson, of Fairfield, (who afterwards rose to national fame as U. S. Senator) penned and introduced the measure, and early as that issue started first in a low mutter it has grown louder until now the loud roar of the monster—concentrated wealth terrorizes authority, and almost paralyzes public sentiment. This beginning or first gun fired against corporation rule and special privileges was heard more definitely later on.

Provisions for the election of Lieutenant Governor limiting the Governor's term to two years, restricting the pardoning power, state elections and

restricting legislation, etc., were presented. Then came another important measure that hid a mighty big wolf under a small sheep skin. It was that "No law shall be passed prohibiting the manufacture and traffic in property which is the production of the state or a legitimate article of traffic with the other states or foreign nations, or destroying or in any manner impairing the right of property therein!"

Mr. Johnston pressed a resolution on the state university and public land question (that should have no place in a State organic law) with such vehemence he was called down by D. P. Palmer, of Bloomfield, with the statement that they had enough resolutions and bills already piled on the table for two weeks work, and he objected to any more; at which another lengthy discussion ensued, which to still, the convention voted to include Johnston's bill with the balance, relegating it to the "committee on education and school lands."

When the report of the committee upon printing was read a stormy discussion was stirred up that became acrimonious as it proceeded. Some thought it foolish and inconsistent to spend ten or fifteen thousand dollars of the people's money for no good on earth but to have each one's individual name go down in history. None of them could vie with Cicero and Demosthenes, and books of these proceedings would not any more than be glanced at by a few of the present generation, then thrown into court house garrets to be consumed for mice and swallows' nests, and that would be the finale of all their glory. But as an evidence of how public jobs then was regarded as private snags just like we are prone to look on them at the present we present an extract from Mr. Clarke's speech from Johnson county in opposition:

"I am aware there are certain persons in this town (the state capitol) who have been getting large prices heretofore for printing—a dollar a thousand 'ems, and a dollar a token for press work. Being deprived of that, they are now hanging around like birds of prey, striving to obtain the state printing again for themselves at a lower price. I am aware also that this convention has been beset by these men who have in times past heeded this state by charging prices far greater than what we now propose!"

There appeared a feeling against the printers of the state capitol as monopolizing the printing of public documents; the motion to reconsider carried by a vote of over two to one and eventually the whole matter was settled

by letting the contract to Luse & Lane of Davenport.

It may be of interest to many readers to know that the matter of common free schools had attained that intensity the committee appointed to draft amendments reported nineteen sections for the Iowa Constitution making that board a legislative body and apportioning the state into sixteen educational districts, each district having one representative in this proposed separate legislature to convene annually, one half to be elected each two years, each annual session limited to "twenty days!"

This startling proposition had a counter report by the minority advising to remand the entire business to the state legislature, which after a long discussion was adopted. Another funny proposition was made to "abolish all distinction by the Judiciary between Chancery and common law" which, of course, being up again some of the brightest legal talent the state was too absurd to be long entertained.

As the Senate would soon adjourn and the convention was to then have that chamber for occupation there came up a strife among its members as to each one's seat, some claiming the honor to occupy the one held by their respective senators. At last it was decided they were to be distributed by lot or "drawing cuts." Mr. Peters objected, saying, "I might be thrown into the president's chair and I would not like that!" Others had objections to thus gambling for seats, but at last they agreed to settle it by numbering the seats, and slips of paper each with a number and drawing for them.

"Thou shalt not covet that which is thy neighbors!" was put to a severe test when a motion was made to divide the bulk of the surplus of the supreme court reports among the members of the convention. The previous legislatures had thus divided copies of the code printed at the state's expense, and here was an ample precedent some of the legal talent now had to stock up their libraries with the most needful. Some were eagerly and intensely interested for a chance at this important peculiar grab. But Mr. J. C. Traer, of Vinton, who would have been ruled if not kicked out of our modern bodies of legislators for his verdant "non-progressiveness," made a few out of date remarks that J. C. Hall and other lawyers nearly kicked him out of the convention then for, among which were as follows:

"I think it a perfect outrage that we should come here and simply because the state happens to have these books appropriate them to our own

use, when in my opinion there is no advantage to result in our having them. I would refer gentlemen to the fact that there was appropriated to each one of us here a copy of the Code, and I would also refer them to the further fact that a great many here have already disposed of them and now have the money in their pockets. And that is the way it will be with these reports. Members will not put them to any use here, but the result will be that we will all get fifteen or twenty dollars in our pockets. Now I am opposed to plundering the public treasury and appropriating public property to private use, and hope the convention will adopt a provision in the constitution prohibiting any such thing being done in the future. I think the action of our legislature at its last session was a perfect outrage, and if carried out will result in a system of plundering and stealing that will land all of us who favor it far below par," etc., etc.

It's no wonder Mr. Traer never went to congress or any other place of high emoluments. He had not many years to live and see how egregiously he was mistaken on the "par" business. The lawyers hopped onto him again and said those reports were for the benefit of their profession; they felt entitled to them and they had no conscientious scruples about the appropriation of them to use, etc. Traer replied that he had often heard conscience was "a creature of education," and now he could not deny that after all it all "depended on how one had been raised," etc.

George Gillaspy said he was opposed to the whole matter. "I am not a lawyer myself and these reports will be of no benefit to me if I get them, unless I take them home and sell them to some of our lawyers which I have no desire to do. * * * * If the state has two hundred copies today, then certainly every gentleman here can obtain them, examine them thoroughly, and return them to the state!"

Here the debate became bitter, one side claiming if men wanted those things so badly they should be honest and pay for them; while the others claiming to need them in their business it was the place of the state to furnish them free. To this the reply came back there was many things the state held, to even public lands people needed in their business that it never furnished free, etc. Amid the confusion mingled with charges of knavery and public thieves, at last order was restored, and on a final vote the measure carried by three majority.

Perhaps by the influence J. C. Hall thus got, his favorite young crippled

officeseeker, Willis Conard, at last was appointed as "paper folder," and Julius Ceasar no longer needed the condolence of George Gillaspy. Then came the state banking law that gave to us the notorious "wild cat" system. The republicans being in the ascendancy the followers of Jacksonian philosophy went down under a strict partisan vote. In the report of the committee upon corporations there were nineteen articles, principally upon this point. Bank failures were becoming so frequent a five dollar bill could not depend on its having any value long enough for the holder to get it in his pocket, and something religious had to be done. It is unnecessary to state that it was "done," and this nefarious system of corporate wealth issuing the people of the state the money of the country the currency went on until the civil war began, when it was supplanted by government money.

There was lurking under cover though something more dangerous at that time than any one other question, and that was "equal citizenship." Upon this depended the colored man's free vote. The state had given him every other right, and as he must bear a proportionate share of responsibility under our laws, why not allow him the same right as others in saying what they shall be? The clause proposed on suffrage limited the right of voting to "all white male citizens!" and the "American citizen of African descent" didn't happen to have that color.

Nearly all the republicans were non-committal or touched the question very gingerly. They avoided application to the negro race as much as possible which caused the democrats much merriment at their expense. But sometimes they came back at them in a way though that brought the "laugh from the other side of the mouth. The advocates for broader citizenship abhorred the name of "abolitionists," and contended the proposition was for foreigners and mixed races. "Is it for Indians too?" demanded J. C. Hall. "Speak out plainly and tell us do you mean the negro and Indian?" (He was trying to make Clarke, of Henry county, commit himself while speaking for the amendment).

"The gentleman from Des Moines seems to be very obtuse!" responded Clarke. "But he has not half the perception of the gentleman from Wapello (Mr. Gillaspy) who understood my meaning before I had well arisen from my seat, understood it almost instinctively!" "Yes," exclaimed Hall. "He is from Kentucky, and smells a nigger almost instinctively!"

George Gillaspy offered a compromise with the equality side of the house that if they would only include negroes now in the state, and exclude any more coming in he would vote with them. "But I do not desire," he said, "to give any vote here that may be an inducement to an influx of that kind of a population. Mr. Clarke, of Johnson, declared there surely was "a nigger in the woodpile now!" and he went to hammering the "Clarke" from Henry county until he got him out of the "wood pile" far enough to get hold of the wool. Then Hall pounced on him, then Traer pitched into Hall, when Gillaspy, with the voice of a foghorn, broke into and silenced the music by reminding the republicans of what they did in making the new constitution of Kansas:

"I desire," he said, to imitate here the course pursued by the people of Kansas in their convention at Topeka (and that is a good republican state). The constitution which they formed there being one which the gentleman from Henry, I have no doubt would have voted for if he had succeeded in ousting representative (Bernhardt Henn) from his seat in congress. Yet that constitution would have excluded "the black man from breathing the free air of Kansas when it should have become a state," etc.

The word "white" in the constitution was a bone of contention that occupied more time and discussion than any other proposition, and it is needless to say that while much of it was humorous, yet more was vindictive and bitter, but every measure to vote it out was beaten to be finally accomplished eight or ten years after the civil war, which at such a fearful sacrifice of lives and treasure obliterated the institution of negro slavery.

Upon the subject of corporations the State Banking law was kept prominent, and upon it the fight was waged most bitterly. But the idea of "prosperity" at all hazards won out, and with some amendments, the corporations continued issuing money until the civil war began when the blaze of patriotism turned all powers to issue money back to the government again.

The convention was one continual storm of heated oratory. Upon court and judicial questions all had to stand back and laugh while the lawyers were grabbing each other by the hair, but upon other matters it was a free for all. Had all the proposed changes to the constitution of Iowa as discussed prevailed, that instrument would have been bulky enough to require trucks in moving it about.

For over three months this convention was engaged in re-creating the

constitution of Iowa. They were all chosen for their ability, and the journal of "debates" show their speeches and methods of business would present a creditable contrast with our recent American congresses. Francis Springer, of Columbus City, was an admirable chairman, and kept the opposing forces under fine restraint. Whenever he caught a member becoming turbulent or using offensive language he promptly called him down. Thus what would have been perhaps at times an unruly mob similar to legislative bodies of recent years, he held in proper restraint. While the work was arduous, yet it was demanded and appreciated by the people.

We have only briefly mentioned some of the main questions and given a short synopsis of some of the proceedings that the reader can form an idea of what the fathers did in this early work of our political structure. We have only given a glimpse of some of the early work which has been much amended since. The combative elements in polemic debate were more earnestly alive then to the needs of the common people than now, and those actors long since laid their burdens of life down. But they were sincere and honest, and the Iowa records will perpetuate their memory, although by the multitude they may be forgotten. — June, 1906.

IMPERFECTIONS OF IOWA'S FIRST CONSTITUTION

The Trials, Troubles and Tribulations of Our Early Law-Makers

AS TOLD BY I. T. FLINT

As in Later Days There Was Much Rivalry and Dirty Politics.

100.
Away back in the olden times of Iowa "swapping horses!" or horse jockeying was one of the pastimes and hopeful sources for private gain much more indulged in than at this day. As buggies were an almost unknown quantity, and men who had any distance to go would saddle a horse mount and gallop away, by their frequent meeting thus upon the roads it was a common greeting "got a hoss to trade?" The answer generally was "yes," for even if the fellow did not want to trade at all, for bravado's sake he would say "yes," followed by how much "boot will you give me?"

Then the first rider would dismount, look at the coveted animal, pull the lips up, look closely at his teeth, inspect his eyes, examine his limbs, joints, neck, shoulders, etc., and if the animal was greatly superior to his own he would look wise, perhaps pull out a plug of tobacco, bite off a mouthful, pass it up to his friend with "take a chew!" of course to kindle a spirit of trust and liberality, take it back (what, if any was left), stick it in his pocket, then eject something less than a quart of amber from his mouth and ejaculate, "Well, I'll jist give you five dollars to boot!" If the other fellow was satisfied they would then change the saddles and bridles, mount and each one scamper off to brag about how he got it onto the other fellow.

Sometimes those interviews, if the rider did not want to trade, was cut short by his asking the worth of his animal "to boot" or as a difference in the exchange value. In that event not much time was lost in banter.

There were numbers of regular horse jockeys in those days who depended almost solely on this kind of business for a living, and for the most part the "living" was a very poor one at that. As a general thing everybody was looking for those sharpers, and if a stranger, he had a hard time "catching suckers!" Yet then as now, there were lots of young chaps in the country who knew five times as much as the fellow they called "the old man!" and if the jockey could only get after such a "smart Aleck" when on his horse and "off his base!" (away from home) if he did not get him two chances to one he would dispossess him of the prize with the avidity of a hungry turkey gobbling up a grain of corn.

There were so many tricks in the trade especially by taking old broken down "backs," doctoring and feeding them up, removing spavins, splints, knots and deformities, healing fistula's, doping to swell the flesh and a thousand and one deceptions the verdant country youth where horses healthy and good are grown, knows nor even suspicions anything about, that those fellows often times would exchange for a young spirited animal, an old "plug" that was scarcely worth riding home.

But the most of the horse trading was done among the home talent, upon account of general suspicion as we have said, about strangers and professionals. There was an old preacher who used to preach through this country for the church then known as the "Christian Order" now "Christian!" that loved to trade horses almost as well as preach. His name was Uriah Long and he lived at the time up near Abingdon. He could not read a word yet having a wonderfully retentive memory with the gifts of gab and continuance, as a young impious fellow once remarked at one of his meetings, "Jist listen at that ignorant old chap; he can preach like the devil, can't he?"

His text was always on his mind and he would get up sometimes as we have seen him, with book in hand, upside down, and never opened where the text was, seemingly to read it off, and then, when either comforting saints or roasting sinners he would make his discourse exceedingly refreshing. Although conscientious, yet he did not ride the same horse home he took away; yet from the fact that old brother Long did not die a millionaire is positive evidence he never traded his soul for a horse. Many of us remember him (although erratic) as a good man. Yet it was the contagion of the times he had

caught and could not shake off, to be ready at all times (except on Sundays) to give and take a banter for a "hoss swag." In any of those transactions one really sharp and adroit need not tell a single direct falsehood, but yet could answer questions so cunningly that the victim would be satisfied he had a "soft soap" right in sight.

We have an instance in mind that was so amusing at the time some may remember it yet. At the time woodmen began clearing up the land where our then future Eldon was to be, not a thousand miles away lived a robust youth who was the possessor of a fine four year old filley. Isaac Hart the boss of the Eldon job had a mismatched team, but both fair looking horses. The worst part of the "mismatch" he carefully kept to himself just like any careful man with a horse trade for somebody to pick up, would do—one of those horses would "not pull the hat off your head!"

The aforesaid robust youth whom for distinction we will say was named "Curley" (but he wasn't) wanted that particular animal, not because of its self carefulness about straining its muscles for its confiding gentle nature did not betray this "art preservative," but he had "a dead match" for him at home and thus sorely needed him in his business. So did Hart as soon as he saw the dandy filley "sorely need" it in his "business" too, but was very careful just at that time to betray no symptoms of that fact.

Curley had passed and re passed Hart's barn lot by the roadside a number of times, each time looking with covetous eyes upon that spirited bay horse always with head up interested in looking across the fence at any of its kind passing by. One day as Curley was riding along, its owner (I. D. Hart) was at home out in the front yard talking with two or three neighbor callers. Curley could not miss this chance to get "a dead match" for his bay horse. Riding up to the fence he called him out.

"Say, Mr. Hart, do you want to trade that bay horse over there?" (pointing to the barn lot). "Well, I don't know whether I want to trade or not. It's jest accordin' to what a fellow wants to trade for it. But I never had anything but what I could get a fair trade for she went; what have you to trade for him?" "If he's all right and suits me I trade you this filley!" At this Hart knew in a minute that he wanted "to trade!" and replied "Well, ride out there to the barn lot and see the horse!" which invitation Curley eagerly accepted and each one was soon examining the merits and demerits of the other one's horse and at the

same time finding lots of fault mingled with voluble bragging about the good traits of their own. At last Hart broke loose with the question: "Well, Curley, how do you want to trade?" at the same time each was equally anxious to get an even exchange.

Well, now, Mr. Hart, my filley is younger than the horse, and being a mare is more valuable. "I must have about fifteen dollars to boot!" "No, sir, no sir!" retorted Hart, "my horse is so much larger and gentler the boot fits the other foot! Well, say, Hart, mine is in the best order." "Never mind order broke in the owner of the horse. If you had worked her for three months hauling logs and railroad ties she would have been a little thin too!"

Now mark the cunning of those days. Hart had traded for the horse and had only tried him enough to find out he would not work at all. Then note the impression left by the words uttered. He did not say a word about working him, but only spoke of what would have been the result of Curley's filley working that long. But Curley was so interested on that point, instead of asking Hart to try his horse to the wagon, he simply wanted him to insure him to pull. "Pull!" exclaimed Hart, as if half indignant at this soft impeachment of the integrity of his animal. "If he don't get right down and pull to any load you put him to, hard enough to bust a hamestring you can come right back here and spit in my hat for two dollars and a half. Yes, sir, if we trade you can depend on that (spitting in his hat for two dollars and a half). And he kept repeating it so fast that Curley was thoroughly impressed with the importance of a forfeiture or "rue bargain" if the horse was not a downright puller from "away back!"

After still dickering for boot and receiving the answer repeatedly "not a cent!" If you want my horse take the traps off the filley, turn it in the lot and saddle him up and go!"

Curley pondered a moment and declared "it's a trade!" That horse looked better to him then than he did twenty-four hours afterward by a long shot, and when mounted on his back cantering away he didn't dare to cast a look behind or bid farewell to his filley lest Hart would beckon him back to rue bargain. But the next day he was back there again, but shorn of his self glory, without any beckoning, and that too with a dejected crestfallen look which betokened had he let "the old man" do his trading for him the "dead match" that could pull backward more than his mate could pull forward would be still putting on his airs

across the fence at his filley as he passed by.

"Here, Mr. Hart!" was the first exclamation after he called him out of the house, "didn't you tell me this horse was a good work horse?" "No, sir, I didn't tell you any such thing!" "Why you know I asked you if he was good to pull to a load, and you said he'd pull anything he was hitched too or burst a hamestring, and he won't pull a darned thing!" "No, sir! no, sir!" I didn't tell you he'd pull a darned thing!" But I did tell you if he wasn't a good puller at anything you hitched him too you could come back and spit in my hat for two dollars and a half, and I'll be durned if I don't stand up to my part of the bargain. Hand out your two dollars and a half and here is your spittoon!" Hart suited the action to the word by lifting an old straw hat off his head worth about two cents and a half, and reaching it towards him in one hand while holding out the other for the money.

As several persons witnessed this last finale of the deal, poor Curley saw he was fairly beaten and looking for the world like as if he was only on foot he would like to kick himself out of the country he galloped homeward mortified with his own insignificance and the laughter of the crowd ringing in his ears. But he never "kicked himself" out of the country for all that.

But this method of joking, though, was not always on the kids, for occasionally one was found precocious enough to get it off on some of the "daddies!" A man by the name of Henry Myers owned and lived for awhile on the place now known as the Frank Shields farm. He was always looking around as he said "to take in some greenhorn!" It seems that one of that description whom he had been laying for a long time had traded a yearling steer his father had given him for a fine looking spotted Canadian pony. It was a beauty in form, and a pretty riding animal, but breachy, treacherous, balky, and if turned loose in a lot would never be caught in a radius of perhaps ten miles around. But it was so gentle, and nice to stand anywhere when tied that it would do to trade on splendidly.

This said youth had been told that "Hen Myers" was laying to catch him with something for trade. So the next morning after getting the pony, he was on its back in quest of the urking foe. On coming in sight of his house he saw Myers was just hitching a horse to the old fashioned single shovel plow for the cornfield. Putting his steed into its beautiful canter he was galloping along the road right by

him over in the field, when Myers called out: "Hello, Jake!" (but that wasn't his name either). "Stop! Where in the — did you get that pony?" Jake had stopped and Myers was examining the animal all over with his covetous eyes. But Jake was very reticent about asking too many questions. "Will he work?" demanded Myers. "I don't know," retorted Jake, "for I only got him yesterday!" Yet he did know some things already.

Don't you want to trade him?" "Yes, of course!" responded the young America. "I will trade anything I've got" (swelling out with the assumption of owning the whole earth, when this was his sole earthly possession.) "Come! Let's go up to the house!" said Myers "I've got a pair of two year old steers I will give you for him!" At this offer Jake's heart fairly thumped with joy, but remembering this was the fellow who had been "saying" for him, he concealed all emotion or haste, determined to cut as deep as possible.

At sight of the steers he demanded the yoke, log chain and ten dollars "to boot." Myers wanted that pony and Jake, on even half the amount asked, wanted him to have it. But after a few moments dickering Myers wanted to split the difference. "No!" exclaimed Jake with feigned indifference mounting the pony to go. Here Myers could not stand the thought of letting that prize slip away and he only had five dollars. At last he called to him to get off and look at a pig he had fattening in the pen of 125 lbs weight. This finished the trade by Jake getting the oxen the five dollars and the loan of a sled to load his pig on and make the oxen pull it to their new home.

Knowing that Myers (as he said) was going to hitch the pony right up single to his shovel plow to tend his corn, Jake managed to pass by the next day about noon time, and see that fine prancing pony, dejected, broken spirited, downcast, tired and bruised, all beaten up, tied standing under a tree in the yard eating "post hay," while its owner was sitting in the house at the table taking in his bites as heartily as one who had been cutting cord wood all day. Jake called him out to know "what is the matter. What have you been doing to your pony Mr. Myers?" Myers was a very violent man as the pony could well testify, or at least its back which among other evidences was skinned along the back bone in one place the size of a man's hand where he had used the singletree on him. "None of your blank business!" shouted the irate owner. "That pony is mine now

and I've got a right to do as I blank please with him. I'll make him work or I'll peel the last bit of hide off his blank back and I don't want any of your impudence about it either!"

These are only samples of the sport and excitements occasionally indulged in by the early residents of this community which is a fair index of all others in that day. When a fellow got it warped to him as deeply as the two mentioned, which was pretty often it meant fun for the boys, while they had to just "grin and bear it," and put up some kind of a job in their part to get even again.

FAKING PRACTICED IN IOWA IN EARLY DAYS

The Sorrows of a Near-By
Eldon Citizen in The
Good Old Days.

TRIED TO GET-RICH-QUICK

But in Those Days as in These
"All Was Not Gold That
Glistened."

151. (BY I. T. FLINT)

The sewing machine now common in every household is not an invention so old but many yet live who remember its first introduction. It was a crude beginning of Yankee ingenuity in that line. Yet we looked upon its first appearance wondering "what will be the next!" It then made but one kind of a stitch, and that by the manipulator known as the "chain stitch." To break the thread in it after the piece was sewed unraveled the stitch from end to end. We remember when years afterwards with the many improvements the most delightful came the "lock stitch" by which the sewing machine became "perfect."

At that time the machine not so good as are now selling at from \$15 to \$25, agents were traveling all over the country peddling out for from \$75 to \$100 each. And yet in many respects they lacked very much indeed of being

up to the present standard. Our first knowledge of them here was by pictures and advertisements in papers with wonderful inducements to agents. As the country was yet new and also in the older states so many families could not afford a \$75 or a \$100 sewing machine Yankee genius wrought out little hand sewing machines, which like our present home sausage grinders, could by a thumb screw be clasped on a table top and turned by a crank. They could be bought as low as \$10.

We remember a certain youth with a good Christian handle to his name, yet living not a thousand miles from Eldon, who was always trading with the neighbor boys in old guns, watches, fiddles, etc., that read one of those luring advertisements and therefrom became so imbued with the idea that the life and prosperity of a "sewing machine agent" beat tending corn with one horse and an old single shovel plow "all to pieces!" The advertisement was the "Union Sewing Machine for \$10." It was "so simple any six year old girl could run it to perfection," etc. Ten dollars would get the machine boxed and expressed, or \$25 sent by any one who wanted to act as agent (and he did) would get six machines. "This wonderful offer is for the purpose of introducing our machine into every household, and to see its marvelous simplicity, stitches just like hand sewing, its rapidity, perfection and never getting out of order insures success over all competitors and high priced machines, etc."

For obvious reasons we will not give the true scriptural name of this youth lest he will meet and swear at us, but rather than desecrate or personate the real thing we will call him "Isaiah" which answers pretty near as well, and is religious too. Well Isaiah did not want to pay \$10 for one when he could get six for \$25. To start in as a first class "sewing machine agent" there was no "business" in such a method as that; and then where and how to get that \$25 was the next question. As he could not scrape together twenty-five cents, and the advertisement was for pay in advance. After taking an inventory of his stock of collateral on hand he found two old guns, a watch and an old fiddle, which required too much watered stock to quite constitute sufficient security. Here suddenly jumped up an idea and he grabbed it without ceremony. His oldest brother had the money. A little importunity and he had it; then as soon as the mail could get it through to a certain town in Connecticut the Yankee had it.

That is as far as one can reasonably assure the reader that \$25 to a definite

certainly went. But after it left Isaaih's hands for nights he would wake up and toss restlessly about wondering if the whole thing was a fake and he would never hear from his money again. (He would then have been several dollars better off.) But glad news came at last. On reaching the Ashland postoffice where he had already been making several four mile trips every day, the postmaster at last handed him a letter stating that a box in his name lay in the office at Ottumwa subject to his order.

The world was not so bad after all. The next morning with his wagon and team he was on his way for the goods, and came very near stopping at the Agency City wagon works to order a sewing machine wagon. But on second thought perhaps they wouldn't sell it on even the short time he could make it out of his profits, and he didn't stop. He found the box all right but had to pay \$4.25 freight, and the whole thing didn't weigh over fifty pounds. But conveyances of goods then were not as now. This required another trip to borrow more money. But who cared! To make fortunes requires disappointments and perplexities. Three machines sold would pay it all, and "the other three will be clear profit!"

He eventually got the box, broke it open, and there they were sure enough. We wish we could describe them! A cast iron plate not larger than an ordinary brick to set on a table flat side down, and on top were two pairs of little brass cog wheels about an inch in diameter, two over and two under paralleling each other. Those wheels were for the cloth to pass through between the cogs which had an indentation in the middle of them for a needle. This needle was nothing but a long common sewing needle the head of which rested against a little post to hold it for the front pressure as the cloth came against it. Perhaps ten or fifteen stitches by this ruffling process would be all it would hold, and then you could pull the post out, draw the ruffles back on the thread, put your post back against the needle again and go ahead for a few stitches more to repeat, etc. The thing for a sewing improvement was much like the dutchman's bed bug medicine. He said "you shust catch te pug, open his mou and pours a leetle in an' he falls right pack, kicks up his heels a minute and ties!" "Yes," replied his would-be customer, I can kill him between thumb and finger quicker than that!" "Vell," replied the masticator of saur kraut, "dat ish a good way too!" The poor fellow soon saw how badly he was sold. "Lord, gosh

A'mighty!" was his first ejaculation, as he viewed the pile. Then sorting out of it half a dozen packages of needles, half a dozen screw drivers, and a half dozen oil cans, he piled the machines back in the box and dumped the whole business over the fence back of the horse lot.

Instead of ordering a sewing machine wagon, as harvest was right at hand, he picked up his grain cradle and peddled sewing machines only in his mind while making the thirty dollars back to pay for his first installment, (it is needless to add "the last one!") But the propensity for dickering was not even dampened by that failure, and he went on being sold and selling until now with a sufficiency he sits back laughing at more funny ventures than this one in his long lifetime. Yet with him, that settled the sewing machine business, and he never could look at one with any feelings of complacency since.

On Prohibition Legislation.

102. [I. T. FLINT.]
As long as the abuse and intemperate use of intoxicating liquors are indulged, that long the temperance question will agitate the public mind. If any seer lives in our land so great that he can foretell the end, it will be when the manufacture of fluid stimulants cease, or the human family ceases to multiply and bring children into the world surrounded by their baleful influences. Neither of these conditions dare rational beings hope for or desire. Then as "cursed is the earth for man's sake," so must we intelligently deal with and curb this, with all other evils, in the best way that our finite wisdom shall direct us.

For over fifty-five years our legislatures in Iowa have been trying to deal with this vexed question in our state politics—over half a century, and as we look back through all that vista of time we see only one routine of dismal failures. For all this time no rational man dare charge sincerity of our legislators, and yet from almost the very beginning, irrational intemperate leaders in the cause of temperance have kept up a constant impeachment of their sincerity with all kinds of charges against their integrity and being in league with the liquor interests.

But without further discussion, all must admit there is something wrong somewhere; and instead of abusing the men who did the best they knew how, and in some instances have given us good legislation, let us look among ourselves or rather "cast the beam out of thine own eye so ye can see clearly to pluck the mote out of thy brother's eye!"

We call ourselves "advocates of Temperance!"—a title meaning what it says, moderation in all things. Thus if what we claim to be is true, we must use all things—stimulating drinks with the balance, moderately. Thus as Tetotalers or prohibitionists the name applied to us is a misnomer. Also as fierce advocates of prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, we not only stand on an intemperate platform, but are as intemperate and bring nearly if not quite as much trouble to our state, county and municipalities as the interperance of the manufacturer, seller and the victim of drinks. Our fifty-five years of agitation, legislation, costs and failures demonstrate this fact without argument.

As no effect is produced without a cause, those fifty-five years, from the open and free manufacture of pure and unadulterated whiskey drinking

at 20 cents per gallon, to the present of prohibition (?) damnably adulterated whiskey with all of the most subtle and deadliest of poisons at three and four dollars a gallon that our government might get a revenue from distilleries not run by "moonsbine," there is a cause for all this failure.

In the first place the reformers, to use the homely phrase, "put the cart before the horse" by jumping to the finish without inaugurating the beginning. And secondly, after the establishment of hasty ill advised and impractical legislation, instead of going forward as men to enforce them, shrank back and villified others for not doing it. They refused to understand that no official can arrest and punish an offender until information is filed, complaint made or warrant placed in his hands. Here is where the sole responsibility comes back like a great boomerang upon the head of this great so-called prohibition movement.

The men and women who are so anxious to crush out the vice have not the courage to do what they abuse others for not doing. We all realize the danger to our growing families and friends, but would rather trust our example and influence to guard and guide our own little circle, than engage in brawls and court scenes that would draw personal enmity, damage to our affairs and perhaps personal injury and loss for meddling with the business of the rougher elements. We meet and talk lively about "the protection of our boys and home," and never think of the crying need that we should practice what we preach. The law was made just what we demanded, and yet it is a dead letter, because, while having all reason to believe it is violated, we ourselves dare not investigate and file a complaint.

Not until such action upon our part is taken can a police court, justice, constable, policemen or any other civil officer interfere. As a fee essential for the maintenance of officials is exacted for services, it would not only be vicious but a malfeasance of office and a punishable offense, for any officer to prow around in detective work to enhance his profits at public expense. The law provides a more honorable and safer method. When any citizen files with the proper authorities information charging another with criminally violating the laws of the land—then, and not until then, they can and must act. And not until they refuse, can we either complain of them, or the failure of the law.

Should one say the present law is defective and vicious, that is no excuse or shelter for the half century preceding it. The responsibility for their non-enforcement falls hard and heavy on the great army of advocates who induced their establishment, and then to retain busi-

ness, popularity and the good will of all classes, left the law to enforce itself. Can the reader name a law on our statute books under such circumstances, that would not be a dead as prohibition? We have laws against profanity, against violation of the Sabbath, etc., yet there is not a moment in the day but the one is heard on the street, and every Sunday witnesses base ball and other profanations of the Sabbath publicly, without a single effort for punishment or restraint.

Thus, after all, we find laws are useless without public sentiment behind them, and public interest involved in them. Laws can never compel one's belief between right and wrong, neither can they change his desires, tastes and appetite. All those things are regulated by nature, nurture and education. So long as a person believes he has a right to indulge in drink or pleasure that can only affect himself, he scoffs at restraints and laughs at would-be masters. All legislation along those lines is called "Sumptuary," and from the very start in 1850 were opposed solely upon those grounds of impracticability which have every day since their enactment begun, been demonstrated beyond power to question.

Yet there is a remedy—but a long road for the impatient reformer to reach it. Final success will be far away in future years. This distance with its slow processes was too much for the patience of the intemperate temperance people half a century ago. It must begin in the home and grow into strength and perfection around the family altar. There is none cares for the boy more than his parent. If his parents have not enough interest in his future to teach him the path of virtue and honor, young associates belonging to interested parents should be invoked to influence him by their example.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the motto of Teetotalers. And so far as all kinds of vice as well as liquors are concerned, it is a safe and sure guide board to the nobler and purer paths of upright manhood. But like religion it must be taught, not forced upon our fellows. Not even the veriest drunkard wants his child to become as himself. Our memory of the past has indelibly impressed upon us the belief that today in proportion to population, misdirected agitation of the liquor question for the past fifty years has retarded instead of advanced the temperance movement. In the home, in the church, and in the intelligence and love of parental influence and education, lies the only hope, as strongholds for purity, virtue and honest manhood and womanhood.

MORMON HISTORY

A Short History of the Founding of this Strange Religion by an old Pioneer

Written by James Morse.

It will be interesting to many to read a sketch of the rise and progress of the Mormon Church, or the Latter Day Saints. I will give you what I remember, have heard, read about and saw of Mormonism. I know what I am writing about for I am older than Mormonism. When I was a boy we lived in the western part of the state of New York in Wayne county, near Lake Ontario, 16 miles from Palmyra. In the first place I will give a sketch of Joseph Smith the self constituted Mormon Prophet, imposter and organizer of the Mormon Church, who lived near Palmyra, Wayne county, New York.

The family of Joseph Smith claimed to be of Scotch descent and to have lived in New England since 1700. Joseph's mother was a fortune teller. His parents were ignorant. They were among the people in Vermont who, in the first decade of 1800, followed a delusion of one Wingate. By the use of an instrument which they called "St. John's Rod" the followers of this imposter claimed to find gold, silver, medical roots and herbs, to cure all manner of diseases. Like all such delusive victims they were to find the "Lost Tribes of Israel" and gather in the favored people of God, with "Latter Day Glory." They proved to be a set of scheming swindlers. Wingate, the leader, was arrested, escaped from justice, that ended their scheme. Joseph Smith was born in the time of this Wingate excitement. Ten years later his parents moved to Palmyra, New York. Here Joseph grew up. His parents were indolent and intemperate. Joseph had health, strength and a vivid imagination. Being without school advantages he ran at large. He was wild with the romance of Capt. Kidd, and with his young followers he would dig in the fields of his father's at night for buried money. Joseph was about fifteen years old when he began to dream and see visions. His visions and dreams continued for about seven years, four years of this time he was roving about through the state, also in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and two years of this time it was un-

known where he was or what he was doing. Soon after Joseph's return to his father's home he was visited by Hadden who was then a Baptist preacher, from Mentor, Ohio. They became known to each other through a Mr. Parley P. Pratt, who was a traveling tinker and a preacher. Mr. Pratt plied his vocations between Palmyra, New York, and Mentor, Ohio. After Mr. Hadden visited with Smith in the summer of 1827 Joseph said he was told in visions and dreams that he was chosen of the Lord to be a great prophet to restore the Gospel to the world which had been taken away centuries ago. He declared that an angel had come into his room at midnight and awoke him, read several chapters of the Bible, afterward took him to a hill which he called Cumorah. The hill is four miles from Palmyra. There is where Joseph found the plates with the help of the angel to help dig them. Smith describes the plates bound by rings in the form of a book, concealed in a stone vault where they had been hidden 1400 years. The plates he said was four by eight inches and about the thickness of a sheet of tin, forming a book six inches thick. Joseph Smith concealed himself behind a curtain in the corner of his mother's kitchen. The curtain was a bed blanket. He there read and interpreted the plates, to a scribe who sat outside the blanket and wrote what he read. In that way the Original Book of Mormon was written. Eleven (11) men testified they saw the plates, but none of them could read a word that was on them, so we have Joseph's word for the pretended translation.

In that way the foundation of the Mormon Church was laid. At first their doctrine was simple and harmless. It made little difference what a man believed so long as he promised submission to the priesthood. Joseph Smith was baptized and ordained by Oliver Cowdery, then Oliver Cowdery was baptized and ordained by Joseph Smith. When the church was formed only five of the eleven witnesses that saw the plates joined it.

Oliver Cowdery one that was ordained and joined, had acted as scribe part of the time, was cut off from the church a few years later, for lying, theft and living in adultery with a hired girl. He afterwards died a drunkard. Martin Harris another one of the five acted scribe part of the time, turned out to be a miserable wretch. The other three turned out to be thieves and criminals.

Joe Smith claimed he had a revelation from the Lord to translate the golden plates and have the Mormon

Bible printed. Joe Smith employed a Mr. Granden that had a good farm to print the Bible. Granden had faith in the prophet, mortgaged his farm to get press, type and paper to print the Bible on. As the printing progressed Smith would get new revelations from the Lord instructing him what to do and what to publish. In process of time they got some Bibles completed and a large amount printed and not bound. They could not sell but very few of their Bibles and made a financial failure. Mr. Granden lost his farm and they sold large quantities of their unbound Bibles to the merchants and grocers for wrapping paper. We got many chapters of the Mormon Bible around the goods we bought. This was about 1827 to 1830. On April 6th, 1830, Joseph Smith organized the Mormon Church at Palmyra. At that time there were 15 or 16 of them, and in the early thirties they went to the western part of Ohio and settled there in a new county, built a town called Kirtland. There they began to increase more rapidly. Smith appointed apostles and elders and sent them to England, Ireland, Germany, and other foreign countries to persuade families to emigrate to America and join the Mormons. About the time the Mormons went to Ohio we moved to the southern part of Michigan, being in an adjoining state we kept track of the Mormons. In the spring of 1837 we came to the Blackhawk purchase, settled near the Missouri line not far from that time the Mormons moved from Ohio into the northern part of Missouri, so we were not far from the Mormons. While the Mormons were in Missouri they increased very fast. The apostles had great success in the old countries in persuading many to come to the United States to join the newly organized church. The apostles and elders said but very little about their polygamy until they got on their way here. It did not take long to persuade their proselites it was lawful and right to have a plurality of wives. When they arrived in Missouri they were taught they were among the Lord's people, and everything in the country belong to the Lord, and the Lord's people had a right to use anything they could find that they needed. They were instructed to go out and gather the manna and quails, eat, drink and be merry. They went out foraging in the Missouri prairies, shot down beef cattle, dressed and made use of them, went to the cornfields and gathered the corn as they needed it. The Missourians went to them to see what they were doing. They said they were the Lord's people and everything in the country belong to the

Lord and they had a right to help themselves. The Missourians gathered themselves together in that vicinity with their rifles, old muskets and small arms and marched to Mormon headquarters, informed the prophet Joe Smith and his apostles if they did not get out of the county in so many days they would massacre the whole of them, old and young. The prophet prophesied it might be true, and they hussled out in a hurry. They had not been in Missouri but a short time. The leaders had bought land and commenced to build a city, so it was bad for them to move. They went from Missouri into Hancock county, Ill., and settled at Nauvoo on the Mississippi river. They laid off the town and began to build a city, and soon made arrangements to build a temple. It must have been about 1840 when they went to Illinois and laid out the plat of Nauvoo. It was a beautiful site for a city, and the place selected to build the temple showed to good advantage from the Iowa side of the river. There was no bottom land nor high bluff on the Nauvoo side. There was a gradual rise from the river to the high prairie. On the Iowa side of the river there was a large prairie bottom, and around the prairie bottom was a high bluff that overlooked the bottom, Montrose and all of Nauvoo. There was a great emigration there in the 40's up to 50's in Iowa, and scores of us went to Keokuk to take wheat to market and hauled goods back into the country. As we went to Keokuk the wagon road struck the top of the bluff at the north end of the bottom, and circled around on top of the bluff several miles, so we had a plain view of the building up of the city, and we watched the temple as it was in building several years, also we had a plain view of the steamboats as they passed up and down in the river.

After the Mormons located in Illinois, platted the city of Nauvoo and commenced building the temple, they increased in numbers very fast. Joe Smith appointed apostles and elders and had them to council with, and he sent out numbers of them into foreign countries and they came with the apostles by the score. Some of those foreign emigrants had money. They had to cast it into the Lord's treasury to help feed the prophet and his wives. (The writer of this has forgot how many wives Joe Smith had) and help build the temple.

Everything prospered among them for awhile, each laboring man had to work so many days each month on the temple without pay, so they were not out any money for labor while build-

ing the temple. They completed the outside of the building and the large ball on the dome made a fine sight from the Iowa side. It glistened beautifully in the sunshine.

After they got settled in Hancock county they had more trouble. The apostles brought all classes of people to Nauvoo, and while they were building the city and the temple, there was lots of stealing done through the county, and when the farmers got on track of their property they would trace it into Nauvoo. The stealing went on for more than ten years, the anti-Mormons became very hostile towards the Mormons, one man was more jealous than the others in hunting stolen goods. The Mormons took him and shut him up in a dungeon over night. The Mormons brought him out in the morning and told him if he didn't get out of Nauvoo and stay out he would disappear never to return. The farmers had almost all kinds of property stolen, harness in particular. It was a common thing for a farmer to go to the barn or stable to harness his horses in the morning and the harness would be gone.

The stealing became unbearable, the Mormons were getting too crowded in Nauvoo, and were getting out into the country on each side of the river, and the old settlers in Hancock county held a council to see how they could put a stop to the stealing. They decided to arrest Joe Smith for conspiracy with a den of thieves and protecting them by helping to secret the stolen property. Smith was arrested by the sheriff of the county, taken to Carthage and lodged in jail. (The jail at that time was a two-story log building). The next day after Smith was arrested there was a mob gathered in Carthage and surrounded the jail, and Joe Smith the Mormon priest and prophet was shot in the jail through an upstairs window. It was an unlawful, ungodly act to kill a man when in custody, waiting for trial. The mob dispersed and no one punished for the crime.

When the Mormons heard their prophet, priest and king, Joe Smith, was dead, there was confusion and excitement in Nauvoo. The common people did not know what to do, but the elders and apostles had practiced deception, trickery, and hoodwinked the ignorant people so long under the tuition of Joe Smith they knew just how to work the wives, and Brigham Young was acknowledged to be leader of the Mormon host, and was appointed priest and prophet with his plurality of wives.

We do not remember how many wives Young had at that time, but he

had seventeen when he moved from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. Robert Hawke used to say when his wife had to have wine, "what was good for the goose was good for the gander." If it was lawful for man to have a plurality of wives, why not the woman have a plurality of husbands? What would a woman do with eight or ten husbands? We will tell more about Brigham's last wife, who she was, where and how he got her, and what she done. There was a continual strife kept up between the Mormons and the "Gentiles" as long as the Mormons stayed in Illinois. Every time the Mormons moved they tried to locate in a new country where they could practice and teach their polygamous doctrine. The reason the states and government did not interfere with their polygamy, it was carried on under the cloak of religion, and the governments did not like to interfere with their religious rights. In 1850 to 1852 the Mormons had increased so by importing foreigners to join them, they had to have more territory and get where the civil law would not interfere with their unlawful deeds. From 1848 to 1852 Illinois got too hot for Mormonism, and they sent out some of their apostles and elders to spy out a new territory.

Their community went west, found Salt Lake and Utah territory, and they decided that would be a paradise for all the Mormons where they could control the whole territory and not be disturbed by the "Gentiles." They began emigrating from Nauvoo to Utah in 1849, and in 1850 their number was estimated at 20,000 souls, and they were moving to Utah as fast as they could get teams. There was no other way to travel at that time.

There were many Mormon families settled in the western part of Iowa from 1846 to 1854, and the Mormon vote controlled the political power of the state for a few years. The most of them moved to Utah in process of time. Some remain in Iowa at the present time. In the spring of 1853 the Mormons had made arrangements to leave Nauvoo and all of this part of the country, they made a great effort to get through the country. Many of them had landed in Utah and had commenced building Salt Lake City, and had already begun building the temple. They could not get to haul one-half of the people and their goods. They had to load their wagons with provisions, bedding, tents and wearing apparel, and all the able-bodied men, women and children had to go on foot. Hundreds of them passed through the north part of Van Buren and Davis counties, up through the north part of Appanoose county on to Council

Bluffs. There they crossed the Missouri river and lay over at Omaha to rest and prepare for crossing the plains.

The Mormons started to build the city of Council Bluffs, called Kaneshville at that time. It was a good trading point, and other parties moved there and went into business, then the Mormons went on through to Utah. The Mormons sold their land in Nauvoo and in Hancock county, and the money they received for their land was given to the Lord, also the money the emigrants paid in was put into the hands of the Mormon leaders. The Mormon priests, elders and prophets, had plenty of money to build a new temple and churches in Salt Lake City, also to build fine houses for their many wives.

While the Mormons were emigrating to Utah there were several small colonies settled in Iowa. One colony at Garden Grove, Decatur county. Some located in Lucas county. One colony settled at a place called Lost Camp. The western part of Iowa was new and unsettled at that time, and the Mormons had the same right and privilege to settle on Iowa land that any other class of people had. In 1853 while the Mormons were enroute for Utah Brigham Young with his seventeen wives halted at Omaha to prepare for crossing the uninhabited plains, and to see that the poor had provisions to take them through to Utah. I promised to tell you who Brigham's 18th wife was, how he got her, and what she done later in life.

In the year 1843 William Folsom moved with his wife and only child, Amelia, who was then a small girl, from the state of New York to Nauvoo, and joined the Mormons. Mr. Folsom, as architect and builder worked on the Nauvoo temple until 1846, when he moved with his family to Keokuk, and worked as carpenter and builder.

Part 2 —
Amelia attended the Keokuk school, and probably there is some old people living in Keokuk that were schoolmates of hers. Amelia was a beautiful girl, tall, of elegant form and figure, bright, a good performer on the piano, a graceful dancer and was fond of out-door sports, such as skating, sleighriding, etc. She was quite a favorite with all her schoolmates.

Amelia resembles in her younger days very much the portrait of her cousin, Mrs. Cleveland. Wm. Folsom his wife and Amelia left Keokuk in 1853, joined the other Mormons that were on their way to Salt Lake City, when they got to Omaha they met

Brigham Young who was on his way to Utah with his family. It was at Omaha the Folsom family renewed their acquaintance with the prophet Brigham, who was in charge of the emigrants, and it was there that Brigham met the beautiful and charming Amelia, then about 20 years old and he was about 53 years old, there was where he sparked Amelia and made arrangements for the marriage, when they landed at Salt Lake City. Amelia being ambitious for place and station, and her fathers finances limited at a low ebb, with a scanty supply of goods; the prophet offered to make the father, William Folsom, chief architect of the temple, tabernacle and other church buildings, at a large salary, were quite an incentive in pleading the cause of Brigham for the hand of the fair Amelia or wife No. 18. Then and there was the marriage contract consummated. Afterwards the marriage ceremony was celebrated with great pomp and style in one of the Utah churches. William Folsom retained his office as chief architect of the temple and other church buildings in Salt Lake City, which were erected under his specifications and under his personal supervision. He was holding this office in 1865, and how much longer since we do not know. Amelia lived as wife No. 18 in the "Lion House," so called by reason of a large lion being carved out of solid rock and placed over the portico. Amelia proved to be a barren woman and domineered over the other wives of the prophet, and made it so hot for them she finally had the entire building to her self, and the prophet had to build other houses for his former wives to rear their children in. There were several acres within the walls that surrounded the Lion House. Brigham had several houses built inside the walls of the Lion House for part of his wives. Mrs. Amelia had more influence over the Lord's prophet than any one else. She permitted him to visit his other wives through the day, but when night came the old hypocrite had to be with lovely Amelia. Brigham becoming more wealthy, having millions of the churches money at his command, she persuaded him to build her a fine palace near the Lion House which was built and occupied by her. She lived there in style for many years. Brigham Young was born in 1801, and died in Salt Lake City in 1887.

We will go from Salt Lake back to Palmyra where we first started. In writing this sketch about the Mormons, where they started, where they went, and what they done, has brought incidents to my mind that has been treasured up in the recesses of the soul for sixty and seventy years, and now as we wish to convey those old

ideas or incidents to our neighbors, the soul presses those thoughts back into our minds and we write them for the benefit of the present generation. As we left out things that took place along with those we wrote about in the start, we well recollect the vision Joseph Smith pretended was revealed to him, that he saw pots of money hid in the ground. He pretended to tell people's future destiny, and before Brother Joe commenced preaching, he told fortunes. The people in the neighborhood believed his story about the pots hid in the earth and most of the money was on Joseph Knight's farm. Old Uncle Joe, as he was called, was a farmer; he dropped his work and joined others to dig for the money on his farm. They dug and dug, but found no money. Joe Smith told them there was a charm on the pots of money, and if some animal was killed and the blood sprinkled around the place then they could get it. They killed a dog, and tried his method to find the treasure. They dug in different places to find it, but all in vain, no treasure found. The poor dog was killed to get the blood to take off the charm. They found out there was no money. After all their labor digging found no money. They did not find out they were hoodwinked and humbugged. It was at Cowlesville some miles from Palmyra where they dug for the money, and Uncle Joe Knight's farm was near Cowlesville, and after they failed to find the money Joe Smith went back to Palmyra to his father's. Some months after Joe's humbug digging for money, he married Miss Emma Hale a school teacher, a girl of good repute and respectable parents. Joe Smith takes his wife and goes back to Cowlesville to meet his money diggers and preach a new doctrine to them. Joe was a good talker and his new humbug attracted the people to hear it. He declared an angel had appeared to him, and told him of the golden plates that were hid and would come forth on a certain day, that the plates were sacred containing a history of people that lived in ancient days, Smith brought up many prophecies to prove the Lord was about to do a marvelous work. He also stated he saw the angel and talked with him face to face; and the angel told him at a certain time he would take him to the place where the plates could be found, also that God had chosen Joe Smith to translate what was on the golden plates, and he was to publish it to the world. The plates were found and translated, and the Mormon bible was printed as I stated before. Here is the names of three witnesses who testified they saw

the plates and handled them, and they had the appearance of gold. Names of witnesses: Oliver Cowdry, David Whitmer, Peter Whitmer. We stated in a former chapter they had about 16 members when they organized in 1830, but they had about 60 before they went to Ohio. After they organized the church they were all baptized by immersion and confirming by laying on of hands, for the reception of the Holy Ghost, also of healing the sick and casting out devils, which was accomplished by the ordained elders of the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

Oliver Cowdry was ordained elder in the Mormon Church, and was one of the witnesses to the golden plates, and was a preacher. Sidney Rigdon came into Cowlesville, N. Y., claiming to be a Baptist minister from Ohio, and preached to large congregations. He stayed several days. He had special business with Joe Smith, and it was supposed he helped get up the Book of Mormons.

The Mormons went from Palmyra to Kirtland, Ohio. Kirtland was called by the Saints the stake or Zion, to prepare to go to Missouri, then called the hill of Zion, a land that flowed with milk and honey. The elders had been sent out into all parts of the world to induce people to come to America, join the Mormons, and go with them to the promised land, they persuaded rich and poor, saint and criminal. Criminals that could escape from justice joined the Mormons for protection. Sidney Rigdon the Baptist minister joined the Mormons at Kirtland Ohio, and was an accomplice of Joe Smith's in deceiving and humbugging the people. Joe Smith, the prophet, dictated to the Mormon people when and where to move. He sent a committee to Missouri to buy land and look out a site for a city. That committee selected Jackson county for their location. By this time the emigrants were arriving from foreign countries, and Brother Smith ordered the Mormons to move from Kirtland to Missouri. Joe managed and planned everything to the best advantage he could and took them in boat from Ohio to Missouri. The Mormons were coming into Jackson county continually. The county was sparsely settled at the time the Mormons first settled in that county, and after a time they were driven out of Jackson county, but not out of the state at that time. The Governor of the state had to call out the militia to keep order between the old settlers and Mormons. They were driven out of Jackson county in the fall of the year, and they were permitted to camp on the Missouri river for

the winter. They sold their land the best they could, lived in tents and cabins that winter. Joe Smith and Sidney Rigdon went back to Kirtland, Ohio, where they had started a bank, Joseph Smith president, and Sidney Rigdon vice president. They had plenty of money to run a bank by the wealthy dupes that were joining them and depositing their money into the treasury of the Lord.

Those Mormons camping over on the Missouri River had a hard time that winter, but the elders made a large hewed log house they used for a church. It was large enough to contain eight families, all elders and apostles families. They had two fireplaces and stick chimneys to their church. The common people lived in their tents and log huts in the spring. In the spring they held a council, appointed three men to go and hunt a new site for a city, where there was good land around it for farming. While they were camped on the river some of the Jackson county men came in a flat bottom boat and pulled their boat out of the river near the Mormon camp and took their rifles on their shoulders and went into the bluffs and hills to hunt. The Mormons took an auger to the boat, took up one plank in the bottom of the boat and bored several holes in the boat, then put the plank back. When the hunters came they put their boat into the water and started across the river. Before they got half way across the boat sunk and two of the men were drowned. When the land committee returned their report was they found the finest land and the best site for a city they ever saw, in Caldwell county, Mo. The Mormon leaders had land bought, a city platted, named it "Far West." Every one that was able to work went at it in good faith to make a home, building cabins, cultivating the land and everything prospered with them for a time.

We will notice the Mormon leaders were very religious and always made arrangements for a place to worship among the first thing they done when they commenced in a new locality. At the beginning of this new city "Far West" they organized a new society. This new society named "Danites," and they go by that name at the present time. They were sworn to keep all action a secret with instruction from Joe Smith the prophet, and the elders of the church was to keep the Danites posted in every new thing that happened among the elders. The Danites was to steal, rob and plunder, murder and commit any crimes to benefit the Mormons. One special duty they were to perform was to capture any

one that was leaving the Mormons, bring them back, and if they did not swear to not expose Mormonism they were to murder them. While the Mormons were making their new improvements in Caldwell county, the Danites would go miles away in the country in the day time, then prepare to go home in the night, and get back before daylight.

Two witnesses examined one of those Danites wagons early one morning. It contained geese, chickens, one hog, dressed with the hair on, plow, shovel, hoes, axes and corn. They brought in anything they could cut or work with. Those elders and apostles knew all about this plundering at the time, but these priests were dressed in "fine linen and purple," bought with the humbugged people's money.

In June the Bishop of the church sent for Brother Joseph Smith to come to "Far West" immediately on business. At this time the bank at Kirtland was in good running order. Joseph Smith made arrangements in the banking business and came to "Far West," Sidney Rigdon with him. They tarried in the "Far West" until after the fourth of July.

Part 3. —

All arrangements were made to lay the corner stone of the temple on the 4th of July. Everything was in readiness excepting the rolling of the corner stone into its proper place. The fourth came, the Saints assembled at the bower. The speaker, Sidney Rigdon, ascended the stand accompanied by Joe Smith. They took their seats and awaited the assemblage. The city was visited at this time by people from a distance. The Saints noticed among them some of the broad-rimmed Missourians. The speaker and attendant came out of the stand and went where the corner stone of the temple was to be laid. Joseph Smith made a prayer, the Saints sung a piece composed for this purpose. Then a few remarks were made by the Bishop, the high priest, L. Pattirage and Parley Pratt, an elder of the church. Then singing, and benediction pronounced by Smith, after which they took their respective seats. The constitution was read by P. P. Pratt one of the elders. Sidney Rigdon delivered an address on the liberty and freedom of the people, and wound up by saying, "he defied the people of Caldwell county to drive us from "Far West" and the adjoining county; that the Great Jehovah would interfere and

fight our battles for us." This was confirmed by the saints, and three loud cheers and amens rent the air. At this a great excitement arose among the old settlers, and Rigdon's life could not have been insured for five cents. The people went wild with excitement, rushing to and fro in every direction, Rigdon's remarks was productive of much evil. The Mormons were threatened. Troops were sent to Far West to keep down insurrection. The Mormon garden and barns were plundered, the church tried in vain to secure their property, but nothing was safe from the hands of the militia. The Danites had to keep hid in the country, until they could steal away by night and the Mormons were compelled to leave the state and went to Nauvoo, Ill. We have given asketch how they done there. When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri they disposed of their land to a great disadvantage.

While the Mormons were building up Nauvoo there were a great many experiences took place. I will give you an experience of a woman that went to Nauvoo to visit a friend, to cut the story short she was enticed to go to a Mormon store by a Mormon woman. She was treated very kindly and polite, was urged to buy a fine summer dress as it was very hot weather. The young lady was very cordially invited to go up stairs over the store to the parlor, and sit awhile to rest before they returned home. Miss Martha accepted the offer, and ascended the stairs with Mrs. K. Upon reaching the landing Mrs. K. took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door, then pushing the door open bade Martha enter. She stepped in and at a glance saw the room was large and well furnished. Her attention was drawn to the far end of the room, and on looking around discovered Mrs. K. had not entered the room. In the east end she saw Joseph Smith, Hiram Smith, Mr. Taylor, Brigham Young, and others she did not know. She went to the door and it was locked. Brigham saw she was embarrassed, stepped up to her, bringing a chair, told her to sit down, Mrs. K. would return soon. She sat down, composed herself the best she could, expecting Mrs. K. to return. After talking to Mr. Young a few minutes, Brigham drew his chair close to her and put his arm around her waist, in spite of her efforts to defend herself. She thought to use strategy. Mr. Young began: Have you heard the new order of things which has been revealed to the prophet? I have not heard of anything in particular, said

Martha, although I am aware Brother Joseph often receives revelations. As I am engaged in my country school I do not hear all the news. Very true, said Brigham; now if I should propose marriage to you would you accept it? Martha studied for an answer, then said: You have a wife, have you not? O, yes; but if the Lord should give a revelation to that effect, would you accept me? If I was sure it came from God I would accept it. Brigham replied this revelation came from God through his prophet Joseph, and if you will give your consent we will be united. Well, said Martha, this is new to me, I never heard of this order before, and if my mother will consent, I will adhere to your strange proposal. How soon can you see your mother? Brigham asked, seeming to be in haste, Miss Martha Brotherton replied, I can see her and talk the matter over with her within an hour. She said, I never take steps without consulting my mother. I am satisfied if she knows its a revelation from God she will consent to it. Saying this she started to go. Brigham also arose, taking a key from his pocket he unlocked the door, and taking out a gold watch, you will return within one hour—half-past ten—you will call again at half past eleven, sure? Yes, said Martha. (Brigham the hypocritical sinner thought he had that girl sure, but he was fooled that time.) Martha was at her mother's within ten minutes. Her mother noticed her strange appearance. As Mrs. Brotherton began to question her, Martha raised both hands, exclaiming: O, mother, mother! let dinner and everything go and go with me over the river, and while you get ready I will tell you what has happened. Do hurry! Where is brother to row the boat? (Martha was teaching over in Iowa.) Are you ready, dear mother? Martha, my child, what has happened? Well, Brother Joseph has given a revelation that men can have as many wives as they can support, and Brigham wants to marry me; the time is half gone; put down the curtains, lock the door. Your basket, yes; now run, when we are in the middle of the river we are out of danger. Now, brother, paddle for dear life; perhaps we can get out of their reach before they know of our leaving. Yes, said her brother, if we are not observed by the Danites in our haste to get out of Nauvoo, these islands are infested with them at this time. They got into Iowa safe, and Martha went in a few days to Carthage, the county seat of Hancock county, and qualified to this statement. Martha did not go back to Nauvoo while the Mormons stayed there. Mrs. Austin, living in

Nauvoo had been living with the Mormons some years before she learned they practiced polygamy. Mrs. Austin inquired of a Mormon elder if he knew the Mormon church practiced polygamy in the church? I do, he answered; but we must not mention it to any one.

We will give one more case of a Mormon elder talking to a nice widow, but he did not get her; she left the Mormons. He said "we must obey God's commands, which He has given His servant Joseph Smith; that is a man can have all the wives he can get if he marries them for time and eternity, that is he takes care of them in time they will be his in eternity; for the glory of man is the woman; the more women he has the more glory will crown him in heaven." This is true Mormonism right from all elder, and all Mormon elders are preachers.

We stated in a former chapter that Joe Smith was shot in the Carthage jail, but while he was trying to make his escape through an upper window, sixteen bullets passed through his body, and he fell from the window on the outside twenty feet. Some one of the mob saw Smith's body on the outside and stabbed him through with his sword, saying, you are the man that killed my father. Hiram Smith, Joe's brother, and another man, was killed at the same time.

Mrs. Hartwell, of Salt Lake City, asks a Mormon woman in Nauvoo, "Is Mormonism there anything like it used to be in Joseph's day, or is it all a numbug like it is here? We hear strange stories. Mormonism out here is divided into several classes, the Brighamites, the Godbeites, and the Josephites, and it puts one in their wits' end to know which is right. We have been so humbugged by Brigham we will not be in a hurry to join another." Now here is part of the answer: "Polygamy is one of the greatest curses that ever spit its poisonous venom into the hearts of any civilized community, doing a wrong which can not be recalled; and I doubt if it can be ever pardoned. Mormonism has destroyed the peace of happy, inoffensive neighborhoods, and seduced many a virtuous and respectable woman into vice from which there is no redemption."

The Mormon woman is what the Mormon man made her. Some may deny it, but the woman born into Mormonism will seek no higher position for herself than what Elder Kimball is pleased to bestow upon her, who are entirely under his moulding power. The Mormon Church was so well organized and the leaders so shrewd to

have hiding places for stolen property it was impossible to convict a Mormon for crime, you could not get testimony out of a Mormon, they would screen each other from justice. The Mormons were nearly ten years moving from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City, and have got scattered through several states. They have many missionaries working at the present time in the United States. Joe Smith's first wife stayed in Nauvoo and kept a boarding house some years after the Mormons left there.

Now we will go to Salt Lake City again. It will be remembered when the Mormons got settled there, they increased among themselves with a plurality of wives, also their elders in foreign countries brought hundreds to Utah. They increased in church property very fast, all the foreigners that came had to put their money into the Lord's treasury, and those that had been settled there had to pay one-tenth of all they raised or made each year into the church funds, also the laboring men had to work so many days each month on the temple and other church building. In that way the church property increased very fast. When the land came into market the Mormon leaders bought large tracts of that fine land in Utah territory for the common people to settle on and cultivate. The Mormons held the balance of power in Utah for some years, and the stronger they became the more they plundered. Many of our older readers read of the Mountain Meadow massacre that took place in southern Utah in the summer of 1859. That was the most terrible, cold blooded, premeditated, horrible murder that that was ever committed in the United States just for plunder. In the spring of 1859 there were in Kentucky and adjoining states a company formed to emigrate into southern California. They were to go through with teams (no railroads through at that time) and wagons, they were fitted out with good teams, wagons, carriages, and all the conveniences an emigrant train could have, with provisions for the summer. When they got through to Salt Lake City among the Mormons, Elder Lee formed their acquaintance, and told them if they would go the southern route it would be nearer and better roads. In that way Lee induced them to go through southern Utah and he was very kind to assist them and direct them on the route. When they got to the Mountain Meadows in Utah they were camped and friend Lee called on them in a very friendly way and induced them to leave their camp on some pretense, and he lead

them into an ambush of Indians and Mormons that massacred all except two little children. Lee thought he would keep them, a brother and sister. After holding a council with the Mormon friends they decided to shoot the little boy. He was about eight years old, and might give them away, but the little girl was younger and beautiful, and she was saved alive and taken to Salt Lake City and raised in a Mormon family.

I will give you a statement of a Mr. Parker who traveled through Utah in 1899. Mr. Parker said: "One day was spent visiting in and around the Mountain Meadows where the horrible massacre occurred in May, 1859, when 130 innocent men, women and children were decoyed from their camp and brutally butchered. We found the spot where the encampment was and where the bones were buried, also the monument where the massacre actually took place, and the little spring where the little one dressed in white was shot."

How much or what Elder Lee gave those Indians we know not. Lee and the Mormons took most of those emigrants property to Salt Lake City and made use of it, and reported the Indians had slaughtered the emigrants, and the public did not know anything to the contrary for some years. It was reported Brigham Young had the fine carriage at Salt Lake that was taken at the time of the massacre. We state that Elder Lee went on after he plotted this gigantic massacre, preached and worked as a missionary for about eight years.

What hypocrisy!

After this wholesale massacre Uncle Sam sent some United States soldiers to Salt Lake City and established Fort Douglas on a mountain overlooking the city, then planted their big guns so they could throw shot and shell into the city and destroy the temple if necessary. After Uncle Sam was prepared to destroy the city the Mormons became very docile, knowing better than to come in contact with Uncle Sam.

After about eight years from the time the little girl was saved from the massacre and Uncle Sam had established a territorial government in Utah, that girl now in her teens said she recollected all about that massacre, and could tell what kind of a man it was. Be it remembered that Lee had been an officer in the U. S. army, and the story of the girl was stated to the officers of the garrison there, and they took up the case as a military case. The girl was interrogated, she described the man that managed the

massacre, and she was taken about the city to find the man she described when she came to Lee she said that was the man. Lee answered the description she had given before she saw him. Lee was arrested, tried for having the girl shot at the spring, found guilty, confessed the whole thing, and was condemned to be shot according to military law. Therefore he was set on his coffin and shot by the soldiers selected for that purpose.

The Mormons have a celebration annually on April 6th, the time their church was first organized 1830. Many think the doctrine of polygamy and a plurality of wives have died out among the Latter Day Saints, and polygamy is not practiced among them at this time, we will show you how they preach out in a Mormon Church: "The Vernal Utah Express says that Apostle Cowley, of the Mormon Church, said in a church at Vernal, Aug. 18th, 1900, that the law of plural marriage is God given, and is eternal as any law ever given by the Father, and any person who disbelieved it or sought to hide behind the Government restriction or the manifesto, or were afraid to advocate its principles were not Latter Day Saints." We see that is a late date to be preaching that kind of doctrine Aug. 18th, 1900. You see by these facts stated that Mormonism is a fraud from start to the present time. The golden plates Joe Smith pretended to dig out of the hill at Palmyra was witnessed by three witnesses that said the plates looked like gold, and Joe Smith said there were characters on those plates that represented a people's language that no learned man could interpret, but God gave him the interpretation and ordered him to have the Mormon Bible printed. If Joe ever had any such plates why did he not show them to some of his congregations where he preached?

Joe Smith pretended to receive revelations from the Lord, but the first revelation he received from God in getting a plurality of wives, was after they located in Nauvoo. Smith then had quite a number of elders and apostles to council with, his brother Hiram, Sidney Rigdon, Brigham Young, Lee, and a number of elders, what they could not think of would cheat the devil.

There had been some honest families brought among them, so the common people were working to support the leaders of the Mormon Church, with the help of the Danites, these officials were getting rich and living in luxury. These elders, apostles, Brigham and Smith thought it would be nice to get a revelation to have a plurality of wives, live in adultery,

blind the common people of the Mormons, violate the law of the states, all under the cloak of resigning to evade the law. They did accomplish their hypocrisy for a long time. Now every state should watch these Mormons and arrest them for polygamy the same as any other class of people. The Mormons are now divided into three classes, the Brighamites, the Josephites, and the Godbeites.

There were a committee of Mormons sent out from Utah in the spring of 1900 to look for a new territory where they could settle and not live among the "Gentiles." They traveled by carriage so they could view the country, New Mexico, Arizona and the southwest. When they returned the committee reported they could not find any vacant territory where they could settle, and they would be obliged to remain and do the best they could where they were.

Some years ago when the ministers and school teachers were trying to get a start in Utah among the Mormons, in an address to the American people, said: "We recognize the fact that the so-called Mormon Church in its exercise of political power, is antagonistic to American institutions, and that there is an irrepressible conflict between Utah Mormonism and American republicanism; so much so that they can never abide together in harmony. We believe that the growth of this anti-republican power is such that, if not checked speedily, it will cause serious trouble in the near future."

Mormonism did not get a great check when Uncle Sam built Ft. Douglas in Utah and had Gen. Lee arrested and shot for plotting the Mountain Meadow massacre, and that knocked the cloak off Mormon religion, when Uncle Sam found out polygamy and a plurality of wives was perpetrated under the cloak of religion, and that it was a scheme of hypocrisy carried on by the Mormon leaders to evade the civil law. The women have struck the keynote to put a stop to polygamy.

The following resolution was adopted: "That the Interdenominational council of women direct its first aggressive effort to bring about the adoption, by our national congress of a constitutional amendment defining marriage as monogamic, and making polygamy a crime in every state and territory throughout the United States."

We are all aware that no law can be made but some scapegoat will evade or violate. The great mistake was the Mormons were permitted to have a plurality of wives too long in violating the laws we did have. The apos-

the Cowley said God gave the law for a plurality of wives. God never made or directed man to make any such law. When God created man, he made one woman for him. When Noah made the ark God commanded Noah to take his wife, his three sons, and the three wives of his sons. When the Lord commanded Moses to instruct the priests they were to be perfect with but one wife, when the Lord gave the people a king, the king was instructed not to multiply wives to himself. We turn over to the new testament scriptures, we find Paul the apostle had no wife nor concubines, when the elders, apostles, and bishops were appointed, they had to be men of good repute with only one wife.

It is evident that God never designed that man should have but one wife at a time. Man was created and placed on this earth to live and do what was right. Man had the moral law to govern him. Man was made a free moral agent, and given an innate moral principle or conscience so he could discern between right and wrong. Man was made upright, but has sought out many inventions. Remember Mormonism was sought out by Joe Smith. When Smith found the golden plates in the hill he was alone, he was very careful not to show those pretended plates to the public. When the truth is told Joe Smith never found any plates in the hill, Joe Smith never had any revelation from the Lord to print the Mormon Bible, Joe Smith was a fraud from start to finish. It takes a smart man to make a hypocrite, one that is not detected in his hypocrisy. We said in a former chapter that man was a free moral agent, and God permits men to violate the moral law, also to break the civil law. When men invent some good scheme to evade all law, like the Oneida free love society that started up in the state of New York some years ago they bought land, formed a society, put all their money into one purse, all eat at one table, all free lovers, they increased yearly, bought more land, and was doing a lovely business, they were not married, all belong to the society, free love, changed partners every night. After awhile they had about thirty children in the society, the mothers could not tell who the fathers of their children were. The state had to take the case in hand and break up the society and compel them to obey the laws of the state.

When Joe Smith started up his Mormon scheme in New York he could not think of everything he wanted to do, but when he got postales and elders appointed, by their help they received many revelations through Joe Smith.

No one will deny but the Mormon leaders were smart, shrewd men, or they could not have deceived so many people. Brigham Young was a smart man, and with Joe Smith before him as a false prophet, Young made a big humbug for the Mormon people. The planning of Salt Lake City, building those churches, the planning and building that temple, all showed inventive genius, but his father-in-law, Wm. Folsom, Amelio's father, was his chief architect. The government in the United States is very lenient in regard to people's religious views. that is the reason the Mormons got such a start in polygamy under the cloak of religion. God permits men to do evil, but they are responsible to the civil governments for violating the civil law, and responsible to God for violating the moral law.

For the last fifty years the Mormons have preached for a plurality of wives. We saw Elder Cowley was preaching it as late as August, 1900. Again, we saw that one of the elders had been in the eastern states this last summer (1900) and gathered up a car load of young women and took them through to Utah. Now what does those Mormon priests and apostles want of those women unless it is to make polygamous wives, or prostitutes of them? It is astonishing what influence the Mormon preachers have over people when they get them to Utah among the Mormons. The Mormons never give testimony against a Mormon arrested for crime. When Lee was executed for the Mountain Meadow massacre he never named one of his accomplices in the crime.

When sightseers are at some of our Salt Lake looking at the temple, ask the sexton where the private tunnel is that those members have to go through that are made full members in the Mormon church.

The Mormon leaders used to keep their common people as ignorant as they could—they could lead them more easily. The Mormons have five or six colleges now; the two most prominent ones are located, one the Latter Day Saint College at Salt Lake City, the other the Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah. After reviewing Mormonism over from its birth 70 years ago up to the present day, I cannot see anything but hypocrisy in the leaders. The Mormons settled at Kirtland, Ohio. There they were connected with a bank. Joe Smith and Sidney Rigdon partly robbed the bank and made their escape in the night. Next time they were heard from they were in Missouri.

The Mormon bank at Kirtland, Ohio,

called "Safety Society Bank." Joe Smith, Brigham Young and Sidney Rigdon organized the bank, Joe Smith as cashier, and Sidney Rigdon as president, their names were signed to the beautiful engraved bank notes. Those who saw the notes supposed the bank to be a saving institution in which the "saints" could deposit their earnings where it would draw interest, and that the notes represented actual cash in the bank. The confidence of the people was gained, and the circulation of the Society Bank was very extensive with both saint and sinner.

Many thousand dollars of those notes were put in circulation, but not one dollar of them was ever redeemed. The bankers and the Mormons lived for some time on that worthless money, Smith, Rigdon and Young got all the good money they could in letting their worthless bank notes. In process of time the Pittsburg Missouri bank became suspicious of this Mormon bank and deputized a Mr. Jones to go with a large bundle of the Mormon bills to have redeemed. The agent, Mr. Jones, called on President Rigdon, when he made his business known and presented his roll of bills, Mr. Rigdon pretended to get in a great rage, and informed Mr. Jones that they would not redeem one dollar, that soon put a stop to the circulation of the Mormon bank.

The Mormons held their semi-annual General Conference the first week in October with an attendance that filled both the tabernacle and temple. The speech by President Snow assured the Mormons that in the troublesome times before the nations, God would provide for the Mormons as he did for Noah. President Snow said that there were sixteen hundred Mormon missionaries now abroad securing converts.

There is no religious sect in the world that is working with as much zeal and energy as the Mormons. About fifty years ago when they went to Utah territory they numbered over twenty thousand, and they have increased very fast ever since. They started out at that time to get the control of this government under the cloak of religion, and they preach polygamy and practice it on the sly as much as ever.

It appears that the Mormon leaders are just as conceited as ever, that they expect to come back to Jackson county Mo., and build a large temple.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 14, 1900.

Lorenzo Snow, president, prophet, seer and revelator of the Mormon Church, at the annual Sunday conference of the church yesterday announced that the Latter Day Saints would return to Jack-

son county, Mo., within twenty years and erect their great temple at Independence in fulfillment of Mormon prophecies. According to Mormon sacred writ, Jackson county is the site of the Garden of Eden, and their great temple, in which Christ shall reign, must be built there. Ever since their expulsion from that region in the last of the 30's they have clung to the belief that they would some day return. In urging the saints to observe the law of tithing, President Snow said: "Teach it to the children, for the time is drawing near when most of you will go back to Jackson county and build the temple in the city of Zion. If you live twenty years more I can assure you you will go back to Jackson county. I have had a communication from a prominent member of the church who wanted to put \$1,000 in the church to buy land in Jackson, and another saint has \$25,000, and another \$6,000 for the same purpose. We will never go back, however, until we are ready and willing to pay our tithing."

There is the secret of the Mormons wealth in collecting tithing. It makes no difference what a man believes if he joins the Mormons and will obey the priesthood and pay his tithing he is all right.

It appears that the Mormons are to start a mission in Japan. They have selected H. J. Grant to pioneer the way and act as president of the new mission.

The Mormons are very active in sending out missionaries. F. M. Lyman another apostle is going to the British Islands to act as president of their work in that kingdom.

Salt Lake, Utah, March, 1901. The Utah Legislature has passed a law permitting polygamy. The Mormon Church, through Angus H. Cannon, ordered its members in both houses to pass the law. While the bill does not permit polygamous marriages, it makes it impossible for an outsider to bring complaint against any person for unlawful cohabitation. The Mormons with plural wives have made arrangements for living together in one large family.

The Gentiles voted solidly against the bill, but the Mormons have a majority in both houses.

The Mormons passed their polygamous law so they could go to Mexico, marry all the wives they wanted outside the United States, then bring their plural wives home to Utah to live in peace. When the new law was sent to Governor Wells for his signature, he had sense enough to know if the bill became a law the General Government would order a new Constitution for the State of Utah, so Governor Wells vetoed the bill. Since the manifesto in which President Wood-

ruff ordered that polygamy should cease in Utah. And on the strength of that manifesto the territory was admitted into the union. The fact is demonstrated that there have been over two thousand children born to plural wives since that manifesto. Why is it that this government permits the Mormons to live in polygamy more than any other class of people? I saw that in the Utah items, in April, 1901, that Mrs. Zina Young, one of Brigham Young's plural wives was living. She was one of the first plural wives of old Joe Smith the Mormon prophet, the organizer of Mormonism. After Smith was shot and Young became leader and prophet she was one of Young's plural wives. Joseph F. Smith, President of the Mormon General Conference, (son of Joe Smith, the prophet,) said: "I have more than one family in this city and more than one home." It appears they boast of living in polygamy.

To the Review-Democrat Readers.

In consequence of absence from home so much of my time for the next thirty days, and domestic affairs to attend to the remainder, I will take a vacation from the REVIEW-DEMOCRAT columns for thirty days. After this I intend to renew the "Early Days of Iowa," also, if space will admit, begin a series of reminiscences of the early days of Eldon "

Here I will add an interesting bit of history to the commendable and truthful narrative of Mr. Morse on Mormonism, that perhaps he has overlooked, to-wit: After the shooting to death of Joe Smith and his brother Hiram in the jail at Carthage, Illinois, the more conscientious citizens became outspoken against it as an act of lawlessness that should be condemned. But while the excitement of hustling the thieving "Latter Day Saints" across west of the Mississippi was going on, which required the combined efforts of all the settlers, the matter was not seriously discussed.

It was only after all was over, and those zealot plunderers were safely retreating in quest of pastures new, and the righteously indignant "Gentiles" began settling down to their usual routine again, the summary disposal of the "prophet" came up for discussion. The conservative, like law abiding men today, claimed he was in the hand and under the protection of the law, and should have been dealt with accordingly. The more impetuous and hasty claimed the law was insufficient to reach the enormities of his crimes for which death even was a mild punishment.

The division and consequent excitement soon became so high over this act of an excited mob, that crimination and recrimination began with riotous demonstrations, and leading to such dangerous proportions the Governor ordered out the militia to suppress them and restore order. Robert McCormick, one of the old settlers of Wapello county, in Highland township, who still resides there was one of those militia men, and among the first on the ground at the time.

I. T. FLINT.

MORMON HISTORY IS BEING RECALLED

THE MILLION DOLLAR TEMPLE WAS DESTROYED
BY FIRE BECAUSE CARD PLAYING HAD
DISGRACED ITS WALLS

TALES BRIEFLY TOLD OF MORMONISM

Some Of The Early History Of The Mormon Church—Its
Founding and Founders, A Very
Interesting Article.

The convention at Nauvoo this week of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is proving to be quite an interesting event. It has a tendency to recall many of the thrilling episodes of the Mormon church which came to Nauvoo in 1839 and built a million dollar temple which was never entirely completed, but was begun in 1841 and destroyed by fire in 1848. Joseph and Hiram Smith were killed in the Carthage jail in 1844 and the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo to the west began in 1846. The Latter Day Saints and the Mormon church are not at all on friendly terms, as a perusal of this article will disclose. The meeting at Nauvoo this week is a joint convention of the Sunday school and the young people's societies of the Latter Day Saints church, and it has a camp meeting feature in that preaching services are held every night.

CHURCH DOCTRINE.

It will no doubt prove of interest to the Constitution-Democrat readers to know the doctrine of this church. In substance it is as follows, being given by Elbert Smith, of Burlington, Iowa, who is a grandson of David Smith, the youngest son of the murdered prophet:

"We believe in the doctrine of faith in God and in repentance from sin; baptism in water and baptism by the Holy Spirit; the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit and the

laying on of hands for the healing of the sick; resurrection of the body from the grave.

"We get these doctrines from the first verses of the sixth chapter of Hebrews. We believe that church now ought to be organized just as it was when Christ was on earth, having in it the twelve apostles, the seventy apostles, the elders, the evangelists, the pastors and all officers mentioned in the new testament. It is stated in the twelfth chapter of the First Corinthians that God gave them in the church.

"We believe in continued revelation, which means that when the church or any individual is in need of light, and has faith, God may speak to them now as He did of old; that He can give a law to the church now as He did when the twelve apostles were living in Christ's time.

"It is stated in the last chapter of the bible that man should not add to God's word, but God may add to his word at any time.

"We believe this is still a day of miracles; that the signs mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, such as the healing of the sick, casting out devils, will be with the church now. God commanded His disciples to preach the gospel and promised these signs to follow. If the promise is not valid now, then the commandment is no longer binding.

"We believe in caring for the poor and the old. We have built two fine

Saints' homes in Lamoni, Iowa, to care for them. They are better equipped for their purposes than any private house in town. We believe in educating the young. We have a well equipped college at Lamoni, called Graceland college, which was built at a cost of \$80,000.

INTERESTING HISTORY.

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized April 6, 1830. The church came to Nauvoo from Missouri in 1839-1840. The first purchase of real estate in Nauvoo was made May 1, 1839, when Joseph Smith, the prophet, who was later murdered in Carthage, Ill., bought from Hugh White 135 acres for \$5,000, and bought a farm from Isaac Galland for \$9,000.

Joseph Smith, the murdered prophet, came to Nauvoo on June 10, 1839, and moved into a log house one mile south of Commerce. Commerce was the name of a village that was then located on what is now the flat of Nauvoo, between the steamboat landing and the ferryboat landing. At the time of Joseph Smith's coming there were six houses in Commerce and four houses on the flat where Mr. Smith moved, or ten houses in all. The place was a wilderness, it being impossible for teams to pass through because of the marshy condition at that time of the flat. The city, Nauvoo, grew rapidly and at the zenith of its prosperity had a population of 22,000 people, and was then the largest city in Illinois.

Joseph Smith was killed in Carthage jail, June 27, 1844. The church was then scattered, part going to Utah, where Brigham Young assumed control and introduced polygamy and other corrupt doctrines in 1852. Many of the church refused to follow Brigham Young, including the family of Joseph Smith.

Under the leadership of Joseph Smith's three sons a reorganization of the church was effected on April 6, 1860. Joseph Smith, the oldest son of the murdered prophet, was made president of the reorganized church, and that is the church that is holding its meetings in Nauvoo now. This church has no connection whatever with the church at Utah.

VITAL DIFFERENCES.

There are a number of vital differences between the Latter Day Saints church and the Utah church that serve as an effectual bar towards a coalition of the two churches, were such a thing contemplated. But such a movement is absolutely foreign to the thought of the people of the Latter Day Saints church.

Mr. Elbert Smith, of Burlington, gave the following differences in the two churches:

"The greatest difference in the two churches is polygamy, the Utah church believing in polygamy, whereas the Latter Day Saints church does not. In a nutshell, the Latter Day Saints church is democratic, whereas the Utah church is despotic in their church policy, whose members do and vote as they are commanded by the authorities in power to do.

"The Utah church believes in a multiplicity of Gods. This church believes in one God, as do all protestant churches.

Brigham Young taught the Utah church that the God our church and other protestant churches have is no one but Adam, the first man, perfected into a God.

"The Utah church believes in blood atonement. Our church does not. Blood atonement means that it is proper to kill an apostle to save his soul.

"The Utah church has a secret society, with secret signs, grips, passwords, etc., even down to marks on their underclothing, which in case of death would furnish the dead person with an infallible secret mark.

"Our church is strictly loyal to the government. The Utah church is not, although claiming to be.

"The Utah church believes in vicarious baptism. Vicarious baptism means that a living man can be baptized for any dead person. It is said, for instance, that living persons in Utah have been baptized for George Washington and many others. The Latter Day Saints really believe in vicarious baptism when they are commanded by God to do so, otherwise not."

MEETINGS THIS WEEK.

The convention of the Latter Day Saints at Nauvoo this week is the result of a petition from the citizens of Nauvoo asking that the convention be held this year in the historic city, 430 citizens of Nauvoo signing the petition for them to come.

The first day of the convention the mayor and one of the local attorneys delivered addresses, in which they welcomed the Saints back again, stating that the old animosities are buried, which shows vividly the great change in the sentiment of the Nauvoo people since 1846. The people of the Latter Day Saints church and of Nauvoo and the country generally are more enlightened and broader minded than they formerly were, and they understand each other better.

The meetings are being held in the city park, which is located just across the street from where the temple stood.

The church committee on arrangements has its headquarters this week in Nauvoo in what it generally supposed to be the old "Expositor" building, which was perhaps the most scurrilous paper that ever undertook to fight the saints during the life of the prophet, Joseph Smith.

The Latter Day Saints people do not like the word Mormon and they call each other brother and sister saints. By them the word Mormon is an opprobrious term, because it mixes the saints with the Utah church, to which they are much opposed.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Some of the more prominent people of the Latter Day Saints church, who are in attendance at the Nauvoo convention are: Alexander Smith, of Lamoni, Iowa, a son of the murdered prophet; Elbert Smith, of Burlington, Iowa, a grandson of the murdered prophet, and a son of David Smith, the youngest son of the murdered prophet. He is also the editor of the Autumn Leaves a paper published in the interest of the young people's society of the church; Reman C. Smith, of Lamoni, Iowa, who married a daughter of Alexander Smith, and is the general church historian; Mrs. David Smith, of Burlington, Iowa; W. H. Garrett, of Independence, Mo., editor of the Zion's Ensign, a church paper; J. Gunsolly, of Lamoni, Iowa, president of the young people's society and an instructor in Graceland college; T. A. Hougas, of Henderson, Iowa, general superintendent of the Sunday schools; D. J. Krahl, of Lamoni, Iowa, general secretary of Sunday schools; S. A. Burgess, an attorney of St. Louis, Mo., librarian of the young people's societies; J. A. Peterson, of Lamoni, Iowa, an elder of the church, who did more than any one else for the meeting in Nauvoo, besides these there are various elders present and others from various parts of the country, there being about 200 church people in attendance.

Lamoni, Iowa, is the headquarters of this church, where there is a church membership of over 1600 members and double that number of members in the surrounding territory.

Independence, Mo., is a very important point for their church. Here a church paper is published; also a religious quarterly and all the Sunday school supplies are issued from there.

In Lamoni, Iowa, the church has one of the largest and best equipped publishing houses and book binderies in the state. Most of the books and tracts of the church are issued from there.

Lamoni, Iowa, is a town of about 2,000 people and Independence, Mo., about 10,000 people.

THE TWO SMITHS.

Joseph Smith, of Lamoni, Iowa, but more recently of Independence, Mo., is the oldest son of the murdered prophet, and is now president of the Latter Day Saints church. He is now 73 years old, being somewhat ill, he could not be present in Nauvoo this week. Alexander Smith, his brother, who is present at Nauvoo, is the grand patriarch of this church.

Joseph Smith, the president of the Latter Day Saints church, is a full cousin to Joseph Fielding Smith, who is now the president of the Mormon church at Utah. Joseph Smith, of Independence, Mo., is a son of the murdered prophet, Joseph Smith. Joseph F. Smith, of Utah, is a son of Hiram Smith, a brother of the prophet both of whom were killed in the Carthage jail in 1844.

The family of Hiram Smith after he was killed, went with Brigham Young to Utah, whereas the family of the prophet, Joseph Smith, after he was killed remained in Nauvoo. The widow of the prophet, Joseph Smith, afterward married Major L. C. Bidamon, of Nauvoo, and the two lived and died in Nauvoo and are buried in Nauvoo on the brow of the river in an inclosure near the historic Nauvoo house on the river front, which was built by a command that was claimed to be received by a revelation, but the building was never finished. Mrs. Bidamon died in June, 1880.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Wednesday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock an interesting one hour's session was held in the big tent under which the convention's sessions are being held. The meeting was addressed by Alexander Smith, the grand patriarch, and by Homer C. Smith, the church historian, both of Lamoni, Iowa. The latter spoke first and gave the names of Nauvoo's streets, perhaps all of which were named after noted Mormons, such as Young, Woodruff, Knight, Mulholland and other streets. He told of the old Expositor, the scurrilous paper, of which only one paper was issued on June 7, 1844. The city council, and not the church, declared the paper to be a nuisance and ordered the mayor to abate it, and three days later, June 10, 1844, the paper office was destroyed and the type thrown in the river.

Alexander Smith was a little boy when the temple burned, Oct. 8 or 10, 1848. Mr. Smith spoke very interestingly about the temple, which he saw constructed from the foundation up and was in it many times, the last time being two days before the temple burned. The corner stone of the tem-

ple was laid April 6, 1841. Joseph and Hiram Smith were killed in Carthage in 1844. The Mormon exodus from Nauvoo was in 1846. The temple was burned in 1848. The temple had never been completed on the inside. The famous baptismal font was not used because it leaked, and before it was repaired the temple burned. Three of the walls remained standing, said Alexander Smith, one of which was blown down by the wind, one was knocked down by a bolt of lightning, the third was blasted down. The foundation was entirely torn up, not one stone being left to stand on the other. Mr. Smith said, "The temple was defiled, there having been card playing and other pernicious things done on its interior, and it was purified by fire and, as if by a decree of God, not one stone was left on another."

The historical lecture which was to have been given Wednesday evening was postponed until Friday evening, because Homer C. Smith the lecturer and church historian was called to Keokuk Wednesday to meet his wife, who had come from Lamoni to attend the convention.

INTERESTING TOUR.

A very interesting tour of historic Nauvoo was taken Wednesday afternoon by nearly all the saints, who went in vehicles while some walked the entire distance.

Starting from the city park at 2:00 o'clock the procession of eager historic sight seers headed by a vehicle in which were seated Alexander Smith, the grand patriarch and Homer C. Smith, the church historian, who was provided with a city chart, the driver and a Constitution-Democrat representative started on a tour of Nauvoo and a stop was made in front of all the old Mormon buildings and a very interesting lecture was given at each place by Alexander Smith, the grand patriarch. Homer C. Smith acted as guide and kept the big crowd well informed as to the names of the streets at which the different stops were made, and furnished other interesting information and data, and sometimes would relieve the grand patriarch of his duties as lecturer, and would give an interesting talk himself at some of the stopping places, where the names of persons high in Mormon church were given their positions in the church, and other interesting data was given. It required almost three hours to complete the trip, which was finished at 4:55 o'clock, when the crowd disbanded, feeling very amply repaid for the time thus spent.

Among the most interesting stops

that were made were the halts made in front of the former homes of Geo. Miller, who was the presiding bishop at the time Joseph Smith died; the old Masonic temple on Main street, formerly three stories high, now two stories high, and in use as a residence; Dr. Lamb's residence and store, the first store in Nauvoo; John D. Lee's home, who was executed in Utah for participating in a massacre; James Sigan, former church secretary; Allen W. Babbott, who owned three buildings two for store rooms, one a warehouse, all still standing, one of which is now in active use for a party of Utah Mormons, who have four elders in Nauvoo at present; Henry Sherwood, who was a member of Joseph Smith's counsel; the Brigham Young place, located on Kimball and Granger streets; Brigham Young later was the president of the Utah church; across the streets lived Joseph Young, a brother of Brigham and president of what is known in the Mormon and in the Latter Day Saints church as the seventies; on this corner was committed the murder of Mr. Hodges in 1845. He lived across the street from Brigham Young, against whom he had made threats on his life; he was seen to attempt to enter Brigham Young's premises and was killed on the spot. Alexander Smith, the speaker, having seen both the man and the knife with which he was killed; the famous seventies hall, which was later occupied as a school, but has recently been torn down; at a place where the "Times and Seasons," a Mormon paper was printed, of which Smith and Robinson were editors; Hiram Smith's home, now torn down. Across the street was Hiram Smith's office, where he gave patriarchal blessings. William Marks, president of Joseph Smith's high council; in Marks' house was taken the body of John Taylor after he was shot in Carthage; site of Joseph Smith's store, now torn down, in the upper story of which were held the meetings of the prophet's high council; this store was also the place where the first meetings were held when the church was reorganized and called Latter Day Saints; ruins of William Law's mill still stand across from Joseph Smith's store site, the old Joseph Smith, the prophet's homestead, which already stood when the Smith's came in May, 1839. On opposite corner stands the prophet's mansion house, now owned by Alexander Smith, the patriarch and lecturer of Wednesday afternoon; across the street lived the prophet's parents; the famous Nauvoo house, which stands on the river bank one block south of the Mansion house. Alexander Smith, the speaker, lived

in the Nauvoo house and his mother lived and died there, and is buried on the brow of the hill with other members of the Smith family, including the prophet and his brother, Hiram, whose graves, however, to this day remain a secret in the breasts of the descendants of Joseph Smith. Stop was then made in front of the former home of Theodore Turley, the first house ever bought by the saints, located one block east of the mansion; home of Bishop Partridge, one block north; a stop was made in front of what was the first postoffice in what was the town of Commerce, later named Nauvoo, building now torn down. Across the street is an old tavern used by Wm. Lawrence, father of H. W. Lawrence, who was called to testify in the famous Reed Smoot case in Washington, D. C.; stop was made in front of old home of Joseph Coolidge, a prominent member of the church, who was the mechanic hired to build the Nauvoo house; across the street is the home of Lorenzo Smith, once president of the Utah church; stop was made in front of home of H. C. Kimball, who was one of the twelve apostles of Joseph Smith, the prophet; last stop was made in front of Wilford Woodruff, who was one of the twelve apostles of Joseph Smith, later was president of the Utah church the old Mormon cemetery, now extinct, was located just across the street from Woodruff's residence.

The Kimball home, just referred to, has a tablet on the front of the house, which bears the inscription "H. C. B., 1845." The Utah Mormons make the claim that the prophet, Joseph Smith, appointed a committee in 1843 to investigate the west with a view of locating there. They claim they went west on a commandment received in a revelation. The people of the Latter Day Saints controvert this statement, claiming it is all false. They point to the old Mormon houses still standing in Nauvoo, some of which are still in a splendid state of preservation. The Latter Day Saints say: "Why did the Mormons build such substantial houses here, if they soon expected to go to the west? We regard these substantial houses as monuments of the fact that the Mormons intended to stay right here." The Latter Day Saints, as the one particular substantiation of their claims that the Mormons did not intend to leave Nauvoo, point to the Kimball house, which today is one of the very substantial homes in Nauvoo. The saints say: "If Joseph Smith intended in 1843 to go west, why did H. C. Kimball, one of the twelve apostles, build this very fine house in 1845, one

year after Joseph Smith, the prophet, was killed?"

Many people have wondered where the Mormons got their money to build such fine homes, for fine they were in that early day. The saints say. "The rumor about how these fine houses were built is: Some of the high Mormons were sent abroad in the country to gather funds for the church, and were compelled to furnish bond for a safe return of the money they collected. Brigham Young refused to give bonds. After these men returned to Nauvoo from their collecting trips they built these fine houses, and they significantly add, "We have nothing further to say, but you can draw your own conclusions."

The people composing the convention at Nauvoo this week of Latter Day Saints are intelligent, and as a class are a peace loving and law-abiding people. They seem to be very earnest in their belief and are zealous workers for the cause they espouse. The leaders, who are good talkers, have the utmost confidence of those composing the church. There seems to be no present purpose to rehabilitate themselves in Nauvoo. They have a small church in Nauvoo, as they have in a number of other towns. Their headquarters are at Lamon, Iowa, and if there is any change to be made it is more than likely that the headquarters would be removed to Independence, Mo., but not to Nauvoo.

"The Dollar of Our Dads."

To the Editor State Line Democrat.

The market value of silver is about 80 cents for 412½ grains. Why? Because the government has restricted its use to half the amount produced; the supply exceeds the demand. Thus like every other product in excess, its price runs low in the market.

Should free and unlimited coinage become a law, silver would immediately jump to par because its bullion would equal in value that of unlimited gold. Speculators thus would have to get in their work during such a brief space of time that their profits could be all absorbed in a very few first-class cigars. So far as the mine owners are concerned their profits belong to them legitimately. They have been robbed by discriminations long enough. If any are opulent they have gained their wealth by honest investment and toil, not by watering stocks and bribing legislation.

If we entertain fears lest the government realize 20 cents profit on 80 cents worth of silver, we ought to stand aghast at the proposition enabling it to realize a hundred dollars profit on each penny invested in greenback paper. Then as the amount of gold coined annually keeps about evenly proportioned with silver, there is no legitimate excuse for restricting one any more than the other. Legislation against either has no more foundation in right, than against the products of the farm, garden or workshop.

Greenbacks are good but "the dollar of our daddies" is better. The former is more perishable, and only the stamp of the government makes it worth anything at all, while the latter carries a high bullion price in the markets of the world. But either one now as population and business demands outstrip the supply are hailed with increasing delight. Give the country a billion dollars more in greenbacks and half billion more in silver dollars to our present volume of currency and we would all soon be so happy that present fears lest some one might get an undue share of the dimes would soon be forgotten.

I. T. FLINT.

WANTS AN ANSWER.

Mr. Editor:—I am only a plain farmer and not posted as well as I should be upon matters of political economy, consequently should like an answer through your columns from some of the big guns of the republican party upon the following questions relating to the great "protective" tariff issue of this country:

Are not the \$500,000,000 annual expenses of this nation raised solely by tariff taxes on foreign goods, except the moiety gashed from a revenue tax?

Do foreigners have peddlers come over here and sell each invoice of goods, or is commerce between nations so regulated that merchants in every port order what they want, and pay all charges on its arrival?

But in either event, is not the tax at the port of entry charged up on the first cost of the article, and then exacted from the consumer who pays for it at last?

Can a foreigner pay six dollars for a coat in Europe, then pay a duty (tariff tax) of four dollars at New York, and sell it for seven dollars?

If not, does not the man who buys the coat and wears it out foot the entire bill, besides paying interest on the money while the goods are in stock? Then who pays this sixty per cent. tariff?

While the man worth only one dollar is wearing out one coat, is the man worth a million dollars wearing out a million coats?

If not, can mind conceive a more damnable system to tax the necessities of the poor that the rich may escape taxation?

Then if the foreign coat is taxed four dollars above its actual worth, what hinders the American manufacturer in this age of trusts and robbery from putting up the price of his goods to that margin also?

Does this extra sum, too, go to the government like it does on the foreign coat, or down into the big manufacturer's breeches pockets?

Five hundred million dollars of tax wrung from the sixty millions of working people annually, is a big sum; but can any one tell us what the other amount is that the tariff thus puts into the pockets of those bonanza-favored few?

Does not what applies to the coat apply with equal force to every other imported article in use?

But if the foreigner does pay the tax, (which he don't), do we not have to pay it back to him with interest, to get the goods; and if we could shut him out of the market entirely by home manufacturers where would that \$500,000,000 a year come from then?

What kind of a science of govern-

ment teaches the principle of taxing the poor to exempt the rich?

If 300,000 people of a nation of 63,000,000 people own over half its wealth why should they not pay over half its national taxes also? Are they doing it?

If sixty per cent. tax on the necessities of life to maintain our national government is not a matter of concern to us, how much less is our little two to four per cent. taxes for municipal, county and state expenses, which often puts the taxpayer into chronic fits of grumbling?

Now if some fellow in the republican party can satisfactorily smash all these conundrums with fair, lucid explanations, that will bear criticism, he will not only make one vote for next year, but perhaps save hundreds more from going over into Iowa's democratic majority.

I. T. FLINT.